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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOLUME LXV.

DECEMBER, 1839, AND MARCH, 1840.

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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. CXXIX.

FOR DECEMBER, 1839.

ART. I.—1. *The Printer*. 12mo. pp. 87.
Charles Knight. London.
2. *Printing in the Fifteenth and in the
Nineteenth Centuries*. Penny Magazine,
No. 369.

'*And noo, ma freends,*'—some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock,—'*And noo, ma freends,*—the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who with outstretched chins sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted; '*And noo, ma freends,*'—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe—'*Let us praigh for the puir Deil! There's naeboddy praighs for the puir Deil!*'

To our literary congregation, we beg leave to repeat very nearly the same two exclamations, for, deeply as we all stand indebted to the British press, it may truly be said 'There's naeboddy thinks of its puir deils,' nor of the many kindred spirits, 'black, white, and grey,' who, above ground as well as below, inhabit the great printing-houses of the land we live in.

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We shall, therefore, at once proceed to one of these establishments, and by our sovereign power summon its motley inmates before us, that they may rapidly glide before our readers in review.

In a raw December morning, just before the gas-lights are extinguished, and just before sunrise, the streets of London form a twilight picture which it is interesting to contemplate, inasmuch as there exists perhaps no moment in the twenty-four hours in which they present a more guiltless aspect; for at this hour luxury has retired to such rest as belongs to it—vice has not yet risen. Although the rows of houses are still in shade, and although their stacks of chimneys appear fantastically delineated upon the grey sky, yet the picture, *chiaro-oscuro*, is not altogether without its lights. The wet streets, in whatever direction they radiate, shine almost as brightly as the gilt printing over the barred shops. At the corners of the streets, the gin-palaces, as they are passed, appear splendidly illuminated with gas, showing an elevated row of lettered and numbered yellow casks, which in daylight stand on their ends unnoticed. The fashionable streets are all completely deserted, save by a solitary policeman, who, distinguished by his warm great-coat and shining belt, is seen standing at a crossing drinking the cup of hot salop or coffee he has just purchased of an old

barrow-woman, who, with her smoking kettle, is quietly seated at his side, while the cab and hackney-coach horses, with their heads drooping, appear as motionless as the brass charger at Charing-Cross.

An Irish labourer with an empty hod over his shoulder, a man carrying a saw, a tradesman with his white apron tucked up for walking, a few men, 'far and wide between,' in fustian jackets, with their hands in their pockets to keep them warm, are the only perceptible atoms of an enormous mass of a million and a half of people—all the rest being as completely buried from view as if they were lying in their graves.

But as our vehicle proceeds, every minute imparts life to the scene, until, by the time Blackfriars bridge is crossed, the light of day illumines the figures of hundreds of workmen, who, unconnected with each other, are, in various directions, steadily proceeding to their tasks.

Among them, from their dress, gait, and general appearance it is not difficult here and there to distinguish that several are printers; and as we have now reached the gate of one of the principal buildings to which they are marching, we must alight from our 'cab,' that we may by a slight sketch delineate its interior for our readers.

The printing establishment of Messrs. Clowes, on the Surrey side of the Thames, (for they have a branch office at Charing Cross,) is situated between Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges. Their buildings extend in length from Princes-street to Duke-street, and in breadth about half the distance. The entrance is by rather a steep declivity into a little low court, on arriving at which, the small counting-house is close on the left; the great steam-presses, type and stereotype-foundry, and paper-warehouse, on the right; and the apartments for compositors, readers, &c., in front.

In the last-mentioned building there are five compositors' halls, the largest of which (on two levels, the upper being termed by the workmen the 'quarter-deck') is two hundred feet in length. The door is nearly in the centre, and, on entering this apartment at daybreak, the stranger sees at a *coup d'œil* before him, on his right and left, sixty compositors' frames, which though much larger, are about the height of the music-stands in an orchestra. At this early hour they are all deserted, their daily tenants not having

arrived. Not a sound is to be heard save the slow ticking of a gaudy-faced wooden clock, the property of the workmen, which faithfully tells when they are entitled to refreshment, and which finally announces to them the joyful intelligence that the hour of their emancipation has arrived. On the long wall opposite to the range of windows hang the printed regulations of a subscription fund, to which every man contributes 2d., and every boy 1d. per week, explaining how much each is entitled to receive in the sad hour of sickness, with the consoling intelligence that 5l. is allowed to bury him if he be a man, and 2l. 10s. if merely a boy. Along the whole length of the building about a foot above the floor, there is a cast-iron pipe heated by steam, extending through the establishment upwards of three quarters of a mile, the genial effect of which modestly speaks for itself.

On the right hand, touching each frame, stands a small low table, about two feet square. A hasty traveller would probably pronounce that all these frames were alike, yet a few minutes' attentive observation not only dispels the error, but by numerous decipherable hieroglyphics explains to a certain extent the general occupation of the owners, as well as the particular character of each.

For instance, the height of the frames at once declares that the compositors must perform their work standing, while the pair of easy slippers which are underneath each stand suggests that the occupation must be severely felt by the feet. The working jacket or the apron, which lies exactly as it was cast aside the evening before, shows that freedom in the arms is a requisite to the craft. The good workman is known by the regularity with which his copy hangs neatly folded in the little wooden recess at his side—the slovenly compositor is detected by having left his MS. on his type, liable to be blown from the case—while the apprentice, like 'the carpenter, known by his chips,' is discovered by the quantity of type which lies scattered on the floor on which he stood.

The relative stature of the workmen can also be not inaccurately determined by the different heights of their frames. The roomy stools which some have purchased (and which are their private property, for be it known that the establishment neither furnishes nor approves of such luxuries) are not without their silent moral; those with a large circumference, as well as those of a much smaller size, denoting the

diameter of a certain recumbent body, while the stuffed stool tells its own tale. The pictures, the songs, the tracts, the caricatures, which each man, according to his fancy, has pasted against the small compartment of whitewashed wall which bounds his tiny dominions, indicate the colour of his leading propensity. One man is evidently the possessor of a serious mind, another is a follower of the fine arts. A picture of the Duke of Wellington denotes that another is an admirer of stern moral probity and high military honour: while a rosy-faced Hebe, in a very low evening gown, laughingly confesses for its owner that which we need not trouble ourselves to expound. In the midst of these studies the attention of the solitary stranger is aroused by the appearance of two or three little boys, dressed in fustian jackets and paper caps, who in the grey of the morning enter the hall with a broom and water. These are young aspiring devils, who, until they have regularly received their commissions, are employed in cleaning the halls previous to the arrival of the compositors. Besides ventilating the room by opening the windows in the roof, beginning at one extremity, they sweep under each frame, watering the floor as they proceed, until they at last collect at the opposite end of the hall a heap of literary rubbish; but even this is worthy of attention, for, on being sifted through an iron sieve, it is invariably found to contain a quantity of type of all sizes, which more or less has been scattered right and left by the different compositors. To attempt to restore these to the respective families from which they have emigrated would be a work of considerable trouble; they are therefore thrown into a dark receptacle or grave, where they patiently remain until they are remelted, recast into type, and thus once again appear in the case of the compositor. By this curious transmigration Roman letters sometimes reappear on earth in the character of italics—the lazy *z* finds itself converted into the ubiquitous *e*, the full stop becomes perhaps a comma, while the hunchbacked mark of interrogation stands triumphantly erect—a note of admiration to the world!

By the time the halls are swept some of the compositors drop in. The steadiest generally make their appearance first; and on reaching their frames their first operation is leisurely to take off and fold up their coats, tuck up their shirt-sleeves, put on their brown holland aprons, exchange their heavy walking shoes for the

light brown easy slippers, and then unfolding their copy they at once proceed to work.

By eight o'clock the whole body have arrived. Many in their costume resemble common labourers, others are better clad, several are very well dressed, but all bear in their countenances the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education. They have scarcely assumed their respective stations, when blue mugs, containing each a pint or half-a-pint of tea or coffee, and attended either by a smoking hot roll stuffed with yellow butter, or by a couple of slices of bread and butter, enter the hall. The little girls, who with well-combed hair and clean shining faces bring these refreshments, carry them to those who have not breakfasted at home. Before the empty mugs have vanished, a boy enters the hall at a fast walk with a large bundle under his arm—of morning newspapers: this intellectual luxury the compositors, by a friendly subscription, allow themselves to enjoy. From their connection with the different presses, they manage to obtain the very earliest copies, and thus the news of the day is known to them—the leading articles of the different papers are criticised, applauded, or condemned—an hour or two before the great statesmen of the country have received the observations, the castigation, or the intelligence they contain. One would think that compositors would be as sick of reading as a grocer's boy is of treacle; but that this is not the case is proved by the fact, that they not only willingly pay for these newspapers, but often indemnify one of their own community for giving up his time in order to sit in the middle of the hall on a high stool and read the news aloud to them while they are labouring at their work: they will, moreover, even pay him to read to them any new book which they consider to contain interesting information! It of course requires very great command of the mind to be able to give attention to what is read from one book, while men are intently employed in the creation of another. The apprentices and inferior workmen cannot attempt to this, but the greater number, astonishing as it may sound, can listen without injury to their avocation. Very shortly after eight o'clock the whole body are at their work, at which it may be observed they patiently continue, with only an hour's interval, until eight o'clock at night.

It is impossible to contemplate a team

of sixty literary labourers steadily working together in one room, without immediately acknowledging the important service they are rendering to the civilized world, and the respect which, therefore, is due to them from society. The minutiae of their art it might be deemed tedious to detail; yet with so many operators in view it is not difficult, even for an inexperienced visitor, to distinguish the different degrees of perfection at which they have individually arrived.

Among compositors, as in all other professions, the race is not always gained by him who is apparently the swiftest. Steadiness, coolness, and attention are more valuable qualifications than eagerness and haste; and, accordingly, those compositors who at first sight appear to be doing the most, are often, after all, less serviceable to themselves, and, consequently to their employers, than those who, with less display, follow the old adage of 'slow and sure.'

On the attitude of a compositor his work principally depends. The operation being performed by the eyes, fingers, and arms, which, with considerable velocity, are moved in almost every direction, the rest of the body should be kept as tranquil as possible. However zealous, therefore, a workman may be, if his shoulders and hips are seen to be moved by every little letter he lifts, fatigue, exhaustion, and errors are the result; whereas, if the arms alone appear in motion, the work is more easily, and, consequently, more successfully executed. The principle of Hamlet's advice to the players may be offered to compositors:—

'Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you. Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the *action* to the *word*, the *word* to the *action*.'

Before a compositor can proceed with his *copy*, his first business must evidently be to fill his 'cases,' which contain about 100 pounds' weight of type of nine sorts, viz.:—1. capitals; 2. small capitals; 3. Roman letters (for italics separate cases are used); 4. figures; 5. points and references; 6. spaces; 7. em and en quadrats, or the larger spaces; 8. double, treble, and quadruple quadrats; 9. accents. There are two 'cases,' the upper of which is divided into 98 equal compartments; the lower into 53 divi-

sions, adapted in size to the number of letters they are to contain.

In the English language the letter *e* inhabits the largest box; *a, c, d, h, i, m, n, o, r, s, t, u* live in the next sized apartments; *b, f, g, l, p, v, w, y* dwell in what may be termed the bedrooms, while *j, k, q, x, z, æ* and *œ*, double letters, &c., are more humbly lodged in the cupboards, garrets, and cellars. And the reason of this arrangement is, that the letter *e* being visited by the compositor sixty times as often as *z* (for his hand spends an hour in the former box for every minute in the latter), it is evidently advisable that the letters oftenest required should be the nearest. Latin and French books devour more of *c, i, l, m, p, q, s, u,* and *v* than English ones, and for these languages the 'cases' must therefore be arranged accordingly.

The usual way of filling cases with letters is by distributing the type pages of books which have been printed off. Although the ideas or words of one author would not, especially in his own opinion, at all suit those of his brother writer—(for instance, suppose the type pages of 'The Diary of the Times of George IV.' were distributed to set up 'The Bishop of Exeter's Charge to his Clergy')—yet the letters which compose them are found in practice to bear to each other exactly the same proportion. The most profligate pages are, therefore, quite as acceptable to the compositor who is about to print a sermon, as a volume on cookery, or even on divinity; and thus, in death, books, like their authors, are all democratically equal.

The distributing of the letters from the type pages into the square dens to which they respectively belong is performed with astonishing celerity. If the type were jumbled, or, as it is technically termed, 'in pie,' the time requisite for recognizing the tiny countenance of each letter would be enormous, but the compositor, being enabled to grasp and read one or two sentences at a time, without again looking at the letters, drops them one by one, here, there, and everywhere, according to their destination. It is calculated that a good compositor can distribute 4000 letters per hour, which is about five times as many as he can compose; just as in common life all men can spend money at least twenty times as readily as they can earn it.

As soon as the workman has filled his cases, his next Sisyphus labour is by

composition to exhaust them. Glancing occasionally at his copy before him, he consecutively picks up, with a zigzag movement, and with almost the velocity of lightning, the letters he requires. In arranging these types in the 'stick,' or little frame, which he holds in his left hand, he must of course place them with their heads or letter-ends uppermost: besides which, they must, like soldiers, be made all to march the same way; for otherwise one letter in the page would be 'eyes right,' one 'eyes left,' another 'eyes front,' while another would be looking to the rear. This insubordination would produce, not only confusion, but positive errors, for *p* would pass for *d*, *n* for *u*, *q* for *b*, &c. To avoid all this the type are all purposely cast with a 'nick' on one of their sides, by which simple arrangement they are easily recognised, and made to fall into their places the right way; and compositors as regularly place the nicks of their type all outermost, as ladies and gentlemen scientifically seat themselves at dinner, with their nicks (we mean their mouths) all facing the dishes. In short, a guest sitting with his back to his plate is not, in the opinion of a compositor, a greater breach of decorum, than for a letter to face the wrong way. The composing-stick contains the same sort of relative proportion to a page as a paragraph. It holds a certain measure of type, and as soon as it is filled, the paragraph, or fragment of paragraph, it contains, is transplanted into the page to which it belongs. This process is repeated until the pages composing a sheet, being completed, are firmly fixed by wooden quoins or wedges into an iron frame called a 'chase'; and after having thus been properly prepared for the proof-press, a single copy is 'pulled off,' and the business of correction then begins.

As the compositor receives nothing for curing his own mistakes, they form the self-correcting punishment of his offence. The operation is the most disagreeable, and, by pressure on the chest incurred in leaning over the form, it is also the most unhealthy part of his occupation. 'A sharp bodkin and patience' are said by the craft to be the only two instruments which are required for correction: by the former a single letter can be abstracted and exchanged; by the latter, if a word has been improperly omitted or repeated, the type in the neighbourhood of the error can be expanded or contracted, (technically termed 'driven out,' or 'got in,') until the ad-

justment be effected. But the compositor's own errors are scarcely put to rights before a much greater difficulty arrives, namely, the *author's* corrections, for which the compositors are very properly paid 6*d.* an hour.

It can easily be believed that it is as difficult for a compositor to produce a correct copy of his MS., as it is for a tailor to make clothes to fit the person he has measured; but the simile must stop here, for what would be the exclamations of Mr. Stultze, or Madame Maradan Carson, if they were to be informed that the gentleman or the lady whom they had but a few days ago measured, had, while their clothes were a-making, completely altered in shape, form and dimensions? That, for instance, the gentleman had lost his calves—had 'an increasing belly, and a decreasing leg'—that, from being a dwarf, he had swelled into a giant—or that his arms had become shorter—and that his frame had shrivelled into half its bulk:—that, again, Miladi's waist had suddenly expanded—that her 'bustle' had materially increased, while her lovely daughter, who, but a week ago, was measured as a mop-stick, had all at once what is usually termed 'come out.'

Now, ridiculous as all these changes may sound, they are—to say nothing of the heart-ache caused by 'bad copy,' in which, besides being almost illegible, the author himself evidently does not know what he means to say—no more than those with which compositors are constantly afflicted. Few men can dare to print their sentiments as they write them. Not only must the frame-work of their composition be altered, but a series of minute posthumous additions and subtractions are ordered, which it is almost impossible to effect; indeed, it not unfrequently happens that it would be a shorter operation for the compositor to set up the types afresh, than to disturb his work piecemeal, by the quantity of codicils and alterations which a vain, vacillating, crotchety writer has required.

A glance at the different attitudes of the sixty compositors working before us is sufficient to explain even to a stranger whether they are composing, distributing, correcting, or *imposing*; which latter occupation is the fixing corrected pages into the iron frames or 'chases,' in which they eventually go to press. But our reader has probably remained long enough in the long hall, and we will therefore introduce him to the very small cells of the *readers*.

In a printing establishment 'the reader' is almost the only individual whose occupation is sedentary; indeed the galley-slave can scarcely be more closely bound to his oar than is a reader to his stool. On entering his cell, his very attitude is a striking and most graphic picture of earnest attention. It is evident, from his outline, that the whole power of his mind is concentrated in a focus upon the page before him; and as in midnight the lamps of the mail, which illuminate a small portion of the road, seem to increase the pitchy darkness which in every other direction prevails, so does the undivided attention of a reader to his subject evidently abstract his thoughts from all other considerations. An urchin stands by reading to *the reader from the copy*—furnishing him, in fact, with an additional pair of eyes; and the shortest way to attract his immediate notice is to stop his boy: for no sooner does the stream of the child's voice cease to flow than the machinery of the man's mind ceases to work;—something has evidently gone wrong!—he accordingly at once raises his weary head, and a slight sigh, with one passage of the hand across his brow, is generally sufficient to enable him to receive the intruder with mildness and attention.

Although the general interests of literature, as well as the character of the art of printing, depend on the grammatical accuracy and typographical correctness of 'the reader,' yet from the cold-hearted public he receives punishment, but no reward. The slightest oversight is declared to be an error; while, on the other hand, if by his unremitted application no fault can be detected, he has nothing to expect from mankind but to escape and live uncensured. Poor Goldsmith lurked a reader in Samuel Richardson's office, for many a hungry day in the early period of his life!

In a large printing establishment, the real interest of which is to increase the healthy appetite of the public by supplying it with wholesome food of the best possible description, it is found to be absolutely necessary that 'the readers' should be competent to correct, not only the press, but the author. It is requisite not only that they should possess a microscopic eye, capable of detecting the minutest errors, but be also enlightened judges of the purity of their own language. The general style of the author cannot, of course, be interfered with; but tiresome repetitions, incorrect asser-

tions, intoxicated hyperbole, faults in grammar, and above all, in punctuation, it is his especial duty to point out. It is, therefore, evidently necessary that he be complete master of his own tongue. It is also almost necessary that he should have been brought up a compositor, in order that he may be acquainted with the mechanical department of that business; and we need hardly observe that, from the intelligent body of men whose presence we have just left, it is not impossible to select individuals competent to fulfil the important office of readers.

But even to these persons, however carefully selected, it is not deemed safe solely to intrust the supervision of a work: out of them one is generally selected, upon whom the higher duty devolves of scrutinizing their labours, and of finally writing upon their *revises* the irrevocable monosyllable 'Press.'

We have already observed that while 'the reader' is seated in his cell, there stands beside him a small intelligent boy, who is in fact, the *reader*; that is to say, he reads aloud from the *copy*, while the man pores upon and corrects the corresponding print. This child, for such he is in comparison with the age of the master he serves, cannot be expected to take any more interest in the heterogeneous mass of literature which he emits, than the little marble Cupids in Italy can be supposed to relish the water which is made everlastingly to stream from their mouths. The subject these boys are spouting is generally altogether beyond their comprehension; and even if it were not so, the pauses that ensue while 'the reader' is involved in reflection and correction would be quite sufficient to break its thread: but it often happens that they read that which is altogether incomprehensible to them. Accordingly in one cell the boy is found reading aloud to his patron a work in the French language, which he has never learned, and which therefore he is thus most ludicrously pronouncing exactly as if it were English:—

'Less ducks knee sonte pass,' &c. &c. &c.
i. e. (Les ducs ne sont pas,) &c.

To 'the reader's' literary ears this must be almost as painful as, to common nerves, the setting of a saw: yet he patiently listens, and laboriously proceeds with his task. On entering another cell, the boy, who, perhaps, has never known sickness, is found monotonously reading, with a shrill voice, from a page entitled 'Tabular Abstract of the Causes of Death,' the

following most melancholy catalogue, the dismal roads by which our fellow-chiefly in, to him, unintelligible Latin, of countrymen have just departed from life :

		Diseases.	Males	Fem'ls	Total
Epidemic, Endemic, and Contagious Diseases.		Cholera	9	11	20
		Influenza	3	3	6
		Small-pox	6	9	15
		Measles	7	8	15
		Scarlatina	15	4	19
		Hooping-Cough	10	23	33
		Croup	5	16	21
		Thrush	13	5	18
		Diarrhoea	30	26	56
		Dysentery	—	—	—
		Ague	—	—	—
		Typhus	21	50	71
		Erysipelas	2	4	6
		Syphilis	1	1	2
		Hydrophobia	—	—	—
Total		122	160	282	
Of the Nervous System.		Cephalitis	11	9	20
		Hydrocephalus	45	35	80
		Apoplexy	13	10	23
		Paralysis	1	7	8
		Convulsions	80	63	143
		Tetanus	—	—	—
		Chorea	—	—	—
		Epilepsy	—	1	1
		Insanity	1	—	1
		Delirium Tremens	1	—	1
		Disease	16	9	25
Total		168	134	302	
Of the Respiratory Organs.		Laryngitis	1	—	1
		Quinsey	3	—	3
		Bronchitis	2	3	5
		Pleurisy	2	1	3
		Pneumonia	35	35	70
		Hydrothorax	4	1	5
		Asthma	12	7	19
		{ Consumption	105	105	210
		{ Decline	56	69	125
		Disease	5	2	7
Total		225	223	448	
Of the Organs of Circulation.		Pericarditis	2	—	2
		Aneurism	1	—	1
		Disease	12	4	16
Total		15	4	19	
Of the Digestive Organs.	Intestinal Canal.	Teething	12	15	27
		Gastro-Enteritis	13	20	33
		Peritonitis	—	—	—
		Tabes Mesenterica	2	1	3
		Ascites	—	—	—
		Ulceration	—	—	—
		Hernia	1	1	2
		Colic	—	—	—
		Constipation	—	—	—
		Worms	2	2	4
		Disease	12	7	19
		Disease	—	—	—
		Pancreas.	Hepatitis	1	—
	Jaundice		—	1	1
	Disease		5	8	13
	Liver.	Disease	—	—	—
		Disease	—	—	—
	Spleen.	Disease	—	—	—
		Disease	—	—	—
	Total		48	55	103

As soon as the last 'reader' has affixed his *imprimatur* on the labours of the compositor, the chases containing the type are securely fixed, and they are then carried to the press-room, to which, with them, we will now proceed.

Descending from 'the readers' cells to the ground floor, the visitor, on approaching the northern wing of Mr. Clowes's establishment, hears a deep rumbling sound, the meaning of which he is at a loss to understand, until the doors before him being opened, he is suddenly introduced to nineteen enormous steam-presses, which, in three compartments, are all working at the same time. The simultaneous revolution of so much complicated machinery, crowded together in comparatively a small compass, coupled with a moment's reflection upon the important purpose for which it is in motion, is astounding to the mind; and as broad leather straps are rapidly revolving in all directions, the stranger pauses for a moment to consider whether or not he may not get entangled in the process, and against his inclination, as authors generally say in their prefaces, go 'to press.'

We will not weary our reader by attempting a minute delineation of the wonderful picture before him, or even introduce to his notice the intelligent engineer, who, in a building apart from the machinery, is in solitude regulating the clean, well-kept, noiseless steam-engine which gives it motion; we will merely describe the literary process.

The lower part of each of the nineteen steam-presses we have mentioned consists of a bed or table, near the two ends of which lie prostrate the two sets of 'chases' containing the types (technically called 'forms') we have just seen adjusted, and from which impressions are to be taken.

By the power of machinery these types, at every throb of the engine, are made horizontally to advance and retire. At every such movement they are met half way by seven advancing black rollers, which diagonally pass over them, and thus, by a most beautiful process, impart to them ink sufficient only for a single impression. As quickly as the types recede, the seven rollers revolve backwards till they come in contact with another large roller of kindred complexion termed 'the doctor,' which supplies them with ink, which he, 'the doctor,' himself receives from a dense mass of ink, which by the constant revolution of Esculapius assumes also the appearance of a roller.

When iron first began to be substituted in our navy for purposes for which it had hitherto been deemed to be totally inapplicable, it is said that an honest sailor, gravely turning his quid, observed to his comrade, '*Why, Jack, our purser tells me that the Admiralty are going to provide us with cast-iron parsons!*' 'The doctor' of a steam printing-press is already composed of this useful material, but the other seven rollers are of an infinitely softer substance. They are formed of a mixture of treacle and glue; and in colour, softness, and consistency they are said, by those who have studied such subjects, exactly to resemble the arm of a young negro girl.

Above the table, the forms, and the rollers we have described, are, besides other wheels, two very large revolving cylinders, covered with flannel; the whole apparatus being surmounted by a boy, who has on a lofty table by his side a pile of quires of white paper.

Every time the lower bed has moved, this boy places on the upper cylinder a sheet of paper, which is ingeniously confined to its station by being slipped under two strings of tape. It is, however, no sooner affixed there, than by a turn of the engine, revolving with the cylinder, it is flatly deposited on the first of the 'forms,' which, by the process we have described, has been ready inked to receive it: it is there instantaneously pressed, is then caught up by the other cylinder, and, after rapidly revolving with it, it is again left with its white side imposed upon the second 'form,' where it is again subjected to pressure, from which it is no sooner released than it is hurried within the grasp of another boy at the bottom part of the machinery, who, illumined by a gas light, extricates it from the cylinder, and piles it on a heap by his side.

By virtue of this beautiful process, a sheet of paper, by two revolutions of the engine, with the assistance only of two boys, is imprinted on both sides, with not only, say sixteen pages of letter-press, but, with the various wood-cuts which they contain. Excepting an hour's intermission, the engines, like the boys, are at regular work from eight A. M. till eight P. M., besides night-work, when it is required. Each steam-press is capable of printing 1000 sheets an hour.

The apartments above the machinery we have described contain no less than twenty-three common or hand-presses of various constructions; besides which, in

each of the compositors' rooms there is what is termed a proof-press. Each of these twenty-three presses is attended by two pressmen, one of whom inks the form, by means of a roller, whilst the other lays and takes off the paper very nearly as fast as he can change it, and by a strong gymnastic exertion, affording a striking feature of variety of attitude, imparts to it a pressure of from a ton to a ton and a half, the pressure depending upon the size and lightness of the *form*; this operation being performed by the two men, turn and turn about.

By his steam and hand-presses Mr. Clowes is enabled at this moment to be printing simultaneously 'Brown's folio Bible,' 'Vyse's Spelling Book,' 'First Report of St. Martin's Subscription Library,' 'Religious Tracts,' 'Penny Cyclopædia,' 'Penny Magazine,' 'The Harmonist' (in musical type), 'The Imperial Calendar,' 'Booksellers' Catalogues,' 'Registration Reports,' 'The Christian Spectator,' 'Pictorial Shakspeare,' 'Henry's folio Bible,' 'Butler's Lives of the Saints,' 'Registration of Births and Deaths,' 'Boothroyd's Bible,' 'Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong,' 'Palestine, or the Holy Land,' 'The Way to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise' (300,000 copies of which 20,000 are delivered per day), 'The Quarterly Review,' &c.

Notwithstanding the noise and novelty of this scene, it is impossible either to contemplate for a moment the machinery in motion we have described, or to calculate its produce, without being deeply impressed with the inestimable value to the human race of the art of printing—an art which, in spite of the opposition it first met with, in spite of 'the envious clouds which seemed bent to dim its glory and check its bright course,' has triumphantly risen above the miasmatical ignorance and superstition which would willingly have smothered it.

In the fifteenth century (the era of the invention of the art) the brief-men or writers who lived by their manuscripts, seeing that their occupation was about to be superseded, boldly attributed the invention to the devil, and, building on this foundation, men were warned from using diabolical books 'written by victims devoted to hell.' The monks in particular were its inveterate opposers; and the Vicar of Croydon, as if he had foreseen the Reformation which it subsequently effected, truly enough exclaimed in a

sermon preached by him at St. Paul's Cross, '*We must root out printing, or printing will root us out!*' Nevertheless, the men of the old school were soon compelled to adopt the novelty thus hateful: in fact, many of the present names of our type have been derived from their having been first employed in the printing of Romish prayers: for instance, '*Pica*,' from the service of the Mass, termed *Pica* or *Pie*, from the glaring contrast between the black and white on its page—'*Primer*,' from *Primarius*, the book of prayers to the Virgin—'*Brevier*,' from *Breviary*,—'*Canon*,' from the *Canons* of the Church—'*St. Augustin*,' from that Father's writings having been first printed in that sized type, &c. &c.

How reluctantly, however, the old prejudice was parted with, even by the classes most interested in the advancement of the new device, may be inferred from Shakspeare's transcript of the chronicle in which Jack Cade, the Radical spouter of his day, is made to exclaim against Lord Say, 'Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast caused *printing to be used*; and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a *paper-mill!*'

But we must pause in our quotations, for the wooden clocks in the compositors' halls have just struck 'ONE,' the signal throughout the whole establishment (which we may observe contains 340 workmen) that the welcome hour for rest and refreshment has arrived. The extended arm of the distributor falls as by paralysis to his side—the compositor as suddenly lays down his stick—the corrector his bodkin—the impositor abandons his quoins, reglet, gutters, scale-board, chases, shooting-sticks, side-sticks, and his other 'furniture'—the wearied 'reader' slowly rises from his stool, his boy, like a young kid, having already bounded from his side. The wheels of the steam-presses abruptly cease to revolve—the 'doctor' even becomes motionless—the boys descend from the literary pinnacles on which they had been stationed—the hand-presses repose—and almost before the paper-men, type-founders, and other workmen can manage to lay down their work, in both Duke-street and Stamford-street printers' boys of various colours are seen either scudding away in all directions, or assembled in

knots to play at leap-frog, or at whatever other game may happen to be what is technically called 'in.' A fat, ruddy-faced boy wearing a paper-cap is seen vaulting over the back of a young tight-made devil, while 'a legion of foul fiends' appear gambolling in groups or jumping over each other's shoulders.*

While this scene is passing in the middle of the street, steady workmen who are going to their dinners are seen issuing in a stream out of the great gate, while at the same moment, by a sort of back current, there is entering the yard a troop of little girls with provisions for those who prefer to dine at their posts. Most of these children are bearers of one or more sixpenny portions of smoking hot meat with penny portions of potatoes or cabbage, in addition to which some of the little girls, with their longing eyes especially fixed on the dish, are carrying great twopenny lumps of apple-pudding, or of heavy pieces of a cylindrical composition commonly called 'rolly-polly pudding,' which very closely resembles slices of 'the doctor.' Besides these eatables, a man is seen gliding hastily down the declivity of the yard, carrying in each hand a vertical tray glistening with bright pewter pint pots.

A remarkable silence now pervades the establishment. The halls of the compositors appear to be empty; for while enjoying their humble meal, sick of standing, they invariably seat themselves underneath their frames, and thus, like rats in their holes, they can scarcely be discovered. The care-worn reader, in solitude, is also at his meal; but whatever it may consist of, it would be hard to say which he enjoys most—food for the body or rest for the mind. The great steam-engine, which works the nineteen printing presses, is also at its dinner, which

consists of a liberal allowance of good neat's-foot oil and tallow.

As this scene of rest and enjoyment is to last for a whole hour, we perhaps cannot better employ a small portion of the interim than by a few reflections on the history of printing.

The *labour* attendant upon propagating manuscript copies of volumes has been thus very feelingly described by William Caxton:—

'Thus end I this book; and for as moche as in wrytyng of the same my penne is worn, myn hande wery, and myn eyne dimmed with over-moche looking on the whit paper, and that age crepeth on me dayly'

Accordingly fifty years were sometimes employed in producing a single volume. At the sale of Sir W. Burrell's books, May, 1796, there was displayed a MS. bible on vellum, beautifully written with a pen, and illuminated, which had taken upwards of half a century to perform; the writer, Guido de Jars, began it in his fortieth year (the period of life at which Sir Walter Scott began *Waverley*), and yet did not finish it till he was upwards of ninety.

The *expense* attendant upon the ancient operation will be sufficiently explained by the following extract of a translated epistle from Antonio Bononia Becatello to Alphonzo, King of Naples:—

'You lately wrote to me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold in very handsome books, and that the price of each book is 120 crowns of gold: therefore I entreat your majesty that you cause to be bought for us Livy, whom we used to call the king of books, and cause it to be sent hither to us. I shall in the mean time procure the money which I am to give for the price of the book. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best: he, who, that he might buy a country-house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand; or I, who, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale? Your goodness and modesty have encouraged me to ask these things with familiarity of you. Farewell, and triumph.'

Gaguin, in writing from France to one of his friends who had sent to him from Rome to procure a Concordance, says,—

'I have not to this day found a Concordance, except one that is greatly esteemed, which Paschasius the bookseller has told me is to be sold, and it may be had for a hundred crowns of gold' (about 89*l.*)

On the last leaf of a folio manuscript of the *Roman de la Rose* (the property of the late Mr. Ames), there is written,—

* Whenever a printer's devil, in the morning, at noon, or at night, is about to be let loose upon an author, 'the proofs' he is ordered to convey are secured in a leathern bag, strapped round his waist. Some time ago, however, a young, thoughtless imp from Messrs. Clowes's establishment, chose to carry upon his head a heavy packet, addressed by his employer to 'Lieut. Stratford, R. N., Somerset House.' 'You young rascal!' exclaimed a tall thief, who, after having read the inscription, cunningly ran up to him, 'Lieut. Stratford has been waiting for the last two hours for this parcel! Give it to me!' The devil, conscience-stricken and crest-fallen at the recollection that he had twice stopped on his road to play at marbles, delivered up his packet to the conveyancer; who, on opening it in his den, must have been grievously disappointed to find that it contained nothing but some proofs of 'The Naval Almanac, for 1840.'

'C'est lyuir costa au palas de Parys quarante coronnes d'or, sans mentyr.'

About the time of Henry II. the works of authors were, it has been said, read over for three days successively before one of the Universities, or before other judges appointed for the service, and if they met with approbation, copies of them were then permitted to be taken by monks, scribes, illuminators, and readers, brought up or trained to that purpose for their maintenance. But the labours of these monks, scribes, illuminators, &c., after all, were only for the benefit of a very few individuals, while the great bulk of the community lived in a state of ignorance closely resembling that which has ever characterized, and which still characterizes savage tribes.

The heaven-born eloquence of many of these people has been acknowledged by almost every traveller who has enjoyed the opportunity of listening to it with a translator.

Nothing, it is said, can be more striking than the framework of their speech, which, commencing with an appeal to 'the Great Spirit' that governs the universe, gradually descends to the very foundation of the subject they are discussing. Nothing more beautiful than the imagery with which they clothe their ideas, or more imposing than the intellectual coolness with which they express them. From sunrise till sunset they can address their patient auditors; and, such is the confidence these simple people possess in their innate powers of speech, that a celebrated orator was, on a late occasion, heard to declare, 'That had he conceived the young men of his tribe would have so erred in their decision, he would have attended their council fire, and would have spoken to them for a fortnight!'

But what has become of all the orations which these denizens of the forest have pronounced? What moral effect have they produced beyond a momentary excitement of admiration, participated only by a small party of listeners, and which, had even millions attended, could only, after all, have extended to the radius of the speaker's voice.

From our first discovery of their country to the present day, their eloquence has passed away like the loud moaning noise which the wind makes in passing through the vast wilderness they inhabit, and which, however it may affect the traveller who chances to hear it, dies away in the universe unrecorded.

Unable to read or write, the uncivilized orator of the present day has hardly any materials to build with but his own native talent; he has received nothing from his forefathers—he can bequeath or promulgate little or nothing to posterity—whatever, therefore, may be his eloquence, and whatever may be his intelligence, he is almost solely guided by what resembles brute instinct rather than human reason, which, by the art of writing, transmits experience to posterity.

Before the invention of printing almost the whole herd of mankind were in a state of moral degradation, nearly equal to that which we have thus described; for although various manuscripts existed, yet the expense and trouble of obtaining them were, as we have endeavoured to show, so great, that few could possess them in any quantities, except sovereign princes, or persons of very great wealth. The intellectual power of mankind was consequently completely undisciplined—there was no such thing as a combination of moral power—the experience of one age was not woven into the fabric of another—in short, the intelligence of a nation was a rope of sand. Now, how wonderful is the contrast between this picture of the dark age which preceded the invention of printing and the busy establishment which only for a few moments we have just left!

The distinction between the chrysalis and the butterfly but feebly illustrates the alteration which has taken place, since by the art of printing science has been enabled to wing its rapid and unerring course to the remotest regions of the globe. Every man's information is now received and deposited in a common hive, containing a cell or receptacle for everything that can be deemed worth preserving. The same facility attends the distribution of information which characterizes its collection. The power of a man's voice is no longer the measured range to which he can project his ideas; for even the very opinion we have just uttered, the very sentence we are now writing—faulty as they may both be—printed by steam, and transported by steam, will be no sooner published than they will be wafted to every region of the habitable globe,—to India, to America, to China, to every country in Europe, to every colony we possess, to our friends, and to our foes, wherever they may be. In short the hour has at last arrived at which the humblest individual in our community is enabled to say to those, whoever they may be, who are seen to wield authority wickedly,—

'Si vous m'opprimez, si vos grandeurs dédaignent
Les pleurs des innocens que vous faites couler,
Mon vengeur est au ciel: apprenez à trembler!'

As railroads have produced traffic, so has printing produced learned men; and 'to this art,' says Dr. Knox, 'we owe the Reformation.' The cause of religion has been most gloriously promoted by it; for it has placed the Bible in everybody's hands. Yet, notwithstanding the enormous mass of information it has imparted, it is, however, a most remarkable fact, that printing is one of those busybodies who can tell every man's history but his own.

Although four centuries have not elapsed since the invention of the noble art, yet the origin of this transcendent light, veiled in darkness, is still a subject of dispute! No certain record has been handed down fixing the precise time when—the person by whom—and the place whence this art derived its birth. The latent reason of this mystery is not very creditable to mankind; for printing having been as much the counterfeit as the substitute of writing, from sheer avarice it was kept so completely a secret, that we are told an artist, upon offering for sale a number of Bibles, which so miraculously resembled each other in every particular that they were deemed to surpass human skill, was accused of witchcraft, and tried in the year 1460.

Gutenberg, we all know, is said to have been the father of printing; Schoeffer, the father of letter-founding; Faust, or Fust, the generous patron of the art; and by Hansard these three are termed 'the grand typographical triumvirate.' On the other hand, Hadrianus Junius, who wrote the history of Holland in Latin, published in 1578, claims the great art for Harlaem, assigning to Laurentius Coster the palm of being the original inventor. Neither our limits nor our inclination allow us to take any part in the threadbare discussion of the subject. On the front of the house inhabited by Gutenberg, at Mentz, there is the following inscription:—

'JOHANNI GUTTENBERGENSI,
Moguntino
Qui Primus Omnium Literas Ære
Imprimendas Invenit,
Hac Arte De Orbe Toto Bene Merenti.'

Besides this, a fine statue by Thorwaldsen, erected in the city, was opened amidst a burst of enthusiasm. 'For three days,' says a late writer, 'the population of Mayence was kept in a state of high excitement. The echo of the excitement

went through Germany, and GUTENBERG! GUTENBERG!! was toasted in many a bumper of Rhenish wine, amidst this cordial and enthusiastic people.' But while Gut! Guten! GUTENBERG! are thus resounding through Germany, the web-footed inhabitants of the city of Harlaem, nothing daunted, still paddle through their streets, with their burgomasters at their head, holding annual festivals, and making public speeches, in commemoration of the grand discovery of the art by their 'beloved Coster,' to whom various monuments have been erected.

But two o'clock has arrived, and we therefore most readily abandon the history of printing, to return with Mr. Clowes's people to his interesting establishment.

On entering the door of a new department, a number of workmen, in paper caps, and with their shirt sleeves tucked up, may be seen at a long table, immediately under the windows, as well as at another table in the middle of the room, intently occupied at some sort of minute niggling operation; but what wholly engrosses the first attention of the stranger is the extraordinary convulsive attitudes of ten men, who, at equal distances from each other, are standing with their right shoulders close to the dead wall opposite to the windows.

These men appear as if they were all possessed with St. Vitus' Dance, or as if they were performing some Druidical or Dervishical religious ceremony. Instead, however, of being the servants of idolatrous superstition, they are in fact its most destructive enemies; for grotesque as may be their attitudes, they are busily fabricating grains of intellectual gunpowder to explode it—we mean they are type-casting.

This important operation is performed as follows:—In the centre of a three-inch cube of hard wood, which is split into two halves like the shell of a walnut, there is inserted the copper matrix or form of the letter to be cast. The two halves of the cube when put together are so mathematically adjusted that their separation can scarcely be detected, and accordingly down the line of junction there is pierced, from the outer face of this wood, to the copper matrix, a small hole, into which the liquid metal is to be cast, and from which it can easily be extricated by the opening or bisection of the cube. Besides this piece of wood, the type-caster is provided with a little furnace, and a small cauldron of liquid metal, projecting about a foot from the

wall, on his right. The wall is protected by sheet-iron, which is seen shining and glittering in all directions with the metal that in a liquid state has been tossed upon it to a great height.

On the floor, close at the feet of each 'caster,' there is a small heap of coals, while a string or two of onions hanging here and there against the wall, sufficiently denote that those who, instead of leaving the building at one o'clock, dine within it, are not totally unacquainted with the culinary art.

The ladles are of various denominations, according to the size of the type to be cast. There are some that contain as much as a quarter of a pound of metal, but for common-sized type the instrument does not hold more than would one-half of the shell of a small hazle-nut.

With the mould in the left hand, the founder with his right dips his little instrument into the liquid metal—instantly pours it into the hole of the cube, and then, in order to force it *down* to the matrix, he jerks *up* the mould higher than his head; as suddenly he lowers it, by a quick movement, opens the cube, shakes out the type, closes the box, re-fills it, re-jerks it into the air, re-opens it—and, by a repetition of these rapid manœuvres, each workman can create from 400 to 500 types an hour.

By the convulsive jerks which we have described the liquid is unavoidably tossed about in various directions; yet, strange to say, the type-founder, following the general fashion of the establishment, performs this scalding operation with naked arms, although in many places they may be observed to have been more or less burned.

As soon as there is a sufficient heap of type cast, it is placed before an intelligent little boy, (whose pale wan face sufficiently explains the effect that has been produced upon it by the antimony in the metal,) to be broken off to a uniform length; for, in order to assist in forcing the metal down to the matrix, it was necessary to increase the weight of the type by doubling its length. At this operation a quick boy can break off from 2000 to 3000 types an hour, although, be it observed, by handling new type a workman has been known to lose his thumb and forefinger from the effect of the antimony.

By a third process the types are rubbed on a flat stone, which takes off all roughness or '*bur*' from their sides, as well as adjusts their '*beards*' and their '*shanks*.'

A good rubber can finish about 2000 an hour.

By a fourth process, the types are, by men or boys, fixed into a sort of composing stick about a yard long, where they are made to lie in a row with their '*nicks*' all uppermost: 3000 or 4000 per hour can be thus arranged.

In a fifth process, the bottom extremities of these types, which had been left rough by the second process, are, by the stroke of a plane, made smooth, and the letter-ends being then turned uppermost, the whole line is carefully examined by a microscope; the faulty type, technically termed '*fat-faced*,' '*lean-faced*,' and '*bottle-bottomed*,' are extracted; and the rest are then extricated from the *stick*, and left in a heap.

The last operation is that of '*telling them down and papering them up*,' to be ready for distribution when required.

By the system we have just described, Mr. Clowes possesses the power of supplying his compositors with a stream of new type, flowing upon them at the rate of 50,000 per day!

Type-founding has always been considered to be a trade of itself, and there is not in London, or we believe in the world, any other great *printing* establishment in which it is comprehended; but the advantages derived from this connection are very great, as types form the life-blood of a printing-house, and, therefore, whatever facilitates their circulation adds to its health and promotes science.

Small, insignificant, and undecipherable as types appear to inexperienced eyes, yet, when we reflect upon the astonishing effects they produce, they forcibly remind us of that beautiful parable of the grain of mustard-seed, '*which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof*.' But, casting theory aside, we will endeavour to demonstrate the advantages which not only the establishment before us, but the whole literary world, *bonâ fide* derives from a cheap, ready, and never-failing supply of type.

By possessing an ample store of this *primum mobile* of his art, a printer is enabled, without waiting for the distribution or breaking up of the type of the various publications he is printing, to supply his compositors with the means of '*setting up*' whatever requires immediate attention—literary productions, therefore,

of every description are thus relieved from unnecessary quarantine, the promulgation of knowledge is hastened, the distance which separates the writer from the reader is reduced to its minimum.

But besides the facility which the possession of abundance of type gives both to the publisher and to the public, the printer's range, or in other words the radius, to the extent of which he is enabled to serve the world, is materially increased; for with an ample supply he can manage to keep type in 'forms' until his proofs from a distance can be returned corrected. In a very large printing establishment like that before us, this radius is very nearly the earth's diameter; for Messrs. Clowes are not only enabled, by the quantity of type they possess, to send proofs to the East and West Indies, but they are at this moment engaged in printing a work regularly published in England every month, the proof-sheets of which are sent by our steamers to be corrected by the author in America!

Again, in the case of books that are likely to run into subsequent editions, a printer who has plenty of type to spare can afford to keep the forms standing until the work has been tested; and then, if other editions are required, they can, on the whole, be printed infinitely cheaper than if the expense of composition were in each separate edition to be repeated—the publisher, the printer, and the public, all, therefore, are gainers by this arrangement.

In bye-ways as well as in high-ways, literary labourers of the humblest description are assisted by a printing establishment possessing abundance of type. For instance, in its juvenile days, the 'Quarterly Review' (which, by the way, is now thirty years old) was no sooner published than it was necessary that the first article of the following number should go to press, in order that the printer might be enabled, article by article, to complete the whole in three months. Of the inconvenience to the *editor* attendant upon this 'never-ending-still-beginning' system, we deem it proper to say nothing: our readers, however, will at once see the scorbutic inconvenience which they themselves must have suffered by having been supplied by us with provisions, a considerable portion of which had unavoidably been salted down for nearly three months. Now, under the present system, the contents of the whole number lie open to fresh air, correction, and conviction—are

ready to admit new information—to receive fresh facts—to so late a moment, that our eight or ten articles may be sent to the printer on a Monday with directions to be ready for publication on the Saturday.

But notwithstanding all the examples we have given of the present increased expenditure of type, our readers will probably be surprised when they are informed of the actual quantity which is required.

The number of sheets now standing in type in Messrs. Clowes's establishment, each weighing on an average about 100lbs., are above 1600. The weight of type not in forms amounts to about 100 tons!—the weight of the stereotype plates in their possession to about 2000 tons: the cost to the proprietors (without including the original composition of the types from which they were cast) about 200,000*l*. The number of wood-cuts is about 50,000, of which stereotype-casts are taken and sent to Germany, France, &c.

Having mentioned the amount of stereotype-plates in the establishment, it is proper that we should now visit the foundry in which *they* are cast. The principal piece of furniture in this small chamber is an oven, in appearance such as is commonly used by families for baking bread. In front of it there stands a sort of dresser; and close to the wall on the right, and adjoining the entrance door, a small table. The 'forms' or pages of types, after they have been used by the printer, and before the stereotype impression can be taken from them, require to be cleaned, in order to remove from them the particles of ink with which they have been clogged in the process of printing. As soon as this operation is effected, the types are carefully oiled, to prevent the cement sticking to them, and when they have been thus prepared, they are placed at the bottom of a small wooden frame, where they lie in appearance like a schoolboy's slate. In about a quarter of an hour the plaster-of-Paris, which is first dabbed on with a cloth and then poured upon them, becomes hard, and the mixture, which somewhat resembles a common Yorkshire pudding, is then put into the oven, where it is baked for an hour and a half. It is then put into a small iron coffin with holes in each corner, and buried in a cauldron of liquid metal, heated by a small furnace close to the oven—the little vessel containing the type gradually sinks from view, until the silvery glistening wave rolling over it entirely conceals it from the eye. It remains

at the bottom of this cauldron about ten minutes, when being raised by the arm of a little crane, it comes up completely encrusted with the metal, and is put for ten minutes to cool over a cistern of water close to the cauldron. The mass is then laid on the wooden dresser, where the founder unmercifully belabours it with a wooden mallet, which breaks the brittle metal from the coffin, and the plaster-of-Paris cast being also shattered into pieces, the stereotype impression which, during this rude operation, has remained unharmed, is introduced for the first moment of its existence into the light of day. The birth of this plate is to the literary world an event of no small importance, inasmuch as 100,000 copies of the best impressions can be taken from it, and with care it can propagate a million! The plates, after being rudely cut, are placed on a very ingenious description of Procrustesian bed, on which they are by a machine not only all cut to the same length and breadth, but with equal impartiality planed to exactly the same thickness.

The plates are next examined in another chamber by men termed 'pickers,' who, with a sharp graver, and at the rate of about sixteen pages in six hours, cut out or off any improper excrescences; and if a word or sentence is found to be faulty, it is cut out of the plate and replaced by real type, which are soldered into the gaps. Lastly, by a circular saw the plates are very expeditiously cut into pages, which are packed up in paper to go to press.

We have already stated that in Messrs. Clowes's establishment the stereotype plates amount in weight to 2000 tons. They are contained in two strong rooms or cellars which appear to the stranger to be almost a mass of metal. The smallest of these receptacles is occupied entirely with the Religious Tract Society's plates, many of which are fairly entitled to the rest they are enjoying, having already given hundreds of thousands of impressions to the world. It is very pleasing to find in the heart of a busy, bustling establishment, such as we are reviewing, a chamber exclusively set apart for the propagation of religious knowledge; and it is a fact creditable to the country in general, as well as to the art of printing in particular, that, including all the publications printed by Messrs. Clowes, one-fourth are self-devoted to religion. The larger store, which is 100 feet in length, is a dark *omnium gatherum*, containing the

stereotype plates of publications of all descriptions. But even in *this* epitome of the literature of the age, our readers will be gratified to learn that the sacred volumes of the Established Church maintain, by their own intrinsic value, a rank and an importance, their possession of which has been the basis of the character and unexampled prosperity of the British empire. Among the plates in this store there are to be seen reposing those of thirteen varieties of Bibles and testaments, of numerous books of hymns and psalms, of fifteen different dictionaries, and of a number of other books of acknowledged sterling value. We have no desire, however, to conceal that the above are strangely intermixed with publications of a different description. For instance, next to 'Dodgridge's Works,' lie the plates of 'Don Juan:' close to 'Hervey's Meditations' lie 'The Lives of Highwaymen,' 'Henderson's Cookery,' 'The Trial of Queen Caroline,' and 'Macgowan's Dialogue of Devils.' In the immediate vicinity of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' repose 'The Newgate Calendar' (6 vols.), and 'Religious Courtship;' and lastly, in this republic of letters, close to 'Sturm's Reflections,' 'Ready Reckoner,' 'Goldsmith's England,' and 'Hutton's Logarithms,' are to be found 'A Whole Family in Heaven,' 'Heaven taken by Storm,' 'Baxter's Shove to ***** Christians,' &c. &c. &c.

On the whole, however, the ponderous contents of the chamber are of great literary value; and it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the stranger beholds before him, in a single cellar, a capital, principally devoted to religious instruction, amounting to no less than 200,000!

In suddenly coming from the inky chambers of a printing-office into the paper-warehouse, the scene is, almost without metaphor, 'as different as black from white.' Its transition is like that which the traveller experiences in suddenly reaching the snowy region which caps lofty mountains of dark granite.

It must be evident to the reader that the quantity of paper used by Messrs. Clowes in a single year must be enormous.

This paper, before it is despatched from the printer to the binder, undergoes two opposite processes, namely, wetting and drying, both of which may be very shortly described. The wetting-room, which forms a sort of cellar to the paper-warehouse, is a small chamber, containing

three troughs, supplied with water, like those in a common laundry, by a leaden pipe and cock. Leaning over one of these troughs, there stands, from morning till night, with naked arms, red fingers, and in wooden shoes, a man, whose sole occupation, for the whole of his life, is to wet paper for the press. The general allowance he gives to each quire is two dips, which is all that he knows of the literature of the age; and certainly, when it is considered that, with a strapping lad to assist him, he can dip 200 reams a day, it is evident that it must require a considerable number of very ready writers to keep pace with him. After being thus wetted, the paper is put in a pile under a screw-press, where it remains subjected to a pressure of 200 tons for twelve hours. It should then wait about two days before it is used for printing, yet, if the weather be not too hot, it will, for nearly a fortnight, remain sufficiently damp to imbibe the ink from the type.

We have already stated that, as fast as the sheets printed on both sides are abstracted by the boys who sit at the bottoms of the nineteen steam-presses, they are piled in a heap by their sides. As soon as these piles reach a certain height, they are carried off, in wet bundles of about one thousand sheets, to the two drying-rooms, which are heated by steam to a temperature of about 90° of Fahrenheit. These bundles are there subdivided into 'lifts,' or quires, containing from fourteen to sixteen sheets; seven of these lifts, one after another, are rapidly placed upon the transverse end of a long-handled 'peel,' by which they are raised nearly to the ceiling, to be deposited across small wooden bars ready fixed to receive them, in which situation it is necessary they should remain at least twelve hours, in order that not only the paper, but the ink, should be dried. In looking upwards, therefore, the whole ceiling of the room appears as if an immense shower of snow had just suddenly been arrested in its descent from heaven. In the two rooms about four hundred reams can be dried in twenty-four hours.

When the operation of drying is completed, the 'lifts' are rapidly pushed by the 'peel' one above another (like cards which have overlapped) into a pack, and in these masses they are then lowered; and again placed in piles, each of which contains the same 'signature,' or, in other words, is formed of duplicates of the same sheet. A work, therefore, containing

twenty-four sheets—marked or *signed* A, B, C, and so on, to Z—stands in twenty-four piles, all touching each other, and of which the height of course depends upon the number of copies composing the edition. A gang of sharp little boys of about twelve years of age, with naked arms, termed *gatherers*, following each other as closely as soldiers in file, march past these heaps, from every one of which they each abstract, in regular order for publication, a single sheet, which they deliver as a complete work to a 'collator,' whose duty it is rapidly to glance over the printed signature letters of each sheet, in order to satisfy himself that they follow each other in regular succession; and as soon as the signature letters have either by one or by repeated gatherings been all collected, they are, after being pressed, placed in piles about eleven feet high, composed of complete copies of the publication, which, having thus undergone the last process of the printing establishment, is ready for the hands of the binder.

The group of gathering-boys, whose 'march of intellect' we have just described, usually perform per day a thousand journeys, each of which is on an average, about fourteen yards. The quantity of paper in the two drying-rooms amounts to about 3000 reams, each weighing about 25lbs. The supply of white paper in store, kept in piles about 20 feet high, averages about 7000 reams; the amount of paper printed every week and delivered for publication amounts to about 1500 reams (of 500 sheets), each of which averages in size 389½ square inches. The supply, therefore, of white paper kept on hand, would, if laid down in a path of 22½ inches broad, extend 1230 miles; the quantity printed on both sides per week would form a path of the same breadth of 263 miles in length. In the course of a year Messrs. Clowes consume, therefore, white paper enough to make petticoats of the usual dimensions (ten demys per petticoat) for three hundred and fifty thousand ladies!

The *ink* used in the same space of time amounts to about 12,000lbs.

The cost of the paper may be about 100,000*l.*; that of the ink exceeding 1500*l.*

In one of the compartments of Messrs. Clowes' establishment, a few men are employed in fixing metal-type into the wooden-blocks of a most valuable and simple machine for impressing coloured maps,

for which the inventor has lately taken out a patent.

The tedious process of drawing maps by hand has long been superseded by copper engravings; but besides the great expense attendant upon these impressions, there has also been added that of *colouring*, which it has hitherto been deemed impossible to perform but by the brush. The cost of maps, therefore, has not only operated to a considerable degree, as a prohibition of their use among the poor, but in general literature it has very materially checked many geographical elucidations, which, though highly desirable, would have been too expensive to be inserted.

By this beautiful invention, the new artist has not only imparted to woodcut blocks the advantages of impressing, by little metallic circles, and by actual type, the positions, as well as the various names of cities, towns, rivers, &c., which it would be difficult as well as expensive to delineate in wood, but he has also, as we will endeavour to explain, succeeded in giving, by machinery, that bloom, or in other words, those colours to his maps, which had hitherto been laboriously painted on by human hands.

On entering the small room of the house in which the inventor has placed his machine, the attention of the stranger is at once violently excited by seeing several printer's rollers, which, though hitherto deemed to be as black and as unchangeable as an Ethiopian's skin, appear before him bright yellow, bright red, and beautiful blue! '*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis!*' In the middle of the chamber stands the machine, consisting of a sort of open box, which, instead of having, as is usual, one lid only, has one fixed to every side, by which means the box can evidently be shut or covered by turning down either the lid on the north, on the south, on the east, or on the west.

The process of impressing with this engine is thus effected. A large sheet of pure white drawing paper is, by the chief superintendent, placed at the bottom of the box, where it lies, the emblem of innocence, perfectly unconscious of the impending fate that awaits it. Before, however, it has had any time for reflection, the north lid, upon which is embedded a metal plate, coloured *blue*, suddenly revolves over upon the paper, when, by the turn of a press underneath, the whole apparatus, a severe pressure is instantane-

ously inflicted. The north lid is no sooner raised than the south one, upon which is embedded a metal plate coloured *yellow*, performs the same operation; which is immediately repeated by the eastern lid, the plates of which are coloured *red*; and, lastly, by the western lid, whose plates contain nothing but *black* lines, marks of cities, and names.

By these four operations, which are consecutively performed, quite as rapidly as we have detailed them, the sheet of white paper is seen successfully and happily transformed into a most lovely and prolific picture, in *seven* colours, of oceans, empires, kingdoms, principalities, cities, flowing rivers, mountains (the tops of which are left white), lakes, &c., each not only pronouncing its own name, but declaring the lines of latitude and longitude under which it exists. The picture, or, as it terms itself, '*The Patent Illuminated Map*,' proclaims to the world its own title: it gratefully avows the name of its ingenious parent to be *Charles Knight*.

A few details are yet wanting to fill up the rapid sketch or outline we have just given of the mode of imprinting these maps. On the northern block, which imparts the first impression, the oceans and lakes are cut in wavy lines, by which means, when the whole block is coloured *blue*, the wavy parts are impressed quite light, while principalities, kingdoms, &c., are deeply designated, and thus by one process *two blues* are imprinted.

When the southern block, which is coloured *yellow*, descends, besides marking out the principalities, &c., which are to be permanently designated by that colour, a portion of it re-covers countries, which by the first process had been marked *blue*, but which, by the admixture of the *yellow*, are beautifully coloured *green*. By this second process, therefore, *two* colours are again imprinted. When the eastern lid, which is coloured *red*, turning upon its axis, impinges upon the paper, besides stamping the districts which are to be designated by its own colour, it intrudes upon a portion of the *blue* impression, which it instantly turns into *purple*, and upon a portion of the *yellow* impression, which it instantly changes into *brown*; and thus by this single operation, *three* colours are imprinted.

But the three lids conjointly have performed another very necessary operation—namely, they have moistened the paper sufficiently to enable it to receive the ty-

pographical lines of longitude and latitude, the courses of rivers, the little round marks denoting cities, and the letterpress, all of which, by the last pressure, are imparted, in common black printer's ink, to a map, distinguishing, under the beautiful process we have described, the various regions of the globe, by light blue, dark blue, yellow, green, red, brown, and purple.*

By Mr. Knight's patent machine maps may be thus furnished to our infant schools at the astonishing low rate of 4½d each.

Before the wooden clocks in the compositors' halls strike *eight*—at which hour the whole establishment of literary labourers quietly return to their homes, excepting those who, for extra work, extra pay, and to earn extra comforts for their families, are willing to continue their toilsome occupation throughout the whole night, resuming their regular work in the morning as cheerfully as if they had been at rest—we deem it our duty to observe that there are many other printing establishments in London which would strikingly exemplify the enormous physical power of the British press—especially that of the 'Times' Newspaper, which on the 28th of November, 1814, electrified its readers by unexpectedly informing them that the paper they held in their hands had been printed by *steam*; and it is impossible for the mind to contemplate also, for a single moment, the moral force of the British Press, without reflecting, and without acknowledging that, under Providence, it is the only engine that can save the glorious institutions of the British empire from the impending ruin that inevitably awaits them, unless the merchants, the yeomanry, and the British people, aroused by the loud warning of the said press, shall constitutionally disarm the hand of the destroyers: we will, however, resolutely arrest ourselves in the utterance of these very natural re-

* We ought to observe that an analogous invention has already been brought to great perfection, by Mr. Hulmandell, in the department of lithography. By using consecutively six, ten, or a dozen stones, each charged with its separate colour, the effect of a fine water-colour drawing is reproduced in most wonderful lightness and brilliancy, while (the colour used being all oil-colour) a depth is given to the shadows which the cleverest master of the water-colour school cannot reach in his own original performance. A set of views of French scenery and architecture, done in this way, may now be seen in the shops: they are, in fact, beautiful pictures; and you get, we believe, twenty-six of them for eight guineas.

flections, because we have determined not to pour a single bitter drop into a literary cup which we have purposely concocted only for Christmas use.

To 'the Governor' of the building through which we have perambulated we cordially offer, in return for the courtesy with which he has displayed it, 'the compliments of the season;' and with equal gratitude let us acknowledge the important service rendered to the social family of mankind by the patient labour of each overseer, compositor, reader, pressman, and type-founder in his noble establishment. Let us give them the praise which is due to their art, and, to conclude, 'LET US GIVE TO THE DEVIL HIS DUE!'

ART. II.—*Journaux des Sièges faits ou soutenus par les Français dans la Péninsule de 1807 à 1814, rédigé d'après les ordres du Gouvernement, sur les Documents existant aux Archives de la Guerre et au Dépôt des Fortifications.* Par J. Belmas, Chef de Bataillon du Génie. 4 vols. Paris, 1836.

THIS work, though neither so trustworthy or so interesting as the title-page promises, is yet deserving of some notice. M. Belmas's *rédaction* of the several operations, though less unfair than the works of the modern French school generally are, cannot of course be of the same value that the original documents from which he professes to have compiled his narrative would have been. He has subjoined, however, to his own narratives, copious appendixes of those original documents—some of which are very curious;—but even their authority is seriously impaired by the fact that they are only a *selection* of such parts of the general correspondence as *it suited his own views* to produce. Admitting them to be authentic and valuable as far as they go, it is obvious that they do not give the *whole truth*, and are rather to be considered as *ex parte* statements than as a complete body of historical evidence.

The first volume is dedicated not to the sieges, but to a general summary of the Peninsular War—occupying two hundred and ninety pages, followed by nearly five hundred pages of *pièces justificatives*. The other volumes contain respectively narratives of the sieges of, II. Saragossa, Boves and Girona.

III. Astorga, Lerida, Mequinenza, Ciudad Rodrigo, Almeida, Tortosa, Tarragona, Olivenza, Badajoz, and Campo Mayor.

IV. Tarifa, Saguntum, Valencia, Peniscola, Castro, Urdiales—all by the French;—Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, the forts of Salamanca, Burgos, St. Sebastian, Pampeluna, and Monzon, (a small town and *château* in Aragon)—by the English:—

—each of these being followed by an appendix, more or less copious, of the original correspondence. Of operations so various and extensive we cannot pretend to give even a summary, much less any details: we can only indicate to the military student where the information is to be found—but a few particulars which may interest the general reader we shall endeavour to condense into manageable limits.

The most remarkable of these documents are assuredly certain *Notes* and *Instructions*, dictated from time to time by Buonaparte himself relative to the military operations in the Peninsula—a subject which never can be uninteresting to a British reader, particularly when, as in the present instance, he can obtain a glimpse of the real motives and movements of the French, divested of the falsehood and *fanfaronnade* of their published despatches. M. Belmas does not state where he found these documents, nor to whom they were addressed, nor on what authority they are given. It might be concluded from his title-page that he found the *Notes*, as well as Buonaparte's direct correspondence with several of the generals, in the official archives at Paris. But such is not the fact. M. Belmas did not like to own whence they came; we can supply the omission: they were addressed to King Joseph and his staff at Madrid, as the materials on which these puppets were to frame their orders to the several armies, and were taken with the rest of Joseph's effects after the battle of Vittoria; they were published (and more than M. Belmas has republished) in the Appendix to the first volume of Colonel Napier's History, and noticed in the Quarterly Review, vol. 56, but some further communications between Joseph and Napoleon, and a considerable portion (not all) of a correspondence with the Generals commanding the French armies in Spain, are new to us, and we heartily wish that M. Belmas had been able, or (what we

doubt more) willing to enrich history with a fuller and less select collection of such valuable documents. We are grateful for every attempt to lift even a corner of that almost impenetrable curtain of 'falsehood lined with terror,' behind which Buonaparte prepared the various incidents of his wonderful drama; and in this view the present publication has many interesting points. All the Buonaparte papers, though applying to a single subject and a narrow period, mark strongly the character of their author—the affectation (if, indeed, like other impostors, he had not grown to believe in himself) of omniscience and omnipotence which prompted him to prescribe from Bayonne, St. Cloud, or even Vienna, the movements (some of them in minute detail) of his armies in Portugal, Valencia, or Andalusia—the harsh presumption with which he criticised what any one else did, and the severe injustice with which he visited on individual officers the natural impediments or inevitable accidents that happened to thwart his insolent and often injudicious designs; and—with all this personal arrogance—the patience or policy with which he bore—if indeed he did not (as we rather believe) foment—the squabbles, jealousies, and indeed almost continual insubordination, of his generals amongst themselves. Provided they obeyed him, he seems to have been totally indifferent how they behaved to one another. His very interests were often sacrificed to his vanity; and even the reverses of his lieutenants had to his mind the consolation of showing the world that Napoleon the Great was *all in all*, and that without him *La belle France*, and all her skillful marshals, and her valiant armies, were—NOTHING.

As the most important of these documents have been already applied to their historical uses, it is chiefly as illustrative of Buonaparte's personal character and his mode of dealing with his Generals and Marshals, that we shall now examine them.

The first of the *Notes* is of 13th July, 1808, without date of place, but it must have been from Bayonne, and is addressed to Savary, chief of Joseph's staff at Madrid. It takes a general, but, as affairs turned out, not a very correct view of the operations in Spain. The chief solicitude at that moment was as to the movements of Marshal Bessières, prior to the battle of Medina del Rio-Seco. On a victory there Buonaparte rested the whole

cause of Spain—while the authorities at Madrid were more alarmed about Dupont in Andalusia—and Buonaparte is very angry that some reinforcements had been sent to the latter which might have reached the former.

‘If General Dupont were to suffer a check, it would be of *little consequence*, and could have no other effect than obliging him to recross the mountains; whereas a blow directed against Bessières would strike the heart of the army, and be felt like a *tetanus* to all its extremities.

‘The true way to reinforce General Dupont [in the south] is not to send him troops, but to send troops to Marshal Bessières [in the north]. General Dupont and Verdier have troops enough to maintain themselves in their entrenched positions; and if Bessières were reinforced, and the Spaniards routed in Galicia, Dupont would find himself in the best possible position, both by the reinforcements which might then be sent to him, and still more by the moral situation of affairs. There is not a citizen of Medina—not a peasant of the valleys, that does not feel that the whole fate of Spain is to-day in the operations of Marshal Bessières. How unfortunate it is that in this great concern you should have gratuitously given *twenty chances against us!*—vol. i. p. 320.

We will here observe that Buonaparte was in the habit of estimating the total chances of any object—say, at *one hundred*, and of proportioning off the chances of success or failure at so much *per cent.*, in a style that seems to us somewhat pedantic, and, in spite of its affected precision, very vague—as in this very instance: Bessières, he says, at Rio-Seco, had 75 chances for, and 25 against him: while Dupont, he says, with 21,000 men, would have 80 chances for, and only 20 against him.

Now the result was the very reverse of Buonaparte's opinions, predictions, and calculations. Bessières, with 15 or 16,000 men, had more than enough; for Buonaparte afterwards admits that he had employed but 8000 in winning the great battle of Rio-Seco—which, though the success was more complete than could be hoped for, had very limited results: while Dupont, with more than the specified force, instead of being in the best possible position, was beaten, and, instead of recrossing the Sierra, was forced to surrender to Castaños—the single event which had the greatest influence on the ultimate destinies of the war. We are amused with a couple of instances of what the French used to call the ‘lofty conceptions of the Emperor,’ but which seem to us less characteristic of *le plus grand Capitaine*, than of *le plus grand charlatan* that

even France has produced. King Joseph's cabinet had, it seems, proposed to order one of its armies to occupy a position at a place called *Milagro*—no, says the Emperor,

‘You should occupy *Tudela*, because it is an *honourable* position, and *Milagro* is an *obscure* one.’—p. 331.

And again he desires another army to take up a position at *Burgos* rather than *Trevino*, which had been proposed, because

‘*Burgos* is a position threatening, offensive, *honourable*, whilst that of *Trevino* would be *blind* and *shameful* (*honteux et borgne*).’—p. 334.

This anxiety about the moral character of a military position would seem extravagant in any other man; but the truth is, that Buonaparte was well aware how much his reputation, and, consequently, his power, were dependent on *prestige*, delusion and stage-effect, and he was anxious that despatches dated from important places, such as *Burgos* and *Tudela*, should keep up in France, and throughout Europe, the idea that his position in Spain was firm and commanding.

Another paragraph of these notes is important to a just appreciation of the share which the British army had in the subsequent successes. After recapitulating all the events, the numbers and positions of the French and Spanish armies, he concludes by saying,

‘What I have thus stated proves that the Spaniards are not to be feared: all the Spanish forces united would not be capable of defeating 25,000 French in a tolerable position.’—p. 338.

At last, however, in November, 1808, the great man came to Spain himself, ‘to purge the Peninsula of the hideous presence of the *leopards*’—‘*je les chasserai*,’ said he, ‘*de la Péninsule!*’ but he soon abandoned that *chasse* to his lieutenants, and returned suddenly to Paris to conduct his third Austrian war. Of his own proceedings in Spain these volumes contain only two documents, both dated from the ‘obscure position’ of Chamartin, near Madrid, the 8th December, one to Marshal Ney, and the other to Mortier, in which he criticises rather severely the conduct of both, and particularly that of Ney, with whom, says M. Belmas, he was ‘*fort mécontent*.’ In this letter he tells Ney, that

‘the English are flying as fast as they can (*à toutes jambes*); but we have been for a moment in a serious position.’—p. 348.

This ‘serious position’ must have been

the situation of the French prior to the passage of the Somo Sierra, when Ney had made a movement, with which Buonaparte now reproached him as a blunder which compromised for a moment the safety of the whole army. M. Belmas throws no light on a question which has always interested us, namely, why, just as Buonaparte had enveloped, as it were, Sir John Moore with three armies, each considerably greater than ours, and all capable of being united with an overwhelming superiority, and with every prospect of a brilliant success against the English—*why* he should at that moment (1st January, 1809) have suddenly given over the command to Soult, and hastened away to Paris. It is everywhere stated that this was in consequence of intelligence received at that date of the preparations of Austria; but pressing as that danger might be, it does not appear to have been so *extremely* urgent as not to have allowed him a week or ten days for an object of such importance to his cause, and such *éclat* to his personal glory as a victory over the English army would have been, particularly as we find that he did not leave Paris for the Austrian campaign before the 18th February. Our conjecture is, that he foresaw that he could not force the British to a battle before they reached Corunna, and that *there* he could be by no means sure of a victory, and was therefore not unwilling to escape, *de sa personne*, from a doubtful operation, in which he could not count upon having 'ninety-nine chances' for himself. Yet if he had persevered and succeeded, it might have had a more lasting influence on his fortunes than even the wonderful triumphs of that Austrian campaign—England would probably have abandoned the Peninsula, and WELLINGTON not have marched from Lisbon to Paris!

In a letter, dated Paris, 31st August, 1809, Buonaparte criticises pretty severely the conduct of Soult, Victor, Jourdan, and, in short, of every body in the campaign of Talavera, and disapproves, of course, not only the mode in which that battle was fought, but its being fought at all, when there were *only* '50,000 French to 30,000 English, who have thus been allowed to *brave* the whole French army. *A battle never should be fought unless you have three-fourths of the chances in your favour.*—p. 405.

In a letter of the 31st January, 1810, in

tracing a plan for the ensuing campaign, he says,—

'The Emperor considers that there is nothing in Spain dangerous but the English; that all the rest is *canaille*, that can never keep the field.'—p. 423.

We find, however, in these volumes one instance, at least, of a pitched battle, in which the Spaniards, though miserably beaten, deserve more honourable mention. Marshal Victor, two or three days after his victory of Medellin (28th March, 1809), writes to King Joseph:—

'The loss of the Spaniards was so great that it must be seen to be believed. I myself have gone over the field of battle to ascertain the facts. All the Spanish battalions which General Cuesta had stationed to oppose us, whether in line or in columns, *are still lying there in the same order*. Every man, officer, and soldier was killed! I at first stated their loss at from 10,000 to 12,000 killed; I now believe it was more. All my staff have seen it as well as myself. But you must not suppose that this was a massacre of prisoners; no, they defended themselves to the last extremity, exclaiming *No quarter*. The sight of the field of battle is really frightful.'—p. 372.

Such steady bravery is admirable; but much more astonishing is the alleged fact, that the death of these 12,000 heroes, the capture and utter dispersion of the rest of the Spanish army, cost the French but 340 men killed and wounded!

But though the Spaniards were thus powerless in the field, their defences of their towns exhibit the highest degree, not merely of courage and enthusiasm, but of skill and ability. The details given by M. Belmas of the well-known sieges of Saragossa and Girona are exceedingly interesting, and raise, if possible, the reputation of those wonderful defences; and particularly that of Don Mariano Alvarez, the Governor of Girona, whose resistance, though less romantic, and therefore less celebrated, was even more obstinate, and, in the loss incurred by the French, more important, than that of Saragossa. It lasted nine months, during which the French fired 11,910 bomb-shells, 7984 howitzer-shells, and 80,000 cannon-balls. Of a garrison of 10,000, and a population of 20,000, one-half perished by famine, sickness, and the sword.

The siege cost the French at least as dear. M. Belmas admits their loss to have been 15,000; but this must be far short of the mark, for we have the evidence of General Verdier, commanding

the besieging army himself, that on the 21st of September, *three months before the capture of the place*, his own division of the army, which was specially employed in the siege, had already lost 12,000 men (Vol. ii. p. 769); and this is subsequently repeated by Augereau:—

‘This division has suffered greatly, as well by the enemy’s fire as by sickness, to such a degree, that, of 17,000 men, with which it began the siege, it has to-day (28th September) but 5,000 left.’—*Augereau to the Minister of War*, vol. ii. p. 810.

But we notice this siege more particularly as exhibiting some instances of that incredible insubordination which Buonaparte seems to have tolerated (and toleration with him was encouragement) amongst his generals. The fact is so curious, that every fresh example which emerges is worth notice.

The general of division, Count Gouvion St. Cyr, commanded in chief the army, under whose protection the first corps, headed by the general of division, Count Verdier, was charged with the immediate operations against the town. Verdier, however, began by declaring (28th March) that he could not undertake the siege with so small an amount of force as Gouvion had assigned to him, and he appealed to Buonaparte *direct* against the decision of the commander-in-chief. Buonaparte directed that Verdier’s demand should be complied with, and the siege proceeded; but this appeal of Verdier’s produced further differences, which, Verdier alleged, went so far, that Gouvion *wished to prevent the capture of the place*; but this charge was, we suppose, unfounded. At length, on the 19th September, after *six months* of operations, and after *one hundred and five days* of open trenches, an assault was made, but so gallantly and effectually repulsed, that the French were forced to turn the siege into a blockade, and trust to the powerful ‘auxiliaries of time, fever, and famine’ for the eventual capture of the place. Upon this—

‘General Verdier, who had been already indisposed with a fever (†), and was desperately mortified, both by this failure and by his differences with General Gouvion, *withdrew himself (se refugia)* to Perpignan, and the two generals made mutual complaints to the emperor.’—vol. ii. p. 612.

Verdier not only withdrew himself without leave but against orders; for he asked, under colour of his fever, Gouvion’s permission to retire, and being re-

fused, he gives him notice that ‘rather than continue in a command where his honour and character are compromised, he will go into the hospital as a private soldier.’ But a wound in an officer’s character not being an hospital case, he could not, we presume, find refuge there; and we see by Gouvion’s report to the minister of war, that the dissatisfied general took *French leave*, and quitted the army altogether. Gouvion writes to the minister of war:—

‘Fornells, 24th September, 1809.

‘I have the honour to announce to your excellency, and with the greatest regret, the departure of General Verdier, in spite of everything I could do to retain him, in order to avoid the ill effects which this evidence of his discouragement might have on the troops of his division; as had been the case on the retirement of Generals Mario and Lechi, who have left the army during the siege, and whose departure has been as pernicious on the spirit of the army as the diseases which are gradually increasing. It was in vain that I earnestly pressed Generals Verdier, Sanson, and Taviel to continue at least the appearance (*simulacre*) of a siege,’ &c.—vol. ii. p. 787.

This command before Girona was very unpopular; for Marshal Augereau, who had been nominated to relieve Gouvion, was detained at Perpignan by a fit of the gout, which Gouvion, no doubt, thought to be a pretence; for he—Gouvion—also left his army without leave or licence, and came to Perpignan to hasten his successor, which, not being able to do so by persuasion, he at length was obliged to constrain him (*le contraindre*) to proceed to the army by suddenly (*brusquement*) quitting Perpignan on the 5th of October, and withdrawing (*se refugiant*) to his own home in the interior of France, as a private gentleman—leaving the marshals, the generals, the besiegers, and the besieged to settle their matters as they best might. Gouvion’s secession cured at once Augereau’s gout and Verdier’s fever, and they both immediately joined the army before Girona, and, after a three months’ further siege and blockade, took the town by famine and capitulation. We have no trace of the Emperor’s decision on this series of squabbles, and we suppose he treated them as he did the dissensions between Massena and Ney in the campaign of 1811, of which M. Belmas gives the following account:—

‘Marshal Ney, who had been from the commencement of the campaign in open difference (*scission*) with the general-in-chief (Massena), positively refused to obey his orders, [for maintaining a menacing position at Guarda] preferring

the withdrawing from Portugal by Almeida, and thence on Salamanca, to recruit and refresh the army. Massena, irritated by a refusal which compromised his authority, thought it necessary to send away (*renvoyer*) Marshal Ney, hoping that by this example of severity, exercised on one of the first officers of the empire, he might restore subordination in the army.—vol. i. p. 171.

The following extracts from Massena's own letter to Berthier, giving his account of this affair, are curious:—

'*Celorico, 22d March, 1811, eleven at night.*

'Monseigneur,—I find myself reduced at last to an extremity which I have long endeavoured to avoid. The Marshal Duke of Elchingen [Ney] has put the finishing stroke to his preceding insubordination. As this disobedience might have results disastrous to the Emperor's armies, I have ordered the generals of the several divisions of his army no longer to obey any other orders than mine. It is, Monseigneur, very afflicting to an old soldier so long in the command of armies, and so honoured with the Emperor's confidence, to be forced to such extreme measures with respect to one of his colleagues. But the Marshal Duke of Elchingen has not ceased since my arrival at the army to thwart me in all my military operations. I have been, perhaps, too patient; but I was far from supposing that he would abuse my forbearance to such a scandalous extremity as he has now done. But the Duke of Elchingen's character is well known; and I shall say no more about it. I have ordered him to return into Spain, there to await his Majesty's orders.'—vol. i. p. 509.

The truth is, all went on smoothly with these gentlemen as long as they were victorious, and had nothing to do but to divide the spoils of the conquered and the rewards of their master; but as soon as the tide began to turn, and when they had nothing to share but Wellington's blows and Napoleon's censures, every French army exhibited the discord of Agramant's camp. In this instance, the real cause of dissension was, not so much the natural ill-temper of Ney, as the battle of Busaco, the estoppel put upon the French at Torres Vedras, and their disastrous retreat from Portugal. In all these operations, though Massena had the chief direction, Ney, as second in command, had the main share of the execution; and certainly there was nothing in the result of these campaigns to put either of the heroes into a very good humour. At Busaco, M. Belmas states (vol. i. pp. 123, 130) Wellington's force at 27,000 English, and 13,000 Portuguese (such as the Portuguese were, at this stage of the war), while Massena and Ney had 62,000 men. The French lost, says M. Belmas, 1800

killed and 3000 wounded in this action—but he soon after admits that, when Massena arrived before the lines of Torres Vedras, his army had lost no less than 7000 men hors de combat.

Of the military foresight, skill, and courage which designed, executed, and defended these lines, the following summary from the official mouthpiece of the enemy is worth the attention of our readers:—

'Such a mass of troops (English, Portuguese, and Spanish) intrenched in positions so formidable, having in their rear the safe and spacious harbour of Lisbon, and affording the opportunity for bringing the maritime power and wealth of England to support her soldiers on the field, offers to the attention of mankind the most wonderful combination of circumstances that can be found in the military annals of the world.'—vol. i. p. 135.

No doubt M. Belmas means, by attributing so much of this success to a *wonderful combination of circumstances*, to diminish the personal glory of the Duke of Wellington. But what is military genius, but the faculty of preparing and combining circumstances? And when it is recollected that Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his defence of the Cintra Convention in 1808, when there was no prospect of his ever having anything to do with them, foretold, as it were, the capabilities of the position of Torres Vedras, and when we find him on his return to Portugal, and during his advance into Spain in 1809, preparing this barrier against future possibilities, it cannot be denied that it was indeed 'a wonderful combination of circumstances,' in which genius did all, and left nothing to accident or chance.

In the retreat which followed, Ney commanded the rear-guard with skill and bravery, but without success, and was so dispirited, that, as we have seen, he insisted on retreating farther than Massena at first thought of going; but Wellington soon forced Massena to be of Ney's opinion (vol. i. p. 171), and after a series of 'unfortunate' affairs, they were at last driven back upon Salamanca.

It was in the course of this retreat that Berthier wrote from Paris a private letter to Massena—in which, after stating the Emperor's criticisms on Massena's conduct in Portugal, he adds a remarkable assertion:—

'We are perfectly informed—indeed better than you are—of the movements of the English by the English themselves. The Emperor reads

the London newspapers, and every day a great number of letters from the OPPOSITION; some of which accuse Lord Wellington, and speak in detail of your operations. England trembles for her army in Spain,' &c.

This additional proof of the British spirit and true patriotism of the OPPOSITION of *that day* needs no comment!

We are always glad when we can find any statements of the relative forces of the armies in any degree clear of the habitual falsehood of the French bulletins; Buonaparte, who knew at least his own force, states in one of his confidential instructions dictated to Berthier on the night between the 29th and 30th of March, 1811—

'The head-quarters of the army of Portugal [Massena's] remain at Coimbra. This army has 70,000 men *under arms*. It has orders to fight a battle, if Lord Wellington should attempt to pass the river—but Lord Wellington has under his orders (altogether) but 32,000 English.—After the harvest, Lisbon will be attacked by these 70,000 men of the army of Portugal, and by from *thirty to thirty-five thousand* of the army of the south, under the Duke of Dalmatia—in all 100,000 men, which, resting on Coimbra and Badajos, must insure the conquest of Portugal,' &c.—vol. i. p. 523.

We wonder that these magnificent reveries were not a little disturbed by the recollection that this very army of 70,000 French had been for the last two months retreating—always beaten—before as many of these 32,000 English as were not in garrisons, hospitals, &c., and their Portuguese allies.

In these same notes, Buonaparte orders Bessières to send Massena 8,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. On the 1st of May, Marshal Bessières himself joined Massena with his advanced guard—the rest joined in a day or two—and then Massena, at the head of, according to *Buonaparte's own calculation*, 80,000 men, attacked the allied army, which even he does not rate higher than 50,000 (say 30,000 British and 20,000 Portuguese)—in a position which bore the (to the allies) auspicious name of *Fuentes d'Onor—the Fountains of Honour*. This engagement lasted the 3d, 4th, 5th of April, 1811; and Massena says that he 'had all the glory of the day, having killed or wounded 2,000 of the allies, and taken about 1,000.' No very great result, even if it were true, considering the superiority of his forces: but, in fact, the French were *entirely defeated*—of which the best proof is, that they fell back in such haste that they could not even communicate with Almei-

da, which they left to its fate—one single soldier only contriving to get in with orders to the Governor to blow it up and abandon it, which orders were obeyed; and the French army never stopped their retrograde movement till they reached Salamanca, where the unlucky Massena, covered as he was with 'the glory of the day,' was deprived of the command, and Buonaparte sent a new Marshal—Marmont—to try his luck with the terrible Wellington.

After the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, Bessières went back to his own headquarters of Valladolid, where, however, he soon received, like the others, some tokens of his master's good temper. Berthier writes to him from Rambouillet, 19th May, 1811:—

'The Emperor is dissatisfied at your not having furnished the prince of Essling (Massena) the necessary assistance. The Emperor hopes you will repair the *enormous fault* you have committed.'—vol. i. p. 523.

Whether it was this despatch that soured Bessières' own temper, or whether he had more direct orders for some proceedings which immediately ensued, we know not, but certainly those proceedings are an indelible disgrace to whoever was either the instigator or the perpetrator of such enormities.

M. Belmas gives us an *arrêté*, or decree of Marshal Bessières, issued at Valladolid under date of the 5th of June, 1811, of which we will offer a few extracts to the indignation of our readers:—

ARRETE.

'1. There shall be made out lists of all persons who have quitted their habitations.

'2. Every such person shall return within a month, and if they do not, they shall be reputed to have joined the insurgents—their property shall be confiscated, and their tenants or debtors shall pay the amount of their respective debts into the hands of the government.

'3. The fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children and nephews of any such person shall be held responsible in property and person for any act of violence by such person committed.

'4. If any inhabitant be carried off from his residence, all the relatives, in the aforesaid degrees, of any known insurgent, shall be immediately arrested as hostages; and if any inhabitant so carried off should be put to death by the insurgents, the hostages [fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, or even nephews, of any insurgent, and who may have had no connection whatsoever with the offending parties] shall be shot to death on the spot, and without any form of trial.'—vol. i. p. 563.

Then follow eight other articles in the

same atrocious spirit. Another decree of the following day relates to the collection of the contributions imposed by the French army: two articles will suffice to show its spirit.

' Art. III. The parson of every parish—the alcade—and the magistrates and the clergy in general, are to be held *responsible*—1st. For the payment of all contributions. 2d. For the supply of the French army with equipments, goods, merchandise and means of transport.

' Art. IV. Any village which shall not immediately execute any order it shall have received shall be subjected to *military execution*.'—vol. i. p. 567.

Even in the annals of French violence in Spain, we have never before found such *avowed** atrocity as this—which was detestable, not only in itself, but as provoking and justifying retaliatory measures on the part of the Spaniards: yet Bessières had the reputation of being one of the least savage of Buonaparte's pro-consuls; and these infernal *ordonnances* are countersigned by

' *The Auditor of the Council of State,*
' *Secretary General of the Government,*
' DE BROGLIE.'
—vol. i. p. 567.

De Broglie! What, the present Duke de Broglie? Alas, yes! The self-same liberal and tender-hearted gentleman who could not endure the intolerable despotism of the *Restoration*, and who was so peculiarly indignant at the Polignac *ordonnances*—which, compared with these of his own manufacture, were, we venture to think, as honey to vitriol—as water to blood!

' *Prince Berthier to General Count Dorsenne, commanding the army of the North at Burgos.*

' *Paris, 11th Feb. 1812.*

' The Emperor is extremely dissatisfied with your negligence in this whole affair of Ciudad Rodrigo.

' How is it that you had not news from that place twice a week?

' What were you doing with Souham's fine division?

In the same style, we find ' the Emperor dissatisfied (*mécontent*) and *complaining* (*se plaint*) of the mistakes and *inactivity* of Augereau (i. 433), though Augereau has left us some damning proofs of a zeal not less atrocious than that of Bessières and De Broglie. In a proclamation to the people of Catalonia, 18th December, 1809, he says, *inter alia*,—

' Every Catalan taken with arms in his hand, twenty-four hours after the present proclamation, shall be hanged without the form of trial, as a highway robber—the house in which any resistance is made shall be *burned*—all shall undergo the same fate.'—i. 429.

And these abominations are not the exaggerated imputations of enemies, but facts published and republished by the French themselves, and were practised in a province which, as Buonaparte wrote to Marshal Macdonald, a few months after, ' *he intended to make a part of France*.' (i. 435.) Of this last insanity we do not recollect to have before had such positive evidence.

Bessières, notwithstanding the bloody zeal of his and M. de Broglie's proclamations, was soon recalled, and replaced by General Dorsenne, with whom Buonaparte very soon showed that he was no better satisfied.

Lord Wellington had now taken Ciudad Rodrigo, and again discomposed his Imperial Majesty's temper—who thereupon sets to criticising, and lecturing, and reproaching his generals with his usual acrimony.

We shall exhibit some specimens of these *jobations*, with the replies of the accused party in the opposite columns:—

' *General Count Dorsenne, commanding the army of the North, to Prince Berthier.*

' *Burgos, 23d Feb. 1812.*

' Monseigneur,—If your Excellency had been pleased to read my despatches of the 15th, 16th, and 23d January,* before writing yours of the 11th, you would have seen that I was in no degree to blame about Ciudad Rodrigo.

' I ordered General Barrié to send me reports, not twice a week, but *everyday*. They were intercepted—is that my fault?

' Souham's division passed from my command under that of Marshal Marmont, so long ago as the 10th January.

* We beg pardon:—Colonel Jones, in his late work on Spain, quotes, from the uncontradicted pages of a French military writer, a distinct statement that, in Massena's army, detachments sent out to forage had orders to bring in all girls between twelve and thirty years of age for the use of the soldiery. A gallant friend of ours, who has been

so good as to read these pages before publication, recalls to us this horror, and adds—'I saw with my own eyes, when Massena had retired from before the lines of Torres Vedras, forty or fifty of these wretches in a state of disease, famine, and *insanity*, beyond all conception.'

* Misprinted *February* in the original.

'This is a strange mode of making war; and the Emperor obliges me to say that the *shame* of this event falls on you.

'This humiliating check can be attributed only to want of precaution on your part, and to the inconsiderate measures you adopted.'—vol. i. p. 608.

'Prince Berthier to Marshal Marmont.

'Paris, 11th Feb. 1812.

'The Emperor regrets that with Souham's division and the three other divisions you had assembled, you did not return towards Salamanca to see what was going on. That might have alarmed (*donné à penser*) the English, and been useful to Ciudad Rodrigo.

'You must now concentrate your army on Salamanca, and even push on to Ciudad Rodrigo, and if you have siege artillery, even take the place—your honour requires it. If you cannot, for the moment, retake Ciudad Rodrigo, take up an offensive position from Salamanca to Almeida—re-occupy the Asturias—make your preparations for a siege; push forward heavy detachments on Ciudad Rodrigo, and menace the English.'—vol. i. p. 611.

Berthier to Marmont.

'Paris, 18th Feb.

'The Emperor is not satisfied with the direction which you give the war. You have a superiority over the enemy, and yet, instead of taking the initiative, you do nothing but receive it.

'You displace and harass your troops—that is not the art of war.

'The real road to Lisbon is by the north. The enemy, having his magazines and hospitals on that side, can only retire very slowly on that capital.

'You run great risks by receiving the initiative instead of giving it—by thinking about the army of the south [Soult's], which does not need your assistance, since it is composed of 80,000 of the best troops in Europe; and by busying yourself about districts which are not under your command—you risk, I say, by directing your attention to those objects, the receiving a check which might be felt throughout Spain.

'I repeat, therefore, the Emperor's orders—with in twenty-four hours after the receipt of this letter you will set out for Salamanca. You will concentrate your army on that place, Toro, and Benevent, fixing your head-quarters at Salamanca. Work actively at fortifying that town. Employ for that purpose 6000 troops and 6000 peasants. Collect there a fresh equipage—establish magazines of provisions.

'Your Highness had yourself placed me under Marshal Marmont's orders, to whom you had given direct instructions relative to the defence of Rodrigo, with which, therefore, I had nothing at all to do.

'If the Emperor does not change his unfavourable opinion of me, I beg he will recall me, as I cannot remain in Spain with the conviction of having lost his confidence.'—vol. i. p. 609.

'Marshal Marmont to Prince Berthier.

'Valladolid, 26th Feb. 1812.

'Your Highness forgets that the Emperor had previously ordered me to leave the three divisions on the other side of the mountains.

'If I were to concentrate the army on Salamanca, it could not exist a fortnight. If I were to advance toward Ciudad Rodrigo, I could not remain three days before the place would have ruined my army. You say "my honour requires the re-capture of that place." My honour will always prompt me to do what is useful to the Emperor's service; but it seems to me that his Majesty reckons as nothing the difficulties of feeding the army. Perhaps his Majesty may not be satisfied with my reasons—in that case I beg that he will give me a successor, and place the command of his army in better hands.'—vol. i. p. 628.

Marmont to Berthier.

'Valladolid, 22d Mar. 1812.

'My army is, I admit, strong enough to beat the English—[witness SALAMANCA]—but it is inferior in the means of moving. The English have their abundant magazines behind them, and ampler means of transport. I, on the contrary, must be guided, not by the principles of military manœuvres, but by the resources of the localities, and the possibility of existing. This state of things will last till the harvest.

'If this alludes to the detachments in the valley of the Tagus, it cannot apply to me, for I did not send them there, and, on the contrary, have stopped movements that were making, and have taken the greatest pains to spare my troops all unnecessary fatigues.

'I believe that all who know the country are of a contrary opinion. The enemy has neither magazines nor hospitals on that side; his magazines are at Abrantes and in Estremadura, and his hospitals in Castelbranco, Abrantes and Lisbon itself. For my part, I am convinced that, whenever the army attempts to operate by the north, the result will be disastrous.

'The Emperor thinks that I trouble myself too much with other people's concerns, and not enough with my own. But until now I had considered that the Emperor himself had prescribed to me as a duty to assist the army of the south, and this duty has been formally urged upon me in twenty of your despatches, and lately repeated by the order to leave three divisions in the valley of the Tagus; but being now relieved from this, my position is much clearer and better.

'His Majesty's orders are so imperative that I shall obey; but if, in consequence, Badajos shall be taken, I hope I shall not be blamed. [*It was taken in three weeks after.*] It seems that his Majesty forgets that I have neither money to pay, nor victuals to feed, these 12,000 workmen, and that every kind of service on every side is on the point of failing utterly for want of resources; and as to magazines, if his Majesty were to send me the necessary means, and if I could collect one month's subsistence for the army, I should think I had done wonders; and it would be most advisable not to spend

'Let your outposts exchange shots every day with those of the enemy.

'You will immediately send an advance guard to occupy the *debouchés* on Ciudad Rodrigo, and another the *debouchés* on Almeida.

'It will be eight days after these measures are taken before they will produce their effect on the enemy; but as you see the effect of these offensive operations on the enemy, you will gradually withdraw the division you will have left in the valley of the Tagus, and you will increase your offensive demonstrations so as to show that you only wait for the new grass to enter Portugal.

(Signed)

'ALEXANDER.'

—vol. i. p. 614.

Our readers have seen that, in this correspondence, the inculpated generals were clearly in the right, and that Buonaparte's complaints were captious in spirit and unfounded in fact; and we shall see that—as in the former cases of Bessières and Dupont—the event contradicted his predictions, and that his own positive orders produced disasters of which he subsequently laid all the blame on the unfortunate generals. In spite of Marmont's explanations and remonstrances, we find that, in a letter of the 16th April, Berthier reiterates the preceding orders,—

'To concentrate the army about Salamanca—to take the initiative, and give the war the character suited to the glory of the French army—and to exchange shots with the English every day under the very walls of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida.'—vol. i. p. 642.

But when Marmont, in pursuance of the spirit and almost the letter of these positive instructions, provoked the battle of Salamanca, and lost it, Buonaparte (who, as Marmont had before hinted to Berthier, had a convenient facility of *forgetting* even his own orders) turned round on Marmont, and on the receipt of the despatches of the 22d July, directed the Duke of Feltre, minister of war, to send him a very sharp censure of his conduct, which Feltre delayed to do for some months, waiting Marmont's recovery from the severe wounds he received in the battle. The following are the main points of this letter:—

'The Emperor, in considering the case, has set out with a principle which you cannot dispute, namely, that you should consider the King (Joseph) as your commander-in-chief, and that you were bound to conduct yourself by the general system which *he* should adopt! Now being

these supplies in making demonstrations, but to reserve them for the moment when we are to act seriously on the enemy.

'His Majesty is then ignorant that our advanced posts are, from the nature of things, no where nearer to the English than twenty leagues [50 or 60 miles]; and that if we are to exchange shots, it could only be with guerrillas, who come up to our very lines.

'I know not what is meant by the *debouchés* of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida: the country between the Agueda and the Tormes is an immense plain, open in all directions.

'I conclude, Monseigneur, by expressing the pain I feel at the manner in which the Emperor depreciates the efforts which I am constantly making for his service; and since his Majesty attributes the loss of Almeida to me, I am ignorant how I can possibly guard myself against any possible inculpation.

(Signed)

'THE MARSHAL
'DUKE OF RAGUSA.'

—vol. i. p. 634, &c.

placed at Salamanca, in furtherance of that general system, you ought not to have departed from it without the sanction of your commander-in-chief. The Emperor, therefore, considers your proceeding as a direct insubordination and disobedience of his orders.'—vol. i. p. 668.

Our readers will observe that, in the former instructions, there is not an allusion to King Joseph or his system, nor a hint that Marmont was placed at Salamanca in pursuance of any such system. On the contrary, he was there by the special and detailed orders of Napoleon himself, and he was told not to busy himself with anything beyond his own immediate sphere. But there is one point on which Buonaparte's criticisms appear to have been just, namely, Marmont's not having waited for the considerable reinforcements which he knew were within a couple of days of him. To these criticisms Buonaparte directed Marmont to make 'precise and categorical answers;' but M. Belmas does not give us the Marshal's defence, which we should be the more curious to see, as the Duke of Wellington seems to concur with Buonaparte in thinking Marmont's movements premature and injudicious. Our readers will see with interest his Grace's short, yet comprehensive summary of this battle, addressed to Lord Lynedoch, then Sir T. Graham:—

Flores d'Avila, 25th July, 1812.

'I cannot allow the despatches to go off without writing you a few lines respecting our action of the 22d. We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached hills, which you will recollect on the right of our position. This race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action.

'I knew that the French were to be joined by

the cavalry of the army of the north on the 22d or 23d, and that the army of the centre [Joseph's] was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it. But instead of that, and after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last passed my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, turning his left flank, and I never saw an army receive such a beating.'—*Wellington Dispatches*, vol ix. p. 309.

What force, what simplicity, what true grandeur, even in this familiar note to a private friend!

Marmont, however, was not singular in his presumption that he was strong enough to beat the English, for Suchet writes to Joseph from Valencia, 30th June,—

'Marshal Marmont may unite the greater part of the army of Portugal, and I doubt whether, in the *present state of England*—[the French always calculated on the factious spirit at home as a powerful auxiliary]—Lord Wellington dare hazard a battle. He has too much to lose, and the French too much glory to gain, to venture an engagement so far from his ships.'—vol. i. p. 660.

But Suchet had his own troubles. He ends the same letter by these words:—

'In my present position, I find myself under the disagreeable necessity of intreating your Majesty [Joseph] to request the Emperor to give me a successor in this command, who—more happy than I—may find your Majesty disposed to believe his reports, and who may possess enough of your Majesty's confidence not to be selected to afford the example of a commander-in-chief's being called from an extensive government and indispensable duties, to make a march of twenty days' distance from his head-quarters, with 12,000 men.'

It is not surprising, considering that this work was patronised by M. Soult, that M. Belmas should give us none of Buonaparte's criticisms and *tirades* against that marshal; but we find that he, like the others, complained that he had not the Emperor's confidence, and requested to be *relieved in his command*, (vol. i. p. 459.) M. Belmas gives no *pièces justificatives* concerning the battle of Albuera (17th May, 1811); but it is to his credit that his narrative presents a tolerably fair account of the action, which, from the official pen of an enemy, is worth abstracting. He says:—

'The Duke of Dalmatia had with him 20,000—the allied army was composed of 31,000, including 4000 Spaniards under Castanos, and 10,000 other Spaniards of Blake's *expeditionary* army, a division of Portuguese (about 5000) and two British divisions under Cole and Stewart (10,000 men).'

The fact is, that at Albuera there were, of British infantry, nominally 7000, but really only 6000—of British cavalry 1200: there were 38 pieces of artillery, of which 24 were British; and the allied forces of all kinds were not quite 30,000 men:—while the enemy had 19,000 French infantry, 4000 French cavalry, and 50 pieces of artillery. But let us hear M. Belmas—

'The main attack was on the right of the allies, where the English were posted, while General Godinot was to make a diversion on the left. General Girard advanced with the first French corps to attack the English right, while four regiments of cavalry, hussars, and lancers, took it in flank by a brilliant charge; the first line of the English yielded to these vigorous efforts, but soon rallied, and, returning *en potence*, directed a most effective fire (*des mieux nourris*) on Girard's column, which soon suffered enormous losses, and was forced to retire. The second division, under General Danican, immediately advanced, like the first, in close column; but it suffered the same difficulty in deploying under the enemy's fire. It struggled for a while, revolving in confusion on itself (*en tourbillonnant sur elle-même*), but at last entirely disbanded itself in the most frightful disorder (*se débanda dans le plus affreux désordre*.) The reserve, under General Werte, hastened up to protect the retreat, but could not retrieve the victory. It, in its turn, was carried away in the flight of the others (*entraîné par les fuyards*.) The artillery, which amounted to *from thirty to forty* pieces, sustained for two hours the efforts of the English. Its fire was dreadful, and it, supported by the cavalry, saved the army. So ended one of the bloodiest battles of the Spanish war. The French, very inferior in number'—[by M. Belmas's own account they were double the number of the English, on whom he also admits the whole brunt of the action fell]—lost 7000 men *hors de combat*, the allies more than 8000, the most part of the artillery and cavalry—two-thirds of the English were destroyed. The two armies remained in presence of each other the next day, the 17th; but in the night, Marshal Soult, who could no longer hope to face the allies, made his retreat—but so slowly, that he did not reach Llerena till the 23d. The British cavalry'—[there was, it seems, cavalry enough left to take the offensive]—pursued him, and there was a sharp affair at Usagre, but without result. Marshal Soult remained in observation at Llerena to reorganise his army, which was very much discouraged (*dont le moral se trouvait fort affecté*) by the losses it had suffered.'—vol. i. p. 154.

Such was the battle as described by M.

Belmas,* Colonel of Engineers, from the archives of the French war-office, which Marshal Soult, with his usual modesty, described as a '*victoire signalée*,' and which some English writers have pleased to misrepresent in the same style. We heartily wish that M. Belmas had given us Marshal Soult's original despatches, and above all, Buonaparte's observations on them. We happen, however, to have an indication of Napoleon's opinion on the subject, in an original note signed and under-scored by his own imperial hand, in which he desires Berthier to acknowledge the receipt of Marshal Soult's despatches, which it seems had been forwarded by one Captain Lafitte, who, instead of promotion and reward, (with the expectation of which Soult had sent him,) received a sad rebuff, and suffered, poor man, for the misadventure of his patron.

We shall give this curious piece—of which the autograph is before us—both in French and English.

Au Major Général [Berthier.]

' Mon Cousin,

' Vous témoignerez mon mécontentement au Duc de Dalmatie de ce qu'il m'a envoyé les drapeaux d'Albuera par un étranger. Mon intention n'est pas de le lui accorder pour aide-de-camp. Il paraît que ce Lafitte sort du service d'Autriche—il a donc fait la guerre contre nous. Il est ridicule que le Duc de Dalmatie m'envoie un pareil homme. Faites connaître à ce Capitaine Lafitte qu'il ne retournera plus en Espagne et que je donne ordre qu'on le place dans le 9^e régt. de Cheval-légers.

' Sur ce je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait dans sa sainte et digne garde.

' St. Cloud, le 28 Aout, 1811.'

' NAPOLEON.'

* It is hardly worth while to notice even M. Belmas's little inaccuracies—which, however, are always in favour of the French. One brigade of the British infantry could not cross the Guadiana; so that in reality we had but 6000 of our own infantry in the field. Of these 4500 were killed or wounded, so that we had but 1500 during the night. The Spaniards would not fight early in the day; and Soult, with 20,000 infantry and a very great superiority of cavalry, ought, by all rules, to have won that battle. But our 6000 British infantry, commanded by gentlemen, stood firm, in happy ignorance of the tactical pedantry which permits troops to run away whenever their flank is turned or their line broken. Thus, for example, the 57th regiment had at Albuera, out of 25 officers, killed and wounded 22; of 570 rank and file, killed and wounded 425. This regiment was composed chiefly of Londoners from the Middlesex militia. They had been notorious as marauders, and were nicknamed the *Steelbacks*, from being daily flogged by the provost; but after Albuera their more honourable style was the *Die-hard's*.—MS. Note of an officer previously referred to.

(Translation.)

' To the Major General.

' My Cousin,

' You will express to the Duke of Dalmatia my displeasure at his having sent me the colours* of Albuera by a foreigner. I shall not confirm his appointment as his aide-de-camp. It seems that this Lafitte comes from the Austrian service. He has, therefore, fought against us. It is ridiculous that the Duke of Dalmatia should have sent such a man. Let this Captain Lafitte be informed that he shall not return to Spain, and that I have given directions that he should join the 9th regiment of light horse.

' On this I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

' St. Cloud, 23d August, 1811.

' NAPOLEON.'

This needs no comment from us to explain the temper with which Buonaparte received Marshal Soult's account of the *victoire signalée d'Albuera*, which seems to have been a victory of the same class, but not quite so *signal*, as that which he won three years after at Toulouse. By the way, we should like to know how the French monument of that crowning victory gets on; we hope that King Louis Philippe's 40l. has not been subscribed in vain. As Englishmen, we somehow have a great anxiety that this memorial should be completed, and if there is any want of funds, we pledge ourselves to collect in the United Service Club ten times his Citizen-Majesty's subscription. But we fear that the design is abandoned, for we see in a late article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a publication of high authority in France, a full and fair admission that—'after all that has been said about it—the plain truth is, we [the French] *lost the battle*, but lost it with honour.'—vol. xix. p. 766.

Before we conclude, we must add one or two important observations suggested by these papers—which, besides the light they throw on the conduct of the Peninsular war, afford an answer to a question which has been often asked, and never, that we know of, quite satisfactorily explained; namely, how it was that *all* Buonaparte's marshals abandoned him so suddenly, so readily, and apparently so ungratefully. It has been usually accounted for by their having grown old and rich, and being anxious to *realize*, as it were, and secure their prodigious but

* No English nor Portuguese colours were lost, nor we believe any Spanish, but if in the *melée* the French carried off anything like colours, they must have belonged to the Spanish irregulars.

precarious prosperity; and this had no doubt a great immediate effect; but these papers show, we think, a powerful predisposing cause. There seems to have been not one of these haughty marshals whom he did not at every turn of his temper, treat with an insolence and injustice which would have offended even the most patient man, but which must have been peculiarly and almost intolerably revolting to these *parvenu* soldiers of fortune, proud, presumptuous, and peppery—many of whom had been his superiors—all his equals; and who exactly in the proportion in which they were inclined to domineer over others, would be alienated and exasperated by such affronts to their own vanity and *amour propre*. Yet Buonaparte was afraid of them, or rather of the army of which they were representatives—he would offend individuals, but he never ventured on any step that they might feel as a body. He never ventured to establish, and still less to enforce, any clear idea of military subordination amongst the marshals, and seemed rather pleased to see that those who obeyed him would obey nobody else. But with what recollections of affronts and offences he must have stored all their minds! We see even in the few documents which M. Belmas has brought to light—in so narrow a space, and so short a period of Buonaparte's domination, what extensive dissatisfaction must have existed. We see that every one in success, Soult, Massena, Ney, Bessières, Marmont, Augereau, Jourdan, Victor, Suchet, Dorsenne, Gouvion St. Cyr, were either censured or superseded; and that those who were not spontaneously recalled, successively tendered their resignations. What would be the picture if the whole of this class of transactions could be known? It is already clear that Buonaparte literally *treated them like dogs*—he gave them fine names—fed them—occasionally caressed them—trained them to hunt down the game—and rewarded them with a share of the spoils;—but he made little scruple of whipping and kicking them when anything went wrong. We believe that even dogs may be disheartened by rough usage—but, sure we are, that the leading hounds of the pack of this military Nimrod may be excused if they were not sorry at seeing him get such a fall as should disable him from ever using the whip again.

ART. III.—*England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe, illustrated in a series of Original Letters never before printed. With Historical Introductions, and Biographical and Critical Notes.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1839.

THERE are two classes of antiquaries, as widely divided from each other as we from our antipodes. There are men who bathe on the *husk* of antiquity, and never reach the kernel; but pronouncing the outer rind inimitable nutriment, insist upon all the world not only swallowing and digesting, but delighting in this *pabulum*. But there is a better sort:—these love ancient things, not because they are ancient, or even because they are rare, but because in the contemplation of them they are able to detect the *spirit* of ages gone by, to obtain a wider field for the exercise of their sympathies, to enlarge the sphere of their knowledge and intellectual enjoyment. Of the former we leave it to the remembrance of every reader to supply examples. Regarding them *en masse*, they are a gentlemanly, amiable, innocuous race; well bred, and well fed; intimately acquainted with the cookery of the time of Edward III., but not neglectful of its progress under Victoria I.; connoisseurs of old portraits, and of old port too; addicted to gossip and green fat—and with no particular fault that we know of, except an utter incapacity of distinguishing subjects of real importance from matters utterly tiresome and trivial, with a pretty strong repugnance to anything requiring accurate information—i. e. severe study. Your true antiquary must be a spirit 'finely touched.' He owns no kindred with the small-eyed pedant who sees in the portrait only the hard lines it represents; at whose bidding the old hall does not overflow with guests; to whose mind the parchments suggest no idea beyond what their dry technicalities were intended to convey; for whom the coin has nothing besides its workmanship or its legend to recommend it; who can discover in the parish register only names and dates apparent to the beadle.

The antiquary now before us is well known as the author of what will, when completed, be the *only* history of Scotland. Here, however, the historian has laid aside his official panoply, and reveals himself in a less formidable costume,—

in his doublet and hose. His object has been throughout to excite interest,—to awaken sympathy,—and the plan which he has pursued is deserving of notice, in the first place, for its novelty.

The general historian cannot interrupt the flow of his narrative to enter on frequent episodes, nor pause on the threshold of every incident to sketch with minuteness the respective characters and foibles of the personages who are pressing forward and about to play their parts. He is speaking of the fate of empires: a nation's glory, and a nation's ruin, alternately come before him; and as he passes in slow review the events which led to that conquest or to this defeat; to the dawns of heavenly light upon a degraded people, or the decay of religion from among them; to the progress of art and science, or to the expiring taste for all that is great and noble; while he is busy in shifting the scenes of this mighty panorama, he neither has, nor ought to have, a scrutinizing eye for the minuter details. It is not his province to detect the springs and workings of individual passion, by which the phenomena he is considering were produced; or, unless they be of surpassing moment, to kindle at the recollection of particular acts, and particular sayings: least of all can he spare a corner for the minor peculiarities of men.

It results from this, that even in our best general historians there is a painful indistinctness. We see Elizabeth, and Essex, and Burleigh; but the outline is ill-defined, the colouring feeble. It is, in fact, but the back of the tapestry;—we would fain get round it, fain get nearer these grand shapes; we long to hear the rustling of the Queen's ruff and satins as she dances her *coranto*—to follow Essex to her bedside—to steal after old Burleigh when he rises from the council-table, and hies away to his garden and bowling-green. But this is not all. What we look for in History is truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and it seems now to be pretty generally admitted, that able, and philosophical, and graceful, as are some of our standard writers—Hume or Robertson for example,—still, no talent could make up for their want of those materials for the expiscation of the truth, which subsequent research has developed, and is yet every day developing. Authors too, it is needless to say, have their prejudices, which warp, and colour their narrative and their

conclusions. Who would implicitly trust Hume in any subject involving the history of the Christian faith,—or Lingard, a most acute controversialist, on the subject of the Reformation,—or such partial and partisan writers as Brady and Tyrrel, and Bacon, and Fox, and Burnet? Hence, in all these points of view, the value and interest of such subsidiary instruments as old letters, in which it is the actor and not the historian who speaks: hence the importance of such collections as the *Cabala*, the *Scrinia Ceciliana*, Digges' *Compleat Ambassador*, and, more recently, such works as Hardwicke, and Sadler, and Lodge, and Ellis. We get close to the *dramatis persona*, or rather we are introduced behind the scenes. We collect facts which had escaped research; we test the narrative by witnesses who start from their graves, and are compelled to tell the truth, at the expense even of criminalizing themselves.

And yet, while we admit the great value of such collections, it is to be frankly confessed that one must have a sharp-set historical stomach to read them through. They labour under such an utter want of continuity,—there are, we mean, so many gaps,—so much historical knowledge is pre-supposed in the reader,—there is so great a want of keeping in the grouping of both persons and papers,—trifles are so ridiculously magnified,—impertinent, nameless, and long-winded individuals are so constantly elbowing the higher actors;—the language, moreover, is so antiquated, the orthography so repulsive, that if we try to read, not for consultation, but for amusement, in nine cases out of ten we shut the book in despair.

These objections which attach more or less forcibly to all previous collections, have in the present series been foreseen and provided against. We have done what we never did before: we have read two volumes of ancient English letters at a sitting.

‘The present work (says Mr. Tytler) has been divided into periods, each of them prefaced by short historical introductions; slight biographical sketches are given of those illustrious statesmen and scholars who pass in review before us; and occasional critical discussions are introduced, where the letters were calculated to throw new light on obscure or disputed passages of history, or supplied important facts in the lives of eminent men. Lastly, it has been judged right to render these letters intelligible to general as well as to antiquarian readers by abandoning the ancient mode of spelling.’—(Preface, p. vii.)

The system, therefore, which has been

adopted is neither history, in its highest sense, nor a mere collection of letters, but a *via media*. We are not to consider the book as making any pretensions to give a *complete* view of England under Edward and Mary; for instance, the large and vitally important subject of religion is purposely—and we think unwisely—avoided. Besides this, however, other points of considerable pith and moment have been passed over: while some again have been brought forward, and made to occupy a conspicuous place, which Hume would have deemed it out of his province to touch upon. To view these volumes aright, they should be regarded as the gossip of a humane and charitable scholar, who is quoting and explaining a series of state-papers in the order in which they present themselves. Where no letters occur, he makes few remarks, or none: where the letters are abundant, he has many things to say. One paper requires an introductory sketch, biographical or historical; another provokes a few remarks on the opinions of previous writers; a third suggests an entertaining episode: a lack of novel materials for conducting the recital of English history leads him to glance at our continental relations; but it is impossible for him long to examine the reports of our ambassadors without finding it necessary to explain how this negotiation and that treaty affected the interests of England; and thus coming back again to the principal and most interesting subject. No character comes forward without our being told where he comes from, or whither he is going. His rank does not screen him from judgment: while, equally inefficacious in averting from him censure or commendation, are the plaudits with which preceding writers have encumbered him, and the disparaging remarks with which he has been inadvertently or designedly blackened.

Mr. Tytler has considered the period which his work embraces as susceptible of division into three parts. The first comprises the interval between the death of Henry VIII. and the fall of Somerset (1547 to 1549): the second is from the deposition of Somerset to the death of Edward VI. (1549 to 1553): and the third treats of Queen Mary's reign. Each of these sections is preceded by a brief essay, which, giving a preliminary sketch of foreign and domestic history, places the reader on a pinnacle, as it were, and enables him to take a bird's-eye view of

the subject, before approaching it more closely.

We have too much respect for our readers to think it necessary to remind them of the march of events in England during the period of time which our collector passes first under review; but without a rapid glance at some portion of the history—let that portion be ever so inconsiderable—it would be difficult to convey a just idea of what his volumes contain. It will be remembered, then, that the death of Henry entailed upon the nation that heavy misfortune, an infant king; and this circumstance, at any time pregnant with mischief, was rendered particularly calamitous by the state of feeling in England, and by the ambitious spirits which ties of blood placed nearest to the throne. The young king's uncle, at that time Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, assumed the protectorship, surrounded by crafty, aspiring, and rapacious nobles, of whose number, his own brother, Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, the lord admiral, was at once the most conspicuous and the most formidable. And here we may call the reader's attention to a piece of secret history, singularly indicative of the boldness of the parties concerned in it, and affording a curious illustration of the method with which they played their game. When it is stated that the events of the three days immediately succeeding Henry's demise, viz., from the 28th of January, on which day, at two o'clock in the morning, the king died, until the 31st, when his death was first disclosed and his will read to the parliament, have ever been looked upon as one of the obscure passages in the history of King Edward's reign, the value and interest of the two following letters will be immediately perceived,—written during that interval, and by the principal person in the kingdom.

** The Earl of Hertford to Sir William Paget.*

'This morning, between one and two, I received your letter. The first part thereof I like very well; marry, that the will should be opened till a further consultation, and that it might be well considered how much thereof were necessary to be published; for divers respects I think it not convenient to satisfy the world. In the meantime, I think it sufficient, when ye publish the king's death, in the places and time as ye have appointed, to have the will presently with you, and to show that this is the will, naming unto them severally who be executors that the king did specially trust, and who be councillors; the contents at the breaking up thereof, as before, shall be declared unto them on Wednesday in the morning, at the parliament house; and in the

mean time we to meet and agree therein, as there may be no controversy hereafter. For the rest of your appointments, for the keeping of the tower, and the king's person, it shall be well done ye be not too hasty therein; and so I bid you heartily farewell.

From Hertford, the 29th of January, (1546-7), between three and four in the morning.

'Your assured loving friend,

'E. HERTFORD.'

'I have sent you the key of the will.'

The endorsation is—

'To my right loving friend, Sir William Paget, one of the King's Majesty's two Principal Secretaries.

'Haste! Post haste! Haste with all diligence. For thy life! For thy life!'

Mr. Tytler observes,—

'Edward VI., at the moment of his father's death, was at Hertford, not Hatfield, as has been erroneously stated. Immediately after the event, his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, and Sir Anthony Brown, hastened to this place, from whence they conveyed the young king privately to Enfield, and there they first declared to him and the Lady Elizabeth the death of Henry, their father. Both of them heard the intelligence with tears. "Never," says Hayward, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces."'

The following letter is of the next day (30th January):—

'To the Council.

'Your lordships shall understand that I, the Earl of Hertford, have received your letter concerning a pardon to be granted in such form as in the schedule ye have sent, and that ye desire to know our opinions therein.

'For answer thereunto, ye shall understand we be in some doubt whether our power be sufficient to answer unto the king's majesty that now is, when it shall please him to call us to account for the same. And in case we have authority so to do it, in our opinions the time will serve much better at the coronation than at this present. For if it should be now granted, his highness can show no such gratuity unto his subjects when the time is most proper for the same; and his father, who we doubt not to be in heaven, having no need thereof, shall take the praise and thank from him that hath more need thereof than he.

'We do very well like your device for the matter; marry, we would wish it to be done when the time serveth most proper for the same.

'We intend the king's majesty shall be a-bore-back to-morrow by xi of the clock, so that by iii we trust his grace shall be at the Tower. So, if ye have not already advertised my Lady Anne of Cleves of the king's death, it shall be well done ye send some express person for the same.

'And so, with our right hearty commendations, we bid you farewell.

'From Enwild (Enfield) this Sunday night, at xi of the clock.

'Your good Lordship's assured loving friends,

'E. HERTFORD.

'ANTHONY BROWNE.'

Our commentator says:—

'Short as are these two letters, they furnish us with some important facts, which are new to Eng-

lish history, and throw light on what may be justly called the salient points in the policy of Hertford and his party—their proceedings in the interval between the king's death and its being communicated to parliament. It has been observed by Sir James Mackintosh that in our time, the delay of three days before taking any formal steps relating to the demise of the sovereign would be censured as a daring presumption; but neither this writer, nor any of our historians who had before, or who have since treated of this reign, were aware how far more daring was the conduct of Hertford and his associates than the mere concealment of Henry's death. Their leader had the will in his private keeping. This is proved by the emphatic postscript, "I have sent you the key of the will." And the fact increases the suspicion which hangs over this extraordinary document. They opened it before the king or the parliament were made acquainted with the king's death; they held a consultation what portions of this deed were proper to be communicated to the great council of the nation. Hertford himself deemed some parts of it not expedient to be divulged; and when parliament and the nation yet believed Henry to be alive, the measures which were to be adopted under the new reign were already secretly agreed on by a faction to whom no resistance could be made. It is worthy of remark also, that Hertford, although still bearing no higher rank than one of the executors of the late king, is consulted by them as their superior, and already assumes the tone and authority of Protector; another proof that all had been privately arranged amongst them.'—vol. i. pp. 15-19.

On the very threshold of this work, so many great names arrest us and demand attention—so many pleasing biographical notices introduce this private letter, and that official despatch—that we cannot think of passing on to any thing else till we have selected another specimen both of the author's manner and of his materials; and the following remarks, for their good sense and right feeling, as well as for the historical value of the document which they precede, seem as deserving of insertion as any:—

'There are some points in English history, or rather in English feeling upon English history, which have become part of the national belief; they may have been hastily or superficially assumed—they may be proved, by as good evidence as the case admits of, to be erroneous; but they are fondly clung to—screwed and dovetailed into the mind of the people—and to attack them is a historical heresy. It is with these musings that I approach her who is so generally execrated as the "bloody Mary." The idea of exciting a feeling in her favour will appear a chimerical, perhaps a blameable one; yet, having examined the point with some care, let me say, for myself, that I believe her to have been naturally rather an amiable person. Indeed, till she was thirty-nine, the time of her marriage with Philip, nothing can be said against her, unless we agree to detest her because she remained faithful to the Roman Catholic church; nor can there, I think, be any doubt that she has been treated by Fox, Strype, Carte, and other Protestant writers, with injustice. The few unpublished letters of hers which I have met with are simple, unaffected, and kind-hearted; forming, in this respect, a remarkable contrast to

those of Elizabeth, which are often inflated, obscure, and pedantic. The distinguishing epithets by which the two sisters are commonly known, the "bloody Mary" and the "good Queen Bess," have evidently a reference to their times, yet we constantly employ them individually.

'These observations apply, however, more to Mary the princess than Mary the queen. After her marriage with Philip, we can trace a gradual change in her feelings and public conduct. Her devoted attachment to Philip, and the cold neglect with which he treated her, could not fail to tell upon a kind and ardent heart; blighted hope and unrequited affection will change the best dispositions; and she, whose youthful years had undoubtedly given a good promise, became disgusted with the world, suspicious, gloomy, and resentful. The subsequent cruelties of her reign were deplorable; yet it is but fair to ascribe much of them rather to her ministers than to herself; she believed it to be a point of her religion to submit her judgment to the spiritual dictation of Pole, Gardiner, and Bonner; and they burnt men upon principle. 'This was a miserable mistake—bigotry in its worst sense; but we can imagine it existing in a mind rather distorted and misled, than callously cruel. No one ever accused Cranmer of cruelty; yet he insisted on burning Joan of Kent. These remarks, the reader who wishes to judge for himself, should follow up by studying Sir Frederick Madden's minute and interesting memoir of Mary, prefixed to the volume of her privy purse expenses. The following letter from her when princess, addressed to the Duchess of Somerset, her "good Nan," exhibits her in an amiable light, interceding for two poor servants who were formerly attached to the household of her mother, and who had fallen into poverty:—

'To My Lady of Somerset.

'My good Gossip,—After my very hearty commendations to you, with like desire to hear of the amendment and increase of your good health, these shall be to put you in remembrance of mine old suit concerning Richard Wood, who was my mother's servant when you were one of her Grace's maids; and, as you know by his supplication, hath sustained great loss, almost to his utter undoing, without any recompense for the same hitherto; which forced me to trouble you with this suit before this time, whereof (I thank you) I had a very good answer; desiring you now to renew the same matter to my lord your husband, for I consider that it is in manner impossible for him to remember all such matters, having such a heap of business as he hath.

'Wherefore, I heartily require you to go forward in this suit till you have brought it to an honest end, for the poor man is not able to lye long in the city.

'And thus, my good Nan, I trouble you both with myself and all mine, thanking you with all my heart for your earnest gentleness towards me in all my suits hitherto, reckoning myself out of doubt of the continuance of the same. Wherefore, once again I must trouble you with my poor George Brickhouse, who was an officer of my brother's wardrobe of the beds, from the time of the king my father's coronation; whose only desire it is to be one of the knights of Windsor, if all the rooms be not filled, and, if they be, to have the next reversion; in the obtaining whereof, in mine opinion, you shall do a charitable deed, as knoweth Almighty God, who send you good health, and us shortly to meet to his pleasure.

'From St. John's, this Sunday at afternoon, being the 24th of April,

'Your loving friend during my life,
—vol. i. p. 48. 'MARYE.'

This 'good Nan,' the gossip of the queen, was Anne Stanhope, daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, 'a lady,' as Lloyd says, 'of high mind and haughty, undaunted spirit.' As the protector's wife, she chose to hold her head higher than the queen-dowager, who had married his brother the admiral. 'Very great,' says the same quaint writer, 'were the animosities betwixt their wives, the duchess refusing to bear the queen's train, and, in effect, jostled her for precedence; so that, what between the train of the queen and long gown of the duchess, they raised so much dust at court as at last put out the eyes of both their husbands.'

On the second period (1549 to 1553) we must not enter. It embraces the triumph of the lofty and towering Warwick, soon after Duke of Northumberland, over the Protector Somerset—the trials and deaths of both these great men—and the character of the young king, which comes out more harsh and cold, and levelling, than we look for. It may be a matter of question, from a few glimpses we get in these letters, whether the early death of Edward did not save the Church of England from some severe blows; but we have no room for extracts, and must be contented with pointing out these new materials to the future historian of the period. One passage in a letter of Sir Richard Morysine contains a graphic portrait of Charles V. (vol. ii. p. 135). The emperor sitting 'at his ease without a carpet or anything else upon it, saving his cloak, his brush, his spectacles, and his tooth-pick:' the courtesy with which he received Edward's letter, 'putting his hand to his bonnet and uncovering the upper part of his head:' the impediment in his speech, 'his nether lip being in two places broken out, and he forced to keep a green leaf within his mouth at his tongue's end:' we are pleased with these minute touches when connected with so great a man. 'He hath a face,' says Morysine, 'unwont to disclose any hid affection of his heart, as any face that ever I met with in all my life; his eyes only do betray as much as can be picked out of him. He maketh me oft think of Solomon's saying, *a king's heart is unsearchable*: there is in him almost nothing that speaks beside his tongue.'

The third and last section embracing, as it does, the whole of Mary's reign, is perhaps the least satisfactory of the three. This, however, is to be attributed solely to its shortness: for it discloses many curious documents; of which by no means

the least important are the letters of Simon Renard, Charles V.'s ambassador at the English court. We obtain from it a few hints relative to Elizabeth's connection with Wyatt's conspiracy; and referring the reader to the papers themselves, for particulars, shall content ourselves with transcribing Mr. Tytler's brief summary, which seems to embody the substance of all that has hitherto been disclosed on that obscure point of history.

These letters of Renard tell their own story, and follow each other at such brief intervals that any comment is unnecessary. If I do not overrate them, they add many new and important facts to the history of this period, on which Noailles' despatches have hitherto been the great authority; a slight glance at them will convince the critical reader how differently the same facts appear in Noailles' pages and in Renard's narrative. Both ambassadors undoubtedly had their bias, the one for, the other against, Mary; and, between the two, we are likely to arrive at something like the truth. As to one point, Elizabeth's connection with Wyatt's plot, I confess, Renard's letters leave on my mind little doubt of her knowledge of the designs of the conspirators in her favour. That she directly encouraged them there is no direct proof; and, if Wyatt wrote to her, and the Lord Russell delivered his letter, she could not help it. It may be said, concealment was equivalent to indirect encouragement; but we can imagine her shrinking from becoming an informer, and yet disapproving of the enterprise.—vol. ii. p. 421.

Queen Mary's knight (Sir Frederick Madden) is more chivalric than her esquire (our author); for the former maintains that personal beauty was superadded to all her other good qualities,—a cause in which the latter refuses to do battle; but the esquire's opinion is sustained by all the authentic portraits, of which one is engraved for his second volume—though we wish he had rather obtained the use of that which was taken by the French from the Madrid Gallery, and which is now in Lord Ashburton's possession. One document now disinterred contains a refutation of the commonly received opinion of her severity towards her sister, at the time of Wyatt's rebellion. A narrative in Fox has furnished all our historians, from Strype to Turner, with materials for an invective against Mary. That writer states, that on the day after the rising, the Queen sent three of her council to Ashridge with a troop of horse, to bring the Lady Elizabeth to court, '*quick or dead*;' and he has embellished his account of the journey, and of the mode in which the messengers performed their errand, with sundry touches

of cruelty which render the whole story revolting. Mr. Tytler publishes the original report of the commissioners, describing their interview with Elizabeth, and entering into full details of their conduct: from which it is proved that Fox's narrative is completely erroneous. Another source of misapprehension, which has led some of our historians into error respecting Mary's feelings towards her sister, is also here pointed out (vol. ii. p. 429). Her responsibilities are heavy enough, without needing that any unfounded calumnies should be laid to her charge.

There were two rare qualities united in Queen Mary's character; she was determined in council, resolute and bold in action: but when she had accomplished her purpose, she was, Mr. Tytler thinks, as mild as was consistent with her personal safety. The letters of Renard show, that Courtenay, Earl of Devon, was deeply implicated in Wyatt's rebellion, and in the eye of the law he was worthy of death; yet Mary not only pardoned him, but treated him with much kindness, and sent him to travel for his improvement (vol. ii. p. 471). Mr. Tytler gives a touching letter addressed to the Earl by his mother (p. 473), and another more curious, but less interesting, from the Earl to the Queen herself (p. 474). More illustrations of Mary's merciful disposition might be quoted.

One of her most unpopular acts was her match with the Spanish Prince; and we extract a description of Mary's behaviour with reference to her approaching marriage, as given in one of the somewhat lengthy despatches of Renard to Philip's imperial father:—

'On the following Tuesday at three o'clock, the Earl of Pembroke and the admiral came to bring us to the Queen and her Council; here, in a chamber where was the blessed Host, the ratifications of her Majesty and his Highness were delivered, and the oaths taken by both the one party and the other; but, before this, the Queen fell on her knees, and called God to witness that this marriage was not in her the result of any carnal affection; that it did not originate in ambition, or any motive except the good of her kingdom, and the repose and tranquillity of her subjects; that in truth, her single intention in all she did, was to prove faithful to the marriage and oath which she had already made to the crown; expressing this with so much grace, that those who stood round were in tears. . . . After this, her Majesty, as she had already done, dropped upon her knees, and requested us to join our prayers with hers, that God would be pleased to give her his grace to fulfil the treaty to which

she had sworn, and that he would make the marriage fortunate. Upon which, the Count Egmont presented to her the ring which your Majesty has sent, and which she showed to all the company (and assuredly, Sire, the jewel is a precious one, and well worth looking at). After this we took our leave, first inquiring whether her Majesty had any commands for his Highness; to whom she begged to send her most affectionate regards, begging us to assure him that for her part, as long as she lived, she would by all dutiful obedience endeavour to vie with him in mutual love and good offices; she added that, as his Highness had not yet written to her, she deferred writing to him till he began the correspondence.'—vol. ii. pp. 326, 328.

We cannot find room for a description of the marriage, but must refer the reader to vol. ii. p. 430. He will also be interested with the new proof adduced by Mr. Tytler of the extent to which the unhappy Queen indulged the delusion that she was about to become a mother. There exists in the State Paper Office an original letter addressed to Cardinal Pole, and signed by Philip and Mary, wherein the wished-for event is mentioned as having already occurred: 'God has been pleased, amongst his other benefits, to add the gladdening of us with the happy delivery of a Prince' (p. 469). The anxiety of Charles V. on the subject is strikingly illustrated in a letter from Sir John Mason: p. 470.—But we must restrict ourselves to some one definite object.

Deeply impressed with the historical importance which attaches to the name of Cecil, Mr. Tytler has lost no opportunity of directing attention to him in the course of these two volumes, which embracing that portion of his life, concerning which least of all is known, contain much that is new about this great minister. His biographers, dazzled by the lustre of his acts and high station under Elizabeth, invariably slur over the two preceding reigns; contenting themselves with vague assertions or unsupported conjectures. Let us attempt, with Mr. Tytler's help, to supply this defect. Cecil was born, as he himself informs us, in one of his little memorandum-books preserved in the British Museum, on the 13th of September, 1520.

'His grandfather,' says Mr. Tytler, 'David Cecil, esq., was water-bailiff to Henry the Eighth, and one of the King's sergeants-at-arms. His father was Richard Cecil, esq., yeoman of the wardrobe. From these facts we may infer that he was descended from an honest and respectable, rather than from a "very ancient and honourable house," as his biographers have so often repeated. He belonged, I think, to the gentry of the country. The heralds, it is true, in the palmy days of Burleigh,

got up for him a handsome descent from William Sitsilt, an intimate friend of William Rufus, in the year 1091; which pedigree (with reverence be it spoken) is said to be drawn by Camden; yet so much doubt hangs over the effusions of Ronge Dragons and Clarencieux's, when working for prime ministers, that, till the proofs are produced, we may be allowed to hesitate.'—vol. i. p. 71.

We may indeed. But Mr. Tytler should here have mentioned Cecil's mother,—Jane Hickington, the daughter and heiress of a Lincolnshire gentleman, William Hickington, of Bourne. It was she who brought Burleigh, then a small property, into the family. She lived to a great age, to see her son prime minister, and to keep (as her letters and other papers show,) a very strict and severe scrutiny over the farming and planting operations of the great Statesman, who in her lifetime managed Burleigh for her. There is a curious portrait of her at Hatfield, exceeding grim and plain, but with an expression of strong sense. Such were Cecil's ancestors; nor does there seem to be the remotest proof that he had any claim to the genealogical honours of the house of Sitsilt; neither do we remember, amid all the orthographical vagaries which his name admits of, ever having seen it blundered into *Sitsilt* by any one of the family. It was alternately Cyssell, Cyssyll, Cissell, Cecyll: and various persons addressing the minister, contrived, by a little gratuitous exercise of ingenuity, to torture the sibilants into combinations yet more uncouth and eccentric. He himself invariably spelt his name *Cecil*.

This great man, who has illustrated a long and honoured posterity, may well dispense with ancestral glories. Still, however, his progenitors can be shown to have been 'respectable.' In a bitter attack upon him which came from abroad, it is said his grandfather kept the best inn at Stamford, and the writer ridicules his quartering lions in his coat, when a couple of fat capons would have been more appropriate. The greater part of this piece is, no doubt, a mere lying libel; but it is curious enough that in the will of David Cecil, he leaves to his son Richard, Burleigh's father, 'all the title and interest that he has or may have in the *Taberd* at Stamford.' That David, therefore, had something to do with this inn is clear: it is possible that his ancestors may have had a nearer connection with it; but he could, we think, have had none but one of property. He styles himself, in his will, 'of Stamford, in the county of Lin-

coln, Esquire;' and in those days *Esquire* meant something. In the British Museum are preserved many of his letters: they prove that he was patronized by Cromwell, the able but unscrupulous minister of Henry VIII., and seem the production of a worthy man, and of one possessing considerable local authority and importance. He evidently lived in something like affluence: but from his enumeration of the effects which he bequeathed to his wife, and to his sons Richard and David, his property seems to have consisted mostly of farming stock and feather beds. He mentions no large sums of money; and Richard, as he inherited little, so had he little to bestow.

Burleigh himself, having received the rudiments of education at Grantham and at Stamford, at the age of fourteen was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge; where he is said to have made extraordinary progress: his diligence being so great, that, according to the story preserved by one of the gentlemen of his household, 'he hired the bell-ringer to call him up at four of the clock every morning;—an anecdote which the seminary priests afterwards turned into an assertion that he was hired as the bell-ringer's boy. This over-application impaired his health, and is supposed to have laid the foundation of that malady, to which, in his old age, he became a martyr. He had, no doubt, something of the stimulus of the grand 'Magister Artium.' It is recorded by a contemporary, and evidently a partial writer, that 'one Medcalf, then master of that house (St. John's), seeing his diligence and towardness, would often give him money to encourage him; and Cecil himself in after years declared that his 'bringing up' had been 'mean.'—(vol. i. p. 430.)

'We know from his Journal,' says Mr. Tytler, 'that, on the 6th of May, 1541, when twenty-one years of age, he came to the inns of court. His marriage to a sister of Sir John Cheeke took place in August, 1541, and this seems to me to have been the first thing that brought him into notice; for, Cheeke being appointed tutor to Prince Edward in 1544, he must have had opportunities of befriending his brother-in-law: and yet I suspect he did not even then desert the law, and come to court. The exact year when he did so has not yet been pointed out by any of his biographers, and his Journal is silent.'—vol. i. p. 72.

The traditional account of Cecil's obtaining the notice of Henry VIII., by confuting O'Neill's two chaplains in a Latin argument on the supremacy question, is very vague; but true or false, it is fair to

infer from such a report that he gave early evidence of that understanding and judgment for which he became afterwards so remarkable.

The conjecture respecting the circumstance which first swelled Cecil's sail with the gales of court favour is probably correct. Sir John Cheeke, as tutor to the young king, must have possessed considerable influence at court, though he was a person of inconsiderable origin. Baker says,—'Cheeke's mother sold wine in St. Mary's parish in Cambridge, in which quality she may be met with upon the college books.' By this marriage Cecil had one son, Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter; and the next point deserving of notice in his history has been first distinctly pointed out by Mr. Tytler; viz., that at the age of twenty-seven, 'he managed the whole correspondence of the Protector Somerset, probably in the capacity of his private secretary.' (vol. i. p. 73.) This was in 1547, at which time we may begin to regard Sir William Cecil in the light of a public man—though the statement that he was master of requests in that year is inaccurate; he was not appointed to this office till much later.

The period, therefore, when he entered on his public career was precisely that interesting epoch with which the volumes before us commence. Somerset, the lord protector of the kingdom, at that time in the zenith of power, was his friend and patron; Cecil accompanied the duke on his great Scottish expedition in 1547, at the battle of Pinkey (10th September); and he narrowly escaped being killed by a cannon-shot. In the following February (1547-8) the protector speaks of him in such terms as seem to show that he managed much of his correspondence (vol. i. p. 75); and this very well agrees with an entry in Cecil's Latin diary, which has misled the biographers. Under the year 1548, he says, '*Mense Septemb. cooptatus sum in officium secretarii*,'—meaning of private secretary to the protector. Accordingly, Sir Walter Mildmay and others, addressing him in that year, style him 'Secretary to my lord protector's Grace.'

Perhaps there never was a period of history more trying to a statesman than that when Cecil commenced his career. It was a fiery furnace wherein pure faith and honesty proved fatal to their possessors, and the baser qualities stood a man in better stead. He was most fortunate who could most skilfully steer his barque amid the conflicting currents in the great

ocean of politics ; for to resign oneself to the influence of any one of these, and to become involved in utter ruin, were the same thing. The recollection of Cecil's subsequent greatness suggests some investigation of his conduct during this extraordinary period : and first,—What befel him when Somerset was hurled from place and power in 1549 ? When the Duke was deserted by his former friends and colleagues—openly denounced as an enemy by the council, who till that hour had done his bidding—Cecil was one of the very few who clung to him. Cranmer, Paget, Smith, and he, were almost the only friends who remained with the Protector at Windsor at that memorable moment when the imperious Warwick was summoning him 'to withdraw himself from the king's majesty, disperse the force which he had levied, and be content to be ordered according to justice and reason.' Of these, Cranmer and Paget proved false to him, but Smith and Cecil shared his imprisonment. '*Mense Novembris, A^o 3^o E. 6, fui in Turre,*' says Cecil : a statement which has puzzled Mr. Tytler (vol. i. pp. 245 and 274), but we think without reason. The Duke and Smith were committed to the Tower on the 13th of October : how then says our author, did it happen that Cecil did not follow them thither till the following month ? We reply, first, that Cecil's *having been* in the Tower in November is no proof that he was not sent there in October ; and secondly, that, as Mr. Tytler has himself remarked (vol. i. p. 76), Cecil's diary is evidently the work of a later period of his life ; and therefore its minutest statements are not to be relied on. The inconveniences attending a residence in the Tower during the nipping month of November probably made the strong impression upon his memory.

Mr. Tytler has shown that Cecil obtained his liberty 25th January, 1549-50 (vol. i. p. 274). The fact is interesting ; but still more interesting and extraordinary is the fact that, on his release, he possessed the regard not only of Somerset but also of Warwick. That he should have been obliged to sacrifice the Duke's friendship in order to obtain a share of the Earl's confidence seems only natural ; but Mr. Tytler appears to think that he did not then do so (vol. i. pp. 276-7). Warwick must have been deeply impressed with Cecil's merit and value : Cecil, who was now twenty-nine, pursued the path which it is probable that, under simi-

lar circumstances, most men would have pursued ; and the consequences of his adherence to Warwick was his promotion to the secretaryship on the 5th of September, 1550.

In 1551, the memorable year of Somerset's second and final fall, our author again directs attention to Cecil's conduct. Edward VI. states in his journal that when 'the Duke sent for the Secretary Cecil to tell him he suspected some ill, Mr. Cecil answered that if he were not guilty he might be of good courage ; if he were, he had nothing to say but to lament him : whereupon the Duke sent him a letter of defiance :' and on this reply, 'so cold, measured, and unkind,' Mr. Tytler proceeds to pass some severe comments : but let us look a little into this. Surely, before we condemn him for having turned his back upon his friend and first patron in the hour of adversity, it is necessary to examine scrupulously on what the charge rests : now the only evidence is the young king's journal, and 'there cannot be a doubt, I think,' says Mr. Tytler himself, 'that the narrative of Edward was the story told him by Northumberland' (vol. ii. p. 60). It is proper to remember that Cecil was now a man of considerable personal standing—that he *had* to make his choice between two ambitious chiefs—that it is quite possible he sincerely disapproved of Somerset's, and approved, as far as he then understood them, of Northumberland's views—and, finally, that *much* would depend on the language and manner which he communicated with Somerset on the occasion ; as to which we have no evidence at all. In October, 1551, he was knighted ; and Pickering wrote from Paris, congratulating him on having been 'found undefiled with the Duke's folly.' Northumberland and he lived apparently on terms of great intimacy and friendship, as Mr. Tytler shows from a curious letter in which the Duke assures him that he will not fail to visit his father, in his progress through Lincolnshire, were it only 'to drink a cup of wine with him at the door ; for I will not trouble no friend's house of mine otherwise in this journey,' says the magnificent Northumberland, 'my train is so great, and will be, whether I will or not' (vol. ii. p. 111). 'It must have gratified old Richard Cecil,' observes Mr. Tytler, 'to see the boy who had left his roof with no such bright prospects, return to it secretary of state, and friend and confidant of the first man

in the realm. But had he known the cares and dangers of the office, he would have hesitated to change his own cloth of frieze for his son's cloth of gold.' Cecil seems to have deeply felt the restraint to which Northumberland's imperious temper subjected him. In a remarkable entry in his private diary, he describes himself as having no will of his own under Edward, and as only recovering the rights of a free agent by the death of the young king,—'*Libertatem adeptus sum, morte Regis; et ex misero aulico factus liber et mei juris.*'

We must find room for another extract.

'Cecil's desertion of Somerset, and his devotedness to Northumberland, brought him to the brink of a precipice. The moment of trial was now come, and it is curious to trace him under it; yet let us do it with every allowance. The times were dreadful, and, in the vocabulary of statesmen, to lose your place and to lose your head were then almost convertible terms. On his first suspicion of the desperate game which Northumberland was playing, Cecil appears to have adopted an expedient not uncommon in those days with councillors who wished to get rid of a dangerous question. He became very sick, and absented himself from court. This, at least, is Strype's conjecture, and there is every reason to believe it correct. Many of his friends, however, thought him really ill, and amongst these, Lord Audley, who loved and studied the healing art, undertook his cure, as appears by the following humorous recipe and epistle.' . . . 'Cecil's disease was deeper fixed than to be cured by soup formed from the distillation of a sow-pig boiled with cinnamon and raisins, or of compost of a porpin or hedge-hog stewed in red wine and rosewater. It was Northumberland's plot that troubled his digestion.'—vol. ii. p. 171.

It must be unnecessary to do more than remind the reader of the daring scheme of the last-named ambitious peer to divert the succession into his own family, and of the reluctance of the council to comply with his wishes. Cecil was as loth as the rest to affix his signature to the king's will, and at first was so fearful of becoming implicated in any of Northumberland's proceedings, that he, as we have seen, absented himself from the council on the plea of sickness. This was from the 22d April to the 2nd June, 1553, at which time Lord Audley prescribed his hedgehog soup. His signature, however, in common with that of the rest of the council, was obtained by Northumberland, and he was thus made accessory to an act directly hostile to Queen Mary.

This placed him in a critical position on her accession. Northumberland on the scaffold, and the Roman Catholic party triumphant, were appalling changes. We must content ourselves with a general reference on this subject to the volumes

under consideration (pp. 191 to 206), where an extraordinary paper is published in illustration of Cecil's conduct. It is entitled '*A brief Note of my submission and of my Doings,*' and was presented by himself to the Queen. He endeavours to exculpate himself on the grounds,—1st, of his having acted on compulsion—'I did refuse to subscribe the book, when none of the council did refuse; in what peril I refer it to be considered by them who knew the duke;' 2dly, of his having participated, to the least possible extent, in the treasonable practices of Northumberland, or rather of his having secretly acted against him, *e. g.* 'I dissembled the taking of my horse, and the rising of Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire, and avowed the pardonable lie where it was suspected to my danger.'

All this seems rather shabby; but he was pardoned, though he lost all his places. It is not wonderful that he should seem to have taken little part in public affairs during Mary's reign; though we strongly suspect not so much because he *could* not have acquired a larger share of influence and authority, as because he did not choose to contend for any. But while he shunned all public business, he continued to be the private adviser of Elizabeth. 'Write my commendations in your letters to Mr. Cecil,' said the Princess to Parry, her cofferer, in 1551; 'I am well assured, though I send not daily to him, that he doth not, for all that, daily forget me: say, indeed, I assure myself thereof.' (vol. i. p. 426.) He foresaw that, provided Queen Mary died without issue, a few short years, could he but be successful in surmounting them in safety, would restore the religion and the government of the country to that footing on which it was the wish of his heart to see them placed. When, therefore, we find him following Paget and Hastings to the court of the emperor for the purpose of conducting to this country Cardinal Pole, we feel less inclined to believe, with Mr. Tytler, that he 'cultivated with assiduity the friendship of Cardinal Pole, the great man of the day, to whom Mary gave her chief confidence' (vol. ii. p. 475), than to suspect that Cecil absented himself as a measure of precaution; too happy to be out of the way of those trials to which all Protestants (especially such as had enjoyed favour in the preceding reign) were exposed. Cecil's name does not occur in the instructions with which Paget and Hastings were furnished (vol. ii. p. 445),

and he does not appear to have attended them in an official capacity; if he did, it must have been in a very subordinate one. It seems tolerably certain, however, that with his characteristic sagacity, Cecil did attach himself in some degree to Cardinal Pole. 'The Cardinal,' says Burnet, 'was a man of a generous and good disposition, but knew how jealous the court of Rome would be of him if he seemed to favour heretics, therefore he expressed great detestation of them. Nor did he converse much with any that had been of that party but the late Secretary Cecil, who, though *he lived for the most part privately at his house near Stamford*, where he afterwards built a sumptuous house, and was known to favour the Reformation still in his heart, yet in many things he complied with the time, and came to have more of his confidence than any Englishman.'

The question in how far Cecil conformed to the popish church after his return to England is one with which his biographers have *coquetted*. There is in the State Paper Office a document illustrative of this subject, from which Mr. Tytler prints a few extracts. It gives 'the names of them that dwelleth in the parish of Wimbleton, that was confessed, and received the sacrament of the altar,' at Easter, 1556: the first three persons being 'my master Sir William Cecil, my Lady Mildred his wife, and Thomas Cecil [his son]' (vol. ii. p. 443): from which, viewed in connection with other documents cited by Mr. Tytler, the fact that Sir William Cecil conformed to the full extent during Queen Mary's reign may be considered as established. He confessed, attended mass with his wife, and brought up his son, Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter, in the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. The paper to which Mr. Tytler has called attention was apparently in the hands of Dr. Nares before him; yet could it extort from the latter nothing beyond the general admission,—'Of Sir William Cecil's conformity, *to a certain extent*, there can be no doubt.' (*Life*, vol. i. p. 673.) Sir William Cecil's conformity was exactly what he found necessary to his personal security.

A more pleasing feature, which comes prominently forward during this reign, was his strong attachment to country occupations,—his love of his farm—of his garden—of planting and horticulture. In the pocket-book which he carried with him into the Low Countries, when he ac-

companied Paget, we meet with no ambitious memoranda—no hints for government or statistical collections—but a method of cultivating the willow is carefully set down, dated from Menen. This taste seems to have acquired strength as he advanced in years. 'His temperate mind ever tempered all his actions,' says a contemporary biographer;—'If he might ride privatlie in his garden upon his little muile, or lye a day or two at his little lodge at Theobalds, rettyred from business or too much company, he thought it his greatest happiness and onlie greatness. As to his books, they were so pleasing to him, as when he got liberty from the Queen to go unto his country house to take the ayre, if he found but a book worth the opening, he would rather lose his riding than his reading; and yet, riding in his garden and walks upon his little muile, was his greatest disport.' If the reader ever dreamed away a happy hour in the picture-gallery of the Bodleian, he will not require to be reminded that he has *seen* Burleigh pursuing this favourite recreation.

It would be an endless task to collect all the curious evidences of the extent to which Cecil indulged this passion for his garden and his library; but particularly for his garden. Allusions to it occur in the official correspondence of many of our ambassadors, and some high dignitaries in church and state at home testified their solicitude to gratify the minister in this particular by many an interesting postscript, and indeed often by entire letters. But above all, we have abundance of Cecil's correspondence with his own stewards and servants; where, amid the most miscellaneous notices relating to the building of his house, the state of his farms, &c. &c., such passages as the following are of perpetual recurrence:—'Sir, I have sent to Burleigh seven pear-tree stocks and six apple-tree stocks to graft in; and if I can find any more, I will send them thither.' This was written by Sir James Hurst, the vicar of Essenden. Another passage from a letter of another vicar and steward, Sir John Abraham (Lansdowne MSS., 3 75), is worth inserting. At the time it was written, Cecil was busied enclosing his ground with quickset. 'When your swans,' says Sir John, 'are fat, I shall, as I may, sell one of them. Your Jennet is, and shall be, both favoured and foddered as well as we can do it. I beseech you let us have either the grey or bay mare to draw, whereof

we have much need, and she not worse a pin. The hop yard was dressed above three weeks ago, and the holes in the orchard dug ready for fruit trees, but none came to be set but two dozen of crab-tree stocks. The 19th of this month were your sheep drawn and numbered. There was of young wethers seventeen, one ram, lambs with tithe lambs five score and four, ewes five score.' So wrote Sir John Abraham on the 22d November, 1557. Gerhard, the author of the well known Herbal, was for twenty years Cecil's gardener.

It was in pleasures and concerns such as these that the secretary sought relief from the overwhelming cares of such a weight of business as, perhaps, never before or since fell to the share of a single officer of the state. Well might it be said of him by one of his household, 'I myself, as an eye-witness, can testify that I never saw him half an hour idle in four-and-twenty years together;' for through his hands, as well as through his head, every transaction involving in any degree the interests of the nation, seems to have passed. He was far, indeed, from being of Choiseul's opinion,—to wit, that there is ink enough in a premier's standish if there be 'de quoi signer son nom.' Was an ambassador to be despatched to some foreign court,—the rough draft of his instructions is found in Cecil's handwriting; was any negotiation pending, any treaty contemplated—the arguments *pro* and *con* will be found drawn up by the same vigilant, unwearied pen, and the question, in private, decided by him alone. His endorsement is seen on most of the despatches of our statesmen, as well as on most of those letters which he daily received from the spies and emissaries which the dangerous complexion of the times and the want of newspapers rendered it indispensable to have distributed over England, Scotland, and the continent. In addition to his business in the council, he is said to have daily received never less than twenty or thirty letters containing domestic intelligence, and, during term time, from sixty to a hundred petitions. 'Indeed, he left himself scarce time for sleep, or meals, or leisure to go to bed,' says his domestic:—'It was not able to see his continual agitation both of body and mind. He was ever more weary of a little idleness than of great labour. When he went to bed and slept not, he was either meditating or reading; and was heard to say that he penetrated fur-

ther into the depth of causes, and found out more resolutions of dubious points in his bed, than when he was up.' In vain, therefore, did he exclaim at night, when he put off his gown, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer!'

To read his private journals, (of which several have been preserved,) one would seriously doubt whether, instead of the memoranda of a prime minister, we had not stumbled on those of some ancient and very methodical housekeeper,—or at best, the precise steward of some small property. The wages of servants—the allowances or little perquisites to the miller, brewer, butcher, cook, &c., are all prescribed in his own hand. Thus, beside the miller's name, Burleigh writes, 'He shall have but three hens and one cock;' opposite the butcher's, the Atlas of the state indites, 'Of cattle-socking he shall have but the head, offal, and the skin.' We have notices of his minutest domestic arrangements; he tells us, for instance, that his Sunday dinner consisted of 'brawn and mustard, beef boiled, veal or pig, or such roast, roast capon, or some baked meat,' &c. Then we are treated with an inventory of his wardrobe; for which some excuse might perhaps be made, for

'Without black velvet breeches what is man?'

But how shall we picture to ourselves the care-worn statesman at Wimbledon, finding time and inclination ever and anon to weigh himself, his wife, children, and servants, and gravely recording the result of the experiments in his memorandum-book?

While speaking of such small traits, we may notice one which we never remember to have seen pointed out, viz. that Cecil's handwriting was invariably excellent. He seems to have been gifted with a calm self-possession, which, even in moments of most pressure, never deserted him. Another peculiarity was his habit of preserving everything in the shape of a written paper which came into his hands; and this is deserving of notice, because to this we are indebted for much of the accurate information we possess concerning Queen Elizabeth's reign. No one who considers his papers attentively will doubt for an instant that his intention was to have destroyed a large proportion of them, which, owing to their immense variety and extent, it is not difficult to understand that he never lived to accomplish. We have sometimes been much struck

with this last-named feature of Cecil's mind; how does it happen that he became re-possessed of so vast a number of *his own* letters; and, above all, how is it that the *rough drafts of letters addressed to him*—by his son's tutor, for example—came into his hands? There can be no question that he procured the surrender into his keeping of all the documents which in any way concerned himself, his family, or his affairs, as well as of a vast number with which he had no concern at all. His love of pedigrees must not be ranked among the minor features of his character; for, from his county-visitation books it was that he derived that intimate knowledge of the interests and alliances of private families, which he was enabled to turn to such good account on so many occasions.

But it is time to close this sketch, with an allusion to the sincere piety which seems to have influenced Cecil throughout the greater part at least of his life. The earnestness with which he looked upward for support amid his trials, as well as his habitual reference of every blessing to the source of all good, have been dwelt upon at considerable length by his contemporary biographer. In this practice we shall find the best explanation of the same writer's assertions respecting the calmness with which he received the most unfavourable, as well as the most agreeable intelligence—'never moved with passion in either case; and it was worthily noted of him that his courage never failed, as in times of greatest danger he ever spake most cheerfully, and executed things most readily, when others seemed full of doubt or dread.' And when some did often talk fearfully of the greatness of our enemies, and of their power and possibility to harm us, he would ever answer, '*They shall do no more than God will let them.*'

Before we close this paper, we must say a word on what appears to us a most ridiculous matter. It is stated by Mr. Tytler in his preface that by far the largest portion of these original letters were, by permission of Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary, selected from the invaluable stores of the State Paper-office; but we have heard with some surprise a report that Lord John, shortly before he transferred himself from the Home Office to the Colonial, in deference to the remonstrances of certain royal Commissioners for the publication of State Papers, was prevailed on to interdict any

continuation of this work. The plea upon which this very unusual step has been taken is, it is said, an alleged alarm that Mr. Tytler's labours may interfere with the large quarto volumes of State Papers now in progress of publication by these Commissioners. But surely it requires only a cursory glance at the vast plan of these gentlemen, as detailed in their preface, and as contrasted with the object and execution of Mr. Tytler's volumes, to be convinced how perfectly groundless are all such terrors. To bring before the reader the *gigantic* undertaking of Government, it need only be mentioned that, although these Commissioners have already published five or six volumes, each containing about nine hundred pages, in illustration of the reign of Henry VIII., not more than one-fourth, or at most one-third, of the papers relating to that one reign have been hitherto printed by them;—that the papers of a later period increase so enormously in numerical extent, that *fifty volumes*, at least, would be required to embrace—on their plan—the annals of Elizabeth; and that the materials for history swell out in such an enormous ratio throughout all succeeding reigns, that it becomes absolutely impossible to say where the labour of publication would end. Next, it must be stated that the volumes in question were originally published at three guineas each, so that it was contemplated that a person, to possess himself of a copy of the State Papers, was to disburse—it cannot be an exaggeration to say—several hundred pounds. No one will deny that it was intended that the State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign should cost about £60; since, to prevent any one from buying a single volume, or at least to prevent any use being made of it when bought, the index has been reserved for the end of the last volume!

Although the price of the volumes has of late been lowered to *one* guinea, we apprehend that we are not far from the mark in asserting that a complete set on the scale originally projected, would still cost some hundred pounds sterling; and let them cost what they might, the work cannot certainly be meant for the present age—it is obviously meant for posterity, and for a very remote posterity too. No *living* man must hope to see the State Papers of even Queen Elizabeth's reign; happy if he lives to possess the index to the volumes already published, relating to the history of her father. And all this—

cheerless as the prospect is—is on the supposition that the work *will be* continued. Notwithstanding that the price has been so considerably reduced—a measure, we may be well assured, not of choice, but of stern necessity—the work has no sale; nor was a sale ever to be expected for it. It is, as far as it goes, well and carefully done; we have no fault to find in its execution; but it is not a book to be read; it is a book to be referred to; and of most books of reference it may be truly said, not only that they *are* to be found in all public libraries, but that they are *not* to be found anywhere else: while of the volumes hitherto published, it is obvious that their utility as books of reference is almost annihilated by the want of an index. The pains which have been taken to preserve the ancient orthography is also a serious obstacle which they have to contend with; for in point of fact, those who have never served an apprenticeship at the British Museum, or elsewhere, *cannot* decipher a sentence so as to render it intelligible. Scarcely, therefore, does it seem an exaggeration to say of the volumes in question, that they are parts of a work which, in the first place, will never be completed; which, if completed, would never be bought; and lastly, which, if bought, would never be read.

Mr. Tytler has printed, in all, 191 letters; of which about 160 are preserved in the state-paper office: these 160 letters extend over a period of twelve years, viz., from 1547 to 1558. Now, considering the official volumes to contain on an average, 450 letters each—(the first volume contains 468, and we have not the others at hand to refer to)—it appears that thirty years of Henry VIII.'s reign (for the earliest date is 1517) will claim illustration from about 9000 letters! This comparison must of itself demonstrate how groundless is the assertion, that one of these publications interferes with the other. It would be almost as just to say that a literary man selecting a few instruments or treaties to illustrate some question of national history, finance, or political economy, was encroaching upon Rymer's *Fœdera*. Moreover, the modernized spelling which Mr. Tytler has adopted—the narrative with which he connects his letters—his criticism—his biographical sketches—and, above all, the protracted disquisition which he brings to bear upon a disputed point—unbroken, occasionally, throughout the space of twenty pages (as

in the opening of the second volume, where the fall of Somerset is discussed)—all these features of his work effectually disconnect it from and render it dissimilar to the State-Paper publications;—and they are features, we must say, which we had strongly wished to retrace in a collection respecting the glorious reign of Elizabeth.

We do not comprehend the Commissioners. To anticipate what booksellers call a 'lively sale' for *their* productions would be about as reasonable as to expect a Treatise on the Cube Root from Lady Stepney—Mr. Sydney Smith to circulate papers for an addition of St. Jerome in a score of folios—or Dr. Pusey to start another 'Book of Beauty' in opposition to Lady Blessington. Their sole ambition in following out their colossal scheme must be to become the means of depositing in each of the principal towns of the United Kingdom, as well as in each of the capitals on the continent, a complete series of most important materials for history. To accomplish this must be the summit of their ambition; and they need dread no collision. General as the love of history undoubtedly is, it is quite obvious that a taste for the study of its original documents is still with the mass of society in its infancy. The public is like a great child: it requires to be led; and it is our deliberate opinion that, so far from interfering with the sale of the official State-papers, a series of volumes, conceived and executed like Mr. Tytler's, would conduce more effectually to promote the objects for which the commission was appointed than any scheme which could be devised for that purpose. The whole of this business appears to us absurd: and we are sure we are only doing Lord John Russell justice when we avow our belief that he never found leisure to bestow personal attention upon its bearings. If Lord Normanby should remain any time in the Home-office, we hope he may some fine morning happen to take up the fancy of overhauling the 'outrage' of these Chartists.

ART. IV.—*Mémoires d'un Touriste; par l'Auteur de Rouge et Noir*. 2 tomes 8vo. Edition seconde. Paris, 1839.

We have read these volumes with lively

interest: much amusement is to be found in them; not a little of valuable information: the observations, reflections, jokes, and sarcasms, of a clever man—a very favourable specimen of the *libéral* of the present time; noted down from day to day, as he repeatedly asserts, in the course of journeys undertaken for professional purposes, through several of the finest, and one or two of the obscurest, provinces of France. The book is undoubtedly one of the ablest that the Parisian press has lately produced; and we are inclined to believe that it offers better materials for an estimate of the actual social condition of the France of Louis Philippe than could be gathered from a score of works holding forth graver pretensions.

We understand it is generally ascribed to the pen of M. Beyle, who, in former days, was pretty well known under the *nomme de plume* of M. Stendhal. About twenty years ago, in particular, he published two little volumes, entitled, we think, 'De la Physiologie de l'Amour et du Mariage,' which had a great vogue in his own country, and were read, admired, and abused here. He met Lord Byron at Milan; and his reminiscences of the poet are included in Mr. Moore's biography. We are not well acquainted with M. Beyle's personal history; but it is evident that, if he be the author of these *Mémoires*, he has endeavoured to mystify his readers by the account which the *Touriste* is made to deliver of himself. M. Beyle must be a good deal older than the traveller says he is; and never was there a thinner disguise than this gentleman's assumed character of an iron merchant. There is not one mercantile atom in his composition. He is evidently a practised professional *littérateur*, who has spent a considerable part of his life in Italy, and is so imbued with Italian ideas as to the fine arts that he must needs have the supremest contempt for French sculpture, painting, and architecture—but whose notions on all other subjects whatever are intensely and exclusively Parisian. Beaumont and La Chapelle might as well have tried to support the characters of a couple of *Epiciers*—or the author of the 'Voyage autour de ma Chambre' that of a Doctor of the Sorbonne.

'I do not believe,' he says, 'that any possible railroad in France could ever pay six or seven per cent., except one to Lyons and Marseilles. But is good sense to decide such questions? I do not believe one word of it. Fashion, aided by handsome *douceurs*, will give us abundance of railroads. It is so convenient to create shares on which one gains

ten per cent.—what signifies the result of the concern? The original share-holder realises his advantage. The subject is too troublesome to be explained: never will our clever journalists have patience to clear up the tricks to which a railroad scheme may give rise. Adroit people, therefore, may speculate in tranquillity on this important subject; for example, what say you to founding 2000 shares of 5000 francs for a railway that could never yield more than three per cent. on the cost of construction—persuade the public, by means of the newspapers, that a return of ten per cent. is certain—sell all your own shares at 7000 francs—pocket your 2000 on each share, and good bye to the enterprise?'—vol. i. p. 255.

Elsewhere he asks—

'What will become of railways, should they really succeed in making steam-carriages to travel on the common roads?'—*Ibid.* 57.

We suspect that this gentleman's connection with the iron-trade amounts to his having been *bit* in some little tampering with a railway bubble. If not, his shares just at present would seem to lie in the 'Entreprise Marseillaise.'

He has one or two shrewd and very gloomy pages on the state and prospects of the silk manufacture of Lyons; and he enters *con amore*, we must allow, into the history and management of some of the most celebrated vineyards of Burgundy; but these things will hardly induce the simplest reader to believe that this voluptuous wit travelled over the French provinces with specimens of iron bars in the well of his *calèche*;—which *calèche*, by-the-by, he is almost as fond of alluding to as if he had been much more familiar with the *coupe* of the diligence. He chatters about it and his valet Joseph, almost as pitifully as Prince Puckler did of the *barouche* and 'my people.'

The author's time of life is not much better disguised. He is by no means in love with the popular literature of *la jeune France*, which, we are sorry to say, is giving its colour to much of our own. He has hardly one allusion, other than contemptuous, to the names now in vogue. Their whole plan of writing merely for effect he considers as a melancholy symptom of the extent to which taste has been vulgarised in consequence of the Revolution of 1789, and its sequel of the Barriades; of which last performance, however, as a step in the march of liberal policy, he seems to be a decided admirer. In his view all great revolutions are, and must be, accomplished at the expense of the temporary destruction of social refinement, an obliteration of the reign of elegance in manners and arts. He prophesies better things for the hereafter; but

the frankness with which he acknowledges the unhappy immediate results in all departments except those of finance and (what he calls) liberty, cannot, we apprehend, have been over favourably received by the actual tenant of the Tuilleries and restorer of Versailles, even though that personage is repeatedly (and justly) described as 'un roi, homme supérieur'; nay, complimented very cleverly in the shape of a sarcasm upon the great Condé:

'En 1649, le grand Condé put se faire roi. . . . Il le désira; mais la matérialité de sens lui manqua pour voir bien nettement cette possibilité, et pour tirer parti des circonstances. D'ailleurs, la grandeur de sa naissance lui donnait des moyens de folie.'—vol. ii. p. 102.

M. Beyle says:—

'At present, in consequence of the Revolution, the people are *energetic*—witness their suicides! A third of the rich persons who hire the boxes at the Opera would find it difficult to prove that their grand-fathers could read. Hence the *energy* which seeks to force its way in the literature of 1837. The principle of energy, however, was even stronger in the society of the tenth century than it is now with us; the son of the Roman drew back everywhere before the son of the barbarian. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries began to blush for their barbarism, and the passion for church architecture developed itself. In like manner French literature may hope for a period of really noble energy when the grandsons of those who have been enriched by the Revolution shall come to figure on the scene.'—vol. i. pp. 104, 105.

In a steamboat near Macon he has a long colloquy with a Carlist, whose politics he at once divined, because 'sa conversation avait une fleur exquise de politesse.' (vol. i. p. 132.) Politics were shunned—but a few days afterwards he encounters another gentleman of the same class, and the grand question is calmly discussed between them.

'This brave officer,' says the tourist, 'treated the actual state of things with very little ceremony. I answered,—what is it that we have to regret? Louis Philippe has frequently had seven of the most enlightened men in France (les hommes le moins arriérés) for his ministers. With one or two exceptions, was not the case with Louis XVIII. the reverse? That prince chose occasionally very amiable persons—such as the Abbé de Montesquieu, who made him date in the 19th year of his reign—but when had he a rational minister? As for the Charter, to my thinking, it much resembles the Bible, the basis of our religion, in which the ablest man cannot, however, point out one word about either the pope or the mass. A king who should have gained a couple of battles in person would be adored by the French, and would very soon persuade them that his government, whatever that might be, was according to the Charter. We have in fact gained only four points since Barnave, Sieyès, and Mirabeau:

1. The king must choose for ministers persons

who can speak in public nearly as well as the best speakers among the Deputies.

'We have gained the *Charivari*—that step is immense. The *Charivari* alone would render a second Napoleon impossible, though he should have won ten battles of Arcole. His first steps towards the dictatorship—his first airs of superiority—far from exciting enthusiasm, would be overwhelmed with ridicule.

'3. Europe remembers with respect that the French empire extended from Hamburg to Terracina. This is what France owes to Napoleon, and Constantina has just been refreshing that idea, though it could never have given it birth.

'4. The nations of Europe, deceived by so many promises, know well that, if ever they are to get freedom, it will come to them from France: this is the reason that they neglect the English newspapers and devour those of Paris.'—vol. i. p. 253.

We must leave it to our reader to reconcile as best he may, the statements that the *Charivari* (a newspaper made up of squibs) would render another Napoleon impossible in spite of ten Arcolas, and that any king of France who had gained two victories might erect any kind of government he thought fit, and convince all France that it was in strict accordance with the Charter of 1830. We must also leave it for M. Beyle to explain on what grounds he asserts that all Europe is looking for liberty to France, not to England, while he himself, in many passages of this very book, expressly says, that he hopes, rather than wishes, to see France enjoy, before he dies, a constitutional system *as wise and liberal* as that of England in 1837! But indeed there would be no end to our impertinence, if we were to press our ingenious tourist for an explanation of apparent inconsistencies of this class. We merely place a few passages in juxta-position.

The author on arriving at Vannes walks out to inspect the sea, which he had supposed to be close to the town, whereas it is two leagues off—so night overtakes him and he has to return *re infectâ*.

'When one is so grossly ignorant, I said to myself, one should at least have the courage to ask somebody for information! But I must acknowledge it, I have such a horror for the vulgar, that I lose the whole thread of my sensations if I am obliged to ask my way.'—vol. ii. p. 133.

Again—he gets into a public carriage between Dol and St. Malo, and found for company some wealthy 'bourgeois':—

'Never was I in such vile company. How often did I regret my *caldche*! These people talked continually of themselves, and what belonged to themselves—their wives—their children—their pocket handkerchiefs, in the buying of which they had cheated the mercer by a franc in the dozen.

The sign characteristic of a man of this class is, that whatever has the honour to belong to him must needs be super-excellent: his wife is worth all the other wives in the world—his dozen of handkerchiefs is the first dozen in existence. Never had I seen the human species in a baser light: these people rejoiced in their own villainess as a pig does in his mire. In order to be a Deputy must one pay his court to fellows like these? Are these the kings of America?

'In the hope of extracting some facts from them, and thus diminishing my disgust, I touched on politics: they all began in praise of liberty, and this in a style sufficient to sicken one with the name, making it to consist in the power of hindering their neighbours from doing what they themselves don't happen to like. Hereupon they had discussions among themselves of an unutterable meanness; I should renew my disgust by detailing them. They ended, however, by converting me to their system. I would have consented to be in prison for a fortnight for the pleasure of giving each of them a hearty drubbing with my cane: They explained to me that when the elections came round, they *certainly* will not send to Paris an *orgueilleux*. I understood that they gave that title to deputies who are not over-zealous about getting their boots and breeches from them from the tradesmen they employ in the capital.

'It is fine sport that, in order to have a voice on those great questions which are to decide the fate of Europe a hundred years hence, it should be necessary to begin by cultivating such animals (de tels animaux).

'As to the pleasure of my journey, how different had I fallen in with five legitimists! Their principles could not have been more absurd, more hostile to the general weal—and instead of being wounded every moment, I should have enjoyed all the charms of a polished conversation.'—*Ibid.* 170.

The following view of the polite people in question is from a letter dated 'Nivernais':—

'Ouvrez l'Almanach royal de 1829, vous verrez la noblesse occuper toutes les places: maintenant elle vit à la campagne, ne mange que les deux tiers de son revenu, et améliore ses terres. Outre les fermes, chaque propriétaire a une réserve de cent cinquante arpens qu'il fait valoir; beaucoup achètent tout ce qui est à vendre autour d'eux, et dans dix ans ces messieurs auront refait des terres magnifiques. C'est un bonheur que de les rencontrer: on trouve chez eux un ton d'exquise politesse que l'on chercherait vainement ailleurs, et surtout chez les nouveaux riches. Mais, si la forme de leur conversation est agréable et légère, elle finit par attrister, car au fond il y a un peu d'humeur.

'Par la position qu'ils se sont faite depuis 1830, les hommes les plus aimables de France voient passer la vie, mais ils ne vivent pas. Les jeunes gens ne donnent pas un coup de sabre à Constantine, les hommes de cinquante ans n'administrent pas une préfecture, et la France y perd, car beaucoup connaissent fort bien les lois et réglemens, et tous avaient des salons agréables, et n'étaient grossiers que quand ils le voulaient bien. Pour un homme bien né, être grossier c'est comme parler une langue étrangère qu'il a fallu apprendre, et qu'on ne parle jamais avec aisance. Que de gens haut placés parlent cette langue aujourd'hui avec une rare facilité!'—vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

Here is one of a thousand sketches on the subject of provincial administration:—

'Je viens de traverser un bien triste pays. Je me suis arrêté quelques jours au château d'un de mes amis, homme d'esprit, mais qui a des bois à exploiter, et portant un grand intérêt à ce qu'une certaine route soit faite. L'ingénieur en chef est excellent; c'est en outre l'homme le plus aimable de la province.

'Je suis allé avec M. R. à la sous-préfecture.

'L'ingénieur en chef avait fait un plan de route excellent; ce plan fut déposé il y a trois ans dans cette sous-préfecture, avec un grand livre de papier blanc, destiné à recevoir les objections. Je venais pour lire ces objections; il faut avouer qu'elles sont à mourir de rire. Le préfet a nommé une commission pour les juger; mais, pour ne pas désobliger deux membres du conseil-général du département, habitant le pays, il les a placés dans cette commission. Il faut savoir que dans les provinces, le conseil-général est pour le préfet à peu près ce qu'est à Paris la chambre des députés pour les ministres: on s'en moque fort en paroles, mais il faut les séduire.

'Ces deux membres du conseil-général n'ont pas voulu désobliger les électeurs dont ils disposent, ni leurs parents. La société, qui se réunit dans les cabarets du pays, s'est prononcée fortement contre le plan de l'ingénieur en chef, qui n'avait d'autre mérite que d'être raisonnable. Il supprimait une montée abominable, contre laquelle ces mêmes paysans crient depuis trente ans.

'L'ingénieur avait fait passer sa route contre la dernière maison d'un village; on l'a forcé à la faire passer *dans le village*, où cette malheureuse route rencontre deux angles droits dont elle doit parcourir les côtés. Je n'en finirais pas si je voulais raconter toutes les absurdités du grand travail qu'on exécute en ce moment. Tel est l'effet de l'*aristocratie du cabaret*. Nous voici déjà en Amérique, obligés de faire la cour à la partie la plus déraisonnable de la population.'—vol. i. p. 50-53.

Perhaps, however, the two following specimens, which occur within a very few pages of each other, may create more surprise than all we have been quoting. Having previously ascribed Napoleon's 'faiblesse pour l'aristocratie' to his early intercourse with Madame Colombier at Valence (vol. i. p. 227), he at vol. ii. p. 273, gives an account of the emperor's reception at Grenoble on his return from Elba; and lauds the courage of a young magistrate of that town, M. Rey, who,—

'Osa lui dire que la France l'aimait comme un grand homme, l'admirait comme un savant général, mais ne voulait plus du dictateur qui, en créant une nouvelle noblesse, avait cherché à rétablir tous les abus presque oubliés;—

and exclaims,—

'S'il eût compris cette voix du peuple, lui ou son fils régnerait encore!'

Well, Buonaparte's weakness for aristocracy was thus the sole cause of his losing the hearts of the French nation. Turn three or four leaves, and you find M. Beyle moralizing over the tomb of Cardinal Dubois,—

'—ce fameux cardinal, cet habile ministre, cet homme d'un esprit infini, auquel on ne rend pas

justice! *La France l'admirerait s'il fut né grand seigneur.*—vol. ii. p. 285.

Our readers can, however, be at no great loss for the *mot de l'énigme*. M. Beyle may placard whatever *liberalism* he thinks proper upon fit occasions, but neither he, no, nor any other *gentleman* (the French have adopted this word by the way, as well as *dandy*) can be at heart an enemy of aristocracy. He has exactly the same horror for universal suffrage, even for the coaxing of shopkeepers, and the mystification of town-councils, that the most dainty Sybarite of Vienna could avow. In all his habits, feelings, opinions—in all but a certain stock of phrases—he is diametrically opposed to the principles of the Movement and the practices of its sincere advocates. He is not within the immediate circle of court and cabinet influence—he is easy in his fortune—his literary reputation is fixed and considerable, and he has no longer (if he ever had) any ambition out of literature: therefore, he does not keep that strict watch over his expressions which many of his equals see excellent reasons for doing; every now and then the truth escapes from his pen, whereas it never comes from their lips except when doors are shut. He is not a deputy—he is not a candidate either for a prefecture or a peerage—he is merely 'a literary Whig.' In his book, therefore, we have every now and then honest glimpses of his political infidelity, whereas Whigs differently situated carry their hypocrisy with edifying gravity about them in all their outward sayings and doings, consoling themselves occasionally in a corner with a Leo-like chuckle of 'Prodest nobis hæc fabula.'

M. Beyle presents a French mirror in which many elegant English faces are reflected. He abhors the idea of investing his moneys in land; he says, truly, that such property yields but a moderate percentage—he is of opinion that it cannot be managed even to decent advantage without personal intercourse with 'brutal, ignorant, cunning, and rapacious peasants;' and, therefore, he is all for the public funds, or 'houses in Paris well insured against fire.' He cannot comprehend how any body should follow the other course, unless with views to a place in the Chamber, which he would look upon as a bore. The country gentleman who resides on his estates, improving them by his care and example, enjoying the society of his home circle, taking no part whatever in politics, any

more than in the show and bustle of the *beau monde*, preferring a book at the fire-side to a *loge* at the theatre, a *roman* sung by his wife or daughter to all the warblings of Grisi, and a dance on the village green to five thousand tumblings of twenty Taglionis—this man, in M. Beyle's opinion, vegetates, but cannot, as we have seen, be said to *live*. He in another place speaks of the increasing passion for quiet domestic existence as '*notre sauvagerie moderne*.' In fact, our agreeable Parisian is far above considering that there are in this world any such things as duties—that is to say, for people who possess '*de quoi vivre*'—who keep a calèche.

'Marriage in the 19th century is a luxury, and a great luxury. One ought to be *very rich* before one thinks of indulging in such a thing. *Et puis quelle manie de créer des misérables!*'—vol. i. p. 226.

'Madame R. serait encore fort bien de mise si elle le voulait; mais elle commence à voir les choses du côté philosophique, c'est à dire triste, comme il convient à une dame de trente-six ans, fort honnête sans doute, mais qui n'est plus amoureuse de son mari. Quant à moi, dans mes idées perverses, je lui conseillerais fort de prendre un petit amant: cela ne ferait mal à personne, et retarderait de dix ans peut-être l'arrivée de la méchanceté et le départ des idées gaies de la jeunesse. C'est une maison où j'irais tous les jours si je devais rester ici.'—vol. ii. p. 2.

'The temples of the ancients were small, their circuses very large. It is otherwise with us; religion now a-days proscribes the theatre and enjoins mortifications of the flesh. That of the Romans was one festival, and not demanding of the faithful that they should sacrifice their passions, but only that they should give them a direction useful to the country, had no occasion for crowding people together for hour after hour, with the intention of cutting the fear of hell deep into their hearts.'—*Ibid.* 241.

'Le CORAN est fort supérieur à UN AUTRE LIVRE.'—*Ibid.* p. 265.

What comes next is from a letter dated at St. Malo's:—

'On ne sait rien faire bien en province, pas même mourir. Huit jours avant sa fin, un malheureux provincial est averti du danger par les larmes de sa femme et de ses enfans, par les propos gauches de ses amis, et enfin par l'arrivée terrible du prêtre. A la vue du ministre des autels, le malade se tient pour mort; tout est fini pour lui. A ce moment commencent les scènes déchirantes, renouvelées dix fois le jour. Le pauvre homme rend enfin le dernier soupir au milieu des cris et des sanglots de sa famille et des domestiques. Sa femme se jette sur son corps inanimé; on entend de la rue ses cris épouvantables, ce qui lui fait honneur; et elle donne aux enfans un souvenir éternel d'horreur et de misère: c'est une scène affreuse.

'Un homme tombe gravement malade à Paris; il ferme sa porte, un petit nombre d'amis pénètrent jusqu'à lui. On se garde bien de parler tristement de la maladie; après les premiers mots sur sa santé, on lui raconte ce qui se passe dans le monde. Au dernier moment, le malade prie sa garde de le laisser

seul un instant; il a besoin de reposer. Les choses tristes se passent comme elles se passeraient tousjours, sans sottes institutions, dans le silence et la solitude.

‘Voyez l’animal malade, il se cache, et, pour mourir, va chercher dans le bois le fourré le plus épais. Fourrier est mort en se cachant de sa portière.’

‘Depuis que l’idée d’un enfer éternel s’en va, la mort redevient une chose simple—ce qu’elle était avant le règne de Constantin. Cette idée aura valu des milliards à qui de droit, des chefs-d’œuvre aux beaux-arts, de la profondeur à l’esprit humain.’—vol. ii. pp. 179, 180.

By this time our readers begin to have a tolerably accurate notion of M. Beyle. We proceed to consider a few of the many very curious and striking facts which he has accumulated in illustration of the excellent effects which attend even in the provinces, emancipation from the vulgar credence in a future state of rewards and punishments.

Our tourist visited Argenton in the spring of 1837. The town was at this moment the scene of one of those romances of real life which are so faithfully copied by the existing masters of melodramatic energy. A young man of the working class, but in easy circumstances, by name Ganthier, had married his cousin, a remarkably pretty and sweet-tempered girl. They seemed to have no earthly distress, except that, after several years of union, they were still childless. She passed for a model of conjugal affection and contentment, and he was greatly esteemed. Early in January he had to drive a load of corn to Limoges; he started at peep of day, and as he was passing a bridge over the Creuse, a man leaped into the cart and stabbed him. Ganthier jumped out of the cart—a violent struggle ensued—he received five or six thrusts of a knife, but at last put the assassin to flight. He by and by fainted, however, from loss of blood, and was found senseless on the road; but he revived and was bandaged in a farm-house, carried home in the course of the day, and put to bed by his afflicted wife, to whom, as well as to the neighbours, he said that, from the imperfect light, he had been unable to distinguish the features of his assailant. Nevertheless, suspicion rested on a relation of his own, a maker of wooden shoes, by name Marandon, who had been for about two years a widower, and had, it seems, been observed to pay particular attentions to his cousin’s handsome helpmate. The magistrates ordered inquiry; they found a few drops of blood on Marandon’s clothes, and it was

proved that he spent the night of the attack away from home—but Ganthier renewed his denial of having recognised the assassin, and treated the charge against his friend and kinsman with utter contempt; so the man was dismissed, and the affair remained in mystery.

Three weeks passed; Ganthier recovered, and the first visit he paid was to the magistrate. He now said that he had perfectly recognised Marandon as his assailant; but that knowing the suspicion entertained of a *liaison* between him and his wife, and having entire faith in her innocence, he had controlled his feelings and maintained silence, lest, by naming the *sabotier*, he should confirm the idle and malevolent rumours of the neighbourhood. When he had got nearly well again, he had told his wife all about it, and she had expressed the warmest gratitude for his consideration of her character. That morning, however, the maid-servant had found means to see him alone, and had given him a *billet* written by her mistress, which the latter had asked the girl to deliver to Marandon; it was in these words:—

‘My dear Man, I cannot rest as I am, for I am the most wretched woman in the world ever since he told me that he knew it was you that did it. He certainly means to have you apprehended, and since that I have no consolation, and if you wish to finish your days with your wife, you must give the answer immediately by Mary. Don’t be afraid about Mary, she will keep our secret, and I will give her something for it, and you will tell me what we should do to get rid of life. My dear delight, don’t forget your own girl: the sooner it is done it will be the better.’

The magistrate sent in quest of Marandon, but he had, it seems, observed Ganthier enter the prefecture, and instantly disappeared. He was found dead, but still warm, in a cave by the river: he had shot himself through the head.

As they were carrying the body to the town, Madame Ganthier, who had been calling on her mother in a neighbouring village, met them: she was on horseback; she fainted, and fell from her saddle; they lifted her up, conducted her home, and treated her with every kindness, but as soon as, feigning to be asleep, she was left alone, the poor woman rose, ran-up stairs, and flung herself out of a garret window. The fall was severe—forty feet—but she recovered—was tried as an accessory before the fact, and acquitted—‘comme on l’avait prévu.’ ‘Marandon had,’ says M. Beyle, ‘black eyes, d’une expression admirable et singulière chez un paysan. Il était aimé dans le pays.’

"If these people had believed in hell," said the prefect, "they would not have thought of suicide."
 "Oui," replies the Touriste, "mais touto sa vie avoir peur, n'est-ce pas malheur?"—vol. i. p. 60.

Walking with a distinguished silk-lord and *bon-vivant* of Lyons by the Rhone, near the *Barrière de Genève*, M. Beyle remarked a particularly elegant *hôtel*. His friend exclaims, 'Ah! c'est la maison de la pauvre Madame Girer de Loche'—and then comes another story.

This was the beauty of Lyons. At nineteen she lost a husband whom she had married for love, and remained till five-and-twenty mistress of this charming residence, besieged by suitors, but deaf to all their proposals. She passed some weeks of autumn at a watering-place near Grenoble, and on her return let her hotel—took the first floor in a small house in an obscure street—gave up her usual habits of company and gaiety—was seldom visible abroad, except on her way to and from church. 'La dame étoit devenue plus jolie, mais en même temps fort dévote.' About two months after this change in her arrangements, a young gentleman from Grenoble arrived in Lyons to superintend the conduct of a lawsuit—he took the second floor in the same house—went occasionally to Grenoble, and returned—the lawsuit was likely to be a tedious one. By degrees he became fond of Lyons—addicted himself to angling in the Rhone, &c.: thus several years passed. He was observed to have some slight acquaintance with his pretty neighbour, at least he visited her in due form once a year, about Christmas—but this was all. He also was considered as *dévoit*.

At the end of five years he disappeared: it came out soon afterwards that he had married a rich and beautiful young Jewess, and was established at Grenoble.

About this time Mad. de Loche required to have some alterations made in her apartment, so she took the floor over it also. The workmen she employed came from another town—fifty or sixty miles off—Valence: they remained for a few days, and went away again without having told any one what the job had been. On their departure Madame's physicians recommended the air of the south. She embarked in the Marseilles steamboat, but travelled on to Ciotat, and took a lodging in that little town, where nobody knew who she was. After the lapse of a month she was found 'asphyxiée dans sa chambre.' She had burnt her passport, and taken out the marks in her linen. Her

identity, however, was discovered by a sort of accident. Inquiries were made: the Valence workmen heard of the affair, and came forward. They had been employed to remove a little staircase, masked by a couple of cabinets, which had afforded the means of private communication between Madame's 'premier étage,' and the apartment on the floor above.

We must give the third specimen in its native shape—and for the sake of one or two happy phrases, let us begin a little before the beginning:—

Grenoble, le 12 Août.

'On m'a conduit ce matin au château de Montbonot qui appartient à un homme aimable et savant. Ce château couronne une jolie petite colline qui avance vers l'Isère. C'est sans doute la plus belle position de la vallée. D'un côté la vue s'étend jusque près de Saint-Egrève, Noyarey, le pont de Chaix, et de l'autre jusqu'aux environs du Fort Barraux. Mais comment décrire ces choses-là? Il faudrait dix pages, prendre le ton épique et emphatique que j'ai en horreur; et le résultat de tant de travail ne serait peut-être que de l'ennui pour le lecteur. J'ai remarqué que les belles descriptions de Madame Radcliffe ne décrivent rien; c'est le chant d'un matelot qui fait rêver.

'Je ne puis que dire au voyageur; Quand vous passez par Lyons, faites vingt lieues de plus pour voir ces aspects sublimes.

'De Montbonot, je suis descendu jusqu'à l'Isère, pour voir l'emplacement d'un pont en fil de fer pour lequel je fournirai peut-être du fer de La Roche (en Champagne). On a raconté devant moi, sur les travaux, le *singulier* (?) suicide d'une jeune protestante de Grenoble. Elle avait les plus beaux yeux du Dauphiné, mais passait pour être un peu légère; c'est à dire que dans ses jours de gaieté elle ne refusait pas à certains jeunes gens de ses amis de se promener avec eux devant la boutique de sa mère, ce qui passait pour un grand crime aux yeux des dévots du voisinage, très disposés déjà à la haïr à cause de sa religion. Rien de plus innocent, comme la suite le prouve. Victorine avait un caractère vif et gai, connu dans tout le faubourg Trécloître; elle se laissait facilement entraîner par la joie. Un jeune voisin, d'un caractère sombre, catholique de religion, et qui la blâmait d'abord avec emportement, devint éperdument amoureux d'elle; d'abord la jeune personne se moqua de lui, puis elle l'aima. Les parens du jeune homme se sont refusés avec indignation à ce mariage avec une fille d'une gaieté si suspecte, et d'ailleurs protestante. Les jeunes gens ont employé tous les moyens possibles pour les séduire; ensuite ils ont eu l'idée, maintenant si simple, de se tuer. La veille du jour qui devait être le dernier, le jeune homme apporte cent francs au chirurgien du faubourg, en lui disant ces propres paroles: "J'aurais un duel un de nos jours; si je succombe, donnez-moi votre parole de faire l'autopsie des cadavres. Cela est essentiel à la paix de nos derniers momens. Vous êtes homme de sens et vous me comprendrez dans trois jours. Rappelez-vous que je compte sur votre honneur, et c'est l'honneur qui me fait parler."

'Le chirurgien, qui n'entendait rien à ce langage, le crut revenu à ses anciennes idées de mysticité.

'Les pauvres jeunes gens ont loués une chambre, où on les a trouvés asphyxiés. La jeune fille avait dit la veille en pleurant: "Un jour on reconnaîtra que j'ai toujours été sage." C'est sur quoi l'autopsie

du cadavre n'a laissé aucun doute. On a trouvé sur elle une lettre touchante dont on montrait la copie : en voici une phrase :

“Je serai oubliée aussitôt qu'enterrée; mais, avant cet oubli final d'une pauvre fille trop malheureuse, j'espère que l'on dira dans tout Tréscloître : *Victorine fut parfaitement sage.*” —vol. ii. p. 280-282.

Elsewhere (vol. ii. p. 266) the tourist notes—‘Il y a souvent des suicides ici. La vie est estimée partout ce qu'elle vaut—c'est à dire peu de chose.’

We have no inclination to meddle with M. Beyle's ample assortment of merely gay and festive intrigues and adulteries. The reader appreciates already his profound indifference as to the question of moral or immoral in all affairs of—to use his own phrase—‘l'amour, ou ce qui lui ressemble le plus.’ He writes of course for the class which he thus compliments and describes—‘La bonne compagnie, seul juge légitime de tout ce qui nous imprime, a une âme de soixante-dix ans.’ It is among such readers of course that he considers ‘the idea of death’ as having come to be ‘what it was before the time of Constantine;—in other words, he writes for a public which he presumes to be heathen—a public which still acknowledges no bible but Voltaire. ‘When man dethrones God,’ says a Frenchman of another school, ‘he must necessarily find some other object of worship. He makes a god of *man*—he deifies man's faculties, his passions—even his vices. It was so in the old world—it is the fashion again.’

There is one *historiette*, however, of which we must be allowed to quote the closing paragraph. It is the *dénouement* of the romantic passion of a charming but penniless hussar of five-and-twenty for a certain widow of fifty (whose daughter is in love with *him* by the by), possessing three fine châteaux, and somewhere about 10,000*l.* a year. We take it for granted that M. Beyle does not give the true names, and mystifies to a certain extent the circumstances, of the parties.

‘Par les femmes de chambre, on a obtenu quelques détails précieux sur la conclusion de l'aventure. Elles prétendent qu'un soir M. Villeraie, se promenant au jardin avec Madame de Nintrey devant les perrières du rez-de-chaussée, lui tint à peu près ce langage : “Il faut, Madame, que je vous fasse un aveu que ma pauvreté connue rend bien humiliant pour moi. Je ne puis plus espérer de bonheur qu'autant que je parviendrai à vous inspirer un peu de l'attachement passionné que j'ai pour vous. Et comment oser vous parler d'amour sans ajouter le mot *mariage* ? Et quel mot affreux et humiliant pour un homme ruiné ! Je ne pourrais plus répondre de moi si j'étais votre époux ; l'honneur du mépris me ferait faire quelque folie. Si l'argent au contraire n'était pour rien dans notre

union, je me regarderais comme ayant enfin trouvé ce bonheur parfait que je commençais à regarder comme une prétention ridicule de ma part.” . . . Elle est partie pour l'Angleterre ; sans doute aujourd'hui on l'appelle Madame Villeraie.’—vol. ii. pp. 83, 84.

We have little doubt that the melodramatic genius of the Boulevards will turn to good account this exquisite *ruse*—of wooing a rich widow by proposing to make her, not a wife, but a mistress :—and then, in the course of nature, we may look for a philosophical and sentimental English novel in three volumes, with Captain Fitzcrocky for hero, and Viscountess Broadstairs, or the Duchess Dowager of Ramsgate, for *vetula beata*.

M. Beyle indicates, with undisguised regret, that out of the easy elegant *bonne compagnie* whose favour he aspires to, the moral condition of the nation is regarded with alarm as well as abhorrence. Most strenuous efforts are making to restore the prejudice to which he assigns the date of Constantine the Great—though we believe it is generally admitted that Christianity was not actually invented by the Council of Nice. The rapidity with which the clergy are re-establishing themselves in the management of education in all its branches ; the zeal of the resident proprietors in erecting and endowing schools—all under ecclesiastical control ; the already almost complete engrossing of female education in the provinces by religious sisterhoods, who find funds for building new nunneries on a scale of extraordinary extent and splendour—these things are expatiated upon throughout whole chapters of the ‘*Touriste*.’ The quantity of money which the priests and nuns can command for such purposes appears, in fact, to be enormous ; and is only to be accounted for by the flourishing condition into which absence from Paris has already brought the revenues of the Carlist gentry. M. Beyle is of opinion that all goes on in strict accordance with the views, and even in strict obedience to the instructions, of certain unseen managers for the legitimate branch of the royal family ; but in whatever motives he may seek an explanation for the secret orders, he does not affect to doubt the strength of the religious feeling which actuates the paymasters, though he takes good care to tell us that engravings of the young Henri V. are very common in the parlours of the seminaries.

He bears a candid testimony to the private virtues, as well as the polished manners, of the country noblesse. He says

the peasantry have lost, to the best of his belief, their prejudice against the Carlists altogether. From the day of M. de Villèle's '*milliard*,' the jealous fear about ulterior designs of reclaiming property lost in the old Revolution, which had prevailed very generally, began to be dropped. He thinks it has now died out. The habitual residence of these families among them has had its natural effect on both sides. Their influence, he adds very significantly, is not confined to the peasantry. He abstains from pointing out names and numbers, but confesses that at several places the conversation of the garrison officers had 'a peu près le ton de *Waverley*!'

The question of dynasty, however, is a secondary one. M. Beyle does not conceal his apprehensions that throughout many very extensive and important classes of French society the appetite for 'a real revolution' is ardent. He endeavours to console himself with the recollection that of the thirty-five millions in France, five millions are proprietors of lands or houses, and hopes that here is a standing force of conservatism sufficient to keep down the effervescing spirits. And we hope he is right; but at the same time—to say nothing of the general demoralization of feeling—he gives a frightful picture of the wretched poverty of the peasantry throughout many of the provinces: twice over he distinctly says that he does not believe any West Indian negroes ever underwent such hardships as '*three-fourths of the French peasantry*' are now enduring. These people, he owns, believe that the classes immediately above them, who have obtained comparative comfort, owe that to nothing but the hardy masked robbery of other men's possessions during the tempest of 1792. We take not without considerable allowance, the representations which fastidious travellers give of the actual condition of working-people in any country: but, unless M. Beyle be a very gross exaggerator, the French manufacturing population, especially that of Lyons, are in an awful abyss of misery and degradation; and we cannot but suspect what his object was, when he put into the very page after one of his most eloquent expositions of that fact, such a picture as the following:—

'Je ne connais qu'une chose que l'on fasse très bien à Lyons; on y mange admirablement, et, selon moi, mieux qu'à Paris. Les légumes surtout y sont divinement apprêtés. A Londres, j'ai appris que l'on cultive vingt-deux espèces de pommes de terre; Lyons, j'ai vu vingt-deux manières différentes de

les apprêter, et douze au moins de ces manières sont inconnues à Paris.

'M. Robert, négociant, ancien officier, homme de cœur et d'esprit, acquit des droits éternels à ma reconnaissance, en me présentant à une société de gens qui savaient dîner. Ces messieurs, au nombre de dix ou douze, se donnaient à dîner quatre fois la semaine, chacun à son tour. Celui qui manquait au dîner payait une amende de douze bouteilles de vin de Bourgogne. Ces messieurs avaient des cuisiniers et non des cuisinières. A ces dîners, point de politique passionnée, point de littérature, aucune prétention à montrer de l'esprit; l'unique affaire était de bien manger. Un plat était-il excellent, on gardait un silence religieux en s'en occupant. Du reste, chaque plat était jugé sévèrement, et sans complaisance aucune pour le maître de la maison. Dans les grandes occasions, on faisait venir la cuisinière pour recevoir les compliments, qui souvent n'étaient pas unanimes. J'ai vu spectacle touchant, une de ces filles, grosse Maritonne de quarante ans, pleurer de joie à l'occasion d'un canard aux olives; soyez convaincu qu'à Paris nous ne connaissons que la copie de ce plat-là.

'Un tel dîner, où tout doit être parfait, n'est pas une petite affaire pour celui qui le donne; il faut être en course dès l'avant-veille: mais aussi rien ne peut donner l'idée d'un pareil repas. Ces messieurs, la plupart riches négocians, font très bien une promenade de quatre-vingts lieues pour aller acheter sur les lieux tel vin célèbre. J'ai appris les noms de trente sortes de vins de Bourgogne, le vin *aristocratique par excellence*, comme disait l'excellent Jacquesson. Ce qu'il y a d'admirable dans ces dîners, c'est qu'une heure après on a la tête aussi fraîche que le matin, après avoir pris une tasse de chocolat.

'Lyons abonde en poissons, en gibier de toute espèce, en vins de Bourgogne; avec de l'argent, comme partout, on y a des vins de Bordeaux excellens; et enfin Lyons possède des légumes qui réellement n'ont que le nom de commun avec ces herbes insipides que l'on ose nous servir à Paris.'—vol. i. pp. 208-210.

We need not say that we most earnestly hope M. Beyle is right in the view he takes of the prospects of the great, the rich, French conservative party—the educated part of the nation, possessing probably almost all the land and all the moneyed capital—in case of direct hostile collision between what Sancho Panza calls the 'two eternal enemies, the House of HAVE and the House of WANT.' Not to hope this as regards France would be to despair of it, or very nearly so, as regards England, and therefore as regards all Europe, and even America. But we are bound to confess our very reluctant conviction that France must pass, within no distant period, through the severest ordeal that ever any national system underwent. We, even if we had no authority to lean on but that of this very able tourist himself, could not but perceive that there is still a very powerful Buonapartist party; that it includes a considerable portion of the upper classes, not a few, indeed, of the most influential names; a portion yet more considerable of the mercantile and

moneyed interest, both in Paris and the provinces; the heart and spirit, to an extent more formidable still, of the enormous army; and the inflammable imagination of the vast body of young men born to little fortune, and educated in the principles of the ante-Constantine epoch, whose heads have been turned, as M. Beyle says, 'for fifty years to come,' by what they must read and hear about 'a certain lieutenant of artillery and his *entourage*.' We extremely doubt whether this party could, under promising circumstances, resist ultra-democratical temptations. We also perceive, even from M. Beyle alone, the deep root which the cause of the elder Bourbons has in France, and the all but certainty that this influence must, ere long, produce itself openly on the scene of political action; and we have only to read the *Gazette de France*, and remember the audacious pranks of our own Bolingbrokes, in order to dispel every doubt of the possibility of exiled monarchy trying to convert impatient democracy into the instrument of its ambition. There remains the unmeasured force of pure republicanism. The only intellectual influences sure to be on the side of general conservatism seem likely to be, day after day, more unfavourable to the pretensions of the existing dynasty. We are, in short, of opinion that the death, come when it may, of Louis Philippe, will mark a more doubtful crisis than has ever yet been encountered by France, and, through her, by modern European property and civilisation. The cool, dexterous, astute '*roi, homme supérieur*,' in spite of all his admirable talents and imperturbable courage, has never been able to excite the remotest shadow of anything like personal feeling, enthusiasm, loyalty, for himself: he rests upon nothing but qualities which no human being can be sure of transmitting; and the incessant attempts upon his life prove nothing so clearly as the universal conviction of the nullity of his majesty's sons. We cannot but recall the words of the Augustan historian:—'*Neminem prope magnorum virorum utilem filium reliquisse satis claret. Denique aut sine liberis interierunt, aut tales habuere plerique ut melius fuerit de rebus humanis sine posteritate discedere.*'

Among all their innumerable and irreconcilable feuds and spleens, the French of all parties seem to have one point of agreement—hatred of England; and though he disclaims it bravely, it is trans-

parent that the Tourist is no exception to the rule. After one of his most energetic preachments about the unrivalled genius of Napoleon, he passes into an ingenious as well as ingenuous exposition of the incompatibility of his keeping possession of the throne with any such advances as have been made of late years in civil freedom, and exclaims, in conclusion, '*Vive la bataille de Waterloo!*' Yet he is much pleased with certain mysterious revelations confided to him by an English Whig—'*un charmant officier Anglais*,' he says,—'*qui rit quelquefois, c'est le nommer;*' and though it is far from true that only one charming Whig colonel has fine teeth, we rather think we *could* name the gentleman. What especially delights M. Beyle is the communication by this frank colonel of some details, 'not fit to be published before 1850,' which tend to account for the seemingly inexplicable 'resolution manifested on the 18th June, 1815, by the '*très prudent Duc de Wellington*.' What this portentous secret may be, we do not pretend to divine; but, in the meanwhile, we must be contented with drawing our own conclusions from M. Beyle's own commentary upon a scene which he witnessed on board a French steam-boat. He describes the tumult of disobedience and disorder consequent on an alarm of fire in the vessel—their hair-breadth escape—and—after some rather indignant remarks on the contrast between Frenchmen in the moment of active assault, and Frenchmen called to stand firm under difficulty and disaster—he winds up as follows:—

'It does not appear that the French ever beat the English in a battle *on land* but once, and then we had a German (the *Marschal de Saxe*) for our general.'

Does he mean to insinuate that they ever beat us in a *battle* at sea?

Not the least agreeable parts of this book are those in which our author describes and discusses monuments of antiquity and works of art. We can afford little space to these things—but here are a few specimens.

'Ce matin, par un beau soleil, je passais devant une boucherie très proprement tenue :
des morceaux de viande bien fraîche étaient étalés sur des linges très blancs.

'Les couleurs dominantes étaient le rouge pâle, le jaune, et le blanc.

'Voilà le *ton général* d'un tableau de Rubens, ai-je pensé.'

'Dans cette même église des Petits-Augustins

[Lyons], on a placé, dans un coin, le plâtre d'un buste de Michel-Ange, fait, je pense, vers 1560. Si vous voulez voir la différence des génies français et italien, allez au musée du Louvre; à six pas de la porte en entrant, vous trouverez un buste français de Michel-Ange. *C'est un tambour major qui se fâche.* Il est contre le génie des Français de reconnaître l'idée qu'ils se font de Michel-Ange, et de l'importer, *comme qu'il devait se donner, dans l'homme mélancolique et simple de l'église des Petits-Augustins.*

« Ce matin, mon Anglais et moi nous sommes allés voir dans un salon de l'Hôtel de Ville, et moyennant le prix d'entrée d'un franc, le *Mort de Fénelon*, grand et magnifique tableau de M. Court, assis à Paris. Il y avait foule, et j'avoue que je suis de l'avis des Lyonnais; je ne partage point l'humour des Parisiens. Mon Anglais a remarqué des gens de la société de Bellecour, qui amenaient leurs enfans pour leur inculquer l'horreur de la république. L'idée est fort juste: cette tête coupée et livide peut frapper vivement un enfant et décider pour la vie de ses penchans politiques. L'Anglais s'étonne du peu de succès de ce tableau.

« — Vous verrez, lui dis-je, que M. Court n'est d'aucune camaraderie.

« Ce tableau donne la sensation d'une grande foule, de l'agitation passionnée de cette foule; et quand l'œil frappé de l'aspect de l'ensemble arrive à observer les groupes, chacun d'eux est d'un bel effet et augmente l'impression générale. Les figures de femmes sont fort bien, et pourtant ce ne sont point des copies de statues grecques; ce sont de vraies Françaises. Les représentans sont des hommes indignés et magnanimes; les insurgés des faubourgs sont furieux. On ne peut plus oublier, après l'avoir vue une fois, la joie stupide de l'homme du peuple qui se fait gloire de porter au bout d'une pique la tête de Féraud. Chaque groupe exprime nettement une certaine action. Enfin, chose qui devient de jour en jour plus rare, la forme des corps humains est respectée, ces jambes, ces bras, appartenant à des gens vigoureusement constitués, et animés en ce moment d'une passion désordonnée. Rien de mesquin ni de pauvre dans les formes, et pourtant rien qui rappelle trop ornement l'imitation des statues. La couleur n'est pas brillante; elle n'est pas une fête pour l'œil charmé, comme celle de Paul Véronèse, mais elle n'est pas choquante: la composition générale est fort bien; enfin, pour suprême louange, les personnages n'ont pas l'air d'acteurs jouant, si bien qu'on veuille le supposer, le drame de la mort de Féraud et du courage de Boissy-d'Anglas.

« J'écris devant une fenêtre qui domine la place de Bellecour et la statue de Louis XIV., qu'il faut faire garder par une sentinelle.

« Cette statue de Louis XIV., est fort plate, moralement parlant, mais elle est parfaitement ressemblante. C'est bien là le Louis XIV. de Voltaire; c'est tout ce qu'il y a au monde de plus éloigné de la majesté tranquille et naturelle de Marc-Aurèle du Capitole. La chevalerie a passé par là.

« Au reste, je vois ici deux métiers bien difficiles; celui de prince et celui de statuaire. Faire de la majesté qui ne soit pas ridicule est une rude affaire aujourd'hui. Vous faites certains gestes, vous relevez la tête, pour me donner l'idée, à moi, maire de petite ville, que vous êtes une prince — vous ne vous donneriez pas la peine de faire ces gestes si vous étiez seul; il est naturel que je me dise: Est-ce que ce comédien réussit? est-ce que je le trouve majestueux? Cette seule question détruit tout sentiment.

« Il y a long-temps qu'on ne fait plus de gestes et qu'il n'y a plus de naturel dans la bonne com-

pagnie; plus la chose que l'on dit est importante pour qui la dit, plus il doit avoir l'air impassible. Comment fera la pauvre sculpture, qui ne vit que de gestes? Elle ne vivra plus. Si elle veut représenter les actions énergiques des grands hommes du jour, elle est réduite le plus souvent à copier une affectation. Voyez la statue de Casimir Périer au Père-Lachaise; il parle avec affectation, et, pour parler à ses collègues de la chambre, il s'est revêtu de son manteau par dessus son uniforme; ce qui donnerait l'idée, si cette statue donnait une idée, que le héros craint la pluie à la tribune.

« Voyez le geste du Louis XIII. de M. Ingres au moment où il met son royaume sous la protection de la Sainte-Vierge. Le peintre a voulu faire un geste passionné, et, malgré son grand talent, n'est parvenu qu'à un geste de portefaix. La sublime gravure de M. Calamata n'a pu sauver les défauts de l'original. La madonne fait la moue pour être grave et respectueuse. Elle n'est pas grave *malgré elle*, comme les vierges de ce Raphaël que M. Ingres imite.

« Voyez le Henri IV. du Pont-Neuf, c'est un conscript qui craint de tomber de cheval. Le Louis XIV. de la place des Victoires est plus savant; c'est M. Franconi, faisant des tours à son cheval devant une chambrée complète.

« Marc-Aurèle au contraire étend la main pour parler à ses soldats, et n'a nullement l'idée d'être majestueux pour s'en faire respecter.

« Mais, me disait un artiste français, et triomphant de sa remarque, les cuisses du Marc-Aurèle rentrent dans les côtes du cheval.

« Je réponds: J'ai vu une lettre de l'écriture de Voltaire avec trois fautes d'orthographe.

« J'aurais pu donner une vive jouissance à ce brave homme, en lui apprenant que, contrairement aux idées du savant M. Quatremère, la statue de Marc-Aurèle est toute de pièces et de morceaux. Avec quelle vanité n'eût-il pas triomphé de la supériorité des fondeurs actuels! C'est ainsi que les artistes qui ont fait les statues de l'abbaye du Brou, dans le Bugey, avaient fait une feuille de vigne séparée par une distance de trois pouces du bloc de marbre d'où elle a été tirée.

« Le mécanisme de tous les arts se perfectionne: on moule des oiseaux à ravir sur nature; mais les rois et les grands hommes que nous mettons au milieu de nos places publiques ont l'air de comédiens, et, ce qui est pis, souvent de mauvais comédiens.

« Le Louis XIV. de la place de Bellecour est un écuyer qui monte fort bien à cheval. Peut-être qu'un ministre de l'intérieur a posé devant la statue.

LE PONT DU GARD.

« Vous savez que ce monument, qui n'était qu'un simple aqueduc, s'élève majestueusement au milieu de la plus profonde solitude.

« L'âme est jetée dans un long et profond étonnement. C'est à peine si le Colisée, à Rome, m'a jeté dans une rêverie aussi profonde.

« Ces arcades que nous admirons faisaient partie de l'aqueduc de sept lieues de long qui conduisait à Nîmes les eaux de la fontaine d'Eure; il fallait leur faire traverser une vallée étroite et profonde; — de là le monument.

« On n'y trouve aucune apparence de luxe et d'ornement; les Romains faisaient de ces choses étonnantes, non pour inspirer l'admiration, mais simplement et quand elles étaient utiles. L'idée éminemment moderne, *l'arrangement pour faire de l'effet*, est rejetée bien loin de l'âme du spectateur, et si l'on songe à cette manie, c'est pour la mépriser. L'âme est remplie de sentimens qu'elle n'ose

raconter, bien loin de les exagérer. *Les passions vraies ont leur pudeur.*—vol. ii. p. 254.

Par malheur il n'y a pas de hautes montagnes auprès de Paris; si le ciel eût donné à ce pays un lac et une montagne passables, la littérature française serait bien autrement pittoresque. Dans les beaux temps de cette littérature, c'est à peine si La Bruyère, qui a parlé de toutes choses, ose dire un mot, en passant, de l'impression profonde qu'une vue, comme celle de Pau ou de Cras, en Dauphiné, laisse dans certaines âmes. Par une triste compensation, les plats écrivains de notre siècle parlent sans pudeur et sans mesure de ces choses là, et les gâtent autant qu'il est en eux.

Le pittoresque, comme les bonnes diligences et les bateaux à vapeur, nous vient d'Angleterre; un beau paysage fait partie de la religion comme de l'aristocratie d'un Anglais; chez lui c'est l'objet d'un sentiment sincère.

La première trace d'attention aux choses de la nature que j'ai trouvée dans les livres qu'on lit, c'est cette rangée de saules sous laquelle se réfugie le duc de Nemours, réduit au désespoir par la belle défense de la princesse de Clèves.—vol. i. pp. 106, 107.

We conclude with two pleasantries—there are not very many of these in the book that we should have liked to quote:—

On nommait la Saône en présence d'un Parisien qui étalait la simplicité savante de son maintien sur le joli quai de Mâcon. A Paris, nous appelons cela la Seine, dit-il en souriant. Les Mâconnais ajoutent finement: Le Parisien croyait apparemment qu'il n'existe qu'une seule rivière au monde.—vol. i. p. 134.

This is confessedly a Joe Miller—and perhaps the next may belong to the same category:—

Lyons, le 19 Mai, 1837.

Il y a trois jours qu'un M. Smith, Anglais puritain, établi ici depuis dix ans, a jugé à propos de quitter la vie; il a avalé un flacon contenant une once d'acide prussique. Deux heures après il était fort malade, mais ne mourait point, et, pour passer le temps, il se roulait sur son plancher. Son hôte, honnête cordonnier, travaillait dans sa boutique au-dessous de la chambre; étonné de ce bruit singulier, et craignant qu'on ne gâtât ses meubles, il monte; il frappe, pas de réponse; il entre alors par une porte condamnée, il est effrayé de la position de son Anglais, et envoie chercher M. Travers, chirurgien célèbre, ami du malade. Le chirurgien arrive, médicamente M. Smith et le met bien vite hors de danger; puis il lui dit:

— Mais que diable avez-vous donc bu ?

— De l'acide prussique.

— Impossible, six gouttes vous auraient tué en un clin d'œil.

— On m'a bien dit que c'était de l'acide prussique.

— Et qui vous l'a vendu ?

— Un petit apothicaire du quai de Saône.

— Mais vous vous servez ordinairement chez votre voisin Girard, là, vis-à-vis votre porte, le premier pharmacien de Lyons.

— Il est vrai; mais la dernière fois que j'ai acheté une médecine chez lui, j'ai dans l'idée qu'il me l'a vendue trop cher.—vol. i. p. 155.

ART. V.—*The State in its Relations with the Church.* By W. E. Gladstone, Esq., Student of Christ Church, and M. P. for Newark. London. 8vo. Third Edition. 1839.

If any one, twenty, or even ten years back, had prophesied, that in 1839 we should be seriously discussing the propriety of maintaining a national religion, he would have been looked on as an idle alarmist. Something of the kind might have been expected at a distant period; but very few anticipated that the spirit of CHANGE would advance upon them with such strides as we have recently witnessed. The controversy, however, has commenced; and a controversy of a very different kind from the theories of Warburton, Paley, and Burke, who only assigned reasons for supporting a Church, which the nation was resolved to support whether reasons were given them or not. It is becoming real, earnest, and practical, as in a question of life and death;—and Mr. Gladstone's work is one of the first which has appeared with this change of tone and argument.

If Mr. Gladstone were an ordinary character, we should be inclined to speak most strongly of the singular vigour, depth of thought, and eloquence, which he has displayed in his essay. But he is evidently not an ordinary character; though it is to be hoped that many others are now forming themselves in the same school with him, to act hereafter on the same principles. And the highest compliment which we can pay him is to show that we believe him to be what a statesman and philosopher should be—indifferent to his own reputation for talents, and only anxious for truth and right.

With this impression it would be idle to divert attention from real points of interest, by criticisms upon minor questions of detail or style. When Mr. Gladstone has written more on these subjects—as it is to be hoped he will—he will write with greater ease and clearness. At present his language is the natural expression of a high-toned and powerful mind labouring to reach a truth deeply felt, but indistinctly discerned, through a complication of popular errors. Men cannot carry on a resolute struggle against sophistry with the same smoothness and simplicity with which they enunciate truisms. And perhaps even the occasional obscurity of his style may do good, if it compel those who read, and, still more, those who propose to apply his theory,

to examine it very carefully before they pretend to understand it.

But his book is remarkable on many accounts. It is a common remark, that it is a sure symptom of a nation's decline when its practical statesmen have lost sight of a profound philosophy; and surely few histories exhibit such a failure so decidedly as our own during the last two centuries. Mr. Gladstone's book is one of the first instances of a return to deep thinking connected with business-like statistics; and—although we are far from thinking that the speculations of Mr. Coleridge, which this author quotes with evident approbation, are a safe text-book of political philosophy—any philosophy whatever is better than the meagre empiricism which had excited that extraordinary man's contempt. As a necessary consequence of a profounder philosophy, Mr. Gladstone has also taken far higher grounds in his argument than have been occupied by the defenders of the Church for many years. Whether he is in advance, or in the rear of public opinion, is another question; and unless public opinion is something better than the mere echo of popular will, it matters little for the cause of truth, whether it agrees with him or not. But he has seen through the weakness and fallacy of the line of reasoning pursued by Warburton and Paley. And he has most wisely abandoned the argument from expediency, which offers little more than an easy weapon to fence with, while no real danger is apprehended; and has insisted chiefly on the claims of duty and truth—the only consideration which can animate and support men in a real struggle against false principles. Even if he stood alone, yet with his talent and position in the country, this movement to escape from the low ethics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries would be of great importance. But we hope and believe that Mr. Gladstone may, in some degree, be considered the exponent of a body, now forming gradually in the country, and which presents one of the most interesting features in the present day. It is no uncommon spectacle, but rather the ordinary course of history, for nations, under the influence of democratic principles, to dissolve rapidly—to destroy their old institutions—to fall then under a military despotism, and finally to lie, perhaps for ever, in a state of exhaustion, as if the very principle of vitality were worn out in the violence of their political convulsions. But there is no

instance, we believe, of a state far gone in this career of ruin, righting, or even attempting to right itself by a fresh infusion of sound principles of loyalty, obedience, respect for authority, and self-renunciation, into the body of the people. Such an attempt, however, is now making in England; and the first movements have met with a success, which is as full of interest to a philosophical observer, as of hope and encouragement to its originators.

It will be well if, in conducting this controversy, writers will keep clearly before them the true object of the argument, and how much success they may fairly expect. They have little or no chance of convincing their opponents. The democrats, whose only object in promoting a national apostasy is to destroy the authority of government, and seize on power for themselves, will be deaf to the argument that religion ought to be maintained as confirming the authority of government. The men who have no religion in themselves will not understand the duty of religion in a society. And the economist, who knows of no other national interest than the balance of his own ledger, will smile unmovedly at calculations of moral advantages. No argument, perhaps, ever convinces—or at least influences—men whose interest and inclination are fixed against it. But the discussion may be very useful to two other classes—the one, those who feel, from a natural piety, the necessity of a national religion, and are resolved to support it, without having actually examined the grounds of their duty, or, consequently, the right rule for action in difficult circumstances; the other, a very numerous body, who have been permitted to lose sight of the real nature both of a State and of the Church—who fancy the question to be one of mere convenience and expediency—who see that the contest must be carried on with much resistance and with only slight chances of success, and therefore are willing to give up what they have never been taught to value, and to conciliate by a timely compromise. This class of indifferentists is, perhaps, the most numerous in the country; amongst them may be placed all those who, holding Conservative principles, hold them only as the standard of a party—all who maintain old institutions simply because they are old, without appreciating the value of them—all who defend the Monarchy merely as the gov-

erment most conducive to freedom, and the Church as the best police-establishment to preserve the morals and subordination of the people. Looking to the other nations which have before fallen a prey to democracy, many, too many of these, acquiesce in the prospect of a similar end for ourselves, as in a sort of inextricable fatality. All that can be done, they think, is to postpone the evil day, and to ensure a decent fall by not provoking the enemy to strike them down.

To such men, Mr. Gladstone's book and other discussions of the same kind will do great good. They are, for the most part, well intentioned, honest men, who have no interest of their own to serve, and really wish to benefit their country, and to do their duty. And the defectiveness in their view of duty arises from their not being taught it. They have been brought up in a generation unaccustomed to regard questions of government and religion in any other light than that of expediency and opinion. False principles have been paraded before them till it was impossible not to think them true; and true principles have been suffered to die away out of sight, till their revival startles men like the production of a falsehood. But bear with them patiently; lay the full truth before them, accustom them to deeper views of society and religion, put everything on the highest ground, and act on those grounds also, and a very short time will be sufficient to raise their tone of feeling, and rally them to a hearty defence both of the Constitution and the Church.

Considered as a full view of the subject, neither Mr. Gladstone nor his readers will profess to think this Essay perfect. He has the great merit of having opened the case boldly, and with striking talent—of leading the way in an attack on the mischievous theories of his immediate predecessors—of stating forcibly some of the most prominent lines of argument—of venturing to face the difficulties of the question, even if he has not overcome them—of raising a cautionary protest against certain extreme opinions which may be apprehended from his own party—and of giving a plain, but painful, review of the present condition of the country in respect to its religious profession. He has not exhausted, nor would volumes exhaust, the subject. Deeply as he has entered into the philosophy of it, he has left much to be still ex-

plored; and, what is still more difficult, to be placed clearly before the eyes of a people, whom the state of their popular literature has converted from a thinking into a reading public, and who will persist in calling everything mysticism which is not comprehensible at first sight.

There are two main causes of the obscurity which must attach to Mr. Gladstone's argument, and to every argument on the subject, for some time to come. We do not understand the real nature either of a *State* or of *the Church*, and how can we understand the laws which fix the relation between them? And even when the idea of a State is clearly developed, the application of it to our own circumstances is full of perplexity, because, while names have been preserved, things have changed. We still call the Sovereign the *governor* of the country, but he is at the same time supposed to be in the hands of his Parliament; and we make the ten-pound freeholders his *subjects*, while, strictly speaking, their will is appealed to on every question as the ruling power. More or less this change is going on; and when we argue on the duties of a ruler, and fix those duties on the crown, we are met at once with the answer that the realization of them is impracticable, and therefore the theory is false. The first thing therefore required is to set before people the real nature and claims both of the Catholic Church and of Political Society; and first of the Church.

In the popular view the Church means the clergy; and the clergy of the Catholic Church are supposed to be in no respect different from ministers of other denominations of Christians, except in being recognised by the State. They are supposed to maintain a certain body of doctrines as representing their own opinions, and to promulgate it on their own authority just as other sects promulgate theirs; Christians are thought at liberty to choose between the rival systems as they would decide between schools of philosophy;—and, starting with this notion, it is not surprising that men should be puzzled how to act, when called on to govern a nation split into religious dissension.

In the first place, the Clergy are but a part of the Church: they are its officers, ordinary teachers, appointed governors, and peculiar channels for conveying to it its supernatural blessings; but the whole body of Christians comprehended in its

communion constitute the Church in its genuine sense. In the second place, the Church is not a body voluntarily associated and organized. It was instituted and organized by God, and appointed to act as his minister and representative on earth. In the third place, she does not promulgate her faith as her own opinion—quite the reverse. She proclaims it as a message and declaration intrusted to her care, which may not be altered, or diminished, or enlarged by any human voice, and is independent of human fancies. She lays, indeed, before her members a vast body of supplementary teaching, on the authority of her best and wisest instructors; but this is carefully distinguished from express revelation, as human from divine. It is recommended on its own merits, not imposed as articles of faith. She distinguishes the one from the other, and proves the fact of revelation by the test of Catholicity; and what Catholicity is must be fully explained. It must be explained, and put prominently forward, because it is the only external test of revealed truth; and truth is the only foundation on which to support either the belief or the establishment of religion. We are not fighting for a name, but for a thing, and a thing of the utmost importance.

By Catholicity, then, is not meant that a doctrine has uniformly been held by all Christians, or by the greater number, for error has always prevailed more extensively than truth, in religion, as in morals and science; and far greater numbers, if counted by heads, might be brought to vouch for heresy, for Arianism, Puritanism, and Popery, than for the Catholic Faith. Neither does it mean the uninterrupted maintenance of any particular doctrine from the first ages to the present time; for though the stream may have preserved a great degree of purity in some few churches, this fact may be obscure and perhaps incapable of proof. And neither this fact nor the other would prove that the doctrines so held were *revealed, and not invented by man*, which is the point in dispute, nor, indeed, that they were true at all, any more than the fact that by far the greatest number of men have believed the sun to move round the earth, and that some nations may have continued to believe it from the creation of the world, would prove that their notion was either received from above, or was right. What we want—what all sects of Christians or rather all men but atheists, must require—is a

proof, not that certain doctrines are agreeable to human reason, but that they come from God, were introduced upon the earth by a revelation, and, whether men like them or not, are to be received on the command of God. This the Church proves of her articles of faith by purely historical evidence. She shows that, in the first three centuries of Christianity, as soon as churches had been planted all over the world, there were found in the most remote countries certain forms of teaching, uniform and identical in all essential points; that these had radiated from the Apostolic body as from a common centre; that they had uniformly been received as Apostolical, and transmitted under a solemn obligation to preserve them unaltered; that they were used as a standard of truth to try a great variety of opinions which arose in the first centuries; that when these opinions were condemned, they were condemned on the especial ground of novelty, and disagreement with the received faith; that this principle of adherence to a definite creed was maintained with so much jealousy, that the Church was perpetually involved in controversies in order to defend it; that those who held did not corrupt it, because it was the acknowledged public formula of communion for the whole church, and formed, as it were, the pass-word, credentials, and introductory declaration of the bishop of each diocese on his admission into his office;—and that it could not have been introduced at any date subsequent to the apostolic age, because there never was a time when it was not put forward as Apostolical and as Catholic; and because a human theory could not have established itself simultaneously in such a number of scattered churches, each possessed of an anterior creed, and vigilant to preserve it from corruption. The very fact that human reason rose so vigorously against its restraints in a multitude of early heresies, and that it always stood firm against them upon the ground of implicit faith, is a proof that human reason could have little to do with its foundation. But the historical evidence alone is amply sufficient; and the more it is examined the stronger it will appear.

It is now easy to see why Mr. Gladstone, and every other writer on the relation between the Church and the State, must lay great stress on the catholicity of the Anglican Church—that is, on her communion with a number of distinct

societies, ancient as well as modern, holding one form of faith, and deriving it from one common centre. It is the guarantee that her creed is the creed which God gave to man in his revelation, and is not of human invention. And no other communion even professes to possess it. The Romanist openly avows that his creed has been added to by man, and may be modified at any period of the church by his ecclesiastical superiors. Ultra-Protestants claim the same right, each man for himself, by allowing every individual to put his own private interpretation on the Bible, and thus to colour the revealed word by his own mind and his own errors. And thus the doctrines of the Church rest on a totally different foundation from the dogmas of other bodies, calling themselves Christians, but not claiming or not deserving the title of Catholic. They are not dogmas or opinions of man, but doctrines, or truths taught by God.

It is evident, also, that this guarantee of revelation is little or no ways affected by the necessity of going back to primitive antiquity in order to find it. Even if the true doctrine had been entirely lost since the fourth century, and Popery during the intermediate time had been one mass of unmixed falsehood, unsuspected and unprotested against, which assuredly it was not, still to have found at any period, however remote, and for any time, however short, the uniform concurrence of numerous independent churches in an unbroken traditional faith would have been enough to show us which the true faith was. For the same reason it matters little what was the principle of the Reformation. Undoubtedly, the English Church even then did profess the principle of Catholicity. She opened the Scriptures to the people; but without sanctioning any right in the individual to interfere with the Catholic creed. And she retrenched many forms, and even doctrines, but on the express grounds of their not being Catholic. This fact has been sufficiently established by many late inquiries. But the English Church, though reformed at the Reformation, is not built upon it, and whatever ground was taken at that time, she is perfectly at liberty at present to defend the system which she has providentially received, upon the only true footing on which it can be maintained.

Again, it is evident that no obscurity attending the investigation, although we

may be unable to study all the ancient liturgies, and all the early fathers, and to confirm the assumption of the church to our own private satisfaction, can justify a refusal to admit and act upon that assumption, until it is formally disproved. One ambassador brings terms, which he declares to be the same which his sovereign dictated, and there is nothing to contradict his word; another brings terms, which he confesses to have altered himself. No rational man could hesitate which to prefer: either both are false, or the former must be received: either the Catholic faith is true, or there is no truth at all to be found, and revelation is an empty name; because either nothing definite was revealed at first, or all that was definite is now irrecoverably lost.

This, then, is the first character in which the Church comes before a nation—as the messenger of God bearing a system of revealed truth, which it is appointed to proclaim and to teach to all who are not unwilling to embrace it.

But it has also another character—it is the authorised dispenser of God's spiritual blessings. That some supernatural advantages are offered to man in Christianity no Christian doubts; and every sect professes to have some means of communicating them to its members. But the English Church alone, of what are called Protestant communions, lays claim to a positive commission and authority from God, under the title of the Apostolic Succession. Mr. Gladstone has necessarily alluded to this in vindicating the claims of the Church; but he has perhaps laid too much stress on its importance as a guarantee for soundness of doctrine in the face of the errors of Romanism, and too little on it as a pledge for the validity of Church ordinances and sacraments. It is not asserted that these supernatural blessings are exclusively confined to the authorised ministrations of the Church—that they may not, by an especial mercy, be imparted without them—that they may not be permitted to spring up and overflow beyond the regular channels, as in various Protestant communions, which may have lost the Succession by a misfortune more than a fault; and we rejoice at the tone of kindness and consideration with which Mr. Gladstone has treated this part of his subject. But with every disposition to find Christian unity wherever it is possible, truth must not be sacrificed, nor divine institutions made

light of. And therefore it is asserted, and reasoning men cannot refuse their assent, that when the Giver of a gift formally appoints certain means for conveying it, there is little wisdom or goodness in neglecting those means, and seeking for the gift elsewhere, in the chance of an exception to the rule.

Now it is a matter of fact, that the Founder of the Church did appoint a regular ministry—that from the earliest times the teaching and government of the society, and especially the administration of the sacraments, were peculiarly confided to it—that an organization always existed by which the succession of this ministry was perpetuated—that this was done by episcopal ordination—and that the arbitrary assumption of the priestly office by an individual without authority is condemned by the whole voice of ecclesiastical antiquity, even by sects which are compelled to trace themselves to such a source. True, the Romish Church makes the same claim of an Apostolical Succession, and with justice; though, if any human act could empty a divine appointment of its efficacy, it might seem to be that virtual change in the divine constitution of the Church which Romanism has introduced in superseding the legitimate episcopal authority by the arbitrary pope-dom. True, also, we may imagine the possibility of flaws in the chain of succession: there may have been false ordinations, unbaptized bishops, &c. &c., just as we may imagine a thousand possible defects in the hereditary title to a crown, from supposititious children, or illegal unions, or concealed births. But we suspect few courts of justice would pardon rebellion, or even the refusal of allegiance upon such an hypothesis, however ingeniously conceived;—and we should strongly suspect the sanity of a man who refused the succession of an estate because nothing more than a legal title was made out, and the donor could not guarantee it against every imaginable defect. And if men will resolve to reject the offers and the authority of the Church in defiance of the positive proofs in its favour, and with nothing but a contingent hypothesis against it, they must do so in defiance of the first rule of moral prudence. They may do it as they may refuse a medicine when sick, because possibly it *may* be poison, or not eat because they *may* be choked. And they must accept all the conclusions of their premise. For if the Church has no commission,

certainly no other sect can have one. The Romanist stands on the same ground with the Anglican; and the Dissenter does not even pretend to it. And thus there would be at this moment no authorised ministers of God upon earth. There are therefore either no spiritual blessings to be dispensed through Christianity, or any man who chooses has a right to dispense them. Though a flaw in a single form is considered sufficient to cut off the supply from the Church, no form whatever is, in fact, supposed to be necessary. A society, which was founded to last for ever, and to preserve the strictest unity through ages, has been left without any connecting chain of guidance or government—without any provision for order—destitute of the very first condition, which the most ordinary human wisdom is compelled to devise when establishing the most common institution!

Perhaps it is the willingness which men now feel to admit such conclusions, which renders them so insensible to the boldness of their assumption. But however this may be, the fact is unaltered. And the Church does come before the State with at least a stronger probability than any other religious body of bearing the truth as revealed to the apostles, and of being the accredited dispenser of those supernatural blessings which are proffered to man in Christianity. The first she proves by the Catholicity of her Doctrines, as held in the first centuries; the second, by the Apostolical Succession; and upon these two characters depends the relation in which she stands to the State.

As the minister and representative of God, it is not possible that the Church should *unite*, or *ally herself*, or make any conditions of mutual assistance, involving the slightest compromise, with any man, or any body of men. She may consent to receive from temporal rulers, whether of her own communion or not, either protection or support which it may be their duty to give, on the same principle on which an Apostle appealed to a heathen emperor in defence of his civil rights, and as she permitted herself originally to be maintained by the personal contributions of her children. But she can enter, *in her spiritual capacity*, into no terms but those of subjection and government. She can form no association with heathens, and with Christians she can have but one relation, that of

parent, guide, and teacher. 'I deem it,' the great Alfred used to say, 'a king's true and genuine dignity, *germanam et genuinam dignitatem*, if in the kingdom of Christ, which is the Church, he consider himself not a king, but a citizen; if he attempt not to exalt himself above the priesthood, but submit himself reverently and meekly to the laws of Christ, promulgated by his ministers.*' And harsh as it may sound in the present day, and even with the certainty that men who know nothing of Popery but the name, will confound this principle with that of its temporal usurpations, to which it bears no resemblance, still this ground must be taken, and the Church must put forth her demands in full, or she must abdicate her office. She cannot be the Catholic Church, the pillar of Catholic truth, the appointed ambassador of God, and yet in those matters especially intrusted to her—matters, that is, of faith and spiritual discipline—be anything but a ruler. That secular powers may have usurped authority over her even in these, and that undue concessions may have been made by her own ministers, does not destroy her title.

Neither does this spiritual supremacy, maintained upon Catholic principles, encroach on the temporal supremacy of the secular power. In all but her spiritual capacity, the Church is subject to the State. She has no commission to usurp any of its functions, or to interfere with its administration, except by advice. She is amenable to its tribunals, owes obedience to its laws, recognises its authority, submits patiently to its will. Whatever secular power is given to her, she exercises as a trust from man, which man may resume. As divine she is a ruler, as human she is subject.

Mr. Gladstone has declined entering into the origin of *Political Society*. He has contented himself with asserting that a State is a person—that it possesses a will, and agency, and a conscience—that it is responsible as a moral being—and therefore is bound to profess and promulgate religion. To have entered farther into its history would have involved him in too long an inquiry. But perhaps the whole subject of the union between Church and State will never be understood till this has been done, and a new philosophy—new to us, though old in itself—has exploded the shallow theories

in which this generation has been reared. We are evidently in great darkness at present with respect to the whole theory of society. If our ancestors were all wrong, it is certain, from the very variety of our modern hypotheses, that we are not all right. And there is a depth and mysteriousness in the very nature of political society, indeed of all society, which the present day is peculiarly unfit to comprehend. How a multitude of independent wills can be reduced to one—how a vast body may be made subject to a single individual, so as to be affected in all its parts by his acts, whether for evil or good—how a certain unity and personality, and even moral responsibility, can be perpetuated through a number of shifting generations, as the identity of the individual man survives the loss of all the atoms in his body—what particular office the State is appointed to fulfil in the moulding of man—how it is connected with the smaller circles of families, and how it first came into existence—all these are questions evidently connected with the discussion of its duties and interests, and yet not to be thoroughly answered without more of philosophical inquiry, than can be made interesting to a very unphilosophical age. And we are not sure that, in these points, Mr. Gladstone, though expressing great truths, has not exposed himself to cavils. He has not sufficiently distinguished political from other societies, and has suffered an obscurity to rest on his view of national conscience by not minutely tracing out its formation. Perhaps the simplest mode of dealing with the question is to apply it at once to the conscience of individuals.

As the term Church is given both to the whole body of Christians, and peculiarly to its governing members, the clergy, so the word State expresses both the whole nation, and especially the ruling part of it.

This ruling part must be composed of individuals. It may be one man, as an eastern despot, with a will paramount in all things; or it may be made up of many men, or many bodies of men, each paramount in some special department, the King in peace and war, the Parliament in finance, the Judge in the administration of justice. Or it may consist of one body of men holding all the reins in their own hands, as in a pure democracy. But in all these various constitutions, they give their votes and act upon their responsibility, and exercise their power, as indi-

* Harpfield's *Hist. Angl. Sax. Secul. ix. c. 5.*

viduals. And the Church addresses them first as individuals, and by the common laws which render religion obligatory on man, they are bound to accept her offers, and to enroll themselves in her society, and to submit to her commands, just as private persons who possess no political influence. When once enrolled as members of the Church, they are also under positive commands from their great Head to proclaim its faith, to extend its influence, to increase its numbers, to honour it with a filial respect, to provide for its temporal want, to assist, as far as they are permitted, in educating its children and maintaining its unity. No compact or stipulation of man can exonerate them from this duty.

Nor, it would seem, is any objection made to their acting thus as private men. It is only in a political capacity that they are to tie up their own hands. There is something, it is said or supposed, in political power which renders it unfit to be employed in the service of the Church. Men have no right to use it for any other than secular purposes.

The grounds of this assumption are various. One class would prohibit the State from interference in the support of religion, as derogatory and dangerous to the ecclesiastical polity; another, as injurious to what they call vital religion; another, as trenching on the right of man to choose his religion for himself; and another, as exceeding the true functions of civil government, whether those functions are supposed to be restricted by the constitution of society, or by an original compact, or by the existing pressure of force from without. There are, thus, no less than six distinct theories which in a perfect view of the subject would require to be noticed, each of them involving questions of magnitude and difficulty. And one chief difficulty consists in a certain admixture of truth with them all. It is true, that the interference of the State has at times most materially injured the ecclesiastical system; that we are suffering from it at this moment;—true, that a decay of piety did, and must ever follow the abuse of Church patronage for political purposes;—true, that a compulsory religion is no religion at all—true, that the powers of government are not unlimited, that there are some things naturally beyond its reach in all societies;—that in some, as in the case of Scotland—(not, as Mr. Gladstone has incautiously expressed himself, in India)—original com-

pacts do exist;—and that in our own country the recognized power of the democracy must act as a check upon the government. And to acknowledge these truths, even mixed up as they have been with error, is the first step to disentangle our difficulties. The next is to fix certain principles which ought, under any circumstances, to regulate the support given by the State to the Church.

First, then, none is to be offered in opposition to the system and teaching of the Church itself. A servant must not serve his master against his orders, and the governor of a state, like any private individual, is in spiritual matters the subject of the Church. Hence the criminality of political rulers, who, on their own authority, without consulting the Church, have meddled with articles of faith, altered rituals, assumed spiritual power, or infringed in any respect upon the spiritual offices and independence of the Church as established by God. Hence the still greater criminality of those political acts, which have crippled her resources, cut short or prevented the multiplication of her bishops, prohibited the extension of her system to the colonies, suspended her councils, deliberately corrupted her ministry, degraded her in the eyes of the world into a mere tool of secular government, and visited a refusal to consecrate bad men to be her bishops with the penalties of *præmunire*. Such have occasionally been the deeds of governments in this country, and no one can wonder that, if they were still rarer than they are, they should have raised doubts as to the expediency of political interference at all.

But, secondly, the support of the State must not be such as violates any of the acknowledged laws of society—no trespass on legal right—no infraction of just conventions—no disturbance of natural subordinations.

And there is another obvious limit to State interference. There must be no futile exercise of power—no attempt to convert men's minds by burning their bodies—no waste of legislation where legislation is without efficacy—no rude efforts to proselytize, which repel and exasperate instead of winning over enemies—no use of prerogative or force which may end in destroying itself instead of crushing opposition. Common prudence suggests this rule, as the laws of God and of nature involve the others; and it is the neglect of these, a neglect

as common in private life as in the conduct of states, not anything peculiar in the nature of political power, which has cast such suspicion upon its use, and must embarrass the application of that simplest of all simple principles on which Mr. Gladstone has founded his argument. "All power (says he) comes from God; and therefore all power must be employed in the promotion and with the sanction of religion; and therefore the State is bound to support the Church." Had he said that all power ought to be employed in accordance with the will of God, and not merely for the promotion of religion, his words would have been less open to cavil, because they would evidently have implied the limitations suggested above. But with both the principle and the limitations admitted (and we do not see how either can be disputed), the only difficulty will be to apply them to particular cases. What money grants should be made by the State? or should any be made? What part the sovereign may take in calling councils, sanctioning canons, enforcing uniformity, or the like? What privileges and offices of state may wisely be intrusted to the clergy? What degree of trust, if any, reposed in men estranged from the communion? And thus the fit answer will be given to so many of the theories above alluded to, as have been framed in order to escape from the mere abuses of political power—on the difficulty, not the wrongfulness of employing it. And to this point we shall return hereafter.

But there is another class of men who, without entering into any theory, are content with the fact, that in all popular states, perhaps in all alike, the religion of the government must follow the religion of the people; and that where the people are divided, as in England, religion must be abandoned altogether as a matter of necessity, whether right or wrong. And in this also there is much truth. It is true that the legislation of this country does take its tone, whether for good or for evil, from what is called public opinion, and the still more direct pressure of popular suffrage. It is true also that a popular government cannot long maintain a religion which is opposed to the feelings of the nation. And if the people of this country combine to attack the Church, the King, Lords, and Commons will be compelled to abandon it.

The question then rises, what resistance can, or should any, be made to the

popular will? And looking to the impossibility of resisting it long; at the supposed impossibility of converting it; at the harsh measures which it is thought are implied in the support of the Church against the conscience of the people, there are a number of men who are inclined to abandon the struggle and quietly submit at once. Now much would be done towards animating them to maintain their post if they could be made to see a chance of recovering the people themselves, and by the agency, not so much of the State, as of the Church—if they could be brought to undertake this work by right means—if they were convinced that nothing was required of themselves which could infringe on their civil duties as legislators, or on the real rights of conscience—if their views of the responsibilities of government were elevated—above all, if their eyes were opened to the real claims and nature of the Church.

But the danger lies chiefly here. When men feel themselves compelled under pressure to recede from a ground of duty, they are strongly tempted to look out for some middle, half-way position, which may break their fall, and which they hope will prove more tenable. They endeavour to compromise with their conscience for the sacrifice which they are making by resolving to make no more after this one; and they are glad to affect a belief, first, that the wrong which they are doing is compulsory and necessary, and then, that what is necessary must be right: and thus they proceed by degrees, not merely to act or to suffer under protest, but voluntarily upon principle. This has been the progress of the national conscience for many centuries, and it deserves full consideration. Mr Gladstone has traced one portion of it, the most rapid and most remarkable, in his sketch of the History of Toleration. And we cannot help hoping that, his powerful mind having once been drawn to the subject, he will be induced to examine it still more minutely. Nothing could prove more clearly the wisdom of resting, as he has done, the duty of maintaining the Church upon its Catholic and Apostolic character—an argument which to some will appear far-fetched and mystical—than to point out how this ground being once abandoned, step after step, by necessary consequences the people and the State fell together into the final adoption of

the maxim of the present day,—that religion is a thing in which man has no authority with man ; that it rests between the individual and his God ; and therefore the State not only cannot, but ought not, to profess or inculcate it.

How far this maxim, which in words is very commonly professed even among men professedly religious, has established itself in the national conscience, it may be wrong to pronounce. It is certainly gaining ground, and is the watch-word of all those who would exclude religion from government, not as a matter of necessity, where the people are divided among themselves, but as a matter of right under all circumstances. When its full meaning and results are developed, there are, perhaps, few minds which it will not startle. But between this and the departure from the Catholic principle of the Church there is an inevitable descent : no resting-place or half-way house, as we are accustomed to hear. If we are to escape from the bottom of the fall, we must, with Mr. Gladstone, place ourselves at once at the top.

This was the position occupied by the first Christian emperors. When they describe in their laws the religion which they profess, they, in the most marked manner, use the language which Mr. Gladstone would restore to our own statute-book—'The Catholic faith.' 'The faith handed down by our ancestors.' 'The Catholic holiness—the judgment and fixed line marked out by the Catholic religion.' 'The Catholic and Apostolic teaching.' 'We will that nothing be enjoined but what the gospel, and the faith of the Apostles, and uncorrupted tradition has preserved.' 'The one Catholic faith.' 'That true and irreprehensible faith, which is preached by the Catholic and Apostolic Church, and which admits of no innovation.' 'The faith which we hold, taking our stand on and adhering to the tradition and confession of the holy Catholic Church.'

Then comes a slight departure from the right standard of truth ; and Gratian and Theodosius take instead the creed of the churches of Rome and Alexandria, in which, during the influx of Arianism and other heresies, the Catholic faith had been preserved most rigidly. The defection was slight, but it was fatal ; and its course is worthy of being traced. From singling out particular churches as the depository of Catholic truth, it was easy to confine the view to one of the

most prominent and at that time the most pure ;—and the creed of Rome alone occurs next as the faith of the legislator. Still it was the Catholic creed as attested by Rome. But the witness soon became the paramount authority. From the Roman Church the transition was natural to the Roman Pontiff, with or without his council. From the Pope virtually, though not nominally, it passed into the hands of religious orders, whom the see of Rome, that it might appear to lead, was compelled to follow ; and they fell naturally under the rule of individual teachers, seraphic and angelic doctors, and self-created saints. And then, when the authority thus rashly conferred had been abused, and men had been accustomed to look to an individual as the master of their faith, it was easy for the monarch to transfer to himself the prerogative of the pope ; and, as in the statutes of our own Tudor princes, the will of the Sovereign comes forth as the rule in religion.* By Henry VIII., indeed, adherence to the Catholic Church was still openly proclaimed, though rather as a support than a check for his arbitrary caprices. But even this disappears under his successor. 'The true faith,' 'the sincere and pure religion,' words which every religionist would apply to his own creed, and which contain no external test of truth whatever, nothing but the belief of the individual, are the description of the faith which he maintains.† And the supposed piety of the individual, and real truth of his opinions in general, in this as in more modern instances, disguised the danger of the principle. But the descent did not stop here. From the sovereign the right of judgment passed naturally to the whole legislature ; and the contempt and weakness into which the Church had fallen, and the number of statutes rendered necessary by the deeds of the Reformation, the legislature appears too frequently not, in some degree, to justify the expression of 'religion by act of parliament.' Every step thus far was easy and natural ; and even the last was not without excuse ; since the agreement of a whole legislature might rationally be held a far stronger proof of truth than the will of an individual monarch ; and still the Catholic Church was kept in view, though thrown into the background : and the connection between Protestant

* 32 Henry VIII., 14 ; 25 Henry VIII., 21.

† Edward VI., c. 1.

communions, the references to antiquity required by the controversy with Popery, the influence of old prejudices and institutions, and the express declarations of the Anglican Church, prevented men from supposing that either parliament or sovereign was in religion all in all. But this step was taken at last. One grand effort was made by the people in sects and bodies to assert for themselves the right, which had been claimed by the government, of pronouncing what was the true Gospel and true Church—and the Great Rebellion followed. But the innumerable divisions, blasphemies, and follies to which the struggle gave birth, soon brought it to an end, and the Church was once more established at the Restoration; and, by common confession, upon principles much sounder* and more conformable to the true Catholic theory than had prevailed for many centuries. The morals and feelings of the nation, however, had been corrupted and unsettled by the excesses of the Rebellion and the recoil from puritanism; the court was profligate; the clergy in poverty. The Church became identified with the political interests of the restored family and popery—with a French invasion and civil tyranny. Then followed the Revolution and the union with Scotland, and a still further connection of religion with the notion of a foreign pretender, of the Church with a political establishment, and of religious toleration with the maintenance of Whiggism, until the Catholic Church was degraded even from its position as a grand instrument of general government—a position in itself, though high, yet false and dangerous—into that of a tool for a party—the right hand of Toryism. In this character it remained for years. And, painful as it is to disparage the generations from which we have sprung ourselves, it is impossible to look at the representations given of the clergy of that period; at the poverty of our theological literature; at the torpor of our schools and universities; the cessation of great works for the Church; the corruption of the fine arts, and particularly of ecclesiastical architecture; the prostitution of endowments for political purposes; and the acknowledged profligacy and infidelity of both the higher and lower classes—it is impossible to look at these facts and

to wonder that a revulsion came on, and that the Church was too weak to resist it.

This revulsion commenced with a revival of personal piety in Methodism, and of independent religious inquiry in Socinianism; and the growth of our manufacturing towns, creating a numerous poor population, unprovided for by the existing establishment, and a large class of active, self-confident minds, of common business-like habits, threw open a wide field for the spread of both. In each, individual feeling, or individual reason, was made the test of truth; and the effect was much the same as that of the schoolmen and mendicant friars under the reign of popery—to claim for the individual citizen that right of judgment in religion which other individuals, his rulers, had claimed before, and had evidently abused, or were unfit to exercise. But the Church of England had neither the craft of monkery nor the power of the Vatican to uphold—could she have wished to uphold by such means—her apparent supremacy against these new pretensions. To resist them (such had been the suppression and decay of true church principles), she had no other resource at hand but to call up her political claims, or a zeal uninstructed in her true title to respect, and therefore misdirected and mischievous. And it must be confessed that her most active and spiritual-minded members, to whom it is impossible to refer without gratitude and admiration, did nevertheless, in the common ignorance of the day, encourage rather than check Dissent, by adopting the same wrong appeals to the feelings and the reason, by looking more to personal piety than the social duties of the Church, and by distrusting or forgetting altogether the testimony and authority of Catholicity. To point out this error evinces no insensibility to their other important services to Christianity. It was the fault of the age even more than of themselves.

At this point the pressure of Dissent began to make itself felt in the House of Commons. One by one, the civil disabilities which had been imposed upon dissenters—for political not ecclesiastical ends—were removed as those ends ceased to be answered. As restrictions for the benefit of the family on the throne they were no longer found necessary: as punishments, they were contrary, not only to a false, but to the true theory of toleration: as safeguards for the

* Fox, James II., p. 20, c. 11, p. 153; Clarendon, *Rebell.*, b. i. p. 134, edit. 1826; Wordsworth, *Eccles. Biography*.

Church, they were little contemplated, and, perhaps, were not right or useful; and whether contemplated or not, they could not be maintained against the increasing force of opinion. And in all this we can scarcely think there was much to blame. If wrong was done, it was done upon compulsion. Whether it ought to have been done by the parties who professed to think it wrong is another question, into which we are not bound to enter. But the chief error lay not in conceding to Dissent what might be just, or could not be withheld, but in not foreseeing the end of the concessions, and rousing and strengthening the Church to diminish Dissent itself. This was, and still is, the part of a wise legislator; and it is not too late. But the moment is critical, and everything depends on the reasons now assigned for supporting the Church.

What, then, is the false principle which the State is now required to establish? It is, let us remember, not the original principle of Dissent, the right of religious societies to frame their creed and forms, and to impose them on their members, without reference to the Catholic Church. This was evil enough. But beyond this depth there is a deeper still: and the modern claim is made for *individuals*. It is the right of private judgment, without reference to any society or human authority whatever; in other words, *the absolute supremacy, in religion, of the will and the fancy of the individual*.

How much of truth there is in such a maxim, and what are its inevitable conclusions, are a future question. But the gradations by which an irresolute, uninstructed government may be brought finally to acknowledge it are clear. It will begin by defending the Church, not because she is Catholic, but because her doctrines agree with the received notion of true Christianity, and because her moral and religious influence is salutary; and forms, such as matters of Church government, will be set aside as secondary. If not divine, they are indifferent; if not seen to be Catholic, there is no proof of their being divine. This is the first step; and Presbyterianism and the Church are at once brought under the same comprehension. But if Catholicity is no proof of divine institution in forms, or may safely be neglected in forms, it must be the same in abstract doctrines. All nice and subtle refinements, as they are called, may be abandoned. Hold to the practical fundamental facts of Chris-

tianity, and this is enough. Here the door opens again to admit almost every sect calling itself Christian, Unitarianism, perhaps, excepted. But why protest against this? Your belief that it opposes fundamental doctrines is only your own opinion. You profess no other ground for rejecting it; and the opinion of your sect is no better than the dogma of another. Admit Unitarianism, and take the ground of what you call Christianity. But why Christianity? Christianity in any form, without the proof of its being a revelation, is but a human opinion. It may seem wise, and do good; but so does any religion which acknowledges a future state and the moral attributes of God. The Jew and the Mahometan stand at the door; why not admit them? And then there will be a pause—a short pause—but wholly vain; and Deism and Pantheism, Socialism and Chartism—every mad phantasma which may pretend to call itself religion—everything which makes mention of a God, whether a God in heaven, or in earth, an idol in stone, or an idol in nature, or a pageant of man's own fancy—every thing which professes to raise man to some object higher than himself—will rush in together. They, too, have their elevating truths, their omnipotent powers, their moral duties, their creed, and worship. Who shall draw the line between them?

In vain some favourite dogma, as the belief in a future state, will be thrown up to bar farther entrance. Without any such belief, man may be moral, perhaps even religious; and, after all, it is a human opinion, and *as such* no better founded than the materialism of the atheist. Or the state may throw up another barrier, and require some testimony and guarantee; for instance, the demand of twenty resident householders, that their place of worship should be recognised. But if twenty, why not ten? And if ten, why not five? And if five, why not one? And then the whole dream of exclusion is swept away; and every man, profess what he may, will demand sanction and encouragement alike.

And the State will endeavour to give it. Rather than abandon that which instinct, and reason, and experience, and revelation, declare to be the very talisman of its existence—it will make an effort to dole out its bounties, and to diffuse its smiles equitably, that is, in numerical proportion, upon all. It will place itself in the monstrous position of holding contra-

dictions as truths; of supporting what it cannot believe; of asserting that God exists, but without thinking it important to know what is his nature; of encouraging his worship, without caring how it is performed: of making individual opinion the test of truth, and at the same time setting truth at defiance; and then, when despised and scoffed at by every sect alike, it will finally abandon the attempt. It will prohibit any mention of religion, and take refuge in the principle now put into its mouth, that political society, at least, has no concern with the worship of God or the soul of man; and then will come the end. If the State—the supreme power—the collective wisdom of the nation, as it is supposed, may not interfere with such matters, may not pronounce on religious truths, no lesser power or wisdom can pretend to do so. All human authority must be abolished in religion. This must be the point to which concession will finally be driven; and they are the best logicians who take this ground at once.

This is that principle of Dissent which the State is now called on to establish; and when it is established, what is to become of the State itself?

This question Mr. Gladstone had answered in describing the natural triumph and end of human wilfulness. And there is an eloquence, and, what is better, an earnestness of mind in what he has written, which must command the greatest respect. He is also to be cordially thanked for not overlooking the danger of making the effect upon the State, not the injury to the Church, the primary object of interest. In treating the subject as a statesman, he has not forgotten that his first duty is, not to man, but to a power above man, and to the authorized representative of that power—the Catholic Church. And if it were possible to separate the interests of the two bodies, he would be bound, whenever they clashed, to sacrifice the State to the Church. But as such a collision cannot take place—as to benefit the Church is to benefit the State—as the mode of benefiting it is by obeying it—as the line of obedience is clear, whereas that of expediency is both doubtful and dark—as the intrusion of secondary objects embarrasses and obscures those which are primary, and accustoms the mind to false positions—for these, and all the other reasons which are to be urged against expediency morals, it is necessary to accompany the

purely political arguments for supporting the Church with a protest against the assumption of them as the true ground on which to fight the question.

Even without pretending to any extraordinary prudery on utilitarian morals, it is impossible to look back on the course of thought and argument through which we have sunk into our present position, without dreading the word 'expediency,' to which our decline is owing. 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,' is the motto, says Lord Bacon, for that king 'who maketh not religion the rule of government, but only casteth it in to make the scales even.*' And if the legislature of this country has been weighed and found wanting, and the kingdom has been divided, and the crown nearly taken from the sovereign, the cause is to be found here.

Even as a mere protest against expediency, Mr. Gladstone's book is important, and next to the suspicions respecting Paley's soundness, which seem to be rising up even at Cambridge under the sanction of Professors Whewell and Sedgwick, this may be regarded as one of the greatest steps which have been made to rescue our modern ethics from their present degradation.

But when this protest has been made, and it can scarcely be made too often, we may ask the legislator to consider what is to become of the State, the very object for which he is labouring, when he has been driven to acknowledge that 'religion is not a subject for the interference of man with man.'

First, then, it directly contradicts not only the express precepts and practice, but the fundamental doctrines of Christianity itself. Among all the mysteries of our present state, perhaps the most mysterious is the manifest truth, that God has placed so very much of man's happiness, his spiritual and highest interests, in the hands of man. What is to become of a system of which the beginning, middle, and end, rests on the union of man with man, of generation with generation, father with child, husband with wife, king with people—which makes all its members one mystical body, suffering and rejoicing all together—which sends its ministers into the world for the very purpose of preaching, teaching, warning, confirming, distributing God's blessings to man—which represents man as in every circumstance of life, even in the

* *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 393, 8vo.

most mysterious and highest of all, the instrument of God to govern and to save his fellow-beings—which makes the care of man the very test of our love to God, and the formation of a society of men into a kingdom ruling over men, the object of God's descent upon earth:—What is to become of such a system in the face of the declared maxim, that man has no right to concern himself in the religion of his fellow-man? Christianity, therefore, must be abandoned.

Every thing like a religious society must follow next—communions of every kind—Presbyterianism, Quakerism, Methodism, as well as the church. The very essence of such associations lies in the need and benefit of a mutual dependence of men upon each other for instruction, guidance, sympathy, comfort, and belief, in religion as in everything else. There can be no preaching—no attempts at conversion—no teaching, even by books—no employment of example—not even of social prayer; for thoughts and feelings cannot be united without some one presuming to control and dictate, a right which no one will possess.

With religious societies must perish religious truth—no elevated truth can be maintained without a combination of men to guard it from each other—to hold it up in the face of the world—to transmit it from one generation to another. With religious truth will perish all truth. The right of private judgment will be carried out to its full extent. There will be no even seeming truth but the opinion of the individual—and when that has changed, as it must do, over and over—what will remain? If men would trace this prospect in history, for history has already realized it in Athens, they would see something more than even external facts loosened and evaporated by these principles of sophistry. They would hear its victims doubting even the most internal evidence within them, mistrusting their senses, questioning their consciousness, regarding the world as a nonentity, their own existence as a dream; and trying to escape from this misery, as this people will try to escape it, by that which necessarily follows on the loss of truth—vice—unblushing, unrepentable vice. For virtue is obedience to law, and law is an external standard, ascertainable by reason; and when no external standard, it is thought, can be ascertained, men cease to seek for it, and follow the only rule which is left—the rule of their own inclination.

Every one will do what is pleasing in his own eyes, and call it *virtue*: it was so at Athens. Was it not so, for a season at least, in France?

And then the necessity will be obvious, of some party stepping in to overrule these individual fancies, to set up an external standard of right and wrong; to teach and educate their fellow men; to take an interest in their minds, though not in their souls. They are doing this in England, as they did at Athens. Even the sophists were compelled to profess the teaching of virtue; and our English sophists are the first to clamour for a *board of education*.

We ask—upon what pretence?—*What is there in morality, which there is not in religion, to justify the interference?* If Catholic Christianity cannot give a governor a right to diffuse Christianity, philosophy can give no commission to make a people philosophers. Natural benevolence, power, and authority, are titles the same in each. To a still better title, that of a special divine appointment, the philosopher cannot even pretend. Truth can give him no authority; for he cannot prove his system of morals without the help of principles, which he has already set at naught: as human, it is not tenable against the contempt which he has engendered for all human opinion; as divine, it cannot be established without the very argument from Catholicity, which he has rejected in rejecting the Church. To prove that his moral law came from God and not from man, as the Pantheistic rationalism, which is now spreading like a fungus around us, seems willing to allow, he must show, not that all men in all ages have acknowledged it, (for this he cannot do,) but that in the most remote unconnected countries, it has been held by detached bodies of men—on the tradition of their fathers,—as part of a law originally received from God;—that it has been preserved carefully from corruption—publicly and constantly proclaimed—embodied in positive institutions;—referred to as a standard of right—mutually compared—accepted by the rulers of societies as conditions of their rule—and with a pledge to promulgate it;—and lastly, that it came from God and not from man, because it was opposed to man, to his natural reason and passions—because it had been constantly resisted by innumerable moral heresies, and maintained with difficulty against them—because it was as unlike to any invention of immoral man,

as the mysteries of Christianity to the definiteness of logical philosophy. But this catholicity of ethics the philosopher cannot admit in his own scheme without condemning his contempt for it in the Church: he must therefore take other grounds, and he will fall back upon the beauty of morality, on its internal harmony with our nature, on its excitement of feeling, its self-evident happiness. This is the scheme which is now rising up to cover the nakedness of heathenism.

And of it one thing is obvious. If it be so natural, so obviously beautiful, where is the need of enforcing it? Why all this bustle of education to prevent vice, if virtue be so congenial to man? Or, if it be necessary to enforce it against the will of the subject, what sanction has the philosopher with him but brute force—brute force to make men love the drug which they are compelled to swallow?

But it is also easy to ask, why, in this list of natural virtues and beautiful emotions, is religion to be excluded? Moral feelings are indeed natural; moral affections full of pleasure; they spring up spontaneously towards other moral beings whenever they are placed before us, as sounds utter themselves when the string is touched. But God is a moral being as well as man; and piety is as natural towards him as obedience towards parents, or pity towards the distressed: and there is but one way of excluding religion from forming a part and portion of morality—the way of Atheism.

True indeed—the *philosopher* will say—but then God is invisible; and human rulers can only consider what is before their eyes. Legislation must be real, tangible—it cannot enter into mysteries and theories. We ask in what sense God is invisible, in which nearly all, perhaps all the persons to whom we owe duties upon earth, are not equally hidden from us? What does man see of his family, of his country, of his king, even of his nearest friend, but what he sees of God—outward forms to symbolize inward acts? We owe no duties to men's bodies, except as representatives of their minds; and those minds we never saw, even in those who are nearest to us. We hear of them—read of them—look at them through a veil—interpret their movements as we are able—realize their presence by imagination—take our notions of our relation to them from others—concentrate our affections on them by an effort of thought—look to them as to per-

sons out of sight, even as men look to God; and carry on communion with them also, not by sight, but faith. If acting without sight is mysticism, our whole moral life is mysticism. If a legislator may not rule except where he can touch and handle, he has no business with morality.

And yet—a coarser-minded moralist will say—without any romance of sympathies and aspirations of heroism—there are plain homely duties—honesty for instance, temperance, conformity to established laws, without which society must fall to pieces; and government must inculcate these. Undoubtedly; the most ordinary common-place legislators have always thought so. Bishop Warburton, imperfect and painful as his theory is, has shown* the practice of statesmen in all ages, and the necessity of adopting it. He has, indeed, wrongly implied that they propagated a religion for the sake of morality; but he has not produced any instance of their establishing morality without religion. It is a dream which never was realized. Even the ethics of the French Revolution could not be propagated without a Goddess of Reason.

Empty men of their natural passions, or crush them with a police, like criminals in a gaol, or place them under the watch of a stern searching public opinion, or so stimulate and sublimize their selfishness, till they invariably do their duty, because they see it is their interest—and it may be possible for men to herd together within the same boundaries and under a common name, and without many great outbreaks of crime. And *this* is the promise held out, when alarm is expressed at the attack upon religion—*this* the utmost which those, who are despairingly giving way before the pressure, pretend to hope for. Civilisation and information and the police are to do everything!

Alas! what is it which now keeps up the tone of public morals, and acts with a far more searching efficacy than laws or magistrates or men in general? It is not merely religion, let us remember, for religion, true, faithful religion, may be but rare. It is the *Church*† as Bishop Butler says—it is her institutions—her daily presence—the voice of her ministers—her forms—her high *standard of practice*—still held up to view even amidst the worst defection of her individual members—

* Divine Legislation.

† Analogy, Part II. c. 1, p. 207.

which unconsciously act upon the world at large; and especially on that large portion of the world which the recommendation and example of the State bring into her bosom, as a matter of course, without any real feeling of devotion. While the State contemplated all its subjects as Christians, they were baptised, came to church, listened to sermons, respected their ministers, called themselves Christians, and with the title adopted many of the practices of the Church, much as they followed the fashion of their rulers in any other point; and the Church had no authority to reject them.

And if any one think that even this, imperfect as it is, had no influence on their conduct, we refer them to Mr. Gladstone's admirable remarks in his third chapter. With the defection of the State this class of citizens will fall away also—there will still be left a small body raising its protest against vice, and exhibiting as it may exhibit, even in the most promiscuous crowd of imperfect Christians, a high example of morality; and there may be many other bodies and sects professing to inculcate it also. But the indifferent, the ignorant, the wilfully bad, the peasantry, the manufacturing population, much of the upper classes, and the whole of what is called the fashionable world, who are at present brought under the influence of the Church chiefly by political prejudices or statistical arrangements, will then be left to themselves. Church and meeting-house will be both alike, and neither will be entered; religious society, with its elevated morals, will never be brought before them—or it will assume a harsh, alien, exclusive character—open to the charge of hypocrisy and self-conceit—and therefore repulsive. The profligacy of Charles II.'s reign was the natural recoil from a sectarian puritanism. And the Church to the majority of men will wear the same harsh aspect, and produce in them the same evil, whenever, by ceasing to be the Church of the State, it shall cease to contain within its bosom the bad as well as the good, to unite them both under one code of laws and one language—with this only difference, that the good only do what all alike profess—and the hypocrisy is confessedly with the bad. We cannot dwell longer on this point—but the softening, unhumiliating, unassuming influence of the good on the bad, when they are both united by an external authority in one society, and pledged to the same observances, without any af-

fectionation of exclusiveness, is, perhaps, one of the most powerful means of diffusing at least external decency; and without it society must be rent at once into two great divisions of pure good, and pure evil; and the battle, a battle which revelation teaches us to expect, as the present world draws to its end, will commence between them. What police will be sufficient to keep peace and order among nearly a whole people released from the restraints of religion? What moral laws can be substituted which they will recognise as binding when religion is discarded—who will maintain these laws—what shame can be expected when the highest authority before them has abdicated its right to censure—how the tone of public opinion can be kept elevated, when the organ which expresses it is daily sinking—these are points to be solved by the Board of Education.

But then it is added, virtue is so expedient—it is so evidently a man's interest to be honest, and obedient, and sober, that only make men clever and well informed, and they must be good. Teach the ploughman and mechanic to use their intellects—give them lessons in history, chemistry, botany, and zoology—endow plenty of schools, and all will be safe. It is to be feared that the statistics of crime, lately collected, very little justify this confidence in the horn-book and the school-master; but without any such perplexing inquiries, there are two facts in human nature which settle the question at once—give men all the talents in the world, and they cannot ascertain what their real interest is without the light of law to guide them prior to all calculation—give them all this light, and yet they have not the power of following it without supernatural assistance. No human intellect can collect all the possible contingencies of actions, and strike a balance—and no human will can of itself pursue real good even while it is acknowledged to be good. If you want to make men act—men, we mean, without Christianity—you must give them passions—and passions in reality, not reason, are the things to which theorists look for keeping an un-Christianized people from crime: create avarice enough, and a manufacturer must be honest to avoid losing his custom: make men cowards at the thought of sickness, and they will continue sober: fill them full of ambition, and they will never act against public opinion; in other words, only make them vicious enough, and they will infal-

libly be virtuous—and on these homœopathic morals we are to rest our hopes that neither prisons nor treadmills will be needed, when we have once got rid of the Church.

There is, indeed, a simpler mode of escaping from these difficulties; and Locke saw that, having thrown over the Church, he must boldly adopt this mode at once, instead of being gradually driven to it through the other half-and-half theories. If the State is in any sense to be considered the moral ruler of its subjects, it must endeavour to rear them up in the Church, or the Church and Christianity alike must be rejected as false. From this conclusion Locke shrunk: and to escape it he manfully denied his premise. He limited the right of the government to the preservation of life and property—made it, in fact, a high constable, or commissioner of police, and nothing more; and then, to prop up one falsity by another, as something was needed to justify this arbitrary limitation of its power, he adopted the *social compact*—a compact made nobody knows when, nobody knows where, nobody knows by whom—which men never did make, nor could make, because they never could have been without some lawful authority over them—or, to use Locke's words, *in a state of nature*. With this lie, for it cannot be called less, (and the gross inconsistencies which are palpable in Locke's Letters on Toleration, would almost show that he felt it to be such), we have little to do. All inquiry into an original compact is superseded by the necessity of acknowledging that a virtual compact does exist at present. Though false of society at its commencement, it may become nearly true in its progress. It must be true of every nation, which, retaining monarchical forms and the old machinery of government, gradually shifts the real power and the last appeal to the body of the people, leaving the king and parliament the authority of a provisional committee, and this alone. We have not yet reached the extreme of this case ourselves, but we are rapidly verging to it; and the consequences are manifest.

In the first place, there can be no real government at all. The people cannot act by themselves: no numerous body can act except through delegates; the very necessity of appointing a committee for the management of every society proves the impossibility. But to this natural incapacity add a jealousy and suspi-

cion of the committee which they are compelled to create—a difference of opinion on the most essential questions—the demand of a constant reference to themselves on every matter of importance, an irritable self-consequence which will allow no one to think for or to guide them—and you paralyze at once the movements of the whole body. The society cannot stir—the committee cannot stir. On a few, very few points indeed, on which all parties may be agreed, or which are viewed with indifference, there will be liberty for the government to act, but on no others; and the more the people think, and judge, and interfere with the details of administration, the more the machine will be clogged, till it stands still. The history of the late sessions of parliament is an illustration at hand; and if little has been done this year, still less will be done next: and perhaps this suspension of the recent fever of legislation will be a happy thing for the country. The evil does not lie in the legislature doing little or nothing, but in their being confined to do only what is comparatively poor and paltry. They can only manage what the body of the people will trust to them; and the body of the people being divided on the most important of all questions—religion—with religion, whatever be their wishes, they cannot interfere. To call on them to support the Church, while a large proportion of the voices and wills which they represent are in favour of Dissent, is to demand an impossibility. On one interest, indeed, men of even the most opposite religions will agree—the value of their life and their purse: and as this cannot be secured without a police, they will entrust to their committee of management sufficient physical force and liberty of judgment to keep their homes and highways from robbers or a French army. To this they will restrict it—and thus what Lockeism pronounces to be right will become a fact; and 'society and government will exist only for the procuring, preserving, and advancing civil interests . . . life, liberty, health, and indolency of body, and the possession of outward things, such as money, lands, houses, furniture, and the like; and the jurisdiction of the magistrate will be bounded and confined to the only case of promoting these things.'* And what will be the consequence?

* Letters on Toleration, p. 351, 410.

Let us think first why Nature has formed political society at all—why she has so contrived things that we cannot exist without it—that it springs up as a necessary condition of human nature even against the will of its members—and we shall then be prepared to feel the answer which must be given; namely, that when government is thus reduced into a mere organ of physical force, Political Society must perish.

Look at man, as he comes into the world, with a helpless body, with evil passions, no experience, strong and pure affections, a craving for sympathy—for something better and greater than himself, for permanence, reality, and truth—and withering away without these, as a seed in a barren soil; and we see why Nature brings him into the world in one form of society—the bosom of a Family—why a family is as necessary to his development as air to his body—how it rears his animal life—supplies him laws and physical control for his conduct—conveys to him instruction, gives him objects for affection, ensures him community of interests, raises for him an ideal excellence and greatness, and invests it with the duration of ancestry and progeniture; so that when perfect in its organic parts, and rightly regulated, his home is a little world in which all the virtues of human nature can spring up and find a partial fulfilment. Destroy it, and the individual man is destroyed with it.

But something else is wanted beyond and above the Family—a power which shall interpose, where the moral control of consanguinity fails to repress crime—which shall protect families from each other—which shall regulate those relations and communications with each other required by the animal necessities of man, as well as by his moral sympathies—which shall unite them together in resistance to external attacks, and in accomplishing those grand objects which a mere family is too small to attempt, but which are as necessary for the perfect exercise of man's faculties as for the good of the world and the designs of Providence—but which, above all, shall fix and preserve embodied in institutions* more permanent than families, those great

principles of right and truth on which the domestic system must be founded, in order to fulfil its purpose of rearing and educating man.

Keep in view this relation of families to individuals, and of the State to families, and we shall see the use of *political society*—its nature—the limits of the powers of government—but especially its necessity—for without it the family must perish: and the very first condition of its existence must be what Mr. Gladstone has rightly called the *personality of the State*. If it is to protect families from internal and external aggression, it must be armed with a physical force, and that force must be wielded by a will, under the control of those moral laws to which all will is subject. If it is to be a head and centre of union, men cannot permanently unite round any centre but a moral being like themselves. They have watchwords, and rallying cries, which may seem to hold them together, as the Glorious Revolution, or the Days of July, or Liberty and Equality, or a Tri-coloured Flag—but it is not these abstractions which unite them, but the accident of one common feeling, which will no sooner pass away than the mass will fall to atoms.

For any permanent union of men there must be a submission of individual will to an authority above them—and that authority must be moral and personal; it must command respect and affection as well as compulsory obedience. It must have that sanction which even the bad recognise, and without which the good cannot love,—high principles of duty, absence of selfishness, a law over its will—the many sanctions which in human eyes give a title to command, of prescription, antiquity, personal goodness, and accordance of sentiment; but it must have, most of all, a sanction from the source of all power—the sanction of religion—that in the strongest of all feelings the subject may sympathise with the rulers—that he may have some security above man's against the abuse of power—that when he follows willingly it may be with his whole heart, and when unwillingly with the sense that his obedience is paid to God; that no pity or contempt for error may break in on the fulness of his respect; that he may have a guarantee for the wisdom of his counsels, and for the stability of the principles and institutions which he is called on to support; and that he may look for God's blessing on a rule

* A writer of high philosophical powers has recently enlarged on this subject with so much acuteness and eloquence, that we are glad to refer to his work.—See 'The Kingdom of Christ,' by the Rev. Frederick Maurice, Chaplain of Guy's Hospital.

administered in obedience to God's will. Strip a ruler of these—prohibit him from professing religion—withdraw the name of God from his acts and his laws—compel him in the highest functions of life to declare himself willingly an atheist—or enslave his conscience to conceal on the throne what it is man's highest duty and glory to proclaim in the cottage—his relation to his Maker;—and beyond a temporary enthusiasm, or the passion of an army for its general, as of France for Napoleon, he has nothing left to attach his subjects to himself; and the bond which holds society together will fall to pieces. Other centres will form instead; kingdoms will break up into provinces; provinces into districts: the Nation is in anarchy—and the next thing to be expected is a foreign invasion and conquest.

And in the mean time, what is to become of the Family? Even if outwardly it continues to exist, where will be its moral code, its religious spirit, when left without the example, and influence, and control of the State, to the caprice of individual parents? Where will be even its right to educate its members either morally or religiously—when the maxim has once been established that religion is a thing between man and his God, with which man has no right to interfere? You cannot draw the line between the State and the parent: you cannot allow to one what you deny to the other. If power—power over life—gives a title to teach religion to a child—power over life, even Lockeism allows to be the essential characteristic of a government. If the parent is wiser, so is the governor, or, as Mr. Gladstone rightly says, he is not fit to govern—if older, so is the State—if the child is weak and ignorant, and incapable of judging for himself, so, by the common confession, the great bulk of mankind also are, in matters of religion. And if God has given authority to a parent by placing the child under his rule, he has also given authority to government. For whether governments were conventional or not, the very necessity of their existence is a warrant that they are instituted by God; the designer is the same, whatever be the mode in which he originates his work. Create families, and unless you can wholly insulate them, which is impossible, they must combine: they may be held together by a patriarchal instinct; or gradually group round the largest property, and there continue on the principle of inheritance; or fall

under the strong arm of conquest; or voluntarily submit themselves to personal wisdom and goodness. But some centre must exist, and in that centre will develop a government—and that government is part of the will and design of God.

But *conscience*!—the conscience of the citizen! And we plead also for the conscience of the child. What is meant by conscience? Is it the only thing worthy of the name—a keen sense of duty founded on a clear comprehension of all our relations and duties, humility and obedience included—and claiming nothing but permission to exercise self-denial? We ask, where this is to be found among the millions of subjects who talk of their conscience, any more than in the child? Is it the mere fancy of the individual, the feeling or opinion of the moment, and nothing more than a name for self-will? *This*, which is really the '*conscience*,' so vaunted and so exalted, the child has far more than the man, and it must be honoured in each alike. Or is it a mere bigoted attachment to an existing religion? The child, indeed, is born without any religion; but if the State has no right to convert, a parent has no right to indoctrinate. If the State may not presume to assert and inculcate its own views of truth upon adults, from the possibility of leading men into error, much less may an individual take advantage of the helplessness of a child to give him what may prove a wrong bias.

And thus with the authority of the State must perish the authority of the Family; and so Locke felt; and notwithstanding the better inconsistencies into which he naturally fell, either his philosophy or his practice induces him to treat the most sacred of domestic relations with levity and almost insult.*

What, however, is to become of the State when thus the bonds of all society are loosened, and one only control for the child, as for the man, remains—*brute force*—brute force stripped of all that can give it dignity, and beauty—shackled in all its better movements, prohibited from acknowledging the sanctions of God, or entering itself in his service; condemned to look on itself as a menial mercenary hireling—a constable, a tax-gatherer, a clerk—anything but a king—and on its subjects as bodies without souls? The end is clear. Brute force is perpetually shifting its balance, and the greatest amount

* See his Essay on Civil Government, *passim*.

must always be lying dormant in the hands of the multitude; and when government, with all its privileges, has become a matter of force, it will be a tempting object, and the struggle may be made at any time, and always with a chance of success. And then the masses (we are already become familiar with the language of the period) will rise against the few, and the few will have nothing to oppose them—no principles, no appeal to loyalty, no religious sympathy—not even the watchword of all patriotism—*pro aris et focis*—nothing but a *theory of society* in which the masses will entirely coincide, and only desire to carry into practice. And another scene still remains, the last act in the drama of society, when, on the ruins of property and institutions, and the miserable remains of the masses themselves, exhausted by bloodshed and crime, there will rise up a military despotism, to which all will succumb gladly as the only refuge from the storm, and of which the first act will be, as the necessary condition of all governments, to collect, like Napoleon, from the wreck, the fragments of some religious system, and once more to establish a Church.

Such is the necessary career of a State which has shaken off its allegiance to the Catholic Church. Once it has been realized already in the parallel history of heathenism, and its passage from a definite revealed creed into idolatry, scepticism, atheism, pantheism, and superstition. In both cases the succession of events is strikingly similar; in both there is the gradual corruption of an ancient faith by its own priesthood; in both an usurpation of temporal power by spiritual influence; in both the civil power becomes the rival instead of the member of Church, and encroaches in return on the spirituality;—as in the instance of our own Tudor princes. Then comes the union, either by foreign conquest or by compact, of different nations with different religions under one civil head. This renders necessary some compromise and connivance of error. Under this connivance dissension grows up rapidly even in the bosom of the State, till it becomes too strong to be resisted; then opposition to it ceases, and gradually, from enduring what it seemed impossible to extirpate, men at last come to excuse, to palliate, to see no fault in it, to make it rightful; and lastly, as a necessary apology, to lay down the fatal axiom, that 'religion is a thing between the conscience of the individual and his God.'

This history may be read most clearly in the preambles of our own statutes, from the earliest laws of Ina, and the other Saxon princes, down to the legislation of the present portentous epoch. Its parallel in heathen times may be studied in the downfall of the great eastern empires and their *popish* hierarchies, and especially in the remarkable period of the Ptolemies. And, once more, we cannot help hoping that Mr. Gladstone himself may be induced to devote his attention to it, and lay the foundation for a true political history, in a true view of the relation which politics have assumed towards religion.

A great question follows:—What is to become of the Church, supposing the State to have apostatized from it? And on this point, Mr. Gladstone, we rejoice to see, has spoken wisely and temperately. It may be true that there are persons within the Church who are beginning to view

'this connection with an eye of aversion or indifference—men attached to the State, but more affectionately and intimately cleaving to the Church, unwilling to regard the two as in any sense having opposite interests; but wearied, perhaps exasperated, by the injustice done of late years, or rather during recent generations, by the temporal to the spiritual body—injustice, inasmuch as the State has too frequently perverted and abused the institutions of the Church by unworthy patronage—has crippled or suppressed her lawful powers—and has, lastly, when these same misdeeds have raised a strong sentiment of disaffection against its ally, evinced an inclination to make a separate peace, and surrender her to the will of her adversaries.'—Chap. i. § 2, p. 2.

They may think also that a separation from the State will give the Church more freedom to raise her standard of piety [chap. iii., p. 85], to spread her arms wider, and to secure her faith against aggression. And if this were really the fact, no advantages to the State could balance the disadvantages to the Church resulting from the connection. But Mr. Gladstone, with all his insight into the strength and promised privileges of the Church, and the injury which it has sustained and still sustains in this country from wrong state-interference, has not permitted himself to suppose that it can become more free or more pure by being left to itself. Perhaps one of the most striking parts of his essay is his view of the assistance which an establishment confers on religion. But he has not exhausted the subject.

In the first place, what is to become of its *polity*, on which its faith, and therefore its all, depends? That polity, as

originally constituted, is a confederation of Bishops, each nearly absolute in his own diocese, all closely united for the government of the whole Church in the Episcopal College. It is a spiritual oligarchy, composed of spiritual monarchs: each is bound to preserve independently the standard of christian truth as transmitted from the Apostles; and to prevent corruption in any part, this is to be constantly subjected to general inspection: such is the theory of general councils, and the mode by which we distinguish the real Apostolical doctrines from interpolated opinions. Now fuse all these independent witnesses and authorities into one, as was done by the usurpation of the Pope, or detach them wholly from each other, and this beautiful machinery for the preservation of the truth is destroyed. The great problem therefore in Ecclesiastical polity is to maintain the independence of the bishops, without sacrificing their incorporation, and to incorporate them without subjecting them to one visible head.

But in all societies there exists a centripetal principle, a tendency to gather round some individual or locality, and to raise it above the rest by the combined pressure on its sides. In the Church, the energy of this principle is increased not merely by its Catholic character, but by the first doctrines and precepts of Christianity—unity and humility. To counteract it, the first thing is to form several centres, and distinct bodies which may resist each other; and it was in this manner the great churches of Alexandria, Constantinople, Rome, and Antioch, preserved the balance in the first centuries. But how are these to be formed? Evidently by taking some external centres and limits, as from existing political arrangements, or waiting till some agency within the Church creates them, as that of Rome was formed by Gregory, that of Geneva by Calvin, that of Germany by Luther. And Rome and Geneva are the best warnings against this latter alternative. There is the same centripetal tendency in the subdivisions as in the whole body of the Church—the same disposition to erect *popes*, to deify individuals, and to fuse the whole society into the will and opinion of its chosen head; and the Catholic principle is immediately perilled. It is the realization of the very principle of dissent, with merely this improvement, that the centre is more fixed and permanent. And therefore the only security is the formation of national churches, and

national churches cannot be formed without an union with the State.

But this is not all. Give a church activity and intelligence, and it must spread and acquire *power*, temporal as well as spiritual; for he who commands the mind commands the body. Is this to be lodged with the clergy? you have the worst feature of popery. But with the laity? what is to become of episcopacy? For he who commands the body, to a great degree also commands the mind. Frame a lay synod to balance the power of the bishops? you risk admitting an infusion of presbyterianism, and any such body must be framed on democratical principles; and how is a democratical body to work in harmony with the monarchical principle of episcopacy and the church? Some will be ready to say that in the days of the primitive Church, episcopacy was uncontrolled and yet not abused. We answer, that it was controlled—by poverty, by persecution, by the newness of circumstances, by the multitude and smallness of dioceses (and some of these conditions may be restored)—but chiefly by the catholicity of the church, which is now nearly lost, and with it the greatest check upon usurpations in national churches. One power still remains—the State; a power legitimate, and appointed by God; regular in its movements, naturally interested in maintaining episcopal authority, and connected with it by a mutual dependence. Gain possession of this, make it a member of the Church, and the representative of the laity of the Church, and repose in it such power as the laity may rightly possess; and then the question will be, whether the spiritual and temporal power, which cannot be dissevered from each other, and must be held by the same communion, shall be vested in one hand or in two. Shall the laity be a check on the clergy, and the clergy on the laity, or either of them be absolute and supreme? and the answer is easy.

But *vital religion*, it is said, is lost when the Church is thus established. Something, indeed, of activity is lost, for there is not so much left to be done. But the quietness, sobriety, and regularity of an established position in society are far more favourable to true Christianity than the excitement, the self-sufficiency, the spiritual pride, which are apt to be produced, when men are thinking not of educating themselves and others, but of proselytizing, battling, struggling against contempt, trying to gain influence—and this as an exclusive body.

The torpor of the last two centuries was produced, not by the State possessing, but by its abusing, its power. And the Church has the remedy in her own hands. No power on earth can corrupt it against its will. We may as well lay the fault of our minds upon our bodies, and insist on having none at all, because we give ourselves up to their evil influence. And even torpor is better than fanaticism. The spark lies hid; but it is not blown out. And we may thank the much-abused clergy of the old school, inactive and obsolete as they may seem, for the very revival of true Church principles which we now witness. It was from them, confessedly, that the views now propagated were received; while the misdirected zeal of Methodism has unsettled the very foundation of religious truth.

But *the clergy would be less open to secular motives.*—The clergy are but men, and a mixture of secular motives may enter into all their actions: but pride, vanity, and love of management, are as secular as avarice; and the temptations to all these sins are far less when the Church is, as it were, in garrison, its payment fixed, its duties regular, than when it is compelled to carry on a sort of guerrilla struggle to re-conquer an alienated people. There may be mischief working in a cathedral stall; but we suspect there is still more in the pulpit of a proprietary chapel. So, too, the truth which the Church is appointed for the very purpose of preserving, is far less endangered by languid teaching than by rhetorical declamation, and is never so likely to be gradually neglected as when its advocates are compelled rather to attack their opponents than defend themselves.

But *the communion would be more pure.*—Smaller it certainly would be. When the sanction of the State was withdrawn from the Church, its weak and ignorant members, who cannot appreciate spiritual claims, and are brought into it by naturally following the authority of their superiors, would fall away. But the Church is designed, as Mr. Gladstone has admirably shown, to hold even them in her bosom, and gradually to rear them to a higher faith; and a religion which is to do this, and is to make its way to numbers, must have some external evidence of truth, intelligible to ordinary minds. The Apostles for this purpose had miracles; Romanism its arts of priestcraft; Methodism its appeals to the passions; Socinianism, which has none of these, cannot find its way to

the poor. The Church in England is guaranteed by the sanction of the magistrate; and this removed, it would inevitably follow, looking only to the human condition of its preaching, that it would either be confined to the educated classes, or would be tempted to recur to some artifice for obtaining an influence with others; and the rest of the community must be abandoned to error, but more probably to infidelity.

Even *the discipline of the Church*, which, some persons surmise, would gain fresh vigour and purity by a separation from the State, would be little benefited. So far as it is exercised over obedient and submissive members, there is nothing at this moment to prevent the Church from administering it with sufficient rigour. Here she can have no check but her own discretion. But for contumacious offenders the case is different: she has for them no punishment but excommunication, a weapon far too formidable to be used on ordinary occasions, or without adequate proof of crimes. Yet, if left to herself, she must be prepared to inflict penalties on all offences. At present the State for her undertakes both the proof and the punishment. And if the penal code of a nation be framed and administered under her influence, and in harmony with her principles, it may be fairly considered a part of her spiritual discipline, just as when in a family the arm of the father is called in, where the moral power of the mother is too weak. But even if the Church could punish properly, she could not prove offences. She has scarcely any judicial apparatus. It was to supply this want that the mixed civil and spiritual constitutions of our ecclesiastical courts were framed. Without it, she must either act upon rumour, or confine her censures to the few cases of barefaced profligacy, or she must establish an inquisition and confessional. And an inquisition has been established, of some kind or another, in all those spiritual communions which have assumed an independent superintendence over their members, and not admitted the discipline of the State as part of the discipline of the Church. And the system, instead of being thus purified, has been filled with jealousy, hypocrisy, espionage, personal vindictiveness, superciliousness, injustice, and cruelty, till it has become either too oppressive to be borne, and the body has been split into factions, or, as in Romanism, an utter laxity of morals has at last

been allowed under the appearance of rigid discipline.

We have said nothing of that point which forms generally too prominent a feature in the discussion, the loss of the revenues of the Church; because the right to her endowments and to tithes rests upon a legal title, which cannot properly be affected by the separation. That the State would follow up apostasy by robbery is more than probable. But the Church has been robbed before even by pretended defenders; and so long as property is sacred, she must be maintained in her right even by those who abandon her. It is not true to talk of tithes as a donation from the State, resumable at pleasure, and therefore dependent on its Church-membership.

But there is one most important part of her resources which would inevitably be lost. We mean the great amount of private property embarked in it as a profession. By this the Church is for the most part maintained. The private incomes of the clergy, who are now enabled by the political respectability of the establishment to undertake its duties without sacrificing other claims, would be withdrawn, when that respectability ceased. Still there would be men of zeal and piety in its ranks. But when an institution is to be maintained permanently and over a wide extent, sober men do not calculate on extraordinary virtue, but on the commonplace morality of mankind; and it is as little safe as feasible to depend for the resources of the Church upon the precarious liberality of enthusiasm.

But without dwelling on these points, and the grievous loss of energy and spiritual influence over those portions of the community most needing it, which must result, and has already resulted, from the impoverishment of the Church, the evils above mentioned, and which are not incidentally but vitally connected with its constitution, must be enough to make her members pause before they accelerate, or even acquiesce in the loss of the support of the State. If they came for the first time to Christianise this country, its governors would be among the first whom they sought to convert, and to whom, for converting others, they would look for assistance—all assistance which it would be the duty of one party to ask, and of the other to grant. If they are cast off by those governors, they must endeavour to reclaim them on the same principles, and with the same object. At present

they are in danger of losing, but have not yet lost, the hold which they would have to regain; and so long as it can be preserved with honour and without sacrifice of principles, they are bound to cling to it. As a *man*, the Legislator is a creature of God, and he dares not deny or suppress this relation in any action of life. He owes to God a constant, daily public acknowledgment of his origin, and a public proclamation to others of that name, which men too often forget, and of which, as a Christian himself, he is especially appointed to be the herald and the witness—*μαρτυρεῖν καὶ κηρύσσειν* to an unbelieving world. No position or relation to man can supersede this duty; he cannot accept a trust which is to disqualify him from discharging it.

But he has also *power*, a vast power; and we accept Mr Gladstone's principle in its widest extent, without any qualification whatever,* 'that wherever there is power in the universe, that power is the property of God, the King of that universe,' and must be sanctified to him. We can believe a man who realizes his true position, to move about in the world almost with fear and trembling, as in the midst of frail perishable creatures which are the property of a Being jealous of the slightest injury done to them, but among which he can scarcely stir without hazarding their destruction. We can imagine men of no superstitious temper, looking even on a flower with a sense that it was not to be wantonly destroyed; viewing and handling the works of nature, as a stranger permitted to admire the treasures of a king's palace. We see nothing to be ridiculed in those Eastern religionists who kill with their own hands the food which they require, that life may not be taken without a warrant and acknowledgment from Him to whom it belongs. But when man comes to exert power over a whole nation of men, with all their capacities for good and evil, misery or happiness, in another life as well as this—to seize on this presumptuously—to use it without a thought of responsibility, or an acknowledgment of its giver, or a prayer for his blessing—there does appear in this a degree of temerity which it is really difficult to characterise without stronger words than Christians like to use. Even Sidney thought that 'whoever receives delegated authority is accountable

* C. ii., p. 33.

to those that gave it, for they who give authority by commission do always retain more than they grant.*

But the supreme government in the state is also a *ruler*: its rule is co-extensive with its power; and as the power is over life and all things contained in life, so the rule is mediately or immediately over the whole man; and the duty of employing it aright, that is, for the good of man and agreeably to the will of Him from whom it proceeds, cannot be disputed. All attempts therefore to restrict it to what are called civil interests are futile. No such compact, in the first place, was ever made; none, if made, could be binding, because man cannot covenant with man to omit a duty imposed on him by God. Hence it is that the 'object of government is the whole happiness of its subjects,' their health, wealth, peace, comfort, knowledge, virtue, piety, everything that is good; 'τέλος πάσης,' says Aristotle, 'τὸ εὖ καὶ τὸ δίκαιον καὶ καλῶς τῶν καλῶν πράξεων χάριν θεῶν εἶναι τὴν πολιτικὴν κοινωνίαν ἀλλὰ οὐ τοῦ εὖ καὶ τοῦ δίκαιου.'† It is instituted for, 'the highest of all goods'—*κυριωτάτων πάντων ἀγαθόν*. 'Its object is especially the soul.‡ 'With this view it has a jurisdiction over all sciences and all arts, appointing what are to be taught, how far, by whom, and to whom. Its end contains the end of all human actions and accomplishments.' In the same manner Plato, who, so far from being a dreamer or an enthusiast, was a most practical though elevated politician, places his government in the State in the same relation to its subject in which the intellect stands to man, and brings under it the whole range of human duties—from the maintenance of abstract truth, and, above all, the truths of religion, down to the food which subjects are to eat and the ballads they sing.§

The State's own machinery, indeed, is very ill constructed for teaching anything. A Secretary of State may be, as we know from experience, a totally unfit person to meddle with the details of education. The House of Commons would be a bad academy for lecturing on surgery or astronomy, or naval architecture, or arithmetic. The prime minister would be ill-employed in qualifying himself for a grammar-school; and a lord high admiral may know nothing about the forging of

anchors or the twisting of cables. But men formerly did not confound these technical and servile occupations with that master science—the science of general principles and human nature—by which minds that are formed for government embrace, and employ, and distribute all the subordinate arts, understanding the bearing of each, though not perplexing themselves with its details, and exercising that highest faculty of a governing mind, the discernment of character and of fitness in appointing their several ministers. The good of the whole body is the fit object of the head, wherever that head is found, and it is comprehended by a science above, and distinct from all others. And he who, as the ruler of a state, is not religious—openly and avowedly religious—must believe that the knowledge of God forms no part of man's wisdom; that the favour of God is no security for his happiness; that the will of God is no rule of his action, and union with God no object for his affections. He must think so for himself, and therefore for those whom he governs; and he will endeavour to direct his own mind and theirs to some other objects, to money, or manufactures, or comforts, or conquests, or something which he does think good—the highest good of their nature—and cut them off from God. He will make them idolaters and atheists, and be an idolater and atheist himself.

We can scarcely condescend to notice the easy sophism, that if the State must have its faith and its religion, so must every subordinate society—as if this was a *reductio ad absurdum*. Every society whatever ought to have its faith and its religion, because its power ought to be employed according to the will of God; and however trivial or secular its immediate acts, the animus which regulates them is to be religious. Even eating and drinking we know are not too mean to be directed to the glory of God. It is true that men may join together for many ends, without any thought of the kind, and a society still seem to exist—an East India Company—a bank—a railway company—a club—a body of stage-coach proprietors. The want of religion may not be felt, because the centre which holds them together is not, as in political society, a moral being, a paramount universal law, but some personal partial interest of the several individual members. But they who think that political societies may be held together in the same manner, forget

* Sidney on Gov. c. iii. s. 38, p. 384.

† Polit. lib. i. 1; lib. vii. c. 1.

‡ Arist. Ethics Nico. lib i. c. 2.

§ Plato, De Repub. iv. p. 137; Leip. edit. lib. iv. p. 132.

that human selfishness is one thing in an association, checked and controlled by a supreme government; and another, when loosed from all its bonds by being made the ruling principle of the supreme government itself. All that Mr. Gladstone requires, to enable him to retain his principle in full, is to show the difference between real societies bound together by a social principle, and con creations of individuals acting together only by the accident of accordance in selfishness; and then to point out that the State, unlike minor incorporations for trade, cannot be reduced to this form without at once dissolving, because in it selfishness will immediately recur without a check to physical force, and physical force will triumph, whether in the masses or the despot.

Still it must be confessed that this general view of the duty of a Christian legislator is scarcely adequate for the difficulties of the present moment; and it may even prove dangerous to enthusiastic minds, unless they see clearly the real amount of the power for which they are responsible, and the right mode as well as the duty of supporting the Church. There is no fear that Mr. Gladstone will overlook the fact, though less sober minds may, that the power of the government in this country, not merely by the Reform Bill, but by the very character of the nation, is materially circumscribed by public opinion. Nominally it may be supreme. In reality it is not so. And whatever be the theory of the constitution, no government can impose upon a people a religion to which they are hostile. Unhappily a considerable body in the nation are opposed to the Church; and any measures, therefore, which should overlook the real weakness of the government in this matter, must be rash and mischievous. Men are not to forget their duty in expediency; but neither are they to forget prudence in their duty.

For this reason the only mode by which the State can be preserved in its membership with the Church must be by bringing back to it the great body of the nation. With dissension in the people there cannot be unity in the government; and difficult as the task may seem, it must be undertaken, and it is by no means desperate. In such a cause we can despair of nothing. But the work must be accomplished by the Church itself. The State is not the direct instrument for conversion. It must not meddle with the operation, farther than to assist the Church as a subsidiary

well-wisher. It must not impose articles of faith, or interfere with the machinery of the Church, even with the hope of increasing its efficacy. Still less must it use violence; for this simple reason, that the Church itself prohibits all such acts, and if the civil ruler serves it rightly, he must serve it in obedience to itself. This alone is sufficient to settle the question of persecution. What popery or individual churchmen may have done is one thing. What the Catholic Church prescribes is another. And though she does recommend temporal self-chastisement to her own penitent children—though she does permit the civil power to deal with those who are severed from her communion, as with men in whom it cannot confide so much as in herself—to punish civil crimes perpetrated under colour of religion, as any other offences; even perhaps to warn the thoughtless against leaving her by imposing trifling penalties on disobedience;—though she sanctions the use of legitimate influence, which may be called compulsion, over those who are dependent on our will, as when infants are brought to the font, attendance of children enforced at Church, whole households of slaves baptized by order of their master, in such cases, which are not to be forgotten when compulsion in religion is discussed, there is nothing to favour persecution. Her prohibition is express.* And the reason is clear; she cannot persecute in order to convert men, for a will actively hostile such punishment only exasperates; nor in order to retain men by fear within her own communion, for she cannot bless or teach where there is no bond of union but dread; nor with a view to deter others, for the suffering of martyrs excites sympathy for the offender, and imitation of the offence; nor as a mere retribution on crime, for the power of measuring crime has not been given to man; and last of all, her punishments, whatever their object, are purely spiritual; and their severity too great to require any addition. And thus far we do not think that the most violent enemy of a Church, or Church establishment, can find cause to complain.

For the next step also we shall have their concurrence. If the Church is to win back Dissenters into its communion, it must be invested with as much moral and spiritual influence as possible. It

* See Taylor's *Liberty of Prophecy* for the opinions of the primitive Church, sect. 14; Bede, *Hist. Angl.* cap. vi.

must be freed therefore from restraint upon the extension of its system; from all interference on the part of the State, which degrades its character, cripples its movements, and hides or defaces its true aspect; from anything, in short, which makes it appear to the people not Apostolical, but Act of Parliament Christianity. Enable the Church to multiply her bishops, both for Home and the Colonies—consult her in the appointment of them—allow her to appear before the country, as other spiritual bodies appear, in the light of an organized society with a legislative head—abstain from interfering with her internal discipline, except where she requires it herself—suspend, at any rate for a time, the annual meddling with her discipline and arrangements, which more than anything proclaims her present degradation and destroys her influence—let her act as an independent body, in matters where God himself has made her independent—and be satisfied with retaining her connection with the State by sanctioning and supporting her acts.

And there is another reason for abstaining from, and prohibiting all interference with the Church at present, even with the best intention; that we are evidently working in the dark, very little alive to the real nature of its constitution, and doing mischief by all our attempts at external reform. To increase its stability, we cut off its bishops; to make it more popular, we destroy the funds from which its chief charities were dispensed; to strengthen the College of Bishops, a Commission is framed which *pro tanto* supersedes them; to improve its discipline we propose another invasion of its episcopacy;* to augment its powers for

diffusing truth, we mutilate the Institutions by which the truth is preserved. Men who have studied Church History are perfectly dismayed at the mode with which our Ecclesiastical Legislation is, and will be conducted, unless we can rouse ourselves to a sense of our ignorance, and be content to sit still for a time, till our eyes are a little more opened.

There will follow after this the duty of preserving to her all the rights, immunities, and property, which she possesses at present, preserving them on the same principle on which private rights are guarded—prescription and possession. Defend them as private property, and deal with them as other private property is dealt with, and you avoid collision with conscientious scruples, whether real or affected. You secure the support of all those who are interested in the security of their own possessions. You postpone the attack till the hour when the whole framework of society will be attacked likewise. You have a clear intelligible ground to fight on, and nothing but open

Courts is wholly derived from the State. The power of inflicting any punishment, immediately affecting the temporal possessions of any members of the Church—and, therefore, of those with whose case we are now concerned, ministers of the Church—we freely, dutifully, and gratefully acknowledge to hold from Her Most Gracious Majesty. The higher power of these Courts—that which reaches to the internal status of those whose causes are decided in them—we derive from a higher source, from “Him by whom kings reign.”

And here, while we thus dutifully and gratefully acknowledge the powers given to us by the State, I must not be afraid of saying, that the State would desert its duty, if it did not give such powers in aid of the due exercise of our Episcopal, and, therein, of our judicial functions, as, on full consideration, it shall deem necessary for that purpose. This follows, as of course, from the State's acknowledging the Church to be a branch of the Holy Apostolic Church. The government by Bishops, and the judicial power of Bishops, as necessary to the high purposes of their institution, are included in that acknowledgment. If, therefore, the present powers of Bishops, and the present constitution of the Bishops' Courts, be inadequate to the due exercise of spiritual discipline, especially in the correction of criminous Clerks, the legislature has not only the right, but the duty, of reforming those Courts. But it has not the duty, nor the right, nor, with all reverence be it spoken, the power, to transfer the inherent authority of Bishops to other persons, even though this be attempted for the laudable and pious purpose announced in the title of this Bill, viz., “for the more effectually enforcing Church discipline.”

‘The 26th Article says, that “it appertaineth to the Discipline of the Church, that inquiry be made of evil ministers, and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their offences, and finally, being found guilty, *by just judgment be deposed.*” By whom is this “just judgment of deposition from

* It is announced that the Church Discipline Bill (so called), which, we are sorry to say, was supported in the last Session of Parliament by many of the prelates, and which was prevented from passing into a law by the unwearied zeal, accurate learning, keen logic, and fervent eloquence of the Bishop of Exeter—is again to be brought forward—or something very like it—as soon as the Houses reassemble. But we believe that if such an attempt be made, several of the bishops will be found to have reconsidered the matter very seriously, and with a result extremely embarrassing to the authors of the scheme. We must in the mean time urge on the clergy, and the Christian public in general, the duty of giving full attention to the Bishop of Exeter's unanswered arguments on the whole subject—and we now subjoin for their immediate benefit—we are sorry we have not room for more—the following brief passages from one of the Appendices to his Lordship's late invaluable CHARGE:—

‘The external co-active power of Ecclesiastical

profligacy to contend with. And no one, not even the wildest theorist, can charge you with departing from the legitimate functions of government. All this has been forgotten in the recent legislation on church revenues. The spiritual character of the Church has been taken as the basis of the proceeding, and its enemies have thus been permitted to take a share in their management; with about as much propriety as her Bishops might regulate the finances of Homerton or Hoxton.

And now will come the question of the pecuniary aid which must be given to assist her in her great undertaking of reclaiming the nation to her bosom.

the Ministry" to be pronounced? Can it be by any one who is not authorised by the Church, to whose "Discipline it appertaineth?"

Again, the 33d Article says, "the person, which, by just judgment of the Church, is rightly cut off from the unity of the Church, and excommunicated, ought to be taken by the whole multitude of the faithful as an heathen and publican, until he be openly reconciled by penance, and received into the Church by a Judge that hath authority thereunto."

'How can a Layman, receiving his authority merely from the State, be esteemed "the Church?" How can he deliver any "just judgment," being without jurisdiction delegated to him by the Church? How can he "cut off from the unity of the Church?" How can he thus bind? or, again, how can he "receive into the Church?" What "authority thereunto" hath he? How can he thus loose?

'That the person to whom it is proposed to transfer this authority, is one who already holds a certain spiritual jurisdiction by commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, makes no difference whatever in the question. It would make no difference, even if the jurisdiction, which the Bill professes to confer on the Judge of the Court of Arches, were similar to that which the Archbishop's Commission has given to him. But the jurisdiction contemplated in the Bill is totally different from that which is delegated by the Archbishop—it is a jurisdiction which the Archbishop could not give—for he has it not himself—he having no original jurisdiction out of his own diocese. More than this: if given, as the Bill affects to give, it would not merge within it the jurisdiction which he already holds by delegation from the Archbishop—viz., jurisdiction in causes of appeal; but it would destroy it, for no causes of appeal to the Archbishop would remain—the Archbishop's own jurisdiction, both appellate and original, would be extinguished, and the subject delegated to his official would of course altogether vanish. In short, the Judge of the Court of Arches would be no longer an official of the Archbishop, though he might be appointed by him. His power and jurisdiction would be derived solely from Parliament, and might be transferred at pleasure by Parliament. If it be given this year to the Judge of the Court of Arches, it may be given next year to the Judge of the Court of Bankrupts, or to Her Majesty's Justices in Quarter Sessions. What is Erastianism, if this is not?—*Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter*, 1839, p. 102—104.

That this aid, in order to supply even the most pressing and immediate wants of the Church, to give single pastors and single churches even to a population of a thousand, must be vast, no one seems disposed to deny. But the whole statistics of the spiritual destitution of this country, coupled with a view of what a Church establishment should be to fulfil its appointed work in such a nation is this, would present a view of its wants so enormous as almost to produce despair. The first thought of relief turns naturally to the State. It alone can command funds adequate to the emergency of the moment: and funds which can never be employed so well as in serving God, promoting piety, restoring peace and unanimity to a distracted people, teaching them obedience to man by obedience to God, and placing over their crimes and passions the best of all controls, the control of religion. But we would implore the friends of the Church to make their petition, not for a voluntary gift, but for restitution of plunder, the plunder of the Reformation; and, whatever be the form of the grant, to receive and apply it as an instalment on that enormous debt, which, if this country is ever to stand before God clear from the guilt of sacrilege, the State is bound to cancel. Although the larger part of what was seized rashly, and most wantonly misbestowed, has been dissipated and cannot be recovered—impropriations, at least, may still be redeemed. We know that it may be called mere madness to broach such a measure at present; but we hope, nevertheless, that we may yet live to see a minister of the Crown capable of taking his ground upon a proposition so clearly just.

When tithes were enforced by the State, it was as a payment already due to God from individuals, just as another debt, not as a tax. The State never possessed them, and therefore never could give them. They belonged to God.* And Ethelwolf's grant, though using the language of a gift,† was evidently founded on ecclesiastical principles, which, as Tillesley has proved by seventy-two authorities from Fathers and Councils, between the second and thirteenth century, formally asserted that tithes were of divine right. But, says Mr. Gladstone (p. 104), "If we admit that the tithe was

* Tillesley's *Animadv. on Selden*, pp. 3—31; Montagu, *Diatrib.*, pp. 77—79; Collier, *Eccles. Hist.* part ii., b. viii., p. 712.

† *Monast. Ang.*, vol. i. p. 100.

given by legislative enactment, still the tithe did not constitute the bulk of the wealth of the English Church; its aggrandisement was by *gifts* of lands which were notoriously and indisputably voluntary. Subsequently to the general establishment of the tithe system, the endowments for religion took the form of religious houses of various kinds. The only possible pretence for claiming any of these as gifts from the State is the fact of a royal foundation. But even these are proved by the terms of the charter* to have been personal acts of the king, 'pro salute animæ suæ.' They proceeded from private funds, for the king held no public purse. Some of them were only nominally founded by the sovereign; and most of these were endowed by transfer of property from other suppressed establishments, as in the case of the Templars, and alien priories and chantries, in the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., Henry V., Henry VIII., and Edward VI. Yet even these were as nothing compared with acts of private devotion.

There were at the conquest nearly 100 well-endowed abbeys,† none of which emanated from a public purse; and the following table, collected from Tanner's Preface to his *Notitia*, may give some idea of the proportion in the following reigns:—

	By private Individuals.	By the King.
William I.	39	7
William II.	29	3
Henry I.	143	13
Stephen	138	6
Henry II.	165	8
Richard I.	52	0
John	71	4
Henry III.	211	5
Edward I.	106	1
Edward II.	44	3
Edward III.	74	3
Richard II.	92	0
Henry IV.	6	1
Henry V.	2	2
Henry VI.	31	2
Edward IV.	15	0
Henry VII.	6	4
Henry VIII. previous to the plunder	8	0

And then followed that kind of interference with the property of the Church, which is far more congenial to a Parliament than any augmentation of its funds. In 1539, 380 religious houses were seized and made over to the crown. In 1539, the great abbeys were compelled to sur-

render. In 1540, the property of the Knights of St. John, to the amount of 100,000*l.* a year, was added to the plunder. In 1545, 90 colleges, 110 hospitals, and 2374 chantries and free chapels, were robbed and suppressed, without mentioning the plunder of the bishoprics by Elizabeth,* the resumption of first fruits and tenths, the exchange of impropriations, and all the other acts of pillage which have settled on the church 'a perpetuity of poverty.' In short, with very few exceptions, whenever the State has made its appearance in the matter of ecclesiastical revenues, it has been as a robber. It was so in the reign of Henry IV.,† under Henry V.,‡ under Henry VIII., and the other Tudor princes, with the exception of Mary. Archbishop Bancroft's plan for providing a maintenance for the clergy, notwithstanding the exigencies of the case, they rejected with scorn.§ And wherever exceptions exist to the general inclination for pillage, they are found in the person of the monarch. It was the monarch that supported Arundel and Chichele against the House of Commons; the monarch who saved the few colleges that at the Reformation escaped the general wreck; James I., who proposed to found Chelsea College for the especial maintenance of the English church,|| and Queen Anne, to whom we owe the only provision for the improvement of small livings.

And there are principles on which our ancestors acted, when as individuals they devoted their wealth to God, which we may well adopt. Instead of vague schemes of benevolence evaporating in guinea subscriptions to some fashionable society, they seem to have concentrated their donations to some one spot, generally to their own homes; or to some grand institution, which by its magnitude was enabled to propagate and rear up others. They knew, as we do, that petty sums separately can effect nothing, but when collected can do much. But the corporations in whose hands they invested their donations, notwithstanding occasional abuses, were far more capable of employing them in grand schemes for the benefit of the Church, than the transient unlocalized societies of this day, with

* Collier, p. 2. b. vii. p. 669. Whitgift's Speech in Wallon's Life of Hooker.

† Walsing. Hist. Angl. p. 371.

‡ Burnet, Reform. vol. i. p. 11.

§ Collier, p. 2. b. vii. p. 669.

|| Stat. at Large, 7 James I. c. 9.

* See the Charters Collected, by Prynne.

† Monast. Angl. vol. i. p. 9.

their annual committees and itinerant secretaries, and the meretricious oratory of the platform and ball-room. If small sums are to be appropriated to Church purposes without any peculiar claim on them, the bishop and chapter of the diocese are the fit body to receive and apply them. But there can rarely be cases where a man's own home, or parish, or district, is not labouring under some spiritual want; and if one thing is more striking than another in the munificence of past times in the Church, it is the grandeur of the plan on which they proceeded to supply even these with small means at their disposal. They seem to have thought it better to perfect the Church system thoroughly in one place, though many others were left wholly destitute, than to do a little everywhere and nothing fully. One strong man in perfect health is worth twenty without hands and feet; and they were undoubtedly right. They worked also in faith—that is, in confidence that means would, through some channel or another, be supplied for a good work, if the work were boldly commenced. They laid the foundations of cathedrals which it took generations to finish; they planned vast societies of which they could do little more than sow the seed. And there was no pettiness in their views. When men want trust in others, they can neither plan nor execute any great thing. Littleness and meanness are the appointed curse for this blasphemy against our nature; and littleness and meanness are stamped on nearly all the acts of the present day. We think it grandeur to conceive a scheme for raising a body of clergy to a bare decency of subsistence—boldness, to preserve the ruins of things, which popular clamour would obliterate even to their very memory—absolute rashness and folly, to state the wants of the church boldly, and demand from the crown and legislature what a Christian legislature could not dare to refuse. Even a pittance, which can scarcely do more than give a morsel of bread a-piece to the parties between whom it is to be shared, is thought a prize so vast, as to justify, and even to require, spoliation, destruction, violation of oaths, annihilation of the principle of inheritance, the sacrifice of the title-deeds of church property, and all the other preludes to a vast and final revolution. In all this there is nothing great, nothing manly; and the liberality of men

will never follow when greatness and manliness do not lead the way.

Unhappily, indeed, the late interference of the State with the property of the Church, and the principles on which it has been defended, have done much to dry up the spring from which its resources ought to flow; and individuals will have little encouragement to provide for the wants of their own neighbourhood, when the funds may immediately be seized by a third party for general purposes, or to lay any grand plan of their own, when the next moment it may be reduced to the same low level with everything around it—their personal benefactions and intentions be obliterated—and their gifts, instead of remaining as a grand reservoir of future benevolence, be wasted and filtered away through the sieve of a Commission.

In spite of all such discouragements, however, the duty of the churchman remains clear. Nothing that has been done can at all absolve him from his obligation. And if individual members of the Church, who are seriously bent on serving her, would let their pecuniary support take the good old form, and apportion it out for its several purposes according to primitive practice; and if they would make their offerings at the altar, at that place and time where the Church contemplates receiving them—although there were very few at first to commence the work, a great step would be gained. The example would soon spread, and far more widely than we are inclined to imagine. Something would be done to atone for the profusion of wealth which is now wasted in this country on folly and vice, or almost worshipped as a god. A few, at least, would understand the right tenure of property, and their obligations to Him from whom they hold it. And a true Christian charity, quiet, unassuming, regular, and self-denying, would gradually supersede all the parade and misdirected unsuccessful bustle of modern benevolence—tavern dinners, fancy fairs, theatrical sermons, platform oratory, cathedral operas for the widows of the clergy, and balls for the education of the poor on the principles of the Established Church, and all the other schemes by which human vanity and luxuriousness are to be cheated unconsciously of their alms.

Looking to the improvement both in knowledge and feeling, which is now visible within the Church itself, no one

need despair of obtaining ultimately a supply for its home wants, however large. It is one great part of the spirit of the day to distrust everything;—we want confidence—confidence in ourselves—confidence in the omnipotence of truth—confidence in the arm of Providence—and, not least, we want confidence in each other. Men speak and act for the nation as if the virtues of the nation were extinct—as if the paroxysms from which it is recovering has calcined all its old remembrances, and paralysed its noblest affections. But the British people are not yet lost; there are movements making which seem to presage a return to life; and its leaders may still appeal not only to its religion—its loyalty—its veneration for law—its indignation at wrong—its sober judgment upon men, and on their acts—but on its reviving profuseness of benevolence; and, by appealing to, they will cherish and extend them. Even the colonies, which present the most difficult case, might be provided for without any infringement of principle, if tithes were established and enforced as a fundamental condition on grants of land, and were secured to the clergy of the Church, on principles which could not properly shock the conscience of any payer, because the charge would be laid on the estate, not on himself personally. Something of this kind was indeed attempted, by setting apart the clergy reserves. But the same neglect of divine institutions, which has led to the commutation of tithes in this country, preferred in the colonies to support the clergy by land, instead of a tenth portion of the annual produce. And it has now been found that such a system is impracticable—that it does not develop itself with the religious wants of the population—that it is precariously dependent on qualities of worldly wisdom in the clergy, which they are not likely to possess—that it opposes a bar to the free progress of improvement, excites avarice, and is easily plundered—and thus we have learned that He who formed his Church, knew better than man how to provide for its subsistence.

But the whole question of our colonial policy in matters of religion is full of anxious and melancholy reflections; and Mr. Gladstone's information is not calculated to place their prospects or our own responsibilities in a more favourable light.—We have emptied the sewers of our population on two vast continents. Two gigantic empires—the Frankensteins of our

own creation, which will soon turn upon the author of their being—are shooting up under our eyes, and developing, even in their infancy, a maturity of crime, and a calculating selfishness, which makes even crime more formidable. They have wealth, commerce, arts, intellect, everything which can enable them to cast their shadows on the old empires of Europe, and even to turn the balance of the world. But we have given them no religion. All sects have been fused together in their formation. The government, to meet the popular will, has abdicated its own religious functions. And we may see in them, as in a glass, the reflection of our own coming fate; with these differences, indeed, that we have thrown away, while they never possessed a Church; and that when the storm falls upon us, it must fall with tenfold fury, and find us without any shelter.

There are, indeed, many difficulties arising from our present position, which render very accurate and discriminating views necessary to trace clearly the line of duty. But still it may be traced.

For instance, while all the people were united in the body of the Church, the State assumed for granted their communion with her. It took advantage of the acts of the Church to answer purposes of its own, as in the registering births, marriages, and deaths. To prevent the clergy from abusing their spiritual power, it gave the laity a right to demand their church privileges, except where there were legally proved exceptions, as in the administration of the Communion. And it even enforced upon its subjects some acts, which as churchmen they were bound to perform, such as attendance on divine worship. We are not discussing the propriety of these measures, but they were founded on a fact, which has now dwindled into a fiction. The circle of the State no longer coincides with that of the Church; and to continue to act as if it did can only involve insult to the Church, and pain to conscientious dissenters, while it exposes the most sacred offices of religion to the charge of hypocrisy and falsehood. Great delicacy is necessary in conforming our old laws to our altered position; and one great mistake has been committed, as in the New Marriage Act—that of endeavouring to retain religion while the Church is abandoned. If marriage is not to be necessarily consecrated by the ministers appointed by God, a churchman can only regard it in the

light of a civil contract. Others may invent ceremonies and ministers of their own; but not being authorised by God they cannot be pleasing him; and we have God's own word declaring against them. But religion without a church is the maxim of the day. To-morrow, on the same principles, it will be religion without Christianity; and the next day it will come to its close, of religion without a God. If this falsehood is strenuously excluded—if the conscience of the Church, as well as that of dissenters, is relieved by no longer insisting on her treating those who are without her pale as if they were within it—and the dissenter is allowed to follow his own will without the State either approving or obstructing it, except by the silent admonition and protest of its own open adherence to the Church—no one can complain. And however melancholy the thought that the estrangement in religion exists, it will be possible to live through it, without a daily collision, and without any compromise of church principles on the part of the legislature. For the Church-membership of the State does not consist in all the people being churchmen, any more than the holiness and truth of the Church consists in all her members being perfect. If the governor governs as a member of the Church it is enough. The whole body, by the acknowledged system of God's dealings, are included in the head, and the nation is yet safe.

Upon the same principle, there is no intrinsic violation of right principles in employing men of erroneous religious opinions even in the highest offices of the State, *provided* a majority of Churchmen is secured, and no danger exists to the cause of truth. The measure of this danger, not any abstract principle—still less the notion of punishment which dissenters are so fond of assuming, that they may rail against persecution—is the rule of exclusion. And so it has practically been. Theodosius, who excluded heretics from high State offices, compelled them to serve in the army.* Arcadius excluded them from the household;† but this was only done when recent plots had been discovered. So Elizabeth composed her first council both of Protestants and Papists; but selected her cabinet

council from Protestants only.‡ Thus Roman Catholic peers sat originally in the English parliament after the Reformation, until the 30th of Charles II.; and the successive bills of exclusion from office, from coming near the court, or even near the metropolis, were introduced, not as carrying out a principle, but as necessary precautions against popery and foreign influence. Danger, indeed, must always exist in admitting to power persons of erroneous religious principles. And this is to be well weighed. But this, and not an abstract duty, like that which would prevent our associating with an excommunicated person, is the measure of exclusion. It may, therefore, be balanced by other dangers, and fairly become a question of expediency, without compromising the conscience of the legislator. And much the same may be said of the establishment of different religions within the same realm. There is no violation of the national conscience in finding a sect in possession of property and privileges, and not uselessly endeavouring to disturb it by external force.

We have now touched on the principal questions connected with the relations of the Church and the State; and if the view thrown out is true, the conclusion will at least be satisfactory to conscientious legislators, who are embarrassed by their attachment to the Church and the pressure of Dissent. It is, that the State can do, and ought to do, but little, except in repairing injuries which it has itself inflicted; that the Church must help herself. Without her own efforts, not all the powers of despotism could preserve her as an establishment. With them, and with a blessing upon them, she may still win back the people, and restore herself to her rightful influence. Her laity must supply funds; her bishops a right scheme of distribution; her clergy, severally and personally, make her presence and value felt throughout every parish in the country. Those who have fallen from her communion by an ill-regulated piety must be recalled by greater earnestness, by more frequent devotion, and the restoration of primitive zeal and elevation in her offices. Those who have erred in ignorance of her claims must be taught them without any longer suppressing them from false delicacy; and these claims must be especially enforced on the attention of the clergy themselves. For others, who have be-

* Codex, Theod., xli; Tit. v. xliii.

† Socrates, lib. i. c. 7; see also Codex, Theod. xvi; Tit. vi. 42; Bingham, Eccl. Antiq., b. xvi. c. ii. § 8.

‡ Camden's Elizabeth, p. 18; Collier's Eccles. Parl. ii. h. vi.

come dissenters from the want of church accommodation, new churches are rising daily; and every year we hope they will improve, both in number and in the character of their architecture, and exhibit fewer symptoms of our parsimony in religion, while we are extravagant in our personal luxury. The edifice of the Church is to the popular eye the best representative of the society itself; and too much pains can scarcely be taken to give it a solemn and worthy character.

For increasing the efficacy of our parochial system, and particularly for multiplying our clergy, several valuable hints have been recently given in an essay by Mr. Wilberforce. And a reference to those early times when the Church, as at present, was struggling for existence in the midst of an estranged population, will supply many more. Her struggle was then successful; and at any rate, by following her principles, we shall escape the risk of substituting fancies of our own for the guide which God has given us.

In restoring also the polity of the Church to efficacy, little is required from the State. Instead of reviving the convocation, which is rather a political than ecclesiastical body, and the history of which is full of warnings against a restoration of its functions, the bishops form already the natural council of the Church, and they have the assistance of their chapters. The clergy can gather round them without any external assistance.—And they can also do voluntarily—what will contribute more than anything to bring out the true character of the Church before the nation—they can of themselves transfer to the Church the funds and energies now misdirected to the support of voluntary societies. Voluntary societies are the chief obstruction to a right view of the Church. We want no new combination of Christians for propagating the Gospel, or diffusing Christian knowledge, or converting the Jews, or building schools; no Bible societies or Temperance societies, or anti-cruelty to animals' societies, or peace and war societies. We have already a society formed for these very purposes by God himself. The Church comprehends them all; and the system of the Church, its Bishops, Priests and Deacons, with officers appointed by the Church, are a far better machinery to accomplish its ends than all the committees and secretaries that ever met on the platform of Exeter-Hall. Efforts have been

recently made to re-model some of these societies, so as to reconcile them with the institutions of the Church, and we trust they will be continued and succeed.

Still the Church has a great work to do. She has to animate her own members with a right spirit of attachment and obedience to herself. She has to restore many valuable portions of her ecclesiastical system, which were too rudely swept away at the Reformation. She has to make good her own claims to be a true branch of the Catholic Church, the one appointed minister of God in this country, and to recover her title-deeds to these privileges by resting her claims no longer on what is called 'rational evidences'—that is, on the opinion of the individual whom she addresses—but on external historical testimony. She has to stimulate the indifferentism of the day with a grander development of all her civil and spiritual functions; to crush its Utilitarianism with a nobler system of ethics; to face the high intellectual Pantheism of Germany with a profounder and more elevated philosophy; to compete with its sceptical criticism and learning; to expose the shallowness of the literature under which the present generation has been raised, and to provide for it a new literature—new history, new poetry, new tales of fiction, new philosophy—which may be content to hold its proper position of subordination to the teaching of the Church, and yet may answer all the demands of reason, imagination, and affection in civilized man. She has to bring under her own eye the education of the middle as well as of the lower classes, and to frame for them a system of instruction at once sound in principle and commensurate with the wants of the times. She has, moreover, to temper and regulate the enthusiasm of her own younger adherents; to prevent them from hoping or attempting too much; and to keep them humble and patient, without any diminution of zeal. The very extent of conversion which she is bound to contemplate is scarcely less than that which lay before the view of the early Church.

Already churches in other countries are looking to ours as a centre and head; and great minds, such as before this have been raised up in the Church, will not shrink from the post. And when they see in her the strongest and most perfect

existing representative of the Catholic Christianity of old ; when they consider her national resources ; the means still left her of communication ; the Providence which watched over her preservation amidst the convulsions of the Reformation ; the unlooked-for energy which is now developing itself within her bosom ; her position in the centre of the world, and the safe shelter which she offers from both the vices of the day—from both the slavery and the licentiousness of religion—they will think nothing beyond her grasp. The work may seem impossible—neither history nor prophecy may encourage any hope of success—but she is bound, humbly, patiently, and prudently, to contemplate the whole range of her duties ; and those duties admit nothing short of the promulgation of truth over all the world, the reunion and hearty co-operation of every branch of the Catholic Church, and the reduction of every profession of Christianity into the bosom of one communion. And the first step in such a work is not the least difficult. It is to imbue our own minds with the true principles and spirit of conversion, to look on our own errors and perfect our own system first ; then to take up our position as a part of the Catholic Church, and fortify ourselves with all its resources, instead of trusting to our own strength ; then to fix on the good and not on the evil of opponents ; to shake off resolutely all vulgar prejudice and abuse, and see in dissent of all kinds, in popery as well as ultra-Protestantism, not merely error and fanaticism, or self-will, but also great truths misunderstood, high feelings wrongly directed, right principles misapplied to facts, and energies which, properly trained, will lead by their own impulse to a Catholic faith. The social ecclesiastical spirit of Romanism is a part of true Christianity—the personal spiritual piety of Dissent is another. Let each be retained, each encouraged, and made, as far as may be, the bond of union with ourselves. Show the Romanist that social religion must be lost without personal piety, and the Dissenter that personal piety implies attachment to a church, and some progress has been made to reconcile them without compromise. Do not insist on identity of those forms and opinions, which are in truth only forms and opinions ; but raise up the ancient Church as a standard of reference to both—obligatory in matters of faith, authoritative in all things. And

Popery may then be cleared of the corruptions of a spiritual despotism, and Protestantism recalled from its abuse of individual speculation to the acknowledgment of an external law.

And there is one more thing to be remembered, which must check all harshness, rash interference, impatience, want of charity. The dissenters with whom we have to deal are few, very few of them, guilty of that crime most obnoxious to the mind of a churchman—heresy. They may be in error—they may have lost sight of the Church—they may be following their own fancies instead of the positive truths of God—but they are professing an hereditary religion, and even their self-dependence has been received as a maxim from their parents. There can be no true Christianity in which this principle of an hereditary faith is not respected—no sound conversion which would set it at naught. Children are not to be raised up against their parents ; nor parents against their spiritual teachers. But the teachers are first to be won over, and then the whole communion will follow, without dislocating any ties of nature, or setting an example of rebellion which will soon produce its fruit, rebellion against the hand which instigated it.

But we must not enter farther into a subject so wide and requiring such accurate discussion, as the right principles of toleration. Let men look to the colonies, and they may there learn the toleration which is now practised under a Sovereign sworn to maintain and defend the one true faith and the one true church. But assuredly we do require that some searching trial be made of principles which, commencing with the abandonment of persecution, have ended in the indiscriminate propagation of acknowledged falsehoods. Somewhere or another we must have passed the line which separates right from wrong, and to establish it again distinctly may not be easy. Contingencies may be imagined, when even in the support of truth a government may be bound to do that which will seem to support error—as a man bound not to encourage vice is yet bound to save a vicious man from starvation, or as the payment of a debt may be obligatory on us, though we know the creditor will misapply his money when he gets it. But between this and the spontaneous declaration that all sects and opinions in religion stand on the same footing and deserve equal encouragement, there is a

great gulf ; and if anything were wanted to show the haze and mist which hangs over truth and reason in our days, it would be that we have passed it imperceptibly. No warning voice has been raised ; and the government is now openly engaged in committing the first and greatest of human crimes—first and greatest, we know, because the first denounced in the decalogue—the open propagation of errors—errors in religion—errors in respect to the nature and attributes and will of God—the propagation of it wilfully and deliberately, and accompanied with the profession of a true faith—in the hope of promoting peace and conciliating loyalty—with Maynooth, and Irish tranquillity before their eyes—as if Canada was not revolting—or the Chartist rebellion was not planned in Socialist chapels licensed by a British sovereign for a worship of atheism.

ART. VI.—*Ernest, or Political Regeneration* (No date or Publisher's name.)

THIS book—if indeed it has ever been published, according to the strict meaning of the term—has been withdrawn from circulation. We know not whether the author has been actuated by prudence, by apprehension of legal consequences, or, as we would willingly hope, by some natural misgivings as to the soundness, the wisdom, and, above all, the real Christianity of views, which—with the profoundest veneration, as asserted, for the gospel of Christ—must lead to that which is most abhorrent to the spirit of Christ—to anarchy, plunder, massacre—to the total extinction of mutual love between the separate orders of the community—to universal penury, universal misery, strife without limit, and, finally, to the worst and blindest tyranny, that of brute force, or the deepest subtlety. The book is printed in the cheapest form, in a small size, and on wretched paper, whether from the poverty of those who alone could be induced to venture on its publication, or with the original design of dissemination at a low price : it is executed with the utmost inaccuracy, so as, in truth, to do little justice to the talents of the author. The printer seems to have been ever and anon seized with trepidation at the startling doctrines

which he was employed to set up, and sometimes to have let the types fall at random from his trembling hand.

'ERNEST' is the Chartist epic poem. It represents the growth, the heroic struggles, the triumph of Chartism. The 'Political Regeneration,' of which the author would be the prophetic seer, is the seizure and re-distribution of all landed property—the pensioning off the present landed proprietors on a pittance which may just secure them, but no more, against starvation ;—the abolition of the Church, and the institution of a new voluntary system, which, however, obliges every one to pay to some form of worship ;—universal suffrage,—and the direct administration of the government, it does not quite clearly appear in what manner, by the sovereign people. How the new Agrarian law is to be carried into execution seems likewise, though some provisions are made to that effect, in no slight degree obscure : whether there is to be a general scramble,—whether the cultivators of each farm are to share it among them—in which case we may anticipate (notwithstanding the elders appointed to decide all controversies) some little jealousy, and possibly some hard words and hard blows, as to the richer fields and the homestead—or whether the whole is to be divided by some general commission, which, we think, may, in the same manner, be somewhat perplexed by conflicting claims, and, as its sub-divisions must be rather minute, with all its republican equality, will not be very likely to satisfy the demands upon it. Indeed it seems doubtful how upon these poetical principles there is to be any property in land. It is distinctly declared that the produce only can belong, and must belong of right, to him who tills the soil. The right of property is nevertheless asserted, not merely in the produce of artisan and manufacturing labour, but in all which is necessary to make such labour productive. We hear nothing, at present, of the partition of cotton-mills, or magazines of manufactured goods, or workshops. About funded property there is the same wary, or perhaps, significant silence. Whether to avoid these questions, or from other prudential motives, the scene of this glorious regeneration of mankind is laid in Germany, and the heroes have their euphonous names borrowed from German romance or history. But that all has a latent and but dimly concealed allusion to our own country is

beyond a doubt. The grievances are such as have arisen, or have been supposed to arise, out of English institutions. It is the existing form of English society which constitutes the whole framework of the action. It is the English magistrate, the English constable, and by, a very bold stretch of poetic imagination, the English soldier, who is discomfited in the insurrection: the dissenting teacher, the prodigal young nobleman who becomes a patriot, the organised band of religious enthusiasts, the smugglers, and even the mad fanatics, who are the Achilles, the pious Aeneas, and the Tanned of the revolutionary epic, are, in all their acts, thoughts, and words,—in everything excepting, we will aver, in their principles—genuine English.

But why do we notice a poem thus, by our own statement, so extravagant in its political views, and so abhorrent from that attachment to public order, to gradual improvement, to Christian peace, and Christian virtue and piety, which we profess, and profess, we trust, with conscientious sincerity? Why do we give enlarged currency to opinions which we honestly believe to be dangerous and even fatal to society? What right have we to drag before the tribunal of public opinion—the public opinion of those who coincide with ourselves, but indeed of all the leading parties in the country, Whig, and probably almost every Radical of any note, as well as Conservative—an author who, either from caution, better sense, or better feeling, has retreated into his sanctuary of silence and privacy? We will not condescend to the paltry plea, that large passages of his poem have already been quoted and commented on in a periodical work;* nor hint any suspicion (for which we have, we acknowledge, not the slightest grounds) that the poem *may* still be rapidly and extensively, though cautiously and secretly, disseminated in the lower strata of society, or among the initiates. Our justification to the public is the fearful importance of the present crisis—to the author, our unfeigned admiration of his genius. If there be danger even in the narrow circulation of such works—if the composition of such a poem be a menacing and awful sign of the times, let us know the full extent of our danger. Let there be no timid suppression; let the friends of

the constitution, of order, of religion, even more of property and the security of life, know who are for and who are against them. It is the object which is dimly seen, not that which stands in the full light of day, which is more terrible: if there be no great danger, disperse the clouds which have magnified it to the view; if there be, follow the same course, and so only will you be prepared manfully to confront it. These are the very principles which have but now suddenly burst upon us in frightful action, and produced streams of blood in the streets of one of our peaceful towns, by which some infatuated men have been led to sacrifice their lives in a wild insurrection, and more may have to answer to the violated laws of their country on the scaffold. Let us know, then, how far these lawless notions prevail; by what manner of men they are held; by what powers of intellect they are vindicated; by what charm of eloquence or imagination they are commended to the popular ear. Let the people of England, the real people, know the choice which is set before them,—the social state of England as it is, or as it may become by the gradual improvement of its existing institutions—or a fierce and sanguinary convulsion, which will level to the earth every bulwark of property or life, and substitute—all-seeing Providence can alone foretell,—should such desolation take place, what length of anarchy, or what final restitution of order,

We have said that our high admiration of his genius is our justification to the author for thus arresting him in his retreat, and summoning him to appear, after he has withdrawn his own plea, at the bar of public judgment. We repeat these strong expressions, which—however as to the present work we may hereafter modify them by pointing out its great faults as a poem, as well as a social theory—on the general estimate of his powers, and his promise of better things, we are not in the least disposed to retract. He will not misunderstand our praise, as either a timid deprecation of his hostility to our opinions, or an attempt to bring him over to our side by the bland adulation of literary compliment. However flattering it may be to an author to have his claims to imagination, power, and poetic talent recognised in the quarter where he would expect every ear to be deaf to the sweet sound of his enchantments; however seductive

* See *The Monthly Magazine*, edited by Mr. J. A. Heraud, No. CLXIII., for July, 1839.

it may be to find the way smoothed for his acceptance among a higher class of admirers than he can have ventured to anticipate—he is not, we conceive, of the stuff to be won over by such smooth overtures for pacification. If he himself, on mature deliberation, does not see the tendency of his own opinions—if he does not calmly, conscientiously repudiate what we do not doubt that he has conscientiously espoused, we neither expect, nor indeed do we wish, to receive a renegade, so cheaply bought, or so easily won. Our hopes of his future poetic eminence would be as entirely blasted, as our respect for his character would be lowered, by such a mean apostasy. In our recognition, our free, our cheerful recognition of his claims as a poet, he has but his right :—and if a friendly feeling, a sentiment of heartfelt interest in his fame and in his happiness cannot but blend with our admiration of the many noble sentiments, the gleams of kindlier and gentler affections, the touches of tenderness, the glimpses of vigorous good sense, the earnest, though, we think, most erring faith ; aye, if we cannot but feel a profound sympathy with the very principles of all his allusions, his imaginative vision of some glorious era of human freedom and happiness ; if we cannot but yearn to him as to a man of great and noble gifts, of generous desires, of lofty intentions—we will not debase him by persuading to any sacrifice inconsistent with the dignity and independence of his character.

This only will we urge, with a deep and solemn earnestness, that, before he sets his popularity and his fame, his happiness and his peace of mind, even his life itself, upon this hazard—(for he cannot refuse to maintain in action what he enforces with such daring energy in words ; the trumpeter who sounds to battle must share in the perils of the fray ; he cannot be so dastardly as to push others on to heard the lion in his den, while he remains in his safe and quiet retirement without)—before he incurs the awful responsibility at a still higher and more inevitable tribunal, of having assisted to plunge his country in havoc and bloodshed, of having been the cause of cutting off thousands of innocent lives—of degrading the noblest people upon earth to a race of lawless savages, driven by ruin and universal penury to prey upon each other—we would but implore him to weigh once more, calmly

and dispassionately, the justice, the wisdom, the Christianity of his present views. Let him, as a reasoning and honest man, represent to himself both sides of the question ; the reality and extent of the evils which he would remedy—the probability that these evils would be entirely removed by his bold specific, and not succeeded by still worse. Let him question himself whether he does not allow his ardent spirit to be imposed upon by words of glorious sound indeed, but of which the sense is not quite the same with the sound : if his hatred, his holy hatred, as he conceives, of certain evils of our existing society, is not, in fact, a blinder, more unreasoning, more un-Christian passion—whether his love for man's social and eternal welfare is not altogether visionary—whether, in fact, his splendid dream of the improvement of mankind, if it be ever realized, is so likely to burst out in full glory from the bosom of a black and desolating thunder-cloud, as from the gradual and more equable dissemination of light. Let him send out his imagination, which he has followed with such fearful acquiescence in the reality of its reports concerning the present and the future, upon a second mission. Let it by its kindling illuminations bring out the bright as well as the dark places of our present social system. Let it not overleap, or linger but for an instant in, the perilous gulf through which we must pass to arrive at his Utopia. Let it dwell a while on the long and horrible conflicts which must take place, the years of civil war, before the *avatar* of political regeneration, to which he looks forward, can take place. A revolution, not in the right of suffrage, but in the whole property of a country like England, is not to be effected by the repulse of a county magistrate and a few constables—or an ill-disciplined yeomanry—no, nor even, if we could have the slightest fears of such an event, by the defeat or treachery of a few soldiers. Above all, let him survey, again and again, the pillars of his new polity. The author has the good sense to see that such a circumstance could not take place without the assistance of vast numbers of loose, lawless, unprincipled men, of smugglers, of poachers, of desperate fanatics. It is certainly a splendid conception to suppose all these worthies bowing at once to the commanding voice of the general will ; submitting themselves to the self-denying ordinances of justice, humanity,

and peace; not demanding any undue share of the common plunder; overawed by the solemn equity which prevails in the new councils; and putting off at once their rabid desires for pillage, bloodshed, and revenge, which have, up to the moment of triumph, been held such genuine patriotism. Having been taught and led to practice such noble lessons of respect for property and life; having been instructed to seize the land of the proprietor, they are to respect the corn of the husbandman, or the flock of the shepherd; having pillaged the landlord, to spare the manufacturer. Behold them, with some simultaneous impulse, subsiding into a quiet contented life, on the very scanty produce of their own industry, and becoming at once orderly, unambitious, well-regulated citizens. Let the poet follow out a little, and embody in shape and form some of the invariable proceedings of anarchy—a spirit easily raised by the potent conjuration of man, but which requires a higher power—a power for whose protection there must be a better guarantee than the faith of a fierce fanaticism—to awe into peace.

The composition of 'Ernest' is in some degree in harmony with its wild political theory. Its style is as lawless as its object. Blank verse is dropped occasionally for wild lyrical measures; but on this it is not worth while to dwell. In the main narrative, to passages of clear passionate eloquence, sweet and true description, occasionally of tender feeling, succeed turbid and obscure pages, where rude and incongruous metaphors are gathered in loud and disorderly strife, and images crowd upon each other in such strange tumult, that we long, if we thought that we should be heard, to read the Rhet-act of sober criticism. Throughout the perusal there is a constant feeling of misapplied force, and misgoverned and misdirected energy. The author is ever and anon working himself up to causeless passion; and that passion either cannot find words, or breaks out into a kind of stormy riot, of which we cannot trace the meaning. The blank verse, which sometimes flows on with a rich and varied cadence, seems suddenly to become impatient of control, not merely of the more arbitrary regulations of metre, but of those eternal laws of harmony which are the inborn and indispensable music of poetry. Lines of harsh, abrupt, and rugged structure constantly arrest us, and jar upon our ear; though, in justice, we

must repeat that the printer seems to have as little notion of subordination as the writer.

But it is in the conduct of the story, and in the characters, that the strength and the extravagance of the author are most strikingly manifest. It is as extraordinary that a poem of such length, with so little action, with so few incidents to animate so vast a mass of harangue, and observation, and description, should maintain anything like interest, as that such appalling sentiments and opinions should permit us to sink into placid insensibility, from the prolixity to which they are drawn out. A man must be an ardent admirer of poetry or of Chartism to pursue his unflagging course through the twelve books of 'Ernest.' Its dangerousness is combated by its immense bulk: if it were reduced by one-half, it would be much finer, and much more mischievous. But it is the great proof of the extraordinary powers of the poet that he has been able to throw a grandeur and beauty over the heroes of his tale. Reduced to their unpoetic and imaginative description, they are a young self-educated dissenting teacher of a few humble and ignorant peasants; a ruined farmer, who has lost his property in a tithe-suit with a tyrannical rector; a spendthrift nobleman, who, having run through his patrimonial wealth, retires to a cottage, and vindicates his right of poaching on his neighbours' estates. These, with Lucy, the daughter of the farmer—for whose affections there is a rivalry between the preacher and the Count—a shepherd, a harper, and a few more subordinate characters, form the heroes of the Chartist epic. We object not, of course, to the station of these personages. The poet has a right to create his own aristocracy. We require not either our narrative poetry or our stage to confine itself to kings and nobles. It is a proof that the poet possesses the real magic of his art, that he can array in mental grandeur, or awaken impressive interest in favour of those, who, by their position and station, cannot command it. We protest, with most republican earnestness, against the oligarchical principle, that what is lowly must be vulgar. Vulgarity is of all ranks and orders; and if it offends in a poem, it is the vulgarity of the poet's mind, not that of his subject; even as it is his true nobility and delicacy of sentiment and feeling which may make a gentleman or a patrician of the most humbly born or the poor-

est of mankind. But our great objection to these characters—and if we were Chartist readers we should feel the objection more strongly—is, that not one of the poet's heroes is enlisted in his cause by free, spontaneous, or unselfish motives. Personal grievances, and grievances which, after all, do not necessarily arise out of the social system against which they rebel, are the first actuating principles of their patriotism. They are all soured by petty evils into apostles of freedom: they do not receive that inspiration from deep and intent meditation, or from an enforced and deliberate conviction of the rectitude of their intentions, but from personal disappointments and resentment against individuals.

• The world is not their friend, nor the world's law:

therefore they will convulse the world, and abrogate the law, or make a new code, which, while it shall be their own very good friend, may turn its hostile aspect on those whom law now protects and favours.

It may be said that all characters, even the noblest, receive their bias from the small, and sometimes almost imperceptible, incidents of their lives. We are the slaves of circumstances; and though the soul, like the flint, may be instinct with the brightest fire, it is not till it is struck by some rude collision that it bursts out in its glow and splendour. The poet, therefore, has sacrificed effect to truth; and his object may have been to show that the slightest acts of oppression or injustice may awaken antagonists, who, but for that apparently trivial act, would have slumbered on in undangerous inactivity or careless apathy.

• *Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*

The compassion even of true patriotism for the injuries of our fellow-creatures may be first awakened, or at least strengthened, by the sense of our own. It is the actual experience of individual suffering which in general goads to insurrection: a man learns, by tasting it himself, how bitter is the cup of slavery to his neighbours. There is, no doubt, much in this: but when such long and cherished resentments are assigned to remote causes; when the whole character receives its colouring from incidents of unmerited suffering, and all this is brought to bear on the greatest political questions, there should be some ultimate

connection—some kind of proportion to the important events to which they lead. The crime which is to be so severely visited on an aristocracy ought to be a real crime, directly arising out of their political position, not a mere anomalous and accidental cause of offence, which might happen in any order or class of any society.

Arthur Hermann (the preacher) is certainly the noblest, and, on the whole, the most disinterested of these heroes; but his aversion to the inequality of ranks arises out of his being received as companion to some youths of wealth and rank, with whom he quarrels, as the best-conditioned youths may, and beats the young squire to a mummy. The parents are very wroth at this, order the boy a severe flogging, and turn him out of doors. Now this, no doubt—as they do not seem to inquire into the right or the wrong in the original quarrel—was very cruel and unjust; and since young squires, and even young noblemen, as the annals of our public schools will testify, are often much benefited by a good thrashing from a humbler but more spirited boy, the parent squire would have been, perhaps, wiser if he had settled the matter more amicably. Still foolish parents, in all ranks, will be angry when they see their children maltreated; and the boy who, in the lowest village school, should happen to leave very severe marks of punishment on his school fellow, though in a fair stand-up fight, had better keep out of the way of the tigress mother or the savage father, or he may bitterly rue his own prowess. This, however, though it does not much justify his subsequent patriotic measures, was not perhaps unlikely to produce the effect assigned to it on a youth of Hermann's peculiar temperament and situation. But there is something more unsatisfactory in his conduct in joining the conspirators: he demurs at first, and by that loses his hopes of Farmer Hess's daughter, and only appears to join them in a fit of indignation, because his own father, thinking himself ill-used by old Hess, in not allowing him a sufficiently prominent part in the affair, determines to betray them. He then, apparently, without any fresh reasons for his conviction, plunges headlong into the midst of the plot. Now, this may be very generous, as concerns his endangered friends, but not quite so as regards the unhappy landholders, whom, from this time, he thinks himself justified in devoting to massacre. It is true that the magistrates are represented

as the aggressors: that is they attempt to disperse an illegal meeting by a few constables; but they do so because rebellion is manifest, is avowed. Hermann, however, as far as appears, on this petty provocation, on this accidental turn of affairs, becomes profoundly convinced of the justice of his cause: the Preacher, according to the poet's language, 'of faith, the gospel, and love,' becomes the head of a body of blood-thirsty insurgents, stifles all remorse, enlists the worst ruffians in his cause, and actually persuades himself that all the while he 'is doing God service'—God, the Father of *Him*, who, when he was oppressed and afflicted, opened not his mouth; who was welcomed on earth by angels, as the Prince of Peace. And all this justified by a wild misapplication of the prophetic text, which showed that Christianity, on its first promulgation, was likely to be a cause of discord: 'I am not come to send peace upon earth, but a sword.'

In fact, in the Chartist Poem, as in every Chartist insurrection, there is no case made out which can enlist the sympathies of any generous or wise lover of freedom. There is no real evidence of any grievance which really or necessarily arises out of the social institutions. God knows that much evil, much tyranny, much individual suffering must exist under our present political arrangements, as in what state of human society will there not be?

We know who has said that 'offences will come:'—but every incident which works up these men to their deeds of blood is the act of some individual who might fairly be rejected by his class or order as their representative: the social arrangement gives him indeed, or seems to give, the power of indulging his proud and unjust and inhuman disposition; but, until pride and injustice and inhumanity are extinguished in the human heart, (and when will that be?) is there any conceivable social system where they will never find occasion for their outbreak, where they will be so entirely suppressed by the vigilance of law, or the authority of opinion, as to be in no instance injurious to individual welfare or to individual feeling.

We deny not that some political institutions foster these vices more than others, but before they are assumed as their natural fruits, they must be shown to be their necessary, or at least general and ordinary results. But in fact, the author

of 'Ernest,' though he represents these secret motives as operating on the development of his character, when he comes to the full and explicit assertion of his principles, avows them in the plainest, the most naked, most abstract truth. It is a calm and deliberate declaration of war against property; an assertion that the earth and the fullness thereof belongs to *the people*; that the French Revolution committed its fatal error in not seizing and confiscating at once all landed property. It is one axiom of the new political scheme, that property in land (of course tithe is an impious as well as an unjust and inhuman demand) is an usurpation upon the common rights of the inhabitants of any country. No matter how the land has been obtained, by what title it is held;—whether it has been originally brought into cultivation and productiveness by the dexterity or the skill of its owner or his ancestors; whether it is held by purchase; whether it belongs to some Arkwright or some Watt, who has increased the national wealth by countless millions—who by his skill and wonderful invention has brought comfort and comparative luxury into the reach of myriads:—if he has vested some part of his hard-earned, though splendid profits, in land, he shares the common spoliation. Possession is the crime which warrants confiscation; it is an unjust, and unjustifiable—yes—even a punishable and wicked invasion of the rights of man. For monstrous as all this may seem, we are not arrived at the worst; the whole sentiment of the poem enforces a rancorous hatred and implacable feeling of revenge against these usurpers of the public property. The ban is upon them as a class and an order; if they are not permitted to starve, this is considered as treating them with an excess of generous humanity, and a bounty which they had no right to expect. They may have been the best of men, but they are landed proprietors or tithe-holding parsons; away with them, why cumber they the ground? They may be descended from the most popular families, and be the lineal representatives of the boldest and most consistent asserters of popular rights; they may have all the blood of the Russels and Sidneys in their veins; they may have shown in themselves the best patent of nobility, purity of character, the most self-devoted philanthropy, the most lavish beneficence; yet they presume to hold their paternal acres by a parchment title;

they actually live on the ungodly profit called rent—the remorseless proscription levels all. He that cultivates the soil alone has a right to the soil; (what is to be done if another wishes to cultivate it, and therefore claims an equal right, does not appear to have been a contingency contemplated under the new system);—to the fire with all title-deeds. Jack Cade's orders to pull down the Courts of Law are unnecessary; they must fall of themselves—there is but one tenure, that of having driven the plough through the field—but if two men happen to drive their plough through the same field, what then?

We are far from asserting that it has ever entered into the Author's imagination that a clergyman of the Church of England, corrupted as he is to his heart's core by the vitiating habit of receiving tithes, can be otherwise than an object of just and unmitigated abhorrence;—that there are men, hundreds of men, gentlemen by birth, scholars by education, meek, holy, self-denying men, who are devoting their whole lives to the moral and religious improvement of their flocks; who are of very various shades of character, and, on some points, of doctrine, so that some at least must approximate to the truth; who in fact spend twice as much of their own upon the objects of their calling, upon charity, education of the poor, and other sacred objects, as the ill-gotten and extorted income which they obtain from their parish. But can virtue, can holiness, can real Christian zeal and love exist in a man who has his mark upon a sheaf which he has not sowed, or a hay-cock which he has not mown? In sad and awful truth, the whole political theory is simply—you have, and we want to have! we are (at least so we suppose) the strongest, because we are the most numerous—you have had your turn, now is ours—and till this is done, till the sovereign people is installed in its rights, plunder is law—revenge is virtue—in-surrection, patriotism—massacre, Christianity.

We must take refuge from the appalling thoughts which its whole theory suggests in some of the gentler and more pleasing passages of the poem itself.

It commences with the description of a wild and tempestuous night, by which Frederick Hess is overtaken on his return to his peaceful home and the bosom of his family: he arrives and is welcomed by his wife.

'But who shall lay such lead upon his wit
To paint their meeting? Happy they who feel,
And all as irksome he who would fain tell.
And they are breathing warm, soul into soul,
Confused in spiritual joy; locked in embrace
As though they held their world of happiness
By that dear clasp. Where is it fled, the woe,
That late o'erwhelmed them? Nay, what height-
ens bliss
Call it not woe; for our ills do but wait
Upon our blessings, as the Ethiop,
Swart eunuch, on the sultan's sunless fair,
Making grace goodlier.'—pp. 10, 11.

She insists on his changing his clothes, and all this homely domestic scene is drawn with so much truth and simplicity (though here and there perhaps with an expression rather too strong to be in keeping) as to remind us of that tone of common-life reality which Goethe has so well thrown into his *Herman and Dorothea*.

'Then wanted not
Embraces mutual, joy in disarray,
Conflict tumultuous: long 'twas ere he freed
His wife from the soft bond of his embrace
And turned away, there to distribute his love
Where 'twas next due: redoubling kiss on kiss
'Mong prattling lips: asking and answering
All in one breath. But she, the wife, meantime,
As is her sex, more lively changeable,
O'erpowered by the warm gush of her own heart,
Sank on her chair in silent pensive-ness
Of prayer; then her soul, deep from within,
Breathed itself forth pure as from angel lips;
And her thanksgiving doubled to her heart
The blessing that it owed. Duty well done
Is joy well earned; and a glad wife was she,
When, her devotion o'er, she rose again,
To do whate'er her husband's hungry need
Demanded done.'—p. 12.

The following is a successful imitation, as it seems to us, of Cowper:—

'Anon the kettle breathed
Its invitation to familiar rites;
First gently murmuring with rise and fall
And stop, as who preludes before he plays;
Then blowing a more moody and deeper blast,
As summoning its strength, 'till at the last,
Brooking no more delay, it boils amain,
Impatient, as the enthusiast Pythoness,
Of his hot fumes. The housewife heard well
pleased
That challenge.'—p. 13.

'Then a short pause
By talk made shorter ere she 'gan dispense
Her gracious drink; that gracious drink transfused
Into its cognate cups of far Cathay,
And blended there with cream, soft temperature,
Its virgin harshness changed to a gentler kind,
Inviting taste—nor needed urgency
To strain the invitation; as when erst
Mad revelry, with stress that more becoms
The hangman's office and the poisoned cup,
Would force its swilling potion down the throat
Of the abject drunkard. Hail, thou blessed plant
Sacred to comfort and complacency,
Gentle refreshment! sure some providence,
Wiser than Pallas and more loving far,
Created thee to countervail the curse

Of that luxurious vine, whose first effect
(Type of its proofs in all futurity)
Redounded to its Patriarch Author's shame,
Perverting reverence and pious dues
To ribald leer and rank obscenity,
Clean against nature. Then must grace go out
When riot rules: but thou dost still repress
Each passion in its dark cell of the brain,
There to lie still; whispering in the ear
Of mad distemperature a voice of calm,
Rebuking all misrule. Sure it was thou,
Though strangely named, didst once reform the crew

Of old Ulysses to humanity
From bestial lewdness, so reclaiming back
By thy mild potency those haggard souls;
And rendering them to their reason again,
Forgotten and foregone. Then was joy rife
'Neath that poor thatch—the minutes winged their way

Like a glad dream—sportive as fairy sprites,
Dancing at eve with feet that but provoke
The springy grass to rise against their tread,
Leaving no trace. Their joy blazed as a star,
Needing naught else to feed it—from each brow
To each reflected, glancing eye from eye,
Well had it lusted every nook of the room,
Though light beside were none. Howled the fierce storm,

Shaking the stanchions, beating 'gainst the door,
Like to a maniac; aye, howl away
In frustrate fury, for that din the more
Endears our warm security within;
To think what we might be, doubles the bliss
Of what we are.'—pp. 14, 15.

We must observe, however, that this innocent teetotalism is not the universal habit of these new patriots; there are occasions when the assurance that it has not paid excise recommends the mountain-dew to their lips; and on these occasions their valour is heightened by a more generous inspiration.

The joy of the meeting is enhanced by the expected appearance of Arthur Hermann, whose coming is announced by the pretty and graceful confusion of the daughter, Lucy, of course the object of his affections, and the cause of his visit. As Hermann is to play a distinguished part in the poem, we must insert the description of his personal appearance and character.

'There he stood,
Wearing no natural stamp of sovereignty,
Nor mark of greatness on the outward man;
No radiance of beauty to light up
Lave's torch with secret-darting sympathy;
Stately nor strong, but rather feeble of frame,
Feebler than were the fellows of his youth;
And stooping in such wise as his own weight
O'erwhelmed the spirit within him. At each fair
And festival, where thronging manhood meets,
'Mong thousands you might see him, and each one
For feat of strength and rustic exercise
Likelier than he. Who had looked hastily
Had so esteemed him—but the sager eye
Saw that within him which shone clearer forth
And nobler, like the worth of a native gem,
From closer view—a vase most delicate

And pure—and its lamp flamed so lustreously
As threw all o'er it a yet paler show
To seem more virgin-like and frail than it was.
And yet it was a burning, blazing lamp,
Though pure and heavenly, yet very intense,
Like lightning, where it blazes, there it blasts;
Take heed of it—oh! 'tis a perilous thing
When the proud soul rebels 'gainst the poor bounds
That would confine it—and, for it disdains
To be barred by them, rather dares all risk
To be 'whelmed under them.'—p. 20.

Arthur Hermann is the son of an old peasant, who has turned country school-master, a 'maggot-headed man,' unworthy of such a son. The youth had been taken into the squire's dull family, to quicken, by emulation, the sons of its 'base lord,' that

'their dull vaporous spirit,
Kindled by him, touched by his quickening light,
Might burst into a blaze. So their fond sire
Had framed his hope, and orderly success
Gave substance to the shape; their darkness opened
Its slumberous dullard eyes, and became dawn,
Promising day. Meantime that boy, well pleased,
Wore the rich habit of his daily life,
And in its various brightness pranked himself,
As 'twere his proper native quality,
No less than to the leopard its gay skin,
So born and so to die; alas for him
And his fond dream! for trust, since Paradise,
Was never wisdom. On a time it chanced,
As the stream is swiftest and most foaming rash
At the fountain head; and so in boyish blood
Even as the humour stirs doth the tongue speak,
And the hand strike; a fit of moodiness,
'Twixt him and one or other of his mates,
Blew their old friendship up—to it they went
Pell mell, as was the instinct of their rage,
Confounding all the fair and loving past!
With momentary passion. That old boast
Of blood, is but opinion's idle brag,
And nature knows no scutcheons—in this truth
Was the arrogant young squire battered and bruised
To a raw monster, that his mother met,
And meeting, knew him not in that foul face.
Such was their boyish brawl,—but the sire's wrath
Upon his son's so pitiful disgrace,
Rose to a boiling pitch. Base dunghill cur,
And starveling beggar's brat—this, and yet more,
The din of oaths and lash of vengeful whips,
Such was the gratulation and triumph loud
That hailed the victor home. Against that storm
He stood like a dull tortoise in its shell,
Biding all proof of it; with passiveness
Defying wrath to the worst—for his heart drew
All feeling to itself, full to o'erflow
With rush of its proud blood. But the brunt o'er,
When that his patience had fulfilled its task,
His rage took turn; shaking his frame all through,
Body and soul; and then he bled him forth
Like a wild beast broken from out its cage;
Not knowing where—no forethought and no sense,
Save only of its keeper's hateful rod
And threatening voice; purposed to feed hell flames

Rather than turn again; thus conscience-cursed
He wandered, branded worse than was Cain's brow,
A deep heart-brand; out-facing the rude storm,
Daring the desperation of the blast
To sweep him clear away. Oh, how he longed
To change his manhood with the roving hawk

Wheeling above his head—owning no Lord,
Knowing no fellowship; calling none friend,
But waging war with all!—pp. 22-24.

He is softened: we presume that our author would have us suppose by study, and intercourse with nature; he becomes a preacher.

• He lit his torch from heaven, and with that torch
Kindled all hearts—the poor look gladly on high,
Having no comfort here.

Faith, the gospel, and love;
These three he preached, leaving the mysteries
Devised by man, for God's simplicity,
And viewing in the earth one commonwealth
Level as is the ocean—so his word
Waxed and took wings and flew forth wondrously,
An angel of good tidings; and he hoped
To win all hearts with peace and gentleness.—pp.
27, 28.

We quote the opening of the second book with unreserved praise—we could, perhaps, wish here and there a word altered; but in interest and in execution we cannot but consider the passage of great beauty.

• There is a loveliness in the young day
Surpassing sense; bright in its purity
As is an infant angel, yet deep-souled;
As nature from her rest had risen up
In the refreshment of some heavenly dream
That she had dreamt, and waking streams from
her eyes

O'er earth and air that dreamy radiance.
And can there be of all mankind one man
Would doze the prime of his young life away—
Never to be a youth?—the freshening stir
Of the early stream knowing, nor feeling not;
But when its course is wearied, its full flow
Settled to the stagnation of a pool,
Then to be flung in it, and struggle his way
Through the dull scum of life?—None would do
this.

But whose flings away his morning pearl
Doth all as strange a thing, making a blotch
Of that most beauteous gentle radiance
With self-engendered darkness; lagging out
The freshness and the newborn fragrancy,
The silvery light and glistening dewiness,
The contemplative calm of the young dawn,
Till its pure life be tainted a death taint
In dust, and heat, and din of the noon day,
When man is ripe, and Nature all fordone,
Blent with his troublous being, seems almost
To lose her own. But thou, be not so foul,
But spring up gladly, and look forth and breathe,
And walk abroad in peaceful blessedness—
Oh, 'tis most sad such bliss as all might have
The many know not. What? think ye to see
Visions of green fields, waters and deep woods
In the charnel-house, when death shall fling ye
there

For a nuisance, as ye are, out of the way,
To lie and rot? No; but your time is short,
And only provident use can lengthen it.
Oh then fling wide the portals of your sight;
But first, open your souls and learn to love.
'Tis the best learning; for the love you pay
To nature, she requites a thousand fold
With joy and blessedness: look to her then,

And do her suit as a subject, dutiful,
With early duty; awake, arise; nor sell
The privilege, and first-born hope of the day,
For a foul mess of dreams—up and away
To the heavenly inspiration of fresh air,
So shall ye rise in nature's purity,
'Bove the weak taint of man; e'en as they did,
Hermann and Hess, forth issuing that day
From their hot beds into the natural air,
The garden's lively cool luxuriance,
There to drink in the morn; and in the light
And gentle countenance of the eastern sun
To pace their pleasant path; communing things
That startled e'en the ear of privacy,
They were so fearful.—pp. 30, 31.

And fearful indeed they are to every intelligent ear! Hess first relates his own history—that he cultivated his own patrimonial farm in a rich and very beautiful country; and was the happiest of men till the rector of the parish be-thought him of turning a path to his own convenience. He breaks down the gate which the rector (we hear nothing of consent of magistrates) had set up across the path. The clergyman claims tithe of the farm, which by old usage had been exempt from it, and Hess is ruined by the lawsuit. From that time he vows eternal, unmitigable hatred to the Church.

• Oh yes, good church!
I'll give thee all thy due; if I withhold
One curse of those I owe thee, may hell pains
Embrace me, body and soul.'

And so he goes on ranting and raving, and gradually unfolds his plans for the regeneration of mankind, and intimates the existence of widely ramified and secret plots for insurrection against the law and the government. These are among their generous and noble objects:—

• Be it proclaimed, that whose heretofore
Labour'd the land but for a lord's behoof
Shall eat what he hath earned; cramming the soil
Down the dismantled and most greedy throat
Of whose'er dares to claim it for his own,
'Gainst the Creator's law; starving him so
With the glut of his own will: and this achieved,
Then shall the giant Aristocracy,
Dissevered from the earth which bred him first,
And feeds him to this hour, whereon indeed
Is his dependence and his very life,—
Shall die perforce, clutched in the people's claws,
Cursing his soul away.—pp. 54, 55.

• Then shall this land,
Disembured of the parson and the squire,
A kind of men kin to the cankerworm,
Tramp down the accursed corn-law that bids the
poor
Starve mid the plenty piled by their own hands
To a full heap and then for the end of all
And glorious consummation, this our Church
The monument of Christianity,
That stands but to commemorate the death

Of the thing whose name it bears, and the spirit
gone,
Shall be again a temple of the Lord,
Re-edified in simple lowliness,
Abated from its height, but all the more
Extended in its width and larger scope,
Lovingly to embrace all Christian souls
That call upon the Lord.'—pp. 56, 57.

Upon his espousing these principles to their utmost latitude, and joining the desperate league, depends the consent of old Hess to Arthur's marriage with his daughter.

The young preacher hesitates both as to the wisdom and the justice of this unexpected proposition: he is as yet too clear-sighted not to discern the criminality of these measures; he can yet call them by their plain names:—

'I thought to win by righteousness,
And Christian love, and faith, and purity;
And if these serve not, how should robbery
Fulfil their service? robbery and rank
Rebellion?'—p. 63.

"So did that youth choose duty before love!" Arthur has now a long interview with his own father, who it appears has likewise been tampered with by Hess, and whose vanity has been tempted with the offer of heading the glorious enterprise. Partly from jealousy at finding others placed over his head; partly from a sort of shrewdness, which cannot but discern the selfish and personal motives which are so imperfectly concealed by the show of patriotism; partly perhaps from some spice of cowardice which he dignifies by the name of prudence, the old man has determined not merely to drop the perilous connection, but to revenge himself by turning informer. He hints, not without some grounds, that Hess is using his daughter's beauty as a decoy to swell the patriotic ranks; and is actually, while thus endeavouring to work on Arthur, playing the same game with a certain Count Linsingen.

Lucy's mother (for feminine weaknesses will intrude into the family of the loftiest patriot) is dazzled by the high name and gallant bearing of the Count. Under her auspices Linsingen appears at the cottage of Hess to press his suit. But who was this count Linsingen?—how comes he in the camp of the enemy to title, privilege, and property?

'Truly he was a man
Of high nobility, and yet withal,
Simple as is the simplest shepherd's boy,
And careless of himself, weening no more
Of his proud ancestors than they of him
While mouldering in their tombs, giving much
grace
To his high house, but taking none therefrom,

As being arrayed in that pure lustre of light,
That puts the false to shame. And so he stood,
Scorning the far-fetched memory of names,
And usurpation of another's praise,
A simple man, great in simplicity,
Prouder without his plume; true he had felt
Erewhile the gripe of penury, and they
Whose duty then was friendliness of aid,
Left him to fight against her iron claws
With his bare hand, as though their common blood
Were but the water of the common pool,
And kindred but a name for their cold breath
To blow away and care no more of it.
So they were naught to him, nor he to them.
And in his bitterness oft his heart yearned
To make nobility through all the world
The blank it bore in his eyes; but hate and scorn,
Though well they nurse themselves in the inmost
heart,

Keep not the body warm; nor drive the wolf
From the poor—nay, rather sharpen his keen fangs
And whet his rage. So having spent his all,
Save one poor plank whereon to 'scape the wreck,
To that same plank he did commit himself,
To sink or swim: leaving behind him naught
Save emptiness for who came after him,
And curses for his kin—so did he part;
Wishing naught more 'twixt him and those he left,
Save a far space. And on a little farm,
That in its littleness had been o'erlooked
When ruin struck the rest, he made his home:
Reckless, as any banished thief, of the world
He left behind.—Then he flung clean away
The memory of what so late he had been,
As one just waked from a dream of nobleness,
And brought his spirit to keep even wing
With the level of his place; and having thrown
His vain imaginations off from him,
'Stead of the puffed and feathery thing he was,
Stood armed in manhood: till being unthralled
From the base beggary of idleness,
And poor dependence on another's hands,
For uses that his own might well have wrought,
He found his less the greatest gain of all,
Richer than his old wealth; nor lacked he aught;
Whether of field, orchard, or garden growth,
Only, what now he had, he enjoyed the more,
As earned by his strong toil; nor yet his sports
Did he not urge, and pastimes of old wont;
Changed but in this, that the same active means
Which erst he used to cut off his slow hours,
Stragglers and lagsters from time's tedious march,
Wasting the old enemy to ruinishment;
He did employ those selfsame weapons now,
Not to consume but fructify his life,
With fruits whence it might live; so marrying sport
To toil, and raising up a goodly growth
Of plenty, health, contentment, and what else
Springs of that parentage.'—pp. 97, 98.

He takes to shooting on some wild hills: the manor is one day claimed by a troublesome person who calls himself its owner. Linsingen is prosecuted for poaching, and becomes at once a determined captain of smugglers and, of course, a patriot.

A sort of pic-nic party is proposed in a beautiful spot, by a retired fountain, at some distance. The poet takes the opportunity of interspersing some very pleasing descriptions of rural scenery; very soft, rich, and English in its character:—

'Then all trooped on,
The young o'erbrimming with their natural glee;
The old rejoicing in their children's joy,
Since their own source was spent; sweet was the scene

As they passed onward o'er the russet hills,
Those hills that smiled in sunshine a warm smile
To welcome them. All looked and all were pleased;
Some that they felt sorrow more soothingly,
And other some, pleasure more pleasingly,
For Nature, like a holy mother, looks
Upon her children with a tempering look,
Calming all passion; and whate'er they feel,
Subduing it to take a gentler tone,
Whether of joy or grief: still doth she wear
Some touch of sadness in her sweetest smile;
As knowing all must fade, how bright soe'er,
That she brings forth to life; and what she knows
Others do feel, who feel her influence,
And so partake her mood."—p. 108.

They are joined by an old harper, and many others deeply imbued with the new opinions, and while the less initiate are merrily and innocently amusing themselves by a dance on the green, the conspirators withdraw to discuss their grievances, their hopes, and their plans of insurrection and revenge. They are interrupted by an old shepherd with the intelligence that they are denounced to the magistracy by the father of Hermann. At this the youth seems suddenly convinced of the full justice of their cause, plunges headlong into the very depths of the plot, and becomes, in fact, the leader of the enterprise:—

'But Hermann there,
Struck with the palsy of his wonderment,
Stood fixed to the spot—passion oft speeds the soul
To energy of act by its swift stream;
But there it came in such a rushing flood
As quite o'erwhelmed the wheels it should drive on,
Clashing them each 'gainst each. Long time he stood

Like to a lion bayed by many hounds,
Doubtful which first; then did his vehemence,
Frantic awhile, collect itself in strength,
To be hurled at once, forcefully, all in all
Upon his destined point: so grew his thoughts
To issue, and flashed forth in fiery words.

"Yes, 'tis e'en so—
The deed is done, and stricken is the blow;
Come then, I know thee well, thou fatal hour—
Come to thine own;

E'en as a reed before thy stormy power

I bow me down;

'Tis thy stern shadow that I see,
It deepens still; all hail to thee!
Hark! I hear thy rushing pinion!
I bend me to thy dark dominion:
Come, and sweep me hence away,
In thy full, resistless sway.
I am thine, both sense and soul,
Take thy slave to thy control.
Once I strove, but strive no longer,
For I am weak, and thou confesse'd the stronger.
But tell me, wherefore art thou so
Trick'd in Hope's delusive show?
Ah no! I see thee, truly, what thou art!

And lo! my breast I bare;

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And we are met, and never shall we part—
I and despair.

And thou hast done all this, my sire, e'en thou!
Oh how could thou fall off, oh tell me how?

Was it in the battle fray,

Was it in the face of day,

Was it in the front of men?

Alas, I could have borne it then.

There is a majesty and might

In the high-awaying vengeful sword;

But poison'd shaft, and traitorous sleight,

E'en by the tempter is abhor'd.

The rebel may be bold and true,

And he may bear a glorious name:

But such as thou! what doom's thy due?

'Tis shameful death, and deathless shame.

Oh 'tis indeed a fortune most forlorn,

Where fain we would love well,

To feel our love disnatured into scorn,

Our heart, our home, turned to a very hell.

But no! thou art my father still,

And I must love thee 'gainst my will—

Till the severance of our tie:

Then thou art free, and so am I.

Aye, be it so; and so be each as free

As is the branch I tear from this lone tree:

Tear it off, and fling it far,

To lie wide sever'd, as we are:

See, it is done!—

Alas! vain fool, thou'rt still thy father's son—

Oh! who will be my friend,

E'en to the utmost end?

See here I bare mine arm; come, bare thy knife

And coldly drain

Each shrinking vein

Of its rich flood of crimson life,

That my sire's blood may pour its hideous blot

There on that heather, and I own it not.

..... Curse on ye all, ye dreams of idleness,

I know ye not,—back to your nothingness.

No; I will redeem the shame

Of our vile, dishonoured name:

Now that name throughout the land

Is character'd in felon brand;

Soon it shall be pure and bright,

Written in a sunbeam's light,

Uttered in the thunder's voice—

Hear it and quake, my foes, and ye, my friends,
rejoice;

For there shall live a spirit in that name,

Who breathes it forth shall breathe a fiery flame:

Evermore proclaim'd aloud

In the council and the crowd:

Strong to comfort and to save,

To cheer the faint, to steel the brave:

Soul of the battle shout,

Rallying here and scattering there in rest.

—But what strange cloud o'erhung my brow,

That I was blind till even now?

I saw it not, yet was it there,

That precious truth so heavenly fair.

All in vain did Love and Hope

Point me to this glorious scope,

Till another counsel came,

Muttered in my ear by shame.

Yes, Honour, unto thee

I bow my knee,

To redeem the foul disgrace

Lowering o'er my name and race:

Thy bidding have I done,

So be the Sire forgotten in the Son!

—Oh! yes, a thousand thanks, my sire, to thee,

'Tis all thy gift the glory that I see;

Not now a vision, but a truth indeed,

For fate's own hand hath written what I read.

I see it all, I see the opening sky:—

Oh ! yet a moment, ere the scene pass by—
 All is one blazing truth before my eyes—
 Cleansed from old custom, purg'd of priestly lies ;
 The giant people, the all-sovereign sun
 Waked up in glory, his glad course to run ;
 Quenching the chilly lustre of each star
 That ruled the sky while yet he was afar ;
 Claiming our homage, though they shine but so
 Their own vain glory 'mid the night to show,
 Their glory and the general gloom of man ;
 But who shall chase that gloom ?—they neither
 care nor can :

Nor light nor warmth is theirs, and earth and sky
 Must bide in darkness while they sit on high—
 Bide darkling still that they may shine more bright ;
 Then come, thou Sovereign Sun, and re-assert thy
 right,

Give the warm grace those lordly things deny,
 And bid them fade before thy fiery eye—
 Fade in avoidance like a fummy dream :
 They know thy power, they tremble as they gleam ;
 See, darkness faints in day—the pitchy night
 Bursts into brilliance at one touch of light :
 And mid that light doth Truth ascend her throne,
 And points to man, and man asserts his own.
 Wondering to see where erst he was so blind,
 A clayey mass enlightened to a mind.
 And what he wills, that will is now the Lord,
 And what he says, the act obeys the word ;
 Kings tremble and crouch down, for he hath
 drawn his sword.

Then doth resistance vainly faint away,
 E'en as those darksome clouds dissolv'd in day ;
 Threatening the eye, and thundering on the ear,
 But to the touch a foolish empty fear—
 So right is 'stablished, and old wrongs redrest,
 The few abated, and the many blest.
 But oh ! the joy, the tumult, the surprise,
 One voice, one will, one world in ecstasies,
 Oh swell not so my heart ; oh veil ye my fond eyes.
 Yes, 'tis decreed—
 I've seen the sight, and now to do the deed !"
 pp. 126.130.

Hermann is not merely to be the leader but the lawgiver of the new social institution ; he expounds at length the views of these political regenerators. Let us hear the principles of the new philosophical and religious republic :—

' 'Tis just and fitting that the commonalty,
 In virtue of its sovereign majesty,
 Seeing it hath entrusted its estate
 To certain men who have abused that trust—
 Should exercise itself the care of its own,
 And order all things for its interest,
 By its proper voice, and will immediate :
 And be resolved, all laws should be for use
 Of the main, and not for 'vantage of some few ;
 Therefore for furtherance of such main good
 The rule of property should be redrest
 From its wrong bias unto its right scope,
 Which was indeed to comfort industry ;
 As sure it doth where reason limits it :
 Though oft of late, selfishness most perverse
 Hath wrested it to ends of idleness.
 Then be it resolved, only the labourer,
 Or they who do provide labour its means,
 Have right and title to the land's increase.
 Hence that the farmer's stock upon each farm
 Be rated ; and a yearly usury
 Be paid him on that rate, from the land's growth ;
 And for his management and master-skill,
 A further portion of the yearly increase :

Then for the surplus of such payment made,
 They who have toiled the ground, 'tis theirs of right
 To share it, and enjoy it, and thank God ;
 Sharing by rule of elders, duly ordained
 To make apportionment of labourers,
 And judge all controversies in each farm.
 But for the landlord—'tis an impious game,
 By man usurped from God—so be it resolved,
 To make no further mention of that name,
 But let the state take their dominion,
 Paying them compensation lest they starve ;
 So much the less as they have taxed the more
 Our bread, long time, and now must quit the account.

But that which each man's skill hath made for him,
 Procured, or earned, as money, and house, and
 goods,

And what he hath by gift of the like kind,
 Be it all his own to hold and to enjoy.
 And be it resolved, that labour respiteless
 Befits not man, being bruto drudgery ;
 Changing to beastliness his nature, born
 A little lower than the angels are :
 And in this rule the labourer hath right
 Of leisure and appliance to enjoy
 His life, nor only toil for means to live,—
 As was his old compulsion, and is now :
 Barring all spiritual exercise,
 Stunting all holy growth, and robbing so
 His soul of its immortal privilege,
 Its means of grace, and faculty for heaven.
 Then to forefend that evil, and gain this good,
 Be there provided recreative means,
 Both for refreshment of man's weekly toil,
 And holy comfort after worldliness.
 But since vice ever grows from vacancy,
 Therefore, 'tis need all aids be ministered,
 To further blameless action to its end,
 And occupy in sport or seriousness
 The space that else the evil one would fill.
 And be those aids varied for various needs—
 Gardens and spacious shades, where the weary
 sense

In their cool freedom may refresh itself ;
 And contemplative leisure study God
 By Nature's help—his best interpreter :
 Besides, what ground for pastime may seem fit,
 In frequency of popular resort,
 For lusty games, and proof of manliness.
 Next, since man sins only in ignorance,
 And as he learns, e'en so he practises,
 Practising only what he first hath learnt ;
 Therefore it is the common good of all,
 And common right, that each man be taught well,
 Lest evil discipline lead to ill deeds ;
 And then the law rising up wrathfully—
 Albeit itself worthier far of blame
 In its default, than was the man in his act—
 Do bloody vengeance on the deed foredone ;
 Making much evil in its slothfulness,
 And mending it with more in its hastiness :
 To punish eager, as careless to prevent ;
 A hangman's office—'stead of the kind grace
 Of a loving teacher and good governor—
 Rule most irregular and mischievous.
 Therefore be there provided public schools,
 Industrial, labour and art with letters joined,
 Where each shall send his own, save on proof made
 Of homely discipline as sure and good—
 From tender infancy even to youth,
 And next, when liberty in riper years
 Shall grow beyond constraint ; then let free-will
 Be kindly aided to take up the aim,
 By discipline foregone at her due time.
 And to that end be furnished treasures
 Of various knowledge, books and liberal arts

Lectures mechanic; concerts musical;
 And whatever else quickens humanity—
 That finer sentiment so to the soul
 Attenuated, may prevail o'er brutishness;
 Subduing passion by its gentler sway.
 And be it resolved again—the Church is naught;
 A thing corrupt,—essence and ordinance:
 No church indeed, but a foul den of thieves
 And money changers, trafficking men's souls
 With hire and sale, 'stead of salvation;
 Being one half of them to their own flocks,
 Foreigners, knowing nor regarding them—
 Though feeding on their flesh—clothed with their
 fleece;

Truly, a sin to draw damnation down,
 Not only on them, but us who suffer them;
 As God will sure require it at our hands.
 Therefore, that this huge scandal be pulled down,
 And then reframed in frame Apostolic:
 So shall each congregation rule itself,
 Without all bias of authority
 For things of faith, save of the bible alone;
 Choosing its elders as it judgeth best;
 And they upon that choice, choosing again
 The deacons and the preachers of the word;
 Each of these last holding authority
 To interpret Scripture by his conscience,
 So he profess Christ's word for his rule of faith.
 And that tithes cease; and each church bear its
 charge;

They who own none being taxed for aid of all.
 And be it resolved,—soldiership shall be called
 No longer; but all men enured in arms.
 Not to be helpless for defensive need.
 And be it resolved,—'tis an unholy thing
 To make a general dearth for gain of few;
 Therefore be this land free what other lands
 Can give without all hindrance to receive,
 Saving the dues imposed to serve state needs,
 And be it resolved—the law is much in fault;
 Therefore behoves the counsel of men skilled
 To settle a sure rule of right and wrong,
 Bringing back error to simplicity.
 Further, 'tis good the general voice should be
 Arbiters of the general estate,
 Since discipline hath given intelligence
 Abroad, and with that gift the right of its use.
 So be it resolved,—'twere fit that every man
 (Saving the felon and taker of public alms)
 Should give his suffrage for the choice of those
 Proposed for rulers of the commonweal.
 And that such suffrage be in secret-wise;
 And that such chosen rulers rule alone,
 Forbye all claim of birth and privilege.
 Last, since these things—being our righteous due—
 Are, by our rulers, yet denied to us,
 With whom nor right, nor reason, availeth aught;
 And patience of their heavy oppression
 Doth but provoke them to heap wrong on wrong,
 As this poor land hath proved under their power
 Groaning and travelling in pain till now:—
 Therefore, be it resolved—there is strong need
 That we rise up from our long passiveness
 In arms, and so redress ourselves to right,
 Manfully, as behooves good and true men.—pp.
 145-150.

In all this wild confusion of the lofty
 and the puerile, the generous and the
 ferocious, the black misrepresentation of
 the past and present, and the vague,
 though brilliant, unreality of the future—
 that which might be attainable under a
 wise, strong, and paternal legislature, and

that which is utterly crude and baseless—
 there is much which the sober states-
 man may consider worthy of serious con-
 sideration; much which may occupy the
 grave reflection of one whose deep and
 conscientious study is to make the people
 happy and virtuous; and, as far as is con-
 sistent with the well-being of society, and
 the fundamental principles of right, happy
 in their own way, and virtuous through
 the means which are accordant with their
 own desires. No one will doubt that there
 is much in our present social state to
 awaken the apprehension, the anxiety, the
 sorrow of all true lovers of their country.
 Our unexampled prosperity threatens us
 with a fearful reaction; a heavy payment
 appears likely to be exacted from us for
 our enormous wealth, for the unpreceden-
 ted comfort, we will not say luxury, which
 is diffused through all the upper and mid-
 dling classes of society. Our productive
 energies have created and concentrated
 enormous masses of population, unsoften-
 ed by any of those feelings of kindness
 and charity which bind together, in some
 degree, the rich and poor in most of our
 rural districts.—(Among many even of
 these, it is true, the administration of the
 old poor-laws made much havoc—we are
 not at present to meddle again with the
 controversy as to the effects of the new—
 but *here* is not the dangerous part of our
 system—in this respect the author of *Er-
 nest* has chosen the wrong ground; not,
 indeed, for his poetry, but for his political
 principles).—It is the dense masses of our
 manufacturing population, who have no
 intercourse with any of the higher orders
 but their employers; with the most mise-
 rable want of salutary control, with habits
 of improvidence, fostered by occasional
 periods of great gain, succeeded by times
 of indolence and total want of employ-
 ment, uneducated, without churches, with-
 out schools—here is the part of our so-
 cial state, to the improvement of which all
 our energies of wise philanthropy should
 be directed. Before this appalling scene
 political faction ought to be silent: here,
 the voice of the people declaring its own
 wants, should receive a patient hearing
 and dispassionate investigation; and no
 narrow jealousy should be allowed to
 stand in the way of any practicable amelioration.

But, when the writer of '*Ernest*' pro-
 ceeds to mingle up, not with these visions
 of social perfectibility alone, but with the
 bloody, brutal and atrocious scenes which,
 by his own showing, must prepare the

way for this political millennium, the religion of the Gospel—when we find that awful and adorable name, which is never pronounced by the true followers of Jesus without reverence and love, coupled with such phrases as—

'Saviour alike and leveller of man,
Divine reformer, arch republican'—

we find it difficult to proceed with that calmness of expostulation which we have enforced upon ourselves as a severe duty. We have seen a similar phrase quoted from a well-known German writer—we conceive in total ignorance of his meaning. The vulgar sense to which it has been perverted is totally alien, we will assert, to the character and tone of mind of the fantastic perhaps, but amiable, reverential, and religious Novalis. With him it was a blameless metaphor, a vivid image, expressive of that primary principle of the Gospel, that it was 'preached to the poor.' The Author of the Gospel was a leveller indeed, but of all mankind, before the throne of their Maker; his republic, or rather, his kingdom, knew no distinction of persons. While all the ancient religions made the divine favour a matter of privilege and prerogative, of caste or sacred order, or chosen nation, Jesus threw wide the gates of immortality to all mankind. And how did his gospel strike on the quivering chords of the human heart among those lower orders whom he loved to address? Did he awaken fierce impatience of their social state, hatred of their superiors, envy of the possessions of the rich, rebellion against the iron tyranny under which they groaned? Did his apostles, when they addressed even the miserable slave, who held his all at the beck of a barbarous master, who might, with impunity, crush his life out with his contemptuous feet—did he embitter the lot of the bondman by infusing resentment and discontent into his heart? Patience, humility, subordination, were placed in the first rank of Christian virtues—patience without debasement, humility without meanness, subordination without servility. The Gospel opened, indeed, a prospect of life where all distinctions should be done away; where all inequalities should be levelled; where the will of the united people should be one undisturbed harmony; where happiness should result in some degree from the profound feeling of universal brotherhood—but that prospect expanded far beyond this brief and clouded

world; it was in the presence of Him who was to be its Divine Author: it was to be not, as now, dimly seen, even by the keenest eye of faith, through the mist of passion, and violence, and mutual jealousy—but in those regions of peace which pass the understanding of man.

Let us not be misunderstood for an instant as secluding Christianity from its angelic office of advancing human happiness on earth. The Gospel dissuades not, it urges with its most affectionate vehemence, it commands with all its authority, the co-operation of all its followers in the perfection of the social relations of man. It abhors tyranny—it is the noblest ally of freedom—it is the great civilizer of man. But that to which it looks forward with the kindling eagerness of prophetic hope as a Christian end, it will only accomplish by Christian means. It repudiates all violence, all earthly passions, all jealousy of the different orders, all mutual hatred. It will have no fellowship with crime, with oppression by the many (which it detests as cordially as that of the few), with spoliation, with massacre. By whatever sophistry the professed teacher of the Gospel, like Hermann in this poem, tries to reconcile the old axiom, let us sin that grace may abound; let us plunder, that property may be more equally divided: let us massacre, that better men may rule; let us destroy with blind fury, that we may build a fairer edifice; let us trample under foot every principle of established right, every compunctious feeling of humanity, in order to establish law and humanize mankind; let us throw all the existing happiness around us into the boiling cauldron of democracy, in order that society may renew its youth—all this the religion of Christianity throws aside with abhorrence and indignation; and even her inexhaustible compassion can scarcely palliate or soften away such doctrines, in whatever form they may appear.

But we are anxious to relieve the severity of our discussion by some of those gleams of poetic interest which induce us to linger, not without pleasure, over this strange and lawless performance. We transcribe a scene on which Hermann dwells on his way to the house of Hess.

'And now from her long sleep,
A living fairy spirit of fresh green,
Daughter of the giant storm, breathing like balm,
Jewelled with sun-drops, looked forth lovingly,
Pleased of her new life. Hermann round admired,
And thanked his Maker for the sight he saw;
And sudden, the bright beauty of that scene

Lit up with lustre his sad countenance,
Unto complacency. 'Tis a blest turn
To turn from moody and turmoiling man,
And from our selfish task-mistress the world,
To our mother and nurse; to thee, Nature, for thou
Art both those tendernesses in one word,
He who hath aught of feeling must feel this;
And he who feels it not, when he is dead
Will be as noble a thing as while he lived.
No more of him—for such a man lives not—
Having no soul—what he is, still let him be,
A blank—Ah, no!—for a blank is innocence—
And holy characters may there be writ,
But he is a dark void. A page cross-scrawled,
"Till all its whiteness is one scrawl of black—
His perverse life. In his heart's joyousness
Hermann passed on, making a treasury
Of his eye, there to receive the golden gifts
Nature poured in, staying anon to look;
Glad stay, as all his life were in his looks,
Else worthless."—p. 167.

The hand of Lucy, his beloved, has been promised, during his brief interval of hesitation, to Linsingen; the maiden herself, having heard that Hermann was a traitor to her father's cause, has given her reluctant consent.

'A quick light step: and then a gentle hand
Upon the door, and gliding through the room
A youthful presence of pale loveliness,
Lovely though pale, she moved as in a dream,
Noiseless and vague and all unconsciously,
For her deep passion had enveloped her
As with a cloud: she stood, and had sunk there
Ere she could speak; but Hermann hastily
Rose, and encountered her and took her hand,
And seated her in drooping passiveness,
That so she might collect her spirit again
And be herself. Sadly he gazed on her,
Then broke the sad pause, 'Lucy, look on me,
And speak me a word—surely we may be friends,
Such severance as ours it breeds not hate
But pity—speak to me, and let me hear,
That this same gulf but parts us being friends,
No hostile distance—nay, but weep not so,
Thy grief is my worst pain. Oh answer me
Only a word.' "Oh yes, I'll answer thee;
But what to say? forgive me, that is all.
Forgive me now as thou didst love me once,
Wholly—so shall my pain haply be less:
But no—that I deserve not—nor dare hope—
Only forgive me." "Lucy, 'tis too much:
Wherefore forgive? What thou hast done from my
heart

I do commend it for a noble deed:
But if thou lovest more the other word,
Then do I tell thee I forgive it all,
As free as we forgive our dearest friends
For seeking our best good: nay, mark me this—
Had I such cause and motive for the act,
I'd done no less myself—I loved thee much—
Thou know'st it: and I felt and ever shall.
Yet in the heat and fragrance of my zeal
I had spent a hundred thousand loves like thine
To gain but one such man as thou hast gained.
On our behalf in noble Linsingen:
So prithee be content." "Nay what thou say'st,"
The maiden answered him with streaming tears,
"It shows thy spirit's greatness greater yet,
And all my baseness baser than before.
Oh! hadst thou been my brother—how blest then
Thy sister."—"Lucy, deem it even so:
I am thy brother, we're twinborn in soul:
What would we more? Only be thou indeed

My own true sister in this enterprise,
So shalt thou have not only a husband's love,
Which was the richest hope I offered thee,
But a brother's also on the top of that,
Crowning the measure: yes, by my faith I think
A sister's name is of the sweeter sound;
Purer and chaster; less of earth in it,
And more of Heaven. Lucy, 'tis God's grace;
And, for I deem it so, thy forehead I kiss
For a most holy and baptismal sign,
That thou art sistered to me. This is good,
Never was I a brother yet before,
And now I feel the spirit in my heart
As a new-born angel."—pp. 218-220.

But we must revert to the pure and magnanimous spirits who unite in this lofty enterprise, men of such enlarged understanding, such disinterested and unselfish motives, and altogether so wonderfully qualified by their profound meditative wisdom, by their settled, industrious, and honest habits of life, for accelerating the æra of freedom, virtue, religion. The first reads as if he were painted to the life;—he is a furious cobbler who ascribes all that goes wrong to the recent tolerance of *Papists*;—we recommend him, as a specimen of enlightened Chartist patriotism, to the special notice of Mr. O'Connell. The next is a worthy who has a quarrel with his neighbour about a cow, which he hopes to gain possession of in this holy revolution. The third the poet must describe.

'Up sprang another speaker—up he sprang,
A man broad and high-boned, and big of limb—
A mass of mighty members, incompact,
Of most rude juncture: in his sprawling gait
Belying the strong promise of his frame;
And for his face, 'twas full, but very pale,
As the life-blood did never visit it—
Clay featured of the potter—a damp mask
Without a soul—spiritless, there he sat
Like to a man oppress with his own weight,
Too much for him to raise—sunk in his flesh,
Stuffed and buried there; for the light and life
Within him, 'twas all center'd in one point,
Firing his eye. And sure that eye did show
Most like a lamp, blazing through a dull fog,
Wondrously bright. His coat hung on his back
As loose, as on its mother a gipsy brat,
In a strange heap—uncouth habiliments,
And bushy hair, all tangled and all wild,
As a thicket in a waste. Such was the man
Christopher Ernest—erewhile solicitous
Of a preacher's office in the ministry;
And for his gifts, they fell no little short
Of the height that he aspired: and many there
Did deem his fervent speech inspired of God.
But, for he looked but to his own impulse,
Nor made his reason of the vulgar rule,
Therefore, the more denied him what he asked,
Counting him mad. Madness, thou art a name
They best deserve who take so crooked a stick
As is man's custom for their canon of right,
And judge all things thereby; but who is wise
And with deep wisdom, he will show it most
Hiding it deep away."—p. 197.

The speech of Christopher Ernest is one

of ferocious bigotry: he is the Muckle-wrath of the conspiracy, who has his special commission in a vision from heaven, which inspires him with these benignant and Christian sentiments.

'Therefore I call on ye,
Go force those villains to gorge up our spoil,
Though it come with their hearts' blood: then
slaughter them,
Them, and their sons, on heap—and of their bones
Rear up a pile high as the pyramids
For a sign and wonder—thus I counsel ye
For the Lord's sake, and for yourselves yet more,
That ye fulfil his words, spare not to slay,
But slay and spare not—and oh, bitterly
Be he cursed that comes not to the aid of the Lord
Against the mighty.'—pp. 200, 201.

We subjoin to this, from another part of the poem, the description of a more dangerous part of the confederacy. Hermann ranges the whole country to enlist all who are predisposed to the cause. Among others—

'A strong brotherhood,
(So was their union called, and so they were.)
Where every man was zealous, not alone
With his single zeal but with the fervency
Of the whole host. They had been banded long—
But so, as by the rulers of the land
They were deemed only what they seemed to be,
Preachers austere and devout listeners,
Aiming at Heaven; and for this earth's estate,
How it were ruled, little regarding it,
Nor caring to disturb. Thus as they grew,
Others confided—truly, Confidence,
Thou'rt a good swordsman, but yet all unfit
To hold the shield. - And so this people waxed
Daily and hourly, trunk and branches too,
Spreading o'er all the region round about,
Like a fresh flame; that who of the poor sort
Belonged not to them, lived as one plague-sick,
So slunned and pointed at. They'd a good cause,
And more than that, they had a method too,
Bettering that goodness. He is but a fool
Who would cry down a state with other cry
Than of religion: treason's a hot taste,
And needs hot appetite to swallow it;—
A hot enthusiastic appetite:
And this enthusiasm is a fire
That feeds on its own smoke—easy kept up,
If we but starve it of all solid food,
And diet it with vapours. Who sees clear,
He is no zealot: truth doth purge for him
Those visionary fumes:—but where none knows,
And each man may believe what'er he list,
There is the enthusiast of a king indeed.
And of wide royalty: then hail to thee,
Religion, nursing mother of that fire,
Predestined to consume the bonds of man,
Easy as wither'd tow. They in this frame,
E'en as the ancient saints in Israel,
Had ever in their mouth the praise of God,
And in their sinewy hands a two-edged sword
To execute sharp vengeance, to smite kings
To the ground, and smitten so, bind them in
chains;
Them and their nobles too.'—pp. 224, 225.

Besides these, there is a whole sea-shore of smugglers: in short, all that is savage, lawless, unprincipled; men inured

to crime, to cruelty, to rapine. Is it baser dishonesty to lure such persons to rebellion with the hope of glutting their appetites for plunder and blood, if they are not to be allowed their full swing?—or wilder madness to suppose that such allies will be content with a brief and temporary indulgence of their gluffed passions, and can be subdued to order and peace, by those who have stimulated and driven them to their excesses?—or more atrocious wickedness to blow the fire of civil strife, reckless how fiercely or how long it may burn, with a confessed and conscious inability to extinguish its flames?

But, in fact, the poet himself seems to get intoxicated, as it were, with ferocity, and *literally* to thirst for blood. He seems to revel in carnage, and to dash on with joyous and happy energy through ruin and desolation. We follow him not to the successful rising at Markstein fair, the storming of Count Stolberg's castle, the final conflict with the soldiery; but, though we make our readers shudder, we must justify the grave charge against the author of 'Ernest,' a charge which we make with much reluctance, but with an awful conviction of its truth. We select these lines from the second of the above-mentioned scenes:—

'Entrance is clear;
Victory won. O, where is mercy now?
Alas! what should she here, or how prevail
O'er the fell spirit of the conqueror,
When e'en the vanquished call not on her name,
But die despairingly? So ever on
Slaughter hunted her game from room to room,
From stair to stair: before her, shrieks and groans;
Behind her, a blood-track. Ever she smote,
And smiting never slack'd while any stood
To front her sword: then on the last man's groan,
Vomited forth in blood, came a still pause;
A silence all the deeper and deadlier
For the wild uproar that fore-clamoured it:
Then many went about, muttering low,
With teeth hard set, and swords strainingly clenched,
Seeking whom next to slay; and finding none,
Must hack the dead, savage and butcherly,
For lack of other vengeance; for blood-thirst
Is so assuaged by lavish draughts of it,
As fire with profuse oil. Well was it then
Women and children were all fled that hold,
None left but men of arms; for cruelty
Incensed is natured so fiercer to blaze
The more 'tis fed, 'scaping the thoughts of the past
By raging on—knowing nor practising
No readier means to efface a few blood drops,
But to ensanguine all—bathing its hand
In the full torrent of its cut-throat acts,
Lest white and red should know distinction
For one to accuse the other. Cruelty,
Thou'rt ever bitter, but then bitterest
When thou'rt called Conscience. In that house
Death swayed
And Silence followed him, his trainbearer,

Soon to be jostled away ; for energy
Breathes only in the stirring atmosphere
Where it was born ; and recklessness loves not
That its fierce trouble should subside in calm ;
Least as its conscience should be made clear, its
drift

From turbulent declared transpicuous,
With guilt at bottom ; therefore those fierce men,
Their bloody excitement o'er, some other needs
To drive them on. That other was at hand ;
For in that hall, sulphurous and carcase-strown,
A feast was spread ; viands in plentiful store ;
Wine, and what else is of more potency
To fire the blood—strong comfort of faint hearts—
Frenzy for fear !—pp. 240, 241.

And the leader and president of this hellish symposium is the *gallant*—the *noble* Linsingen !

So completely, indeed, is the heart of the poet hardened, his moral feeling vitiated, that he actually cannot refrain from defiling the hands of the gentle Lucy with blood. Linsingen is seized by the enemy, and cast into prison ; Lucy finds her way to his dungeon, to rescue him from death ; and we are somewhat alarmed lest we should have a repetition of the old story of the Countess of Castile, Lady Nithsdale, and Madame La-vallette. But our poet is too much flushed with slaughter to condescend to such stale or tame artifice : he actually makes the tender girl—for a man whom she does not love, but who has deceived her into the rejection of her beloved Hermann—a being, as she is described, of the most exquisitely feminine sweetness—*murder the turnkey with her own hands*, and strip him of some of his clothes ! Linsingen after this is shot, and Lucy dies mad.

The close of the whole is a bloody battle, in which, of course, Chartism triumphs :—

'So fled those soldiers : and their conquerors—
Ask not if they pursued ; if bayonets
Wantoned in blood ; if savagery for all
Answer to supplication cut its throat
In the act of prayer ? Rather ask Cruelty
What she e'er did of fiercest memory,
And then be sure a thousand deeds as fierce
Dyed that red field : slowly the sun sank down,
And musing red as with rank vapour of blood ;
And well doth he remember yet that day,
For never did he see the like of it,
Nor ever will. Then Vengeance wiped its sword,
Smiling a grim smile at the bloody sight,
Cursing the shade that hindered it to slay,
While yet were men for slaughter.'—p. 236.

Great God ! and this is a writer who desecrates the religion of Jesus Christ, by assuming its name as the watchword of this diabolic bloodthirstiness.

The tragic termination of the poem is not very hopeful to the leaders in the enterprise. Linsingen, we see, is inglo-

riously shot, and Hermann, after the victory, is sought in vain. The triumphant republicans seek for him who is to be their king ! He is nowhere to be found—like Fiesco, in the real history, he is found drowned in a neighbouring stream ;—whether, like Schiller's Fiesco, he is thrown in by some sturdier patriot, some Cato-like Verrina of the new republic, who will not endure the name of king—this we are not informed. But as they cannot have Hermann, the triumphant patriots, for this reason alone, agree that they will do without the kingly office.

Many grave reflections force themselves upon us, when we look back upon our extracts from this wildly inconsistent work. We hear much of the beneficial influence of education, and, heaven forbid that we should utter one word in disparagement of this best, this necessary corrective of our social evils, this single palliative of our social dangers—a sound, rational, comprehensive, and religious plan of instruction for the people of England. But will education do all ? We have heard much taunting and sarcastic observation, not unmingled with bitter reflection on the supineness of the Church in that district, as to the miserable ignorance of those poor fanatical Kentish peasants, who believed a madman to be the Messiah. We will not ask where Irvingism, a system scarcely less presumptuous and insane, has found its votaries—whether in the lowest or most uneducated classes of society. But here we have before us a man of very high intellectual attainments—a man of much, however perverted, thought, much observation, much knowledge of mankind, and, to judge from his command of imagery and illustration, by no means unread in books—and yet deliberately promulgating theories which would be spurned by the severest and most republican political economist, as crude and idle puerilities, not less at war with the true principles of his science, than with the established order of society—inculcating views of Christianity which unite the narrowest bigotry and the fiercest intolerance—the most insolent uncharitableness with the most vague and undefinable tenets. We would, indeed, willingly bind down our author, however severe and distasteful to a poet such discipline might be, to a long and patient study of the works of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and Senior (writers certainly fettered by no antiquated prejudices in favour of the

existing order of things); while we would exhort him more and more humbly and patiently to study that Book for which he professes so much deference, but of the true spirit of which he is as ignorant as the yet unenlightened disciples who would bring down fire from heaven on those whom they esteemed the unpardonable enemies of the Saviour.

We cannot part—with our *unknown* author we will not say, for we do not live so remote from literary rumour as not to be able, if we were willing, to designate him by name (yet his secret, as far as it is a secret, is as sacred with us as with the dearest of his friends, or the most deeply sworn, if he has such, of his confederates)—we cannot close our observations without reverting to our tone of solemn, serious, if he will permit us, even affectionate remonstrance. The poem is dedicated to the memory of Milton—*'To the memory of Milton, the poet, the divine, and the republican, this work, written in the light of his glorious countenance, is dedicated.'* We must protest against this desecration of the name of Milton by connecting it with a wild scheme, like this, of spoliation and murder. We think it was the late Mr. Coleridge who contrasted the revolution of which Milton was the admirer and the defender with that of France—with *that* which our author does not hesitate to condemn on account of one cardinal error—namely, the neglect at once to seize and redistribute the whole soil of the land which it convulsed. Coleridge defined the revolutions of Cromwell and of Robespierre, as the one a collision of principles, the other a conflict of passions. But surely to a calm and reasoning man, the total failure of Milton's republican visions—the necessity for the iron rule of Cromwell to restore order—a rule of which the land became so impatient, as to rush back immediately after his death into the arms of the discarded sovereign—these solemn truths, graven on the page of history for our warning, are neither the first nor the last examples of popular insurrection leading directly, we may almost write inevitably, to military despotism. And who, in whatever tone of mind he may read English history, will degrade that part of the people which espoused the parliamentary cause into any similitude with the marauders and ruffians whom the author of *'Ernest,'* by his own statement, would let loose upon society? Yet, throwing all this aside, let us ask under what character

does Milton live in the love and admiration of mankind? Who reads, or who on its first recent publication did read, his divinity, interesting as it was, because it was the poet Milton's, and reflected light on his character? Who but reviewers toiled through the *'Treatise on Christian Doctrine'*? Who studies the *'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano,'* or, splendid as they are in passages, his prose works? It is where he has either not defiled himself, or purified himself from the mire and noise of contemporary politics—as the author of those exquisite juvenile poems, and of the *'Comus,'* of which almost every thought is beauty, and every line music—it is as the retired and solemn bard of the *'Paradise Lost,'* and *'Samson Agonistes,'* that the memory of Milton is garnered up in the heart of his country—that his name is treasured in our profound and almost venerating love. The poet cannot, perhaps, live entirely aloof from his age; he has neither inclination nor the right to abandon that high Christian duty which is inseparably connected with his precious talent—the gift of working with commanding power and influence on the mind of man, the solemn obligation of advancing the improvement, the amelioration of his fellow-men. But if he mingles himself in the actual strife—if he changes the lofty station of the poet for that of the turbulent demagogue, it will be only by the genius of a Milton, employed as *his* was before he plunged into the wild turmoil, or after he had found a peaceful retirement from such scenes, that he (in spite, as it were, of himself) will obtain the poet's immortality. By his fruits he will be known: if he has merely thrown the bitter apples of discord, fair to the sight but ashes to the taste, among the different ranks of society, he will perish for ever, or leave but a name, remembered with shame and sorrow by those who trace out the half-forgotten remains of his genius. But if, from the Hesperian gardens of true poesy, he has brought some of its golden treasures, unsoiled by the withering airs of the world, it is then that he is welcomed back from his bold and perilous voyage by the acclamations of mankind—

'And in our wonder and astonishment
He builds himself a livelong monument.'

The author of *Ernest* is very far from a Milton; as yet, though he has shown great capacity for poetry, he has certainly, even in a literary point of view, not

produced a fine poem ; but among our younger aspirants we know none of whom we would prophesy nobler things, if, instead of being the slave of a faction—for such he is, notwithstanding his lofty pretensions to a more comprehensive humanity, to higher wisdom and purer religion than his fellow-men—he would devote himself to his high, his sacred calling, with a calm sense of its real dignity, and its serene superiority to all the temporary feuds, passions, and bitternesses of the day.

We exhort him, we entreat him, we implore him to consult his fame, his happiness, his life, his eternal interests. He has his choice whether he will go down to posterity as one who has enriched his country's treasures of noble thoughts, pure feelings, imperishable verse ; or one who, with all his might, has cried havoc, and let loose the dogs of war, the dogs of civil war, the wildest and most furious race that prey on the happiness of man. Let him deeply reflect whether on his death-bed he will have his conscience loaded with the blood of thousands, the guilt of those whom he has goaded to rebellion : the misery of those hosts of blameless beings whom that rebellion has plunged in unutterable misery—whether he will encounter the self-reproach of having contributed, even in the least degree, to a revolution, which, if successful, would blast the richest and most flourishing country to a wilderness ; which would tear from the roots all the institutions of England—a land in which more rational liberty exists than has ever before blessed mankind—and where, however crossed and disturbed by political faction and jealousy, there is a more earnest and general desire of improving the condition of all orders than has ever been diffused even through a Christian community ; and subject this land to the iron despotism, nominally of the many, but in reality of the most ignorant, unprincipled, intriguing, and turbulent few. If this should be the case, should (heaven avert the omen !) one part of his daring vision be accomplished, the convulsion, the strife, the desolation take place, and those consequences ensue, which all experience, which all the collected wisdom of ages shows to be irresistible ; what then would be the remorse of a man whose heart is not absolutely seared by the miseries which he shall have witnessed, in which he shall have been, if not an active, an influential accomplice ? Let

his own vivid imagination represent the self-reproach, the shame, the agony.

For ourselves—we have uttered our warning in the calm and earnest tone of those who have studied, we trust dispassionately, the manner in which wild opinions are sometimes formed in their youth by men of the noblest aspirations, and of the most generous nature ; men whose imaginative cast of mind enables and induces them to people futurity with unsubstantial dreams of human liberty, happiness, and peace ; and, in attempting to attach these motives to an existing state of society, overlook or cast into the shade the amount of misery which must be passed through to realize, even if that were possible, these poetic creations.

We know how many glorious and powerful minds in all ages have yielded themselves up to such delusions (and who that has not great hopes will ever dare or accomplish great things ?)—but we know also how many have bitterly lamented the dissolution, the reversal, the total blasting of their hopes, their change from the Eden of liberty, peace, and content, to the desolate wilderness of anarchy, confusion, and a more grinding despotism. Men in the mean time of infinitely less power, of far less ardent aspirations, by resolutely treading the more beaten path of substantial, quiet, peaceful, and Christian usefulness, have enshrined themselves in the hearts of men as their best benefactors, and have looked back with the approving answer of their conscience on a less dazzling, perhaps, but uniformly brightening and fertilizing career. Their light has shone before men, but it has not glared in their eyes, nor flamed with destructive violence. Let this young author, above all things, search his own heart, whether the inspiration of its magnificent dreams be the pure, disinterested love of all mankind, or a narrow jealousy and hatred of one class or order ; let him not mistake an uneasy and morbid dissatisfaction at some particular arrangements of our own actual system of polity for a lofty desire to elevate and improve our race—revenge for fancied wrongs either towards himself or others, for genuine patriotism—a blind and passionate hostility to the Church, for true Christianity. Patriotism, philanthropy, Christianity, alike reject these sordid incentives ; they will have no fellowship with men actuated by such motives ; they have no tolerance for crime, for cruelty, for baseness, for a sanguinary spirit of vengeance, or a narrow bigotry, even though

they may seem to promote their own ends. Nor is the genuine poet's inspiration less fastidious; the love, the pure, unmingled love of nature, of humanity, of God, must be the exalting but un-inebriating draught from which it draws its vital energy. The poet who substitutes the wild intoxication of popular faction, of mad excitement, and insurgent fury, may possibly secure for himself some temporary influence, some admiration, some fame; but will cast away that permanent, that undying renown, which is only awarded by the inextinguishable sympathies of the better part of human nature.

ART. VII.—1. *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle, between the years 1826 and 1836, describing their Examination of the Southern Shores of South America, and the Beagle's Circumnavigation of the Globe.* By Captain Philip Parker King, R.N., F.R.S., and Captain Robert Fitz-Roy, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. With a separate Appendix. London, 1839.

2 *Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by H.M.S. Beagle, under the command of Captain Fitz-Roy, R.N., from 1832 to 1836.* By Charles Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Secretary to the Geological Society. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1839.

SELF-IMMOLATION is a term which we have more than once heard applied to the course pursued by those officers of the British navy who have given themselves up to nautical surveying and discovery. If it is meant to convey the idea that they thereby take a line which, under existing circumstances, leads them from the more substantial rewards of their noble profession, there is far too much of truth in the expression; but if it be intended as an insinuation that such men are not employing themselves in the very best course of even mere professional training, we strenuously deny its applicability. If the perfect discipline and health of the crews, and their entire reliance on him who commands them;—if the constant habit of manœuvring the ship in all weathers and in all situations;—if a watchful preparation against surprise, whether from the

elements or the wild races of men to whose shores she comes like some being of another world;—if a steadiness of purpose and unconquerable spirit under circumstances however adverse;—if these be principles and qualities to ensure victory in war, we know not where the country can look for them with more certainty than among this devoted class of seamen. Of the vast, the immeasurable value of the services which able officers thus employed are in the mean time rendering to science, to commerce, to their country, and to the whole civilized world, we need say nothing—nothing we could say would be too much.

In 1825 the Lords of the Admiralty directed two ships to be prepared for a survey of the southern coasts of South America, and early in 1826 they were ready to carry the orders of the Board into execution. Captain King, the senior officer (already highly distinguished for his Australian survey*), was on board the Adventure, a roomy ship of 330 tons. She was without guns, excepting one for signals—was lightly, though strongly rigged, and very substantially built. Captain Pringle Stokes commanded the Beagle, a tight little vessel of 235 tons, carrying six guns. The expedition sailed from Plymouth on the 22d of May, and after calling at Madeira, Teneriffe, St. Jago, and Rio de Janeiro, the ships dropped their anchors in Maldonado, on the north side of the river Plata, on the 13th of October. Each vessel was employed on that side between Cape St. Mary and Monte Video till the 12th of November, and on the 19th they quitted the river Plata. According to Captain King's instructions, the survey was to commence at Cape San Antonio, the southern limit of the entrance of the Plata, but he decided upon beginning with the southern coasts of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, including the straits of Magalhaens, or Magellan, as it is popularly written and called.

* In the first place, they presented a field of great interest and novelty; and secondly, the climate of the higher southern latitudes being so severe and tempestuous, it appeared important to encounter its rigours while the ships were in good condition—while the crews were healthy—and while the charms of a new and difficult enterprise had full force.—King, vol. i. p. 1.

Accordingly, on the 28th the ships anchored at Port Santa Elena, and Captains King and Stokes, having landed to select

* See his interesting 'Narrative,' 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1827.

a place for their observations, found the spot which the Spanish astronomers of Malaspina's voyage in 1798 had used for their observatory, the most convenient for their purpose.

But before going into the general results, we find it necessary to state some of the changes which occurred among the officers under Captain King's command. In September, 1826, Lieutenant Hawes of the *Beagle* was invalided, and succeeded by Lieutenant Sholl, who died in 1828, and in February, 1827, Mr. Ainsworth was unfortunately drowned. He had crossed the strait with the gig and cutter to survey Port Antonio, and Captain King says,—

‘In the evening the cutter returned; but, alas! with the melancholy information of the loss of Mr. Ainsworth and two seamen, drowned by the upsetting of the gig. One of the latter was my excellent coxswain, John Corkhill. The remainder of the gig's crew were only rescued from drowning, by the strenuous exertions of those in the cutter.’

‘This disaster was much felt by every one. Ainsworth was a deserving officer, and highly esteemed. Corkhill was captain of the fore-castle, and had served in the polar voyages under Sir Edward Parry. On the Sunday following, the colours were hoisted half-mast high, and the funeral service was read after morning prayers; for although to recover the bodies was impossible, their watery grave was before our eyes, and the performance of this last sad duty was a melancholy satisfaction.’

‘Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.’
vol. i. p. 63.

In June, 1827, Lieutenant Cooke of the *Adventure* invalided, and was succeeded by Mr. Wickham; in the same month, Mr. Graves, now the commander of the *Beacon* surveying-vessel in the Mediterranean, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, a rank which, we regret to write, that officer, whose life has been one series of active service, still holds. In 1828, the distressing death of Captain Stokes occurred, and the *Beagle* was temporarily commanded by Lieut. Skyring. In December of that year, the commander-in-chief of the station, Sir Robert Otway, superseded the arrangements of Captain King, and appointed a commander, lieutenant, master, and surgeon to the *Beagle*. Captain King still retained his rank as senior officer, and had Mr. Graves for his lieutenant and assistant-surveyor. Captain Fitz-Roy took the command of the *Beagle*, with Skyring as his assistant-surveyor.

After four years of unremitting labour and hardship, the *Adventure* and *Beagle*,

sailed together from Rio de Janeiro on the 6th of August, 1830, and anchored in Plymouth Sound on the 14th of October. Both vessels were soon afterwards paid off.

The second expedition, under the command of Captain Fitz-Roy, during which the *Beagle* circumnavigated the globe, commenced in 1831; and the following incidents appear to have been intimately connected with its origin and plan. In February, 1830, the *Beagle* being then moored in Townshend harbour, on the south-west coast of Tierra del Fuego, a whale-boat belonging to the ship was stolen during a dark night, from a cove near Cape Desolation. Mr. Murray, the master, and his party, consisting of six men, being thus deprived of the means of returning to the *Beagle*, formed a canoe, or rather basket—for it was no better—with the branches of trees, and part of their coarsest tent. In this frail bark, favoured by the only fine day that had occurred for three weeks, three men, by his direction, made their way back to the *Beagle*, the *basket* having been twenty-four hours on its voyage. Assistance was immediately given to the master and the other men; but a search for the boat proved unsuccessful, although much of the *gear* was found; and the women and children of the Fuegian families, from whom it was recovered, were detained as hostages: the men, excepting one, escaped, or were absent, probably in the missing boat. At the end of February, the *Beagle* anchored in Christmas Sound; but, before this, all the prisoners had escaped except three little girls, two of whom were restored to their own tribe, near Whale-boat Sound; the other remained on board, by the style and title of Miss Fuegia Basket. From the first canoe seen in Christmas Sound one man was taken as a hostage for the recovery of *the boat*, and as an interpreter and guide. ‘He came to us,’ says Captain Fitz-Roy, ‘with little reluctance, and appeared unconcerned:’ they called him Boat Memory. A few days afterwards, traces of the boat were found at some wigwams on an island in Christmas Sound, and from the families inhabiting those wigwams the Captain took another young man. No useful information, however, respecting the lost boat was gained from them, and the *Beagle* was obliged to leave that coast without recovering it. Afterwards, when in Nassau Bay, Fitz-Roy's captives stated that the natives of that part of the coast were their enemies,

and that they spoke a different language. This intelligence made him anxious to persuade one of this eastern tribe to come on board, and stay in his ship; but he had then no hopes of doing so, and gave up the idea. Some time afterwards, however, when away in his boat exploring the Beagle Channel, he accidentally met three canoes, and prevailed on their occupants to put one of the party, a stout boy, into his boat, and in return he gave them beads, buttons, and other trifles. Fitz-Roy states that he does not know whether they intended that the boy should remain with his party permanently; but they seemed contented with their singular bargain, and paddled back towards the cove.

When Captain Fitz-Roy was about to depart from the Fuegian coast, he decided upon keeping these four natives on board, as they appeared quite cheerful and contented: he thought, too, that many good effects might be the consequence of their living a short time in England. They enjoyed excellent health; understood why they were taken; and looked forward with pleasure to seeing our country, and returning again to their own. We find these people on board the Beagle, at sea, on the 12th September, 1830, rejoicing in the following romantic nomenclature:—York Minster (so called from a cliffy promontory), whose years were estimated at twenty-six; Boat Memory, twenty; Jemmy—we beg his pardon—James Button, fourteen; and Miss Basket, nine years old.

Captain Fitz-Roy, in a letter to Captain King, dated as above, states the facts of which we have here given a summary; observes that he had maintained the Fuegians entirely at his own expense; that he held himself responsible for their comfort whilst away from their own country, and for their safe return; and requests that King, as the senior officer of the expedition, would consider of the possibility of some public advantage being derived from this circumstance, and of the propriety of offering them, with that view, to his Majesty's government. The letter concludes thus:—

'Should not his Majesty's government direct otherwise, I shall procure for these people a suitable education, and, after two or three years, shall send or take them back to their country, with as large a stock as I can collect of those articles most useful to them, and most likely to improve the condition of their countrymen, who are now scarcely superior to the brute creation.'—vol. ii. p. 6.

This letter Captain King forwarded to

the Admiralty as soon as he arrived in England, and the answer stated that the Lords Commissioners would not interfere with Captain Fitz-Roy's personal superintendence of his four Fuegians, but would afford him any facilities for maintaining them while here, and would give them a passage home again. Anxious to protect the poor Indians from those diseases which have so often proved fatal to the aborigines of distant lands when brought to Europe, Captain Fitz-Roy obtained an order for their admission into the Naval Hospital at Plymouth; and there the good-hearted captain left them, with a diminished anxiety, in order to attend to his duties connected with the survey; but he had hardly reached London when the information came that poor Boat Memory had fallen a sacrifice to the dreadful disease that hurried the amiable Lee Boo to an untimely grave—a disease which, though in a great measure deprived of its terrors by Jenner, is far from being entirely disarmed. Boat Memory had been vaccinated four different times; but the three first operations had failed, and the last had just taken effect, when the fatal small-pox showed itself.

'This poor fellow,' says Captain Fitz-Roy, 'was a very great favourite with all who knew him, as well as with myself. He had a good disposition, very good abilities, and, though born a savage, had a pleasing intelligent appearance. He was quite an exception to the general character of the Fuegians, having good features, and a well-proportioned frame. It may readily be supposed that this was a severe blow to me, for I was deeply sensible of the responsibility which had been incurred; and, however unintentionally, could not but feel how much I was implicated in shortening his existence. Neither of the others were attacked, the last vaccination having taken full effect; but they were allowed to remain in the hospital for some time longer, until I could make satisfactory arrangements for them. While they were under Dr. Dickson's care, in the hospital, his own children had the measles; and thinking that it would be a good opportunity to carry the little Fuegian girl through that illness, he prepared her for it, and then took her into his house, among his own children, where she had a very favourable attack, and recovered thoroughly.'—vol. ii. p. 10.

Their education and maintenance were the next cares, and they were brought in a stage-coach to London, with none of the lions of which did they appear to be more struck than with that upon Northumberland House, which one of the party 'certainly thought alive and walking there.' Captain Fitz-Roy took them to Walthamstow, where, through the kind intervention of the Rev. W. Wilson, they were received as inmates in the house of

the master of the Infant School: there they remained till October, 1831; and they appear to have met with every kindness from that clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Wigram, and many others in the neighbourhood.

'The attention of their instructor was directed to teaching them English, and the plainer truths of Christianity, as the first object; and the use of common tools, a slight acquaintance with husbandry, gardening, and mechanism, as the second. Considerable progress was made by the boy and girl; but the man was hard to teach, except mechanically. He took interest in smith's or carpenter's work, and paid attention to what he saw and heard about animals; but he reluctantly assisted in garden work, and had a great dislike to learning to read. By degrees, a good many words of their own language were collected, (the boy's differed from that of the man and the girl,) and some interesting information was acquired respecting their own native habits and ideas. They gave no particular trouble; were very healthy; and the two younger ones became great favourites wherever they were known. Sometimes I took them with me to see a friend or relation of my own, who was anxious to question them, and contribute something to the increasing stock of serviceable articles which I was collecting for their use, when they should return to *Tierra del Fuego*. My sister was a frequent benefactress; and they often talked, both then and afterwards, of going to see "Capten Sisser."—vol. ii. p. 12.

In the summer of 1831 King William expressed a wish to see them, and they were taken to St. James's, where his majesty asked many sensible and pertinent questions respecting them, their country, and the survey. Queen Adelaide, who was present, with the kindness that marks her character, left the room in which they were for a minute, and returned with one of her own bonnets, which she placed upon Miss Basket's head, at the same time putting one of her rings on the wild girl's finger—not forgetting to furnish her with a sum of money for an outfit of clothes when she should leave England.

Captain Fitz-Roy, who had reason to expect that the survey would be continued, was greatly disappointed at finding that there was no such intention; but he did not lose sight of his Fuegians, and, with the honourable spirit of an English gentleman, made an agreement with the owner of a small vessel, the *John of London*, to carry himself and four other persons to such places in South America as he wished to visit, and eventually to land him at Valparaiso. His arrangements were all made, and James Bennett, who had all along attended on the Fuegians, and was to accompany him, had already purchased a number of goats, with which the Captain in-

tended to stock the island of *Tierra del Fuego*—when 'a kind uncle,' to whom he had mentioned his plan, went to the Admiralty.

We are very glad that this same kind uncle did go to the Admiralty; for the result was a continuance of the survey, the appointment of Captain Fitz-Roy to the well-tryed little *Beagle*, and an expedition which has made large additions to our scientific knowledge.

Besides the completion of the surveys, for the continuation of which Captain Beaufort, who so ably fills the office of Hydrographer, expressed his anxiety, there were other objects to be followed out. A considerable difference still existed between the longitude of Rio de Janeiro, as determined by Captains King, Beechey, and Foster, on the one hand, and Captain W. F. Owen, Baron Rouassin, and the Portuguese astronomers on the other. As all our meridian distances in South America are measured from thence, it became of importance to decide between those authorities, or, at least, to reduce the difference within very narrow limits. Captain Beaufort's excellent 'Memorandum' enters at large upon the best method of coming to that decision, recommending in particular that the *Beagle's* voyage should be made in short stages, in order to detect the changes which take place in all chronometers during a continuous increase of temperature. Captain Fitz-Roy was naturally desirous of adding as much as possible to the completion of the survey, and embarked with a set of the best chronometers, both public and private, resolving to spare no expense, and entertaining the hope that a chain of meridian distances might be carried round the world, if the return to England were made across the Pacific and by the Cape of Good Hope.

'Anxious,' says Captain Fitz-Roy, 'that no opportunity of collecting useful information during the voyage should be lost, I proposed to the hydrographer that some well-educated and scientific person should be sought for who would willingly share such accommodations as I had to offer, in order to profit by the opportunity of visiting distant countries yet little known. Captain Beaufort approved of the suggestion, and wrote to Professor Peacock, of Cambridge, who consulted with a friend, Professor Henslow, and he named Mr. Charles Darwin, grandson of the poet, as a young man of promising ability, extremely fond of geology, and indeed all branches of natural history. In consequence an offer was made to Mr. Darwin to be my guest on board, which he accepted conditionally; permission was obtained for his embarkation, and an order given by the Admiralty that he should be borne on the ship's books for provisions. The conditions asked by Mr. Darwin were, that he should be at liberty to leave the *Beagle*

and retire from the expedition when he thought proper, and that he should pay a fair share of the expenses of my table.'—vol. ii. pp. 18, 19.

Mr. Darwin availed himself of this permission, and he speaks of the most grateful terms of the treatment which he received throughout from Captain Fitz-Roy, who may well be satisfied with the results of his praiseworthy suggestion.

On the 27th of November, 1831, the well-manned, well-appointed, and well-provided *Beagle* sailed from Barn Pool, and having circumnavigated the globe and accomplished all the objects which the expedition had in view, as far as was practicable, she anchored at Falmouth on the 2d of October, 1836, after an absence of four years and nine months. In this long voyage there was no fatal disease, with the exception of the case of the purser, who died of an internal complaint having no relation whatever to the service in which he had been employed, nor was there any serious illness.

'This freedom from illness,' observes Captain Fitz-Roy, 'must be attributed, under Providence, to active employment, good clothing, and wholesome food, in healthy, though sometimes disagreeable climates; and our immunity from accident during exposure to a variety of risks, especially in boats, I attribute, referring to visible causes, to the care, attention, and vigilance of the excellent officers, whose able assistance was not valued by me more than their sincere friendship.'—vol. ii. p. 639.

It is impossible not to notice the modesty with which this fine officer passes his own devoted care and watchfulness. He has spent *nine* of the best years of his life in this survey—but in every respect they seem indeed to have been most nobly spent.

None of the longitudes given in Captain Fitz-Roy's tables depend upon absolute or independent astronomical observations; and the principal results of the *Beagle*'s chronometrical measurements between 1831 and 1836, form a connected chain of meridian distances round the globe—'the first,' says Captain Fitz-Roy, 'that has ever been completed or even attempted by chronometers alone.' The sum, however, of all the parts which form the chain amounts, he tells us, to more than twenty-four hours, the whole exceeding that time by about thirty-three seconds of time; and, therefore, as he remarks, error must exist somewhere. The cause of that error, or where it may exist, he is unable to determine; but he says,—

'The only idea I can dwell on, with respect to the

cause of this error of thirty-three seconds, is, that chronometers may be affected by magnetic action in consequence of a ship's head being for a considerable time towards the east or west: yet this is but a conjecture. In the measures between Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, and in those between Rio de Janeiro and Cape Horn, there is no evidence of any permanent cause of error; but the greater part of those measurements were made with the ship's head usually near the meridian.

'Were I to select three measurements which I thought less trust-worthy than others, I should decide on that from the Galapagos to Otaheite, from Otaheite to New Zealand, and from Hebart Town to King George Sound; but I do not think that either one of these can be five seconds of time in error, according to regular computation, without supposing some unknown cause of error to exist. If each of the three were five seconds wrong, and each error lay in the same direction, still there would only be fifteen seconds out of thirty-two accounted for. Such a supposition as this, however, that each of these three measurements is five seconds, or thereabouts, in error (referring only to error caused by known means) appears to be extremely improbable, I would almost say impossible.

'It will naturally occur to the reader, that as error, undetected as to locality, exists, arbitrary correction must be made in order to reduce 24h. 0m. 33s. to 24h.'—Appendix, pp. 345, 346.

Otaheite having been selected as a point at which such a correction might be made with the least degree of inconvenience, to that place the longitudes in the *Beagle*'s tables are given as measured westward by Cape Horn, and eastward from Greenwich by the Cape of Good Hope; and there, as the two portions of the chain overlap, a mean has been taken between the resulting longitudes. Though this error is to be lamented, it cannot be a very serious one; and a perusal of the principal measurements, collated with other determinations, will show that much weight is to be attached to the greatest part of the results obtained by the officers of the *Beagle*.

We must now, however, turn back to Captain King's voyage, which abounds with interesting information in every branch of natural history. The publication of this part of the work was intrusted to Captain Fitz-Roy; and though he says that, being hurried and unwell, he could not do it justice, we think he has fulfilled the trust reposed in him in a most admirable manner. We know how he devoted himself to *this* portion of the publication, at the expense of no small delay in the appearance of his own. We know, too, how liberally he has furnished everything that he thought would add to the value of *this* volume, particularly in the way of illustration.

The Patagonians stand out as the principal objects in any narrative of a voyage to the Straits of Magellan, and few things

are more striking than the discrepancy between the accounts of former voyages and those of later periods. According to Captain King, of fifty Patagonian men, not one of whom looked more than fifty-five years of age, one man only exceeded six feet, while the generality were between five feet ten and six feet in height. Now the account given of those seen by Magalhaens and his people at Port San Julian is very circumstantial, and the general height is stated at about seven feet (French); but one was 'so tall,' says the narrative, 'that our heads scarcely came up to his waist, and his voice was like that of a bull!' This giant had approached them singing with a depth of intonation that would have done honour to Polypheme himself, and only to be imagined by those who have heard Lablache throw out the full volume of his *organ*. They had with them beasts of burthen on which they placed their wives—guanacoës, probably, from the description. Herrera notices the least of the Patagonians as being larger and taller than the stoutest man of Castile; and Transylvanus gives their height as being ten palms or spans—about seven feet six inches. Loyasa, in 1525, speaks only generally, as having seen savages of great stature in the Straits; but it is probable that these were the smaller race of Fuegians, and this seems to have been the case when the same Straits were passed in 1535 by Alcazova, and attempted in 1540 by Alphonso de Camargo, neither of whom appears to have been visited by Patagonians. It is not clear that Drake saw any of these last very closely, though his fleet put into Port San Julian, where they found natives of large stature. The author of 'The World Encompassed,' in which work Drake's voyage is detailed, speaking of the size and height of these people, supposes the name given to them to have been *Pentagones*, to denote a stature of five cubits, or seven feet and a half.* The Indians whom Drake met within the strait are spoken of as small in stature: these seem to have been Fuegians. Sarmiento, who had an encounter with them, in which he and others were wounded, calls them 'Gente grande,' and 'Los Gigantes;' and he describes the proportions of one whom he made prisoner by the words 'Es crecido de miembros.'

He formed an establishment named 'Jesus,' in the spot where giants had been seen; but in the account of that colony no mention is made of people of large stature, though Tomás Hernandez states that the Indians of the plains, who are giants, communicate with the Indians of Tierra del Fuego, who are like them. In Sir Thomas Cavendish's first voyage (1586) it is stated that one of the Patagonian footsteps was measured, and gave a length of eighteen inches. Knyvet, in his account of Sir Thomas's second voyage (1591), describes the Patagonians as fifteen or sixteen spans in height! and adds that, of those 'cannibals,' above a thousand came to them at one time. In 1599, Sebald de Veert states that he was attacked in the strait by savages of reddish colour, and with long hair, whom he thought to be ten or eleven feet high. The wretched natives murdered by the Dutch Admiral, Oliver van Noort, on the island of Santa Marta, near Elizabeth Island—for though Pennant calls it a rencontre, a most inhuman murder it was—are described as being of nearly the same stature as the common people in Holland, but broad and high-chested. Among some captives taken on board, however, was a boy, and he informed the crew that there was a tribe living farther inland, whose names were *Tiremenen*, and their territory *Coin*; that they were 'great people like giants, being from ten to twelve feet high, and that they came to make war against the other tribes, whom they reproached for being eaters of ostriches!' Spilbergen, another Dutchman, saw, in his passage through the strait, a man of gigantic stature on the hills, as if for the purpose of observing the ships; and on an island near the entrance of the Strait were found the dead bodies of two natives, wrapped in penguin-skins and lightly covered with earth—one being of the usual stature, but the other two feet and a half longer. The accounts given by Le Maire and Schouten of the graves of the Patagonians agree precisely with what Captain King noticed at Sea-Bear bay, the body, in both cases, being laid on the ground and covered with a heap of stones; but Le Maire and Schouten describe the skeletons as measuring ten or eleven feet in length, 'the skulls of which,' it is added, 'we could put on our heads in the manner of helmets.' The Nodales do not appear to have met any natives on the northern side of the strait; and they pass over those with whom they

* This name of Patagons appears to have been first given to the race by Magalhaens, because they wore a sort of slipper or boot made of the skins of animals.

did communicate (Fuegians), without particular notice as to their stature. The Dutch Admiral, Henry Brewer, observed human footsteps which measured eighteen inches, in the strait Le Maire. Sir John Narborough (1670) did not, apparently, fall in with any of the true Patagonian race: he saw well-shaped, athletic Indians at Port San Julian, but he says that a Mr. Wood was taller than any of them. The nineteen natives that Sir John saw on Elizabeth Island must have been Fuegians. Neither Bartholomew Sharp (1680), De Gennes (1696), nor Beauchesne Gouin (1699), appear to have seen any of the tall race; but Bulkley and his companions saw them in 1741, mounted on horses or mules, and this seems to be the first notice of their possession of these animals. In 1766, Duclos de Guyot had an interview with seven Patagonians, mounted on horses with saddles, bridles, and stirrups. The shortest of the men measured five feet eleven inches and a quarter (English); the others were considerably taller; they called their chief, or leader, 'Captain.' We now come to the evidence of Byron:—

'One of them,' says the Commodore, 'who afterwards appeared to be chief, came towards me; he was of gigantic stature, and seemed to realize the tales of monsters in a human shape; he had the skin of some wild beast thrown over his shoulders, as a Scotch Highlander wears his plaid, and was painted so as to make the most hideous appearance I ever beheld: round one eye was a large circle of white, a circle of black surrounded the other, and the rest of his body was streaked with paint of different colours. I did not measure him, but if I may judge of his height by the proportion of his stature to my own, it could not be less than seven feet. When this frightful Colossus came up, we muttered somewhat to each other as a salutation.'

The Commodore also notices one of the women as being of most enormous size, and graphically describes the effect produced by this company of giants on his Lieutenant, who arrived during the performance of a song:—

'Mr. Cumming came up with the tobacco, and I could not but smile at the astonishment which I saw expressed in his countenance upon perceiving himself, though six feet two inches high, become at once a pigmy among giants, for these people may, indeed, more properly be called giants than tall men: of the few among us who are full six feet high, scarcely any are broad and muscular in proportion to their stature, but look rather like men of the common bulk grown up accidentally to an unusual height; and a man who should measure only six feet two inches, and equally exceed a stout well-set man of the common stature in breadth and muscle, would strike us rather as being of a gigantic race, than as an individual accidentally anomalous; our sensations, therefore, upon seeing five hundred people, the shortest of whom were at least four inches taller, and bulky in proportion, may be imagined.'

Now this account was published only seven years after the voyage; and the exaggeration, if any existed, might, as Captain King admits, have been exposed by many. 'There can be no doubt,' adds the Captain, 'that, among five hundred persons, several were of a larger size; but that all of them were four inches taller than six feet must have been a mistake. The Commodore says that he caused them all to be seated, and in that position, from the length of their bodies, they would certainly appear to be of very large stature.'

But, to corroborate the evidence of the Commodore, we have that of Captain Charles Clerke, who was a midshipman in the 'Dolphin,' Byron's ship, and afterwards commanded the 'Discovery,' in Captain Cook's last voyage, on board of which last vessel he died, much respected, in August, 1779. His account dated November, 1766, was read before the Royal Society, in April, 1767, immediately after Byron's return, and whilst the facts were fresh in the memories of all. These are his words:—

'We were with them near two hours, at noonday, within a very few yards, though none had the honour of shaking hands but Mr. Byron and Mr. Cumming: however, we were near enough and long enough with them, to convince our senses so far as not to be cavilled out of the very existence of those senses at that time, which some of our countrymen and friends would absolutely attempt to do. They are of a copper colour, with long black hair, and some of them are certainly nine feet, if they do not exceed it. The Commodore, who is very near six foot, could but just reach the top of one of their heads, which he attempted on tip-toes; and there were several taller than him on whom the experiment was tried. They were prodigious stout, and as well and proportionally made as ever I saw people in my life. The women, I think, bear much the same proportion to the men as our Europeans do: there was hardly a man there less than eight feet, most of them considerably more; the women, I believe, run from seven and a half to eight feet. Their horses were stout and bony, but not remarkably tall: they are, in my opinion, from fifteen to fifteen and a half hands. They had a great number of dogs, about the size of a middling pointer, with a fox nose. They continued upon the beach till we got under way, which was two hours after we got on board.'—*Phil. Trans.* vol. 57.

This is very circumstantial; but Bougainville, who landed among them about the same period, speaks very differently. 'They have,' says he, 'a fine shape: among those whom we saw, not one was below five feet ten inches and a quarter (English), nor above six feet two inches and a half in height. Their gigantic appearance arises from their prodigiously broad shoulders, the size of their heads, and the thickness of all their limbs.'

They are robust and well fed: their nerves are braced, and their muscles strong, and sufficiently hard.'

Captain King continues the chain of evidence from Byron, and thus comments on it:—

'Shortly afterwards, Wallis, in the neighbourhood of Cape Virgins, communicated with the same people, and as the story of the Patagonian giants had been spread abroad, and was very much discredited, he carried two measuring rods with him; and says in his narrative, "We went round and measured those that appeared to be the tallest. One was six feet seven inches high, several more were six feet five, and six feet six inches; but the stature of the greatest part of them was from five feet ten to six feet."

'In the voyage of the *Santa Maria de la Cabeza*, 1786, it is related that the height of one or two Patagonians, with whom the officers had an interview, was six feet eleven inches and a half (of Burgos), which is equal to six feet four inches and a half English. This man wore a sword, on which was engraved "Por el Rey Carlos III." and spoke a few words in Spanish, proofs of his having had communication with some of the Spanish settlements. It does not, however, appear from the account that there were many others, if any, of that height.

'Of all the above accounts, I think those by Bougainville and Wallis the most accurate. It is true that, of the number we saw, none measured more than six feet two inches; but it is possible that the preceding generation may have been a larger race of people, for none that we saw could have been alive at the time of Wallis's or Byron's voyage. The oldest certainly were the tallest; but, without discrediting the accounts of Byron, or any other of the modern voyagers, I think it probable that, by a different mode of life, or a mixture by marriage with the southern or Fuegian tribes, which we know has taken place, they have degenerated into a smaller race, and have lost all right to the title of giants; yet their bulky, muscular forms, and length of body, in some measure bear out the above accounts; for had the present generation proportionate limbs, they might, without any exaggeration, justify the account of Commodore Byron. The Jesuit missionary, Falkner, who, from an intercourse of forty years with the Indians of South America, must be considered as one of the best authorities, says, speaking of a Patagonian named Cangapol, "This chief, who was called by the Spaniards the Cacique Bravo, was tall and well proportioned; he must have been seven feet and some inches in height, because on tiptoe I could not reach the top of his head: I was very well acquainted with him, and went some journeys in his company: I do not recollect ever to have seen an Indian that was above an inch or two taller than Cangapol. His brother Sansimian was but about six feet high. The Patagonians or Puelches are a large-bodied people; but I never heard of that gigantic race which others have mentioned, though I have seen persons of all the different tribes of the Southern Indians."

'This is an account in 1746, only twenty years before that of Bougainville. Taking all the evidence together, it may be considered that the medium height of the males of these southern tribes is about five feet eleven inches. The women are not so tall, but are in proportion broader and stouter: they are generally plain-featured. The head is long, broad, and flat, and the forehead low, with the hair growing within an inch of the eyebrows, which are bare. The eyes are often placed obliquely, and have but little expression; the nose is generally rather flat, and

turned up; but we noticed several with that feature straight, and sometimes aquiline; the mouth is wide, with prominent lips, and the chin is rather large; the jaws are broad, and give the face a square appearance; the neck is short and thick; the shoulders are broad; the chest is broad and very full; but the arm, particularly the fore-arm, is small, as are also the foot and leg; the body long, large, and fat, but not corpulent. Such was the appearance of those who came under my observation.'—vol. i. pp. 101—103.

That some of the earlier accounts may have been heightened by the optical delusion arising from the sight of some of these people on high ground, and in relief against the sky, and others again by a natural tendency to the marvellous, is very probable: but it is difficult to repudiate the strong general evidence of the great height and bulk of these Indians in former years; whilst it is not at all incompatible with general experience that the present may be a diminished race. Many causes may have operated to produce this degeneracy. That the like may happen even in civilized countries we have the following proof:—It is shown in that valuable miscellany, 'The United Service Journal,' for September last, that a decrease of stature has become quite manifest in France—as compared with a state of things before the revolutionary miseries began. The investigations of M. Villermé prove that the stature of the conscripts has been sensibly diminishing during the last forty years. Before the revolution, the *minimum* height for admission as a grenadier was 5 feet 5 inches French, or 5 feet 10½ inches English.—During the republic it was reduced to 5 feet 9½ inches; in the Imperial armies it was further diminished to 5 feet 8½ inches; and during the Restoration it sank to 5 feet 7½ inches. At the present day, every well-conducted man, whatever may be his height, is qualified for admission into the picked companies. Besides the direct effects of battles and the guillotine, various other causes, such as the exemption from service accorded to married men under certain circumstances, are supposed to have assisted in this diminution, the men marrying, at an early period of life, women in precarious health, or of advanced years, to escape the conscription, and thus producing a less robust race. M. Villermé relates, that a portion of our army being quartered in France in 1815, a contract was entered into with French manufacturers to supply them with caps, which were made in exact conformity with the instructions of the French war-department. When the caps were delivered, it was found that two-thirds

were useless: and that the largest fitted none but the smallest English heads.

Here is a specimen of Captain King's amusing account of the appearance, habits, and manners of his still burly friends:—

'On a hill near us we observed three or four Patagonian Indians standing together, and their horses feeding close to them. A fire was soon kindled, to attract our notice, to which signal we replied by showing our colours; and had we not already communicated with these people, we should certainly have thought them giants, for they "loomed very large" as they stood on the summit of the hill. This optical deception must doubtless have been caused by mirage: the haze has always been observed to be very great during fine weather and a hot day, arising from rapid evaporation of the moisture so abundantly deposited on the surface of the ground in all parts of the Strait.

'As soon as the Patagonians found they were noticed, they mounted and rode along the shore abreast of us, being joined by other parties, until the whole number could not have been less than forty. Several foals and dogs were with them. Having anchored in Gregory Bay, where I intended remaining for two days to communicate with them, I sent up a rocket, burnt a blue-light, and despatched Lieutenant Cooke on shore to ask for a large supply of guanaco meat, for which we would pay in knives and beads. The boat returned on board immediately, bringing off four natives, three men and "Maria." This rather remarkable woman must have been, judging by her appearance, about forty years old: she is said to have been born at Assuncion, in Paraguay, but I think the place of her birth was nearer Buenos Ayres. She spoke broken but intelligible Spanish, and stated herself to be sister of Bysante, the cacique of a tribe near the Santa Cruz River, who is an important personage, on account of his size (which Maria described to be immense) and his riches. In speaking of him, she said he was very rich; he had many mantles, and also many hides ("muy rico, tiene muchas mantas y tambien muchos cueros.") One of Maria's companions, a brother of Bysante, was the tallest and largest man of this tribe; and though he only measured six feet in height, his body was large enough for a much taller man. He was in great affliction: his daughter had died only two days before our arrival; but, notwithstanding his sad story, which soon found him friends, it was not long before he became quite intoxicated, and began to sing and roar on the subject of his misfortunes, with a sound more like the bellowing of a bull than the voice of a human being. Upon applying to Maria, who was not quite so tipsy as her brother, to prevent him from making such hideous noises, she laughed and said, "Oh, never mind, he's drunk; poor fellow, his daughter is dead" (*Es borracho, povrecito, murió su hija*); and then, assuming a serious tone, she looked towards the sky, and muttered in her own language a sort of prayer or invocation to their chief demon, or ruling spirit, whom Pigafetta, the companion and historian of Magalhaens, called *Setebos*, which Admiral Burney supposes to have been the original of one of Shakespeare's names in *The Tempest*—

"—— his art is of such power,
He would control my dam's god *Setebos*."

'Maria's dress was similar to that of other females of the tribe; but she wore ear-rings, made of medals stamped with the figure of the Virgin Mary, which, with the brass pin that secured her mantle across her breast, were given to her by one Lewis, who had passed by in an American sealing-vessel, and who,

we understood from her, had made them *Christians*.
—King, p. 88.

To what their *Christianity* amounts we may gather from one of the next pages.

At Maria's return, her husband told her that I had been very inquisitive about a red baize bundle, which he told me contained "*Cristo*," upon which she said to me "*Quiere mirar mi Cristo?*" (do you wish to see my Christ?) and then, upon my nodding assent, called around her a number of the tribe, who obeyed her summons. A ceremony then took place. Maria, who, by the lead she took in the proceedings, appeared to be high-priestess as well as cacique, began by pulverising some whitish earth in the hollow of her hand, and then taking a mouthful of water, spat from time to time upon it, until she had formed a sort of pigment, which she distributed to the rest, reserving only sufficient to mark her face, eyelids, arms, and hair with the figure of the cross. Maria then took from the folds of the sacred wrapper an awl, and with it pierced either the arms or ears of all the party: each of whom presented in turn, pinched up between the finger and thumb, that portion of flesh which was to be perforated. The object evidently was to lose blood, and those from whom the blood flowed freely showed marks of satisfaction, while some whose wounds bled but little underwent the operation a second time.

'Maria then, with great solemnity and care, muttering to herself in Spanish (not two words of which could I catch, although I knelt down close to her,) removed two or three wrappers, and exposed to our view a small figure, carved in wood, representing a dead person, stretched out. After exposing the image, to which all paid the greatest attention, and contemplating it for some moments in silence, Maria began to descant upon the virtues of her Christ, telling us it had a good heart ("*buen corazon*," and that it was very fond of tobacco. "*Mucho quiere mi Cristo tabaco, da me mas*." (My Christ loves tobacco very much, give me some more.) Such an appeal on such an occasion, I could not refuse; and after agreeing with her in praise of the figure, I said I would send on board for some.—King, p. 92.

The Captain soon visited Maria's residence in the interior:—

'We found eight or ten huts arranged in a row; the sides and backs were covered with skins, but the fronts, which faced the east, were open; even these, however, were very much screened from wind by the ridge of hills eastward of the plain. Near them the ground was rather bare, but a little further back there was a luxuriant growth of grass, affording rich and plentiful pasture for the horses, among which we observed several mares in foal, and colts feeding and frisking by the side of their dams; the scene was lively and pleasing, and, for the moment, reminded me of distant climes, and days gone by.

'The dwellings are all alike. In form they are rectangular, about ten or twelve feet long, ten deep, seven feet high in front, and six feet in the rear. The frame of the building is formed by poles stuck in the ground, having forked tops to hold cross-pieces, on which are laid poles for rafters, to support the covering, which is made of skins of animals sewn together so as to be almost impervious to rain or wind. The posts and rafters, which are not easily procured, are carried from place to place in all their travelling excursions. Having reached their bivouac, and marked out a place with due regard to shelter from the wind, they dig holes with an iron bar or piece of pointed hard wood, to receive the posts; and all the frame and cover being ready, it takes but a short time to erect a dwelling. Their goods and furniture are

placed on horseback under the charge of the females, who are mounted aloft upon them. The men carry nothing but the lasso and bolas, to be ready for the capture of animals, or for defence.'—*Ibid.* p. 96.

Interesting as this volume is, we are unable to afford room for any more extracts; nor will the reader have cause to complain of this, for the scenes will rise before him with far greater force in the book itself. He will find traces of former voyages ingeniously brought to light, and even some remains—such, at least, they may fairly be concluded to be—of the hapless 'Wager,' together with masterly descriptions of the countries and the people visited, both savage and civilized; among which the chapter on the province and islands of Chiloe deserves particular notice. He will read of the natural productions, interwoven in the narrative in a pleasing and popular style, and more scientifically detailed in the Appendix—now following the Captain as he watches the frail humming-bird stoutly facing a snow-storm—or the rapid progression of the steamer-ducks, or race-horses, as Cook called them (*Micropteri brachypterus* and *Patachonicus*), as they rapidly propel themselves along rather than through the water with their small wings and their strong broad-webbed feet; and anon going along with him as he collects and describes his testaceous treasures, not forgetting the high relish of the excellent stew that the large mussels of those high latitudes make. Whilst upon culinary subjects, we would also call attention to the *Beagle's* game-book, containing a register of those animals which were used for the table—among the rest shags, as well as hawks and owls. We once heard a celebrated zoologist, who spent some time in the vast forests of South America, declare that 'everything except owl was eatable; hawk, to be sure, was not good, but owl was intolerable.' Even the bird of Minerva seems, however, to have passed muster with our gallant voyagers: 'young seal and young penguins were liked;' indeed old seals, otters, and foxes seem alone, or almost alone, to have found no favour. In common fairness, the name of the cook of the *Beagle* should have been blazoned—he must have been born with the genius of a *cordon bleu*.

The journal of Captain Stokes, whose tragical death in the very prime of his days is attributable to the anxiety arising from the severe hardship of the cruise, the dreadful weather he experienced, and the dangerous situations to which the par-

ty were so constantly exposed, operating upon an excitable mind, will be read with painful interest. It abounds with useful and curious information—as do those of Lieutenants Skyring and Graves, written while they were employed, in the *Adelaide* schooner, exploring and surveying the Magdalen and Barbara channels. The journals of Captain Fitz-Roy occupy, and most deservedly, a considerable portion of this volume; of which we must now reluctantly take leave, with the observation that the Appendix, containing the tables of latitude and longitude, variation of the compass, tide, height of the mountains and land—the magnetic observations, discussed by Major Sabine with his wonted acuteness and accuracy—the zoology,* &c.—exhibits good work well digested. A comparison of the charts with those of Sir John Narborough and Cordova, which were perhaps the most correct plans of the Strait formerly extant, and with the additions made by Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Bougainville, Cook, and Weddell, will show the high value of this first expedition as viewed with reference to the survey.

We now turn to Captain Fitz-Roy's own volume, which we have found even more entertaining and interesting than that which we have just laid down. Taken altogether, it leaves a most favourable impression of the writer's intellectual endowments, as well as of his moral qualities; nor can we, in fact, find anything that we are called upon to condemn, excepting certain '*Remarks on the deluge.*' On this subject the gallant Captain has got quite beyond his depth—but we content ourselves with this protest, and a strong advice to read Sir John Herschel's *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, before he ventures again in the same direction.

On the 15th of December, 1832, they first saw the land off Tierra del Fuego, near Cape San Sebastian, and next day closed the shore about Cape Sunday, ran along it past Cape Penas, and anchored off Santa Inez. Their motions were attentively watched by a group of Indians off Cape Penas, who were too far off for our voyagers to make out more than that they were very tall men, on foot, nearly naked, and accompanied by several large dogs.

* The zoological papers had been previously laid before the public in the *Zoological Journal* and in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*. The excellent *Sailing Directions* were published in 1832.

'To those,' says Captain Fitz-Roy, 'who had never seen man in his savage state—one of the most painfully-interesting sights to his civilized brother—even this distant glimpse of the aborigines was deeply engaging; but York Minster and Jemmy Button asked me to fire at them, saying that they were "Oens-men—very bad men."—vol. ii., p. 119.

Notwithstanding this sanguinary petition of the more accomplished Fuegians, they seemed to be much elated at the certainty of being so near their own wild home. The all-absorbing passion, which makes even the savage who has tasted of the luxuries of civilisation look with longing to the land of his sires, however rugged—shone forth; and the boy was never weary of telling how excellent his was—how glad his friends would be to see him—and how well they would treat the Captain and his people for their kindness to him. An interview with some of the natives was now at hand.

'18th. Mr. Darwin, Mr. Hamond, and others, went with me; and deeply indeed was I interested by witnessing the effect caused in their minds by this first meeting with man in such a totally savage state.—I can never forget Mr. Hamond's earnest expression, "What a pity such fine fellows should be left in such a barbarous state!" It told me that a desire to benefit these ignorant, though by no means contemptible, human beings was a natural emotion, and not the effect of individual caprice or erroneous enthusiasm; and that his feelings were exactly in unison with those I had experienced on former occasions, which had led to my undertaking the heavy charge of those Fuegians whom I brought to England. Disagreeable, indeed painful, as is even the mental contemplation of a savage, and unwilling as we may be to consider ourselves even remotely descended from human beings in such a state, the reflection that Cæsar found the Britons painted and clothed in skins, like these Fuegians, cannot fail to augment an interest excited by their childish ignorance of matters familiar to civilized man, and by their healthy, independent state of existence.'—*Fitz-Roy*, vol. ii. p. 120.

It is but fair, however, to let Mr. Darwin describe the feelings whose effect so much interested his generous Captain:—

'In the afternoon we anchored in the bay of Good Success. While entering, we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea; and as we passed by, they sprang up, and waving their tattered cloaks, sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry. The harbour consists of a fine piece of water, half surrounded by low rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

'In the morning, the Captain sent a party to com-

municate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail, one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I had ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man. It is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family; the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away. These Fuegians are a very different race from the stunted miserable wretches farther to the westward. They are much superior in person, and seem closely allied to the famous Patagonians of the Strait of Magellan. Their only garment consists of a mantle made of guanaco skin with the wool outside: this they wear just thrown over their shoulders, as often leaving their persons exposed as covered. Their skin is of a dirty coppery red colour.

'The old man had a fillet of white feathers tied round his head, which partly confined his black, coarse and entangled hair. His face was crossed by two broad transverse bars: one painted bright red reached from ear to ear, and included the upper lip: the other, white like chalk, extended parallel and above the first, so that even his eyelids were thus coloured. Some of the other men were ornamented by streaks of black powder, made of charcoal. The party altogether closely resembled the devils which come on the stage in such plays as *Der Freischütz*.

'Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts, and making a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and this demonstration of friendship was repeated several times; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom, for me to return the compliment, which being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

'They are excellent mimics: as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us for instance, could follow an American Indian through a sentence of more than three words? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habits among the Caffres: the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait

of any man, so that he may be recognised. How can this faculty be explained? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared to those long civilized?

'When a song was struck up by our party, I thought the Fuegians would have fallen down with astonishment. With equal surprise they viewed our dancing; but one of the young men, when asked, had no objection to a little waltzing. Little accustomed to Europeans as they appeared to be, yet they knew, and dreaded our fire-arms; nothing would tempt them to take a gun in their hands. They begged for knives, calling them by the Spanish word "cuchillo." They explained also what they wanted, by acting as if they had a piece of blubber in their mouth, and then pretending to cut instead of tear it.

'It was interesting to watch the conduct of these people towards Jemmy Button: they immediately perceived the difference between him and the rest, and held much conversation between themselves on the subject. The old man addressed a long harangue to Jemmy, which it seems was to invite him to stay with them. But Jemmy understood very little of their language, and was, moreover, thoroughly ashamed of his countrymen. When York Minster came on shore, they noticed him in the same way, and told him he ought to shave; yet he had not twenty dwarf hairs on his face, whilst we all wore our untrimmed beards. They examined the colour of his skin, and compared it with ours. One of our arms being bared, they expressed the liveliest surprise and admiration at its whiteness. We thought that they mistook two or three of the officers, who were rather shorter and fairer, (though adorned with large beards,) for the ladies of our party. The tallest amongst the Fuegians was evidently much pleased at his height being noticed. When placed back to back with the tallest of the boat's crew, he tried his best to edge on higher ground, and to stand on tip-toe. He opened his mouth to show his teeth, and turned his face for a side view; and all this was done with such alacrity, that I dare say he thought himself the handsomest man in Tierra del Fuego. After the first feeling on our part of grave astonishment was over, nothing could be more ludicrous or interesting than the odd mixture of surprise and imitation which these savages every moment exhibited.'—*Darwin*, vol. iii. pp. 227—230.

Captain Fitz-Roy's purpose was to deposit York Minster and little Basket among their own people near March Harbour, and return eastward through the Beagle Channel, landing Button also with his tribe, the Tekeenica. Part of Whale-boat Sound and the western arms of the Beagle Channel were to be surveyed; and by this scheme the Captain proposed to combine both objects. But the foul weather which they now experienced was, in one of its paroxysms, very near sending the Beagle and her gallant crew to add to the 'thousand fearful wrecks' with which the ocean-floor is strewn.

'On the 11th we saw that wild-looking height, called York Minster, "looming" among driving clouds, and I flattered myself that we should reach an anchorage; but after tearing through heavy seas, under all the sail we could carry, darkness and a succession of violent squalls, accompanied by hail and rain, obliged me to stand to seaward, after being within a mile of our port. All the next day we were lying-to in a heavy gale—wearing occasionally.

'At three in the morning of the 13th, the vessel lurched so deeply, and the main-mast bent and quivered so much that I reluctantly took in the main-top-sail (small as it was when close-reefed,) leaving set only the storm-trysails (close-reefed) and fore-staysail. At ten, there was so continued and heavy a rush of wind, that even the diminutive trysails oppressed the vessel too much, and they were still further reduced. Soon after one, the sea had risen to a great height, and I was anxiously watching the successive waves, when three huge rollers approached, whose size and steepness at once told me that our sea-boat, good as she was, would be sorely tried. Having steerage way, the vessel met and rose over the first unharmed, but of course her way was checked; the second deadened her way completely, throwing her off the wind; and the third great sea, taking her right a-beam, turned her so far over that all the lee bulwark, from the cat-head to the stern davit, was two or three feet under water.

'For a moment our position was critical; but, like a cask, she rolled back again, though with some feet of water over the whole deck. Had another sea then struck her, the little ship might have been numbered among the many of her class which have disappeared: but the crisis was past—she shook the sea off her through the ports, and was none the worse—excepting the loss of a lee-quarter boat, which, although carried three feet higher than in the former voyage (1826—1830), was dipped under water, and torn away.'—*Fitzroy*, vol. ii. p. 125.

All this is written in the true spirit of a sailor, who is

'All as one as a piece of his ship.'

The chapter on the Southern Aborigines of South America is very well done, combining considerable research with shrewd and original observation. The next on the 'Horse Indians' of Patagonia, throws much light on their manners and superstitions. They believe in a transmigration of souls, for which we refer the curious reader to an extract from Viedma's diary, in the appendix.

'They all believe that the wizards or witches can injure whom they choose, even to deprivation of life, if they can possess themselves of some part of their intended victim's body, or that which has proceeded thence, such as hair, pieces of nails, &c.; and this superstition is the more curious from its exact accordance with that so prevalent in Polynesia.'—vol. ii., p. 163.

Their wizards and witches, are according to Falkner, held in high respect; but the distinction appears to have been somewhat dangerous, for, in cases of pestilence, they often become involuntary lions, an order being issued to put them to death by way of propitiation. Thus, when the small-pox almost destroyed the Chechehet tribe, Cangapol, the chief, directed that all the wizards should be killed, so that the distemper might be stayed.

But the 'Horse Indians' may be looked upon as civilized human beings compared with the 'unaccommodated, poor, bare, forked, animal' of a Fuegian or 'Canoe Indian.' He is 'the thing itself,' and here

is his portrait admirably drawn. After considering it, well may we exclaim with poor Lear, 'Is man no more than this?'

'The most remarkable traits in the countenance of a Fuegian are his extremely small, low forehead, his prominent brow, small eyes (suffering from smoke), wide cheek-bones, wide and open nostrils, large mouth, and thick lips. Their eyes are small, sunken, black, and as restless as those of savages in general. Their eyelids are made red and watery by the wood smoke in their wigwams. The chin varies much: that of a Tekeenia is smaller and less prominent than that of an Alikoolip, in whom it is large and rather projecting, but there is much variety. The nose is always narrow between the eyes, and, except in a few curious instances, is hollow, in profile outline, or almost flat. The mouth is coarsely formed (I speak of them in their savage state, and not of those who were in England, whose features were much improved by altered habits and by education:); their teeth are very peculiar; no canine, or eye-teeth project beyond the rest, or appear more pointed than those; the front teeth are solid, and often flat topped like those of a horse eight years old, and enamelled only at the sides; the interior substance of each tooth is then seen as plainly, in proportion to its size, as in that of a horse. Their hair is black, coarse and lank, excepting in the few instances mentioned below. It grows by single hairs, not by piles, or by little bunches like very small camel-hair pencils. It does not fall off, nor does it turn grey until they are very old. Little, if any, hair is seen on the eyebrow. They would have a straggling beard, but scrupulously pull out every hair with tweezers made of mussel-shells.

'When discovered by strangers, the instant impulse of a family is to run off into the wood. After a short time, if nothing hostile is attempted by the intruders, and if they are not too numerous, the men return cautiously, making friendly signs, waving pieces of skins, rubbing and patting their bellies, and shouting. If all goes on quietly, the women frequently return, bringing with them the children; but they always leave the most valuable skins hidden in the bushes. This hasty concealment of seal or otter skins is the result of visits from sealers, who frequently robbed families of every skin in their possession, before the natives understood the motives of their expeditions in boats into the interior waters of Tierra del Fuego. Sometimes nothing will induce a single individual of the family to appear; men, women, and children hide in the thick woods, where it would be almost impossible to find them, and do not show themselves again until the strangers are gone; but during the whole time of their concealment a watchful look-out is kept by them upon the motions of their unwelcome visitors.

'Scarcity of food, and the facility with which they move from one place to another in their canoes are, no doubt, the reasons why the Fuegians are always so dispersed among the islands in small family parties, why they never remain long in one place, and why a large number are not seen many days in society. They never attempt to make use of the soil by any kind of culture; seals, birds, fish, and particularly shell-fish, being their principal subsistence: any one place, therefore, soon ceases to supply the wants of even one family.

'In a few places, where the meeting of tides causes a constant supply of fish, especially porpoises, and where the land is broken into multitudes of irregular inlets and rocks, whose shores afford an almost inexhaustible quantity of shell-fish, a few families may be found at one time, numbering altogether among them from twenty to forty souls: but even those approaches towards association are rare, and those very families are so migratory by nature, that they do

not remain many months in such a spot, however productive it may be, but go wandering away among the numerous secluded inlets or sounds of their country, or repair to the outer sea-coast in search of seals, a dead whale, or fragments of some wrecked ship. During the summer they prefer the coast, as they then obtain a great quantity of eggs and young birds, beside seal, which come ashore to breed at that season; and in the winter they retire more into the interior waters in search of shell-fish, and the small but numerous and excellent fish which they catch among the sea-weed (kelp).—*Fitz-Roy*, vol. ii. pp. 175—178.

There is a striking wildness about the following passage, opening with its Zamiel-like giant:—

'A great black man is supposed to be always wandering about the woods and mountains, who is certain of knowing every word and every action; who cannot be escaped; and who influences the weather according to men's conduct. York related a curious story of his own brother, who had committed a murder. "In woods of my country," said he, "some men go about alone; very wild men—have no belly (meaning, probably, that they were very thin)—live by stealing from other men." He then went on to say that his brother had been getting birds out of a cliff, and, on coming down, hid them among some long rushes, and went away. Soon afterwards he returned, and, seeing feathers blown away by the wind from the spot, suspected what was going on; so taking a large stone in his hand, he crept stealthily towards the place, and there saw one of these wild men plucking a bird which he had got out of the cliff. Without saying a word, he dashed the stone at the wild man's head, and killed him on the spot. Afterwards York's brother was very sorry for what he had done, particularly when it began to blow very hard. York said, in telling the story,—"Rain come down—snow come down—hail come down—wind blow—blow—very much blow. Very bad to kill man. Big man in woods no like it—he very angry." At the word "blow," York imitated the sound of a strong wind; and he told the whole story in a very low tone of voice, and with a mysterious manner, considering it an extremely serious affair."—vol. ii. p. 180.

Of the cannibalism of these most desolate savages there can, we apprehend, be no doubt:—

'From the concurring testimony of the three Fuegians above-mentioned, obtained from them at various times and by many different persons, it is proved that they eat human flesh upon particular occasions, namely, when excited by revenge or extremely pressed by hunger. Almost always at war with adjoining tribes, they seldom meet but a hostile encounter is the result; and then those vanquished and taken are killed and eaten by the conquerors. The arms and breast are eaten by the women; the men eat the legs; and the trunk is thrown into the sea. During a severe winter hunger impels them to lay hands on the oldest woman of their party, hold her head over a thick smoke, and choke her. They then devour every particle of the flesh, not excepting the trunk, as in the former case. Jemmy Button, in telling this horrible story as a great secret, seemed to be much ashamed of his countrymen, and said, he never would do so—he would rather eat his own hands. When asked why the dogs were not eaten, he said, "Dog catch iappo" (iappo means otter).—vol. ii. p. 183.

The Captain gives also the evidence of his friend Mr. Low:—

'Mr. Low had a boy on board the *Adeona*, who learned to speak English very tolerably during eighteen months that he stayed as a pilot and interpreter. This boy was of the Chonos tribe, and had never been south of Magalhaens Strait before he embarked with Mr. Low. He said that in cases of extreme distress, caused by hunger, human flesh was eaten, and that when they had recourse to such food the oldest woman invariably suffered. The poor creatures escaped to the woods, if possible at such a time, but were soon found and brought back by force. They were killed by suffocation, their heads being held over the thick smoke of a fire made of green wood, and their throats squeezed by the merciless hands of their own relations. This boy imitated the piercing cries of the miserable victims whom he had seen sacrificed. He also mentioned that the breasts, belly, hands, and feet were most liked. When first questioned on this subject he showed no reluctance in answering any questions about it; but after a time, perceiving how much shocked his English companions were at the story, and how much disgust it excited among the crew of the vessel, he refused to talk of it again.'—vol. ii. p. 189.

The time for landing Captain Fitz-Roy's Fuegians now drew near, and it is curious to observe the effect produced upon them by the tribes still in a state of nature, and the high ground they took. 'York laughed heartily,' says the captain, 'at the first we saw, calling them large monkeys;' he named them 'Yapoos' by the way, though whether he had read of the Dean's Yahoos we know not.

'Jemmy assured us they were not at all like his people, who were very good and very clean. Fuegia was shocked and ashamed! She hid herself, and would not look at them a second time. It was interesting to observe the change which three years only had made in their ideas, and to notice how completely they had forgotten the appearance and habits of their former associates; for it turned out that Jemmy's own tribe was as inferior in every way as the worst of those whom he and York called "monkeys—dirty—fools—not men."—vol. ii. p. 203.

York, it appears, had now cast the eyes of affection on Miss Basket, and became jealous in all the moods and tenses of that passion: at last he was so much quizzed about her, that the good captain was obliged to interfere between him and one of his steadiest friends.

At length the party reached Woollya, Jemmy's much vaunted home; and, as all were much pleased with its situation—it looks quite romantic in the engraving—he was very proud of the praises bestowed upon it. Here Captain Fitz-Roy resolved to establish his Fuegians, and to make an attempt, at least, to form a missionary settlement under a Mr. Matthews.

'Rising gently from the water-side, there are considerable spaces of clear pasture land, well watered by brooks, and backed by hills of moderate height, where we afterwards found woods of the finest timber trees in the country. Rich grass and some beautiful flowers, which none of us had ever seen, pleased us

when we landed, and augured well for the growth of our garden seeds.'—vol. ii. p. 208.

The captain's little camp was now formed and a boundary line established: this, as the natives thronged to it, at first, it was difficult to make them keep sacred, but by good temper on the part of his men, the distribution of several presents, and the broken explanations of his dark-coloured shipmates, he succeeded in getting the natives squatted around the line and prevented encroachment. Our fair readers will now be preparing their cambric—but, alas! for unsophisticated humanity!

'Canoes continued to arrive;—a deep voice was heard shouting from one more than a mile distant: up started Jemmy from a bag full of nails and tools which he was distributing, leaving them to be scrambled for by those nearest, and, upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed "My brother!" He then told me that it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being small and loaded with several people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting, there was a cautious circumspection which astonished us. Jemmy walked slowly to meet the party, consisting of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him before she hastened away to secure her canoe and hide her property, all she possessed—a basket containing tinder, fire-stone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her without even looking at Jemmy; and the brothers (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jemmy, and all round him, without uttering a word. Animals when they meet show far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jemmy was evidently much mortified; and to add to his confusion and disappointment, as well as my own, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences, in which English predominated. After a few minutes had elapsed, his elder brother began to talk to him; but although Jemmy understood what was said, he could not reply. York and Fuegia were able to understand some words, but could not or did not choose to speak.'—vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.

Still all things went on in a friendly manner, and Jemmy passed the evening with his mother and brothers in their wigwams, but returned to sleep. York also, and Fuegia, were going about among the natives, and the good effect was visible in the confident familiar manner of the throng which surrounded the captain and his people, as they began to dig the ground for gardens, and cut wood for large wigwams, in which Matthews and his party were to be established.

The garden was planted with potatoes, carrots, turnips, peas, cabbages, onions, and other esculents, while Captain Fitz-Roy stayed; and after a short departure, during which he suffered much anxiety—not mitigated by the remarks made in his

hearing, that Matthews would never be seen alive again—it was with no small joy that the captain, as he rounded a point of land in his boat on his return, saw the object of his fears quietly carrying a kettle to the fire near his wigwam. On landing, every thing was found wearing a fair aspect, and as nothing had occurred to damp the spirits of Matthews, a further trial was determined on: the yawl and one whale-boat were sent back to the *Beagle*, and Captain Fitz-Roy set out on a westward excursion, accompanied by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Hamond in the other two boats, his intention being to complete the exploration of Whale-boat Sound and the north-west arm of the Beagle Channel; then to revisit Woollya, either leave or remove Matthews, as might appear advisable, and afterwards repair to the ship in Goree Road.

During the very few days of this last absence the appearance of things at Woollya had become very much altered for the worse; and the sanguine temperament of the missionary probationer had lost its buoyancy.

Matthews gave a bad account of the prospect which he saw before him, and told me that he did not think himself safe among such a set of utter savages as he found them to be. No violence had been committed beyond holding down his head by force, as if in contempt of his strength; but he had been harshly threatened by several men, and, from the signs used by them, he felt convinced they would take his life. During the last few days, his time had been altogether occupied in watching his property. At first there were only a few quiet natives about him, who were inoffensive; but three days after our departure several canoes full of strangers to Jemmy's family arrived, and from that time Matthews had had no peace by day, and very little rest at night.

We pass over some painful details.

'The next difficulty was how to get Matthews' chest and the remainder of his property safely into our boats, in the face of a hundred Fuegians, who would of course understand our object, and be much more than a match for us on land: but the less-hesitation shown, the less time they would have to think of what we were about; so, dividing our party, and spreading about a little to create confidence, at a favourable moment the wigwam was quickly cleared, the cave emptied, and the contents safely placed in our boats. As I stood watching the proceedings, a few anxious moments passed, for any kind of skirmish would have been so detrimental to the three who were still to remain. When the last man was embarked, I distributed several useful articles, such as axes, saws, gimblets, knives, and nails, among the natives, then bade Jemmy and York farewell, promising to see them again in a few days, and departed from the wondering throng assembled on the beach.'

—vol. ii. pp. 220—222.

This was in February, 1833. In March, 1834, these places were revisited; and in

that short period the Fuegians, upon whom such care had been bestowed, had relapsed very nearly into their original wild state. We leave Captain Fitz-Roy to draw the picture:—

'The wigwams in which I had left York, Jemmy, and Fuegia, were found empty, though uninjured: the garden had been trampled over, but some turnips and potatoes of moderate size were pulled up by us, and eaten at my table, a proof that they may be grown in that region. Not a living soul was visible anywhere; the wigwams seemed to have been deserted many months; and an anxious hour or two passed, after the ship was moored, before three canoes were seen in the offing, paddling hastily towards us, from the place now called Button Island. Looking through a glass I saw a face which I knew, yet could not name. "It must be some one I have seen before," said I, when his sharp eye detected me, and a sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me that it was indeed Jemmy Button—but how altered! He was naked, like his companions, except a bit of skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs; he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. We hurried him below, clothed him immediately, and in half an hour he was sitting with me at dinner in my cabin, using his knife and fork properly, and in every way behaving as correctly as if he had never left us. He spoke as much English as ever, and, to our astonishment, his companions, his wife, his brothers, and their wives, mixed broken English words in their talking with him. Jemmy recollected every one well, and was very glad to see them all. I thought he was ill, but he surprised me by saying that he was "hearty, sir, never better," that he had not been ill, even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever to change his way of life. He said that he got "plenty fruits"—(excrecences on the birch-trees, and berries.)—"plenty birdies," "ten guanaco in snow time," and "too much fish." Besides, though he said nothing about her, I soon heard that there was a good-looking young woman in his canoe, who was said to be his wife. Directly this became known, shawls, handkerchiefs, and a gold-laced cap appeared, with which she was speedily decorated; but fears had been excited for her husband's safe return to her, and no finery could stop her crying until Jemmy again showed himself on deck. While he was below, his brother Tommy called out in a loud tone, "Jemmy Button, canoe, come!" After some time the three canoes went ashore, laden with presents, and their owners promised to come again early next morning. Jemmy gave a fine otter skin to me, which he had dressed and kept purposely: another he gave to Bennett.

'Next morning Jemmy told me that York and Fuegia left him some months before our arrival, and went in a large canoe to their own country: the last act of that cunning fellow was to rob poor Jemmy of all his clothes, tools, and other necessaries. Fuegia was dressed as usual, and looking well, when they decamped: her helpmate was also well clothed, and had hardly lost anything I left with him. Jemmy said, "York very much jaw," "pick up big stones," "all men afraid." Fuegia seemed to be very happy. Jemmy asserted that she helped to "catch (steal) his clothes," while he was asleep, the night before York left him naked.'—p. 325.

The result of further inquiries was this,—

'I am now quite sure that from the time of his desiring to be placed at Woollya, with Matthews and

Jemmy, York meditated taking a good opportunity of possessing himself of every thing; and that he thought, if he were left in his own country without Matthews, he would not have many things given to him, neither would he know where he might afterwards look for and plunder poor Jemmy.'

This relapse is rendered more striking by a spirited plate, giving the portrait of Jemmy Button in 1833, confronted with his likeness in 1834. It is painfully interesting to observe how the erect head and intellectual bearing of the former date have sunk into the savage slouch and grossly animal expression of the creature opposite. This is a melancholy lesson, and, indeed, the whole story carries its moral with it. Man is not to be civilized *per saltum*: a long period must elapse, and many phases must be gone through, before the savage becomes the citizen. That Captain Fitz-Roy's views were the offspring of the purest benevolence no one can deny: but his visions melted before stern reality; and we fear that the last state of these poor people must have been worse than the first. The almost forlorn hope to which he clings as he leaves his Fuegians for ever is thus expressed:—

'I cannot help still hoping that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people with other natives of Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from Jemmy Button's children—prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands; and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour.'—vol. ii. p. 237.

The opinion entertained by the Geographical Society of the importance of this last expedition is expressed by that body when they state that the royal premium was awarded to Captain Fitz-Roy 'for his recent survey of the coast of South America, from the entrance of the Rio de la Plata, on the east coast, to the port of Guayaquil, on the coast of Peru—for the zeal, energy, and liberality shown by him in the conduct of the survey—and for the various geographical discoveries made by him during its progress, as well as in the circumnavigation of the globe.' To which we have only to add—

'He won it well; and may he wear it long.'

Mr. Darwin's volume, though last not least, next offers itself to our notice. Upon its merits there can be no two opinions. It is up to the science of the day, and, in some instances, beyond it. There are, indeed, no illustrations to this book,

but we find ample materials for deep thinking: we have the vivid description that fills the mind's eye with brighter pictures than painter can present, and the charm arising from the freshness of heart which is thrown over these virgin pages of a strong intellectual man and an acute and deep observer.

This article would be protracted to an inordinate length without doing anything like justice to the work, were we not to confine ourselves here to a mere outline, to be filled up hereafter, we hope, when the *Zoology of the Beagle*, upon which so many of Mr. Darwin's excellent observations bear, and which is now in the course of publication, shall be brought to a conclusion.

Some idea may be formed of the vastness of the subjects with which Mr. Darwin so ably deals, when we direct attention to the palæontology of South America, and the rapidity with which materials have of late poured in upon us. Before Captain Fitz-Roy's expedition, the *Megatherium* and the *Megalonyx* seem to have been the only South American extinct forms recognised with any degree of clearness; and indeed much uncertainty hung about the latter. The *Beagle*, through the activity of Mr. Darwin, brought home remains which at once added three new genera of large *Edentata*, and two of *Pachydermata*—one *Toxodon Platensis*, a gigantic and most interesting extinct mammiferous animal, with the affinities to the *Rodentia*, *Edentata*, and herbivorous *Cetacea*: the other, not less interesting, *Macrauchenia Patagonica*, a large extinct mammifer, with affinities to the *Ruminantia*, and especially to the *Camelidæ*. Scarcely had Mr. Owen's accurate pen characterised these ancient forms,* when the discoveries of M. Lund between the Rio das Velhas, one of the confluent of the Rio de San Francisco and the Rio Paraopeba, opened to us an absolute wilderness of extinct animal forms, many of them gigantic, belonging to the families *Effodientia*, *Bradypoda*, *Pachydermata*, *Ruminantia*, *Fera*, *Marsupialia*, *Glires*, and *Simia*—to say nothing of *Cheiroptera*, &c. We shall, upon another occasion, have something to say of this grand addition; but here only observe that there are ten new species of *Fera*, among them a *Cynailurus*, or hunting leopard, and an

* In 1838 the Wollaston medal was awarded to Professor Owen for his services to Fossil Zoology in general, and in particular for the description of Fossil Mammalia, collected by Mr. Darwin.

Hyæna, both old-world forms, and twenty-one species of *Glîres* or Rodents, most of which are new genera. Be it remembered that this multitude of families, genera, and species belong to the *extinct* zoology only of this portion of the globe. We need say no more of the impossibility of discussing the general zoology of that vast tract here.

But it is not to zoology alone that Mr. Darwin has contributed. The opinion entertained of his labours in a sister science by those best qualified to judge of it is thus declared, from the Chair of the Geological Society, by its reverend and learned President:—"Looking at the general mass of Mr. Darwin's results, I cannot help considering his voyage round the world as one of the most important events for *geology* which has occurred for many years. We may think ourselves fortunate that Captain Fitz-Roy, who conducted the expedition, was led, by his enlightened zeal for science, to take out a naturalist with him."

Let us take a rapid survey of some of Mr. Darwin's important contributions to geological dynamics, as the President of the society aptly denominates the science—so far as we can frame a science—of the causes of change by which geological phenomena have been produced.

Almost every voyager has been struck with astonishment at the lagoon islands—rings of land rising out of the depths of great oceans, and of which a good idea may be formed from the characteristic sketch of Whitsunday Island in Beechey's voyage. These are admirably described by Mr. Darwin.

"The annular reef of this lagoon island [Keeling] is surmounted in the greater part of its length by linear islets. On the northern side there is an opening, through which vessels reach the anchorage. On entering, the scene was very curious and rather pretty: its beauty, however, being solely dependant on the brilliancy of the surrounding colours. The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon, resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illuminated by a vertical sun, of a most vivid green. This brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided, either from the dark heaving water of the ocean by a line of snow-white breakers, or from the blue vault of heaven by the strips of land, crowned at an equal height by the tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with the azure sky, so in the lagoon dark bands of living coral appear through the emerald-green water.

"The next morning after anchoring, I went on shore on Direction Island. The strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards wide; on the lagoon side we have a white calcareous beach, the radiation from which in such a climate is very oppressive; and on the outer coast, a solid broad flat of coral

rock, which serves to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil the climate of the intertropical regions alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots.

"I will now give a sketch of the natural history of these islands, which, from its very paucity, possesses a peculiar interest. The cocoa-nut tree, at the first glance, seems to compose the whole wood: there are, however, five or six other kinds. One of these grows to a very large size, but, from the extreme softness of its wood, is useless; another sort affords excellent timber for ship-building. Besides the trees, the number of plants is exceedingly limited, and consists of insignificant woods. In my collection, which includes, I believe, nearly the perfect Flora, there are twenty species, without reckoning a moss, lichen, and fungus. To this number two trees must be added; one of which was not in flower, and the other I only heard of. The latter is a solitary tree of its kind in the whole group, and grows near the beach, where, without doubt, the one seed was thrown up by the waves. I do not include in the above list the sugar-cane, banana, some other vegetables, fruit-trees, and imported grasses. As these islands consist entirely of coral, and at one time probably existed as a mere water-washed reef, all the productions now living here must have been transported by the waves of the sea. In accordance to this, the Flora has quite the character of a refuge for the destitute: Professor Henslow informs me that, of the twenty species, nineteen belong to different genera, and these again to no less than sixteen orders!"—*Darwin*, pp. 540, 541.

The explanation of the origin of these islands most generally received is, that they are based on the craters of volcanos. When we reflect, however, on their vast number, their proximity, and their great size, (especially in the case of the *Atolls* in the Indian sea, one of which is about eighty miles in length, with an average width of only about twenty,*) we agree with Mr. Darwin, that this view can hardly be considered correct. There is another class of reefs, in some respects even more remarkable than those forming lagoon islands, and which may be termed encircling reefs, such as are mentioned by our author at p. 555. The moat, as it may be called, surrounding the mountainous island Vanikoro, which lifts its head like the castle of some giant of romance, and frowns over the spot where La Peyrouse was shipwrecked, is even more than 300 feet deep, though Mr. Darwin gives the

* One of the Radaek islands of Kotzebue is fifty-two miles long by twenty broad.

depths as being within those numbers. The great circular coral wall, built by myriads of minute architects, ascends sheer and steep on both sides. 'Externally,' says Mr. Darwin, 'the reef rises from an ocean profoundly deep. The structure is analogous to that of a lagoon, but with an island standing, like a picture in its frame, in the middle.'

Of the construction of these encircling reefs, what explanation can be given? No one, as far as we are aware, has hitherto attempted it with anything like success. It is hardly to be supposed that reef-building *polypi* of very different genera should act in concert. Why should the reef spring up at the distance of miles from the shore, and from a great depth, whilst we know that reefs—the instances are innumerable—grow attached to the shore?

Mr. Darwin believes that this problem receives a simple explanation, from the fact, that while the land slowly subsides from changes in progress in the subterranean regions, the reefs of living coral continue to grow to the surface. The line of argument which seems to have led him to this conclusion we shall state; but first let us remind those of our readers who may be only partially acquainted with the progress of recent geological inquiry, that proofs of the rise of the land have come in from all quarters of the world. If, then, the globe be not absolutely swelling like the frog in the fable, which no one will grant, there must be tracts which have lately undergone subsidence, or are undergoing it. In ancient times such movements of subsidence have taken place, attested, as every geologist knows, by the vertical trees in the Portland dirt-beds, the alternations of fresh-water and marine deposits, &c. &c.

Mr. Darwin, then, having these facts in his mind, seems to have been led to consider how it comes that enormous areas of deep ocean (p. 558) are studded with low coral islands, and yet that many facts show that reef-building *polypi* do not flourish at greater depths than twenty fathoms at most. What foundation, then, have these coral islands in spaces of many thousand square leagues of a deep, deep ocean? Must we suppose that there are as many submarine mountains as coral islands, all rising within twenty fathoms of the surface of the ocean, and not one above it? Such a supposition will be rejected as monstrous. The only possible alternative then, as it seems to

us, is, that 'as each point, one after the other, according to its altitude, was submerged, the coral grew upwards, and formed the many islets now standing at one level.' (p. 558.)

Mr. Darwin next considers whether the peculiar structure of the lagoon islands and encircling reefs occurring in these oceans, which he is forced by the foregoing argument to believe have subsided, receives any explanation from this movement. He says, in substance—let an island fringed with coral reefs very gradually subside, will not the necessary effect of this be, that although the reef may grow upwards and reach the surface, it will not be so with the land, which will gradually be submerged? Then, according to the amount of subsidence so will the width of the channel be between the reef and shore. If the sinking continue, the encircled island, by the gradual submergence of the last and highest peak, will be converted into a lagoon island. Mr. Darwin then observes (p. 599), that the non-filling up of the interior basin of the lagoon, on the open channel within the encircling reef, is due to those stations being unfavourable (partly owing to the sand and mud drifted about) to the growth of the massive corals. He proceeds to state that a series can be shown from an annular reef, encircling either one or several small islands, to a lagoon island which merely encircles a sheet of water; and he insists that the difference between the various kinds of reefs (p. 556) entirely lies in the absence or presence of neighbouring land, and the relative position which the reefs bear to it. Mr. Darwin, therefore, supposes that as a reef fringing an island is converted by subsidence into an encircled one, so a reef fringing the shore of a continent will be converted into a barrier reef (p. 559), like that extraordinary one on the N. E. coast of Australia, separated from the land by a wide arm of the sea; and there the reefs (p. 564) supposed to be produced by the same kind of movement are found in juxtaposition. The reefs of New Caledonia exhibit a step between an encircling and a barrier reef.

Mr. Darwin seems to think that, if this theory be rejected, not only must the origin of lagoon islands encircling a barrier of reefs, and their presence in one part and entire absence in another, remain altogether without explanation—which, considering their vast number and uniformity of structure, would be not a

little remarkable;—but that all the facts showing that reef-building *polypi* will not live at great depths must be rejected; for we must then suppose that the reefs have sprung up from submarine mountains, which we cannot grant, over spaces of many thousand square leagues. If, on the other hand, this theory, which includes under one head the origin of the several reefs, be admitted, very important deductions must follow from it: for it shows that great portions of the surface of the globe have recently (in a geological sense) undergone movements of subsidence (which it must always be extremely difficult to detect by any direct evidence); and what is even more worthy of note, it shows that the movements have been so far gradual, that no one sinking down has carried the reef below the small depth from which the *polypi* could rear it to the surface again. So far so good: but Mr. Darwin alludes to even more extended inferences, which we shall not notice, as the subject will soon be treated of by him at full length.

The climate of the Southern hemisphere, considered with reference to organic natural productions, is most remarkable as compared with corresponding latitudes in Europe.

‘Although so inhospitable to our feelings, and to most of the plants from the warmer parts of Europe, yet it is most favourable to the native vegetation. The forests, which cover the entire country between the latitudes of 38° and 45°, rival in luxuriance those of the glowing inter-tropical regions, whilst in Chiloe (lat. 42°) I could almost have fancied myself in Brazil. Stately trees of many kinds, with smooth and highly coloured barks, are loaded by parasitical plants of the monocotyledonous structure; large and elegant ferns are numerous; and arborescent grasses intertwine the trees into one entangled mass, to the height of thirty or forty feet above the ground. Palm trees grow in lat. 37°; an arborescent grass very like a bamboo in 40°; and another closely allied kind, of great length, but not erect, even as far south as 45°.

‘In another part of this same hemisphere, which has so uniform a character, owing to its large proportional area of sea, Forster found parasitical orchideous plants living south of lat. 45° in New Zealand. Tree-ferns thrive luxuriously near Hobart Town, in Van Dieman’s Land. I measured one there which was exactly six feet in circumference; and its height from the ground to the base of the fronds appeared to be very little under twenty. Mr. Brown says “an arborescent species of the same genus (*Dicksonia*) was found by Forster, in New Zealand, at Dusky Bay, in nearly 46° S., the highest latitude in which tree-ferns have yet been observed. It is remarkable that, although they have so considerable a range in the southern hemisphere, no tree-fern has been found beyond the northern tropic: a distribution in the two hemispheres somewhat similar to this has been already noticed respecting the Orchideæ that are parasitical on trees.”

‘Even in Tierra del Fuego, Captain King describes the “vegetation thriving most luxuriantly, and large woody stemmed trees of *Fuchsia* and *Veronica*, in England considered and treated as tender plants, in full flower, within a very short distance of the base of a mountain covered for two-thirds down with snow, and with the temperature at 36°.” He states, also, that humming-birds were seen sipping the sweets of the flowers, “after two or three days of constant rain, snow, and sleet, during which time the thermometer had been at the freezing point.” I myself have seen parrots feeding on the seeds of the winter’s bark, south of latitude 55°.—vol. iii. pp. 271, 272.

The low descent of the snow line in the southern parts of South America, and even in lat. 41°, together with its sudden flexure in Southern Chile (see p. 277), is also very remarkable; for it involves as a consequence the descent of glaciers of enormous dimensions into the sea, in lat. 20° nearer the equator than in the northern hemisphere (p. 285.) Mr. Darwin insists on the importance of this fact in connection with the high southerly range of tropical forms above noticed, as throwing great light on the distribution of erratic bowlders, a problem which has deeply interested almost every geological observer,—particularly those who have crossed the Jura—but even such as have only examined the midland counties of England. Mr. Murchison, a shrewd judge of the value of such observations, in his excellent chapter on bowlders (*Silurian System*, vol. i. p. 535), gives a highly favourable estimate of Mr. Darwin’s researches. But since the publication of Mr. Murchison’s great work, Mr. Darwin has added much to our means of defining the law of this intricate phenomenon, and has extended the theory in detail to the case of the bowlders in the Alps (pp. 289, 614, 615.)

Before we quit this part of the subject we must lay before our readers Mr. Darwin’s application of it to another most remarkable and hitherto difficult problem—the icy entombment of the Siberian animals. The close approach of the line of perpetual congelation with the limit of the extension of tropical forms has the most intimate connection with this highly interesting circumstance, and, in our opinion, goes far to change a great apparent anomaly into a normal fact.

‘At the Ferroe islands (or we may say a little to the southward of the Wiljui, where Pallas found, in lat. 64° N., the frozen rhinoceros), a body buried under the surface of the soil would undergo so little decomposition, that years afterwards (as in the instance mentioned at South Shetland, 62°–63° S.) every feature might be recognized perfect and unchanged. I particularly allude to this circumstance,

because the case of the Siberian animals preserved with their flesh in the ice offers the same apparent difficulty with the glaciers; namely, the union in the same hemisphere of a climate in some senses severe, with one allowing of the life of those forms which at present, although abounding without the tropics, do not approach the frozen zones.

The perfect preservation of the Siberian animals perhaps presented, till within a few years, one of the most difficult problems which geology ever attempted to solve. On the one hand it was granted that the carcases had not been drifted from any great distance by any tumultuous deluge, and on the other it was assumed as certain that, when the animals lived, the climate must have been so totally different, that the presence of ice in the vicinity, was as incredible as would be the freezing of the Ganges. Mr. Lyell, in his "Principles of Geology," has thrown the greatest light on this subject, by indicating the northerly course of the existing rivers, with the probability that they formerly carried carcases in the same direction; by showing (from Humboldt) how far the inhabitants of the hottest countries sometimes wander; by insisting on the caution necessary in judging of habits between animals of the same genus, when the species are not identical; and especially by bringing forward in the clearest manner the probable change from an insular to an extreme climate, as the consequence of the elevation of the land, of which proofs have lately been brought to light.

In the former part of this volume, I have endeavoured to prove, that, as far as regards the quantity of food, there is no difficulty in supposing that these large quadrupeds inhabited sterile regions, producing but a scanty vegetation. . . . I suppose no reason can be assigned why, during a former epoch, when the pachydermata abounded over the greater part of the world, some species should not have been fitted for the northern regions, precisely as now happens with deer and several other animals. If then, we believe that the climate of Siberia, anteriorly to the physical changes above alluded to, had some resemblance with that of the southern hemisphere at the present day—a circumstance which harmonizes well with other facts, as I think has been shown by the imaginary case, when we transported existing phenomena from one to the other hemisphere—the following conclusions may be deduced as probable:—First, that the degree of cold formerly was not excessive; secondly, that snow did not for a long time together cover the ground (such not being the case at the extreme parts 55°–56° of South America); thirdly, that the vegetation partook of a more tropical character than it now does in the same latitudes; and lastly, that at but a short distance to the northward of the country thus circumstanced (even not so far as where Pallas found the entire rhinoceros), the soil might be perpetually congealed; so that if the carcass of any animal should once be buried a few feet beneath the surface, it would be preserved for centuries.

Both Humboldt and Lyell have remarked, that, at the present day, the bodies of any animals, wandering beyond the line of perpetual congelation, which extends as far south as 60°, if once embedded by any accident a few feet beneath the surface, would be preserved for an indefinite length of time: the same would happen with carcases drifted by the rivers; and by such means the extinct mammalia may have been entombed. There is only one small step wanting, as it appears to me, and the whole problem would be solved with a degree of simplicity very striking, compared with the several theories first invented. From the account given by Mr. Lyell of the Siberian plains, with their innumerable fossil bones, the relics of many successive generations, there

can be little doubt that the beds were accumulated either in a shallow sea, or in an estuary. From the description given in Beechey's voyage of Eschscholtz Bay, the same remark is applicable to the north-west coast of America: the formation there appears identical with the common littoral deposits recently elevated, which I have seen on the shores of the southern part of the same continent. It seems also well established, that the Siberian remains are only exposed where the rivers intersect the plain. With this fact, and the proofs of recent elevation, the whole case appears to be precisely similar to that of the Pampas: namely, that the carcases were formerly floated into the sea, and the remains covered up in the deposits which were then accumulating. These beds have since been elevated; and as the rivers excavate their channels the entombed skeletons are exposed.

Here, then, is the difficulty: how were the carcases preserved at the bottom of the sea? I do not think it has been sufficiently noticed, that the preservation of the animal with its flesh was an occasional event, and not directly consequent on its position far northward. Cuvier refers to the voyage of Billings as showing that the bones of the elephant, buffalo, and rhinoceros are nowhere so abundant as on the islands between the mouths of the Lena and Indigirka. It is even said that, excepting some hills of rock, the whole is composed of sand, ice, and bones. The islands lie to the northward of the place where Adams found the mammoth with its flesh preserved, and even ten degrees north of the Wiljui, where the rhinoceros was discovered in a like condition: In the case of the bones we may suppose that the carcases were drifted into a deeper sea, and, there remaining at the bottom, the flesh decomposed. But in the second and more extraordinary case, where putrefaction seems to have been arrested, the body probably was soon covered up by deposits which were then accumulating. It may be asked, whether the mud a few feet deep, at the bottom of a shallow sea which is annually frozen, has a temperature higher than 32°? It must be remembered how intense a degree of cold is required to freeze salt water; and that the mud at some depth below the surface would have a low mean temperature, precisely in the same manner as the subsoil on the land is frozen in countries which enjoy a short but hot summer. If this be possible, the entombment of these extinct quadrupeds is rendered very simple; and with regard to the conditions of their former existence, the principal difficulties have, I think, already been removed.—vol. iii. pp. 293–298.

The whole of the chapter (xvi.) on volcanic phenomena, and the great earthquake at Concepcion, is admirably written. It brings absolutely before us the frightfully gigantic powers of subterranean agency. We have reason to believe that Mr. Darwin means to justify what he has said upon this perilous subject in the forthcoming part of the Geological Transactions. One word as to the extent of the operations, and the comfortable position of the inhabitants:—

'The extent of country throughout which the subterranean forces were thus unequivocally displayed, measures 700 by 400 geographical miles. From several considerations, which I have not space here to enter on, and especially from the intermediate points whence liquefied matter was ejected, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, however fearful it may

be, that a vast lake of melted matter, of an area nearly doubling in extent that of the Black Sea, is spread out beneath a mere crust of solid land.'—vol. iii. p. 380.

A pleasant locality this for a building speculation!

But it is not to the scientific alone that Mr. Darwin's volume will prove highly interesting. The general reader will find in it a fund of amusement and instruction. Mr. Darwin is a first-rate landscape-painter with the pen. Even the dreariest solitudes are made to teem with interest. Nor less striking are his accounts of the state of society in South America, especially those which relate to the murderous hatred mutually felt and exercised towards each other by the aborigines and those whom they justly consider usurpers, but who look upon them more as wild beasts than fellow-men. An intelligent Spaniard gave him the following account of the last engagement at which he was present. It is a sickening example of 'man's inhumanity to man':—

Some Indians, who had been taken prisoners, gave information of a tribe living north of the Colorado. Two hundred soldiers were sent; and they first discovered the Indians by a cloud of dust from their horses' feet, as they chanced to be travelling. The country was mountainous and wild, and it must have been far in the interior, for the Cordillera was in sight. The Indians, men, women, and children, were about one hundred and ten in number, and they were nearly all taken or killed, for the soldiers sabre every man. The Indians are now so terrified, that they offer no resistance in a body, but each flies, neglecting even his wife and children; but when overtaken, like wild animals, they fight against any number to the last moment. One dying Indian seized with his teeth the thumb of his adversary, and allowed his own eyes to be forced out, sooner than relinquish his hold. Another, who was wounded, feigned death, keeping a knife ready to strike one more fatal blow. My informer said, when he was pursuing an Indian, the man cried out for mercy, at the same time that he was covertly loosing the bolas from his waist, meaning to whirl it round his head, and so strike his pursuer. "I however struck him with my sabre to the ground, and then got off my horse, and cut his throat with my knife." This is a dark picture; but how much more shocking is the unquestionable fact, that all the women who appear above twenty years old are massacred in cold blood. When I exclaimed that this appeared rather inhuman, he answered, "Why, what can be done? They breed so!"—pp. 119, 120.

'Who,' exclaims our author, 'would believe in this age, in a civilized country, that such atrocities were committed?' But they *are* committed, and upon a race who are not without the highest manly qualities. The stern virtue of an ancient Roman could not have surpassed the heroism here recorded:—

'In the battle four men ran away together. They were pursued, and one was killed, but the other

three were taken alive. They turned out to be messengers or ambassadors from a large body of Indians, united in the common cause of defence, near the Cordillera. The tribe to which they had been sent was on the point of holding a grand council; the feast of mare's flesh was ready, and the dance prepared: in the morning the ambassadors were to have returned to the Cordillera. They were remarkably fine men, very fair, above six feet high, and all under thirty years of age. The three survivors of course possessed very valuable information; and to extort this they were placed in a line. The two first being questioned, answered, "No se" (I do not know.) and were one after the other shot. The third also said, "No se;" adding, "Fire, I am a man, and can die!" Not one syllable would they breathe to injure the united cause of their country!"—pp. 120, 121.

We must not be tempted farther:—here we close an imperfect notice of one of the most interesting narratives of voyaging that it has fallen to our lot to take up, and which must always occupy a distinguished space in the history of scientific navigation.

ART. VIII.—1. *Austria and the Austrians*. In 2 vols. London. 1837.

2. *Hungary and Transylvania, with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical*. By John Paget, Esq. In 2 vols. London. 1839.

3. *Austria*. By Peter Evan Turnbull, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. In 2 vols. London. 1839.

4. *Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, visited in 1837*. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, A.M., Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. In 3 vols. London. 1839.

5. *Vienna and the Austrians, with some Account of a Journey through Swabia, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and the Salzbourg*. By Frances Trollope. In 2 vols. London. 1838.

WE start on our present expedition into Austria with a company as varied, though not quite so numerous, as that which set forth with Chaucer on his memorable pilgrimage to Canterbury. We have, first, a regular London book-maker, who fills a chapter on Austrian aristocracy with an account of Mad. B. Constant's Parisian *soirée*, and illustrates the Vienna stage by sixteen pages about Schiller's Mary Stuart;—secondly, a gentleman in the transition state between an English squire and an Hungarian Freyherr—exhibiting spirit, cleverness, and a dash of chivalry, based on the solid foundation of information and good sense;—thirdly, a grave F.R.S., loaded with foreign statistics enough to

make Dr. Bowring jealous, and foreign political information that might well make Lord Palmerston ashamed;—fourthly, a specimen of the true church militant, the divine engrafted on the soldier, combining the love of adventure inspired by his former profession with the tone of feeling suggested by his last;—and fifthly, an authoress of singular acuteness and originality, who boasts that the Princess Metternich has assigned her portrait a place in an album hitherto devoted exclusively to males.

We need hardly add that so heterogeneous a company is more amusing than harmonious; that they often disagree with one another and occasionally with themselves; but far from feeling embarrassed or disconcerted by their differences, we do not despair of turning these to good account. If in a multitude of councillors there is safety, in a multitude of witnesses there is truth—that is, for those who know how to look for it; and by collating the summaries or results of one with the details of another, observations with adventures, and theories with facts, we shall try to do for Austria, the autocrat of the south of Germany, what we not long since attempted as to Prussia,* the head of the northern portion of the confederacy—describe the real nature of her constitution, estimate the actual amount of her resources, analyse the true spirit of her society, and vindicate her government from the broad reproach of despotism.

Archdeacon Coxe, in the preface to his 'Memoirs of the House of Austria,' compares that House to the Danube of its native mountains, 'at first an inconsiderable rill, obscurely wandering amidst rocks and precipices, then swelling its volume by the accumulation of tributary streams, carrying plenty and fertility to numerous nations, and finally pouring its mighty waters by a hundred mouths into the Euxine Sea.' The peculiar policy to which it is principally indebted for its aggrandisement is indicated in the well-known lines—

'Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam quæ Mars alius, dat tibi regna Venus.'

But it is beside our purpose to state by what alliances, conquests, or treaties the descendants of Rhodolph of Hapsburg contrived to mount the throne of the Cæsars, and became possessed of two ancient independent kingdoms, besides archduchies, principalities, countships, and

lordships without end. It is enough that the present emperor rules over more than 35,000,000 of subjects of all degrees of civilisation and all modes of faith;—enough—perhaps more than enough, for those who cannot form a notion of national happiness without sundry facilities for disaffection which they are pleased to term liberty—that his power is based, not on force, but affection—not on habit or bigotry, but on an enlightened sense of benefits conferred; and that the people are prosperous and contented in exact proportion as they are placed by situation or circumstances under the direct influence of his authority; in other words, that the practical advantages of the present system of government are in an inverse ratio to its checks. Thus, the hereditary dominions of the emperor, where he is all-powerful, are the most thriving; Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, where there is still a privileged class with some vestige of independence, only rank as second best; whilst Hungary and Transylvania, with their constituent bodies, their county meetings and their turbulent barons, are about as far advanced in civilisation as the English under the Plantagenets.

This is the obvious and almost necessary result of a paternal government; and we quite agree with Mr. Turnbull that the Austrian is on the whole a paternal government, in the truest acceptation of the term. Joseph II.—that most mischievous and dangerous of characters, a liberal, philosophical sovereign—had ways of his own for making his subjects happy, and was full as much influenced by vanity as philanthropy in the sweeping innovations he endeavoured to force upon them. But his nephew, Francis, acted on a widely different principle: in all he said or did there was a perfect abnegation of self; equally sagacious and well-meaning, he consulted the tastes, habits, and even prejudices of his people, as well as their real wants; and preferred the homely affection inspired by his quiet unassuming virtues, to the dazzling glories of the conqueror, or the deceitful halo a correspondence with foreign jurists or philosophers, a Voltaire or a Bentham, might have flung around his name.* His first step, before

* The termination of Voltaire's correspondence with Frederic the Great is well known. On the Emperor of Russia's refusing to follow Jeremy Bentham's advice implicitly, the philosopher indignantly returned the portrait and ring which had accompanied the imperial application for a code.

adopting any scheme of consequence, was to ascertain how far the existing state of feeling would be disturbed; and, not content with the reports of agents, he took every occasion of bringing himself into personal contact with individuals of every class. Extremes meet. There is an amusing account in Major Downing's Letters of the labours imposed on the President of the United States during his progresses. After shaking hands for five or six hours successively, he is obliged to sit down on a sofa and suffer his hand to be put through the required exercise by his secretary. The Emperor Francis must have undergone little less on his weekly reception-days, when everybody, without distinction of rank, sex, or age, was privileged to enter; and he might be seen mingling amongst them with the inquiry, 'Well, my children, what is there I can do for you?'—to which, as Mrs. Trollope assures us on the Princess Metternich's authority, the frequent answer was, 'We are not come to ask for anything, only to have the pleasure of looking at you.'

Two incidents of his life, also related by the Princess, illustrate in the strongest light the enthusiastic affection he inspired.

After a dangerous illness, which had thrown the whole empire into dismay, he was taking an airing in a close carriage, when he was surrounded by a crowd shouting their congratulations on his reappearance and, with uplifted hands, calling down blessings on his head. Forgetting the prescribed caution, he let down the glass to thank them; but instead of being impressed with the condescension, the populace seemed to think only of the imprudence of the act. 'No, no—oh! he will catch cold, he will catch cold,' was the cry, and those who were nearest the carriage instantly laid violent hands on the window and forced it up.

A nearly similar manifestation, rendered still more striking by the time, occurred on his return from the fatal campaign of 1809, when the resources of the empire had been taxed to the uttermost, and her best blood expended at his bidding, but in vain. He entered Vienna in a plain carriage, with a single attendant, hoping to escape attention, but he was recognised at the turning of a corner by an apple-woman, and the news spread like wildfire through the town. In a few moments the horses were taken out and he was dragged in triumph to the palace, into which, up marble staircases and through tape-

tried galleries, he was followed by as many as could squeeze in. Deeply touched, he exclaimed to the officer at his side, 'This is affection—it may be that I have never done good to any of them.'

Nor must it be supposed that this personal feeling was confined to the inhabitants of the capital. More than one Jeanie Deans has wandered up from the dells of the Tyrol, or the remotest confines of Bohemia, to tell her tale of sorrow to *Franz*; and we believe there is not a corner of his dominions, out of Italy, where they do not still kindle at the bare mention of his name. He had one failing, however: the new-fangled French doctrines of the day had given him such a horror of insubordination, that the bare semblance or suspicion of it was sufficient to effect an entire change in his disposition. Let the meanest peasant complain of the highest noble, and he was sure of a patient hearing; but woe to the subaltern, civil or military, who ventured to bring a charge against his superior in command. The charge would be investigated, the wrongdoer punished or displaced; but the subaltern's chances of preferment were at an end. We need hardly add, that his Italian subjects were the objects of his marked distrust. 'It may be all very well,' he would reply to those who ventured to remonstrate with him against the severity exercised towards Pellico and other prisoners of state, 'to say that these are high-spirited, gallant men, acting from a sense of duty. Reflect on the mass of misery caused by a single insurrection, and then say whether such attempts as theirs can be too rigidly suppressed.'

On one occasion Prince Metternich requested leave to allow a few books to a state prisoner of rank, and offered to select some from his own library for the purpose, but the request was peremptorily refused.

We dwell particularly on these traits, because for years, perhaps for centuries, Francis will be regarded as the *beau idéal* of an emperor: his successors will try to tread in his footsteps, and the mention of despotic rule will be associated in the minds of the people with the blessings his government conferred upon them. What is still more important, almost the whole existing system of internal administration was established by him, and is marked throughout by the peculiar features of his policy. An outline of this system forms an essential part of the task we have undertaken; and, fortunately, the informa-

tion supplied by Mr. Turnbull regarding the main topics is complete. But before proceeding farther, it may be as well to specify the principal divisions of the empire, and the classes of which the population is composed.

There are, first, the German States, namely, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Carniola, Carinthia, the Tyrol, the Istria Littoral (the country round Trieste), Moravia, Silesia, Bohemia, Galicia, and Dalmatia, containing altogether about fifteen millions of inhabitants; secondly, the Italian states, containing about four millions and a half; thirdly, Hungary and Transylvania, with a population, including 'the military frontier,' of between fourteen and fifteen millions.

The German states are under the direct control of the Imperial Chancery at Vienna, and are all governed by one and the same code of laws, civil and criminal. The Italian states, which are hardly yet consolidated with the rest, are governed by a viceroy, and have a jurisprudence of their own. Hungary is a totally distinct kingdom, with an independent constitution; and Transylvania, except that it is but a principality, stands on pretty nearly the same footing as Hungary.

In Austria, as in most other countries of Europe, the rights of the feudal proprietors long presented a fatal barrier to improvements of every sort, whether in the cultivation of the soil, the diffusion of commerce, the administration of justice, or the condition of the peasantry. The emperors gradually contrived to abolish or mitigate the most injurious of these rights within their hereditary dominions, and in some of the rest in which they could venture to carry things with a high hand; but the nobles were too strong for them in Bohemia and Moravia, until 1773, when a general rising of the peasantry took place, and the lords were compelled to give way to the combined influence of the popular movement and the crown.

In Hungary and Transylvania (which, before concluding, we must make the subject of a brief episode), the most oppressive of the feudal rights and restrictions exist still; but throughout the rest of the empire, the only prerogative of value retained by the nobles (and the Italian nobles have not even this) is exemption from military conscription and from certain civil offices in the provinces. Even the *prestige* of rank has been a good deal broken of late, probably with malice prepense, by the emperor, who has en-

nobled a great many merchants and bankers, not a few amongst them being Jews. In fact, almost any man who chooses to pay the price may have a patent of nobility;* which may serve to account in some measure for the exclusive spirit which we shall find in full force in the capital when we come to its society.

The condition of the clergy is next to be considered, and the Austrian church establishment is well worth studying, if only for the sake of the curious anomalies presented by it. The pope has always been the acknowledged head, but down to a very recent period his authority seemed almost extinct; and although the Vatican is at this moment straining every nerve to regain its old power here as elsewhere—and in some isolated cases, such as that of the Zillertal, the priesthood have been able to produce scandalous violations or evasions of the law—we hope the Imperial government will successfully resist this new spirit of encroachment. According to the system which, in spite of a few audacious outrages, we do not believe to be abrogated, Austria is tolerant. Every sort of employment on occupation, the law, the army, the civil service, are, by law, open to all persons without reference to creed; and the imperial family have shown, it must be allowed, by their own conduct that they feel no disposition to abet the pretensions of the papacy.

The Archduke John, the actual Palatine of Hungary, has had three wives; the first was a member of the Greek church, the second of the Calvinistic communion, the third of the Lutheran. This may remind the reader of the boast of a well known literary character of the last century: "I am not a man of prejudices: I have had four wives: two catholics, a jewess, and a methodist: two were sisters, and my second was living when I married my fourth." The Archduke Charles was married to a Lutheran: when she died, the Emperor gave orders for the funeral rites to be performed in St. Stephen's. The Archbishop of Vienna, at the request of the Nuncio, remonstrated against the incongruity: 'Tell the Nuncio,' said the Emperor, 'that this is no affair of his: the Archduchess must be buried as I have directed.' She was so bu-

* Mr. Paget says that the price of the title of Baron is 2000*l.*, and that of Count 5000*l.*, but that Baron Stultz was compelled to pay 10,000*l.*; which strikes us to be exceedingly unjust. According to the old usage, he ought to have paid nine times less.

ried, and the Protestant service was actually performed in the Romish cathedral, and the funeral sermon preached by the head of the Lutheran community.

In Joseph's time the pope himself took a journey to Vienna to protest against the multiplied infractions of discipline, particularly the translation of the prayers, litanies, and psalms into German—but though received with deference, he was compelled to return, leaving the main object of his journey unfulfilled. This sweeping principle of toleration was introduced by the same emperor, who also gave the monastic foundations their death-blow; but, instead of confiscating their revenues to his own use, or parcelling them out amongst his favourites, like our bluff King Hal, he contented himself with converting the greater part of them into a fund, termed the Religious Fund, to be devoted to objects connected with the spiritual wants and education of the people—a palpable anticipation of the appropriation principle which Lord John Russell and his colleagues have been so amusingly coquetting with, now bringing it forward to turn Sir Robert Peel out, and now flinging it aside to keep themselves in.

The secular clergy derive their income from a variety of sources—glebes, endowments, tithes, fees, or assessments on their parishioners. Generally speaking, they are not paid high enough to render the profession an object of ambition to the higher classes, unless with a sure prospect of a bishopric. The patronage of the parochial benefices is divided much in the same manner as in England, between the crown, the bishops, corporations, lay or spiritual, and private individuals. The conduct of the clergy is strictly watched, and ministers of irregular habits, if found irreclaimable by admonition or fine, are removed to a kind of monastic penitentiary, and kept on short commons for a given period or for life. Thus an Austrian Dr. Wade would be living on bread and water in a cell, instead of talking inflammatory nonsense on the hustings, or scuffling for precedence at tavern-meetings with refugees. The appointments to episcopal dignity are, generally speaking, to the credit of the government—though there are exceptions. A prince of the house of Schwarzenburg (according to Mrs. Trollope, the handsomest man in Austria) was raised to the archbishoprick of Salzburg (which he now holds) at twenty-seven;

and since the commencement of this century a prince of the blood became archbishop of Gran and primate of Hungary, at twenty-one. This last appointment, however, was not without excuse: for the revenues of the see are, according to Mr. Paget, from 50,000*l.* to 80,000*l.* a-year; and the youthful primate, says Mr. Turnbull, fell a martyr to his sense of duty. A pestilential fever having broken out at Pesth, he persevered in administering to the sick till he caught the disorder and died.

There is nothing requiring explanation in the towns, which are governed by corporations of much the same kind as those existing in England prior to the Municipal Act. We may now therefore proceed to state the manner in which the laws are made and administered.

The whole *legislative* authority is vested in the Emperor, who proceeds either by original edict or by rescript, which is a reply to some public body or person empowered to make applications to the crown. The edicts and rescripts are forwarded to the various functionaries, and copies are printed annually in a convenient size for general use, like our statutes at large; though, from what we have seen of them, we should say that the language is more precise, and the objects much more accurately defined. No approval, adoption, or registration of any sort is required to give efficacy to an edict or rescript, except on the subject of finance: but a money bill must be submitted to the States, through whom alone the right of taxation can be exercised; and every new law is referred to a board, whose duty it is to collect the opinions of persons most conversant with the subject-matter. These States represent the clergy, the nobility, and the townspeople; and each province has an assembly of the sort. The members who represent the clergy and the nobles sit, some in their own right as individuals, and some as deputies for the rest; the burghers are elected by the corporations of their respective towns. The States meet once a year or oftener; they form a single chamber; the governor of the province or a royal commissioner presides, and resolutions are decided by a majority of votes. Their duty is to vote the supplies, or, more properly speaking, to receive and register the laws framed for that purpose by the crown: they next apportion the sum to be realised amongst the different districts, and then proceed to the discuss-

sion of certain local matters which they are entitled to control.

The *Executive* acts through central councils or boards, each of which has its chancellor or president, communicating below with the provincial councils, and above with the cabinet. The present cabinet is composed of the Archduke Louis, the Archduke Francis Charles (the heir apparent), Prince Metternich, and Count Kollowrat. Nominally the home department belongs to Count Kollowrat, and the foreign department to Prince Metternich, but the Prince is the animating spirit of the whole.

The grand object of the administration is steadiness and uniformity of action, which it secures by enforcing the strictest regularity in its functionaries, who rise gradually from the lowest department to the highest, so that the training of the various classes of subordinates is complete. But the best guaranty for fitness is the main qualification required of every candidate for employment without exception,—that he has been educated within the country in a seminary established under the sanction of the government. And this brings us to the Austrian system of education, perhaps the most interesting and characteristic feature of her policy.

The Emperor Francis used to say that he wished to make his people good subjects, not learned men; and the various scholastic institutions are so regulated as to teach the several classes what is necessary for their respective callings, and at the same time to inculcate the precepts of religion and the duties of morality. With this view, the general supervision of the schools is vested in the clergy, the episcopal consistories taking charge of them in Roman Catholic districts, and the Calvinistic, or Lutheran superiors, in districts where their congregations preponderate. Much curious information on this subject is communicated by Mr. Turnbull:—

The whole of these establishments are organized with a view to their strict uniformity of system, and to their connection with some one or more of the religious professions recognized by the state. The popular schools are inspected and directed by the parochial incumbent, who, with a view to this duty, is bound to receive instruction, previous to his induction to a benefice, in the system of scholastic management, or, as it is termed in the language of the edicts, the science of pedagogy. He is required, at least twice in every week, at certain fixed hours, to examine and catechise the pupils, and to impart to them religious instruction, the parish or district being obliged to provide him with a carriage for that purpose when the schools to be visited are distant from his residence. He orders removals from lower to higher

classes, and grants those certificates, without which no pupil can pass from the popular school to the gymnasium. He is bound to render, periodically, statistical and discriminating returns on the state of schools, both to his spiritual superior and to the kreisamt; to urge on parents the great importance of education to their offspring, and to supply books to those who cannot afford to purchase them, and clothes (so far as the poor-fund or private contributions may enable him to do so) to such as, for want of clothing, are prevented attending the schools. Where children of different creeds are intermixed in one school, religious instruction and catechization is confined to the last hour of the morning and afternoon attendance, during which the non-Romanists are dismissed to receive instruction elsewhere from their respective pastors; but where the number of non-Romanists is sufficiently great to support a separate school, the minister of that persuasion, whatever it be, is charged exclusively with the same duties as, in the general schools, are imposed on the parish priest.—vol. ii. p. 133.

At the head of the department is the *Hof-studien Commission* at Vienna, a board of laymen in constant communication with the Romish, Protestant, Greek, and Hebrew consistories. They examine and report on every point connected with instruction, profane or sacred, civil or military; but they have no legislative authority of any kind, and even the substitution of one grammar for another would require the sanction of an edict. The degree of instruction varies with the class: thus, there is the Gymnasium for the classics and mathematics, and the Commercial Academy for the towns; but in the *volks-schulen*, or *peoples' schools*, specially intended for the lower orders, the instruction, in addition to that afforded by the ministers of the respective congregations, is confined to reading, writing, and accounts.

The expense of these establishments is defrayed from various sources—the education fund formed by Joseph out of the spoils of the monasteries, the religious fund, occasional loans from the exchequer, or contributions from the great landed proprietors. When in any given district the demand for a school has become general, it is usual to require the parishioners to take the whole or a portion of the expense upon themselves. The episcopal superintendent and the district board of administration choose the place; the *landestelle*, or provincial board, issues the decree for the building; the lord supplies the land and materials, the inhabitants the labour, the patron of the living the fittings up, any subsequent expense for repairs being a charge upon the lord, the patron, and the inhabitants.

Attendance at school is not strictly compulsory, as in Prussia, but the disad-

advantages of the non-attendance are so great as hardly to leave an option. Not only does the neglect operate as a perpetual disqualification for employment, public or private,* but the parish priest is forbidden to marry any one not provided with a certificate of education. The effect of this regulation, in a moral point of view, will be considered hereafter; its tendency to promote the direct object is plain. Despite of the dogged resistance of the lords, who think more of the direct expense than of the eventual saving produced by the diminution of the pauper population on their estates, the system is spreading rapidly; and (omitting Hungary, whence no returns are made, and where very little has been done) it is calculated that above three-fifths of the rising generation are at school.

Besides these public institutions, there are endowed establishments of a superior order in the principal cities, at which the majority of the higher classes are educated. These are equally under the superintendence of the authorities; and no private academy can be opened without a licence, which is never granted without a full explanation of the plan.

The instruction afforded at all the public establishments is gratuitous; but it is customary to pay about twelve florins at the Gymnasium, and from eighteen to thirty florins at the University, towards the maintenance of poor students,—a class corresponding with the *servitors* and *sizars* of Oxford and Cambridge. In most other German universities these are very numerous: at Jena, for example, they constitute a positive majority, and to this circumstance are probably attributable the turbulence and disaffection by which that university has been marked. Placed in a situation which, though not very enviable or distinguished in itself, is affluence and independence compared with that in which most of them have been bred—heated with beer and tobacco, and inflated with the fumes of that philosophy which well justifies the saying of Jean Paul, that God had granted to France the land, to Britain the sea, and to Germany the air—these lads seem impressed with the belief, and are unfortunately too prone to act upon the impression, that vulgar riot is true gallantry, that muddle-headed mysticism is true genius, that social order is

another name for slavery, and that a dirty greasy long-haired member of the *Burschenschaft*, with a pipe suspended from his button-hole and not a penny in his pouch, is a greater and sublimer character than any king or emperor upon earth. Can we wonder that, so thinking, they should occasionally seek to equalize matters, or clamour for a regeneration of that society which, when their round of study is complete, will probably leave them in their original state of destitution, with feelings more alive than ever to its miseries? Can we wonder that a sagacious government, like that of Austria, should be disinclined to the propagation of such a class, or, warned by the effects of an opposite system amongst its neighbours, cling more and more closely to its favourite maxim, that an education superior to the individual's rank in life is more frequently productive of evil than of good? Accordingly, students applying in *forma pauperis* are not indiscriminately admitted, as in the north, but the candidates undergo a public examination, and only a limited number of the best qualified are allowed to benefit by the poor fund and the foundation scholarships. In this manner free scope is afforded to superior talents, whilst the cravings of imbecile vanity are judiciously repressed. It is hardly necessary to add, that the professors are cautiously restrained from wandering beyond their stated province as instructors. Mr. Turnbull relates an instance in which an eminent professor at Prague was dismissed for giving an heterodox explanation of a passage in scripture; and, not long ago, a Vienna professor shared the same fate. Prussia presents a curious contrast in this respect. Leo's lectures on Jewish History, in which the authenticity of the scriptures is unceremoniously assailed, were actually read to his class; and five or six years since, as we formerly stated, the late Professor Gans delivered a course on modern history which occasioned a nightly uproar in the capital.

The number of universities belonging to the empire is nine: Prague, Vienna, Padua, Pavia, Limberg, Grätz, Olmutz, Inspruck, and Pesth. It is not the fashion for the eldest sons of the highest families to go to them; and Mr. Turnbull says that the younger sons merely enter for form's sake, and seldom attend lectures. This observation is worthy of especial note, since the omission is a virtual surrender of all chance of public

* Mr. Scobell, even states that he has known of masters being punished for employing workmen who could not produce certificates of education.

occupation or preferment. In the north of Germany, it is not unusual to find scions of reigning houses enrolled as students, and sedulous attendants in the lecture-room.

We pass by a natural transition from the heads of Religion and Education to those of Morals and Crime. It is no easy matter to judge of the present state of either, the returns being irregular, or, when regular, adapted to mislead. For example, the ordinary test, the number of prosecutions, is obviously fallacious, crime being often most rife in districts where prosecutions are rare.* We therefore prefer forming our opinion by the aspect of the country, the look and demeanour of the people, the general feeling of security or insecurity that prevails, and the number and efficiency or inefficiency of the police. Now, in all parts of the empire except those in which the more oppressive feudal restrictions are maintained, the land is well cultivated, the towns are thriving, the people are happy and contented, property is safe, travellers feel no apprehension, and the number of the police is singularly small in proportion to the territory. There cannot, consequently, be any startling amount of crime; but it is to be feared that the same causes which prevent grave offences rather tend to multiply the minor transgressions against morality. The easy, indolent, pleasure-loving Austrians are little likely to rob or murder, but they are naturally prone to such sensual indulgences as require no great exertion and fall in with the ordinary tenor of their lives. Drunkenness, indeed, is almost unknown amongst them, but they were never famous for chastity; and we believe the conduct of the female inhabitants of Vienna is still such as to render plausible, if it does not altogether justify, a well-known saying of Joseph II.

Mr. Turnbull corroborates this accusation by a reference to tables, from which it appears that illegitimate children bear a startling proportion to the legitimate in some of the principal towns. During the year 1834 the proportion was as ten to twelve in Vienna, ten to six in Grätz, ten to fifteen in Prague,—though only ten to six-

ty-two in Venice, which, we quite agree with Mr. Turnbull, were alone sufficient to make us proceed with caution in our inferences. The fact is, the omission of the marriage ceremony is absolutely forced upon a large part of the population by the law, which not only, as formerly intimated, makes an certificate of education an indispensable preliminary, but requires a certificate of morality, i. e. of general good conduct. The officiating minister has no power to dispense with these certificates, and cases are said to have occurred in which the clergyman was compelled to maintain the offspring by way of punishment for neglecting the inquiry as to means. The consequence is, that great numbers of the lower classes live together as man and wife without the legal sanction; but it does not always follow that their vows of fidelity sit light upon them. Much of the same sort of thing prevails in France, where it is necessary to produce certificates of the birth of both parties and the consent of parents, or (in lieu of the latter) prove that the parents are dead, or that their consent has been demanded in due form by a notary. The obstacles thus thrown in the way of regular marriages have given rise to the marriage *à la St. Jacques*, which is contracted by two young people (usually a *commis* and a *grisette*) agreeing to live together and clubbing their slender stock of furniture for the establishment.*

Mr. Turnbull's comparative estimate of crime in Austria is by no means in accordance with the views maintained by the advocates of education grants. He tells us that prosecutions are most numerous in the Tyrol, where the schools are well attended, and most rare in Galicia, where the population is comparatively uneducated; but he adds that the Gallician lords have a direct influence in withdrawing their peasantry from the jurisdiction of the regular courts, and are in the habit of inflicting summary punishment for minor offences which do not appear in the returns. We incline to think that this must be the true solution of the problem; for we cannot conceive how an education

* The fallacy of this test is well exposed in the Report on Rural Police, a very valuable and interesting document. To give an illustration: if Lord Normanby's theatrical style of letting out criminals were followed for any length of time, it is obvious that disorder would soon arrive at its maximum and prosecutions at their minimum, since it would not be worth while to prosecute.

* We are sorry, however, to have to add that the recent plan of the papacy, to interdict virtually all marriages between Romanists and Protestants, has been acted upon deliberately in more than one district; and the difficulties thus originated have of late induced—might we not almost say *compelled*?—many well-disposed couples to dispense with the matrimonial solemnity altogether. This has been the case, we believe, to a very considerable extent, in Hungary.

like that given in Austria, can possibly conduct to crime—an education strictly limited to the wants of the individual or the class, with the clergyman constantly co-operating with the schoolmaster. If such a system be productive of evil, how dark the prospect for England!—what a mass of misery must now be lowering above our heads!—for the first step has already been taken—the fruit of knowledge has been plucked and tasted by the multitude, and it is no longer possible to tear it from their grasp. To borrow the emphatic expressions of Mrs. Austin:

‘It is not worth while at the present day to discuss whether or not national education be a good. It is possible to imagine a state of society in which the labouring man, submissive and contented under some paternal rule, might dispense with any further light than such as nature, uncorrupted by varied wants and restless competition, might afford him. But if that golden age ever existed, it is manifestly gone, in this country at least, for ever. Here the press is hotter, the strife keener, the invention more alive, the curiosity more awake, the wants and wishes more stimulated by an atmosphere of luxury, than perhaps in any country since the world began. The men who, in their several classes, were content to tread, step for step, in the paths wherein their fathers trod, are gone. Society is no longer a calm current, but a tossing sea. Reverence for tradition, for authority, is gone. In such a state of things, who can deny the absolute necessity for national education?’*

In such a state of things, who can deny the absolute necessity for religious education. Teach the lower orders in England to read and write, and unless they are very narrowly watched, the first use they will make of their accomplishments will be to spell over the columns of a newspaper. Talk to them of the value of intellectual acquirements, and the odds are that you will only make them discontented with the lot in which Providence has placed them, and prone to listen to the first itinerant demagogue who may think fit to rail against the unequal distribution of wealth or the recognised distinctions of society. It has been said that they will learn in time to understand the advantages of these distinctions, and perceive that the welfare of the community, themselves inclusive, is bound up with the institution of property; but our firm conviction is, that the time they are able to set apart for reading is utterly inadequate to such a result, and that, whilst man is man, those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, must be content to take political conclusions upon trust. In the case of monarchy, for example, you may

always teach them to shake off the *prejudice*, you will never teach them the value of the *principle*. It were well, therefore, if such topics of inquiry could be altogether excluded, but they cannot: all we can do is to make moral training go hand in hand with intellectual cultivation, and give the general superintendence to the body most interested in the preservation of order, and best qualified to instil a proper sense of religious duty—the Church.

Before quitting the subject, it may be as well to obviate an inference which inconsiderate reasoners might draw from some of the foregoing statements. It may be asked, why, when a jealous, despotic government allows dissenting ministers to superintend the education of their flocks, and intrusts the general supervision to a board of laymen, we should shrink from acting on the same principle? The plain answer is, because it is a jealous, despotic government; because it has, what we never can have, the best possible securities against abuse. Give the established Church of England the same safeguards; enact that no dissenting congregation shall be allowed to teach or preach until its doctrines have been duly examined and approved—provide that the education board shall be exclusively composed of tried well-wishers to the Protestant religion and the monarchy—satisfy the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter upon these points, and we will answer for it, their opposition will be instantly withdrawn.

The Poor Laws of Austria originated, like those of England, in the suppression of the monasteries. The Austrian monasteries were suppressed, or greatly reduced, by Joseph II., between the years 1782 and 1786. He followed up the measure by a sweeping inquiry into all endowments for purposes of benevolence, suppressing such as he deemed superfluous, and adding the revenues to the *armen-fond* (poor fund). This proving insufficient, an *Armen Institut*, or institution for the poor, has been established in each community, under the direction of the minister of the parish and an officer termed the *father of the poor*. Its funds are derived from various sources—the interest of special endowments, the poor-box affixed at the door of each place of worship, fines, and imposts; but its chief reliance is a monthly collection made from house to house, which, though voluntary in name, is compulsory in fact. Contributions in kind (bread, clothing, and provisions) are

* Preface to translation of Cousin's Report, p. viii. See also p. xvii, for an equally striking passage regarding the true objects of education.

received from those who prefer this mode of contribution. Depôts of mendicity are established in the principal towns, but the aged, the infirm, and the victims of casual misfortune are relieved at their own houses. In addition to the endowed hospitals and infirmaries, medical assistance is afforded gratis by the government, but, except in cases of accident, the testimonial of the parochial minister is required. Annual reports from each parish are duly forwarded by the minister, the father of the poor, and the medical attendant of each district, to their respective superiors, who forward them in turn till they arrive at the Central Board of Charities at Vienna, which sends in an annual report to the Emperor.

The National Debt of Austria is something between fifty and sixty millions sterling; the yearly charge for the interest and a sinking fund, about four millions and a half. The income is about thirteen millions, thus leaving eight millions and a half of available revenue, which is supposed to fall short of the actual expenditure by nearly two millions, hitherto raised by loans. Of the gross revenue, about 4,800,000*l.* is raised by direct taxes on houses, land, income, and inheritances: about 4,200,000*l.* by indirect taxes, three or four hundred thousand pounds by lotteries, and more than two millions and a half by monopolies in salt, tobacco, and gunpowder.

Little less than 6,000,000*l.* sterling is required for the Army, the organization of which we must explain.

Hungary furnishes a fixed force of 64,000 men, and 500,000*l.* sterling for their maintenance. The crown has also the right of proclaiming what is called 'the insurrection of the nobles' in the time of war, when every Hungarian noble is bound to serve. Within the district called the Military Frontier every male from eighteen to sixty, is trained to arms, and liable to serve: the permanent force, which could be called together at a few hours' notice, consists of 50,000 or 60,000; and it could be increased to four times that number on an emergency. In the Italian provinces and the Tyrol, all classes, without exception, are registered, and the required number is chosen by lot, the period of service being eight years. In the German provinces there are two registers, one for the line, comprising all males from eighteen to twenty-eight—and one for the *landwehr*—an army of reserve, comprising all males

from twenty-eight to thirty-eight—with the exception of the nobility, who are exempt from both. The period of service in the line is fourteen years, after which the soldier is liable to serve in the *landwehr* till forty; but the *landwehr* is rarely mustered, and only exists on paper during peace. In 1835, the entire army on foot, and receiving pay, amounted to 380,000: namely, infantry, 290,000; cavalry, 38,000; artillery, 20,000; engineers, sappers, and miners, 2,500; waggon-train, artificers, &c., 30,000.

The Austrian discipline has been highly commended by competent judges; but it is said that the strict rule of seniority is too often evaded, and that the aristocratical spirit is too strong. Mr. Turnbull, our first clear and accurate expounder of Austrian institutions, says:—

'The Austrian army is open to all: but its genius is, in the same sense in which the observation may be made of the British army, as compared with the French, decidedly aristocratical. Both the crown and the proprietary colonels are inclined to give a preference to the members of those families which with us would be understood to constitute the gentry; and it is the policy of the state not only to engage in its service members of its own highest native nobility, but many princes likewise of the smaller reigning houses of Germany. What Austria wants, as does every continental country, is that beautiful system of regimental mess which is adopted in England alone—that system which unites in social intercourse, for one portion of the day, the oldest with the youngest officers—which stations the junior ensign, in his turn, as president at the table, where the colonel must receive from his lips the law of the banquet—that system which alone can inspire a frank community of sentiment, amid all the differences of years and rank; and which, curbing alike the arrogance of age and the petulance of youth, teaches all to combine the high and manly bearing of social equality with the most strict observance of military subordination.'

The mess is certainly the grand preservative against exclusiveness. Protected by it, the English army, we believe, will almost to a man exclaim with Sir William Draper, in one of his letters to Junius, 'I feel myself happy in seeing young noblemen of illustrious name and great property, come among us: they are an additional security to the kingdom from foreign or domestic slavery. Junius need not be told that should the time ever come when this nation is to be defended only by those who have nothing more to lose than their arms and their

* A more detailed account of the Austrian army may be seen in that very valuable publication the 'United Service Journal,' edited by Major Shadwell Clarke. We more particularly refer to papers by Captain Basil Hall, in the Numbers for September and October, 1835, to the general accuracy of which Mr. Turnbull bears testimony. See also the Number for April, 1833.

pay, the danger will be great indeed. A happy mixture of men of quality with soldiers of fortune is always to be wished for.' Had the strict rules of seniority been enforced, Wolfe would not have scaled the heights of Abraham, nor Wellington have led the armies of the Peninsula.

The police establishment costs 164,350*l.* sterling a year, which includes the charge for two regiments kept for the preservation of order in the Italian provinces, and the armed force maintained for the same purpose in the German States. When it is considered that the cost of the proposed rural police for England and Wales alone was estimated by the Commissioners at 450,000*l.* a year; and that 610 men, including 40 horse patrol, do the duty of Vienna with a population of 350,000, whilst our Metropolitan Police consists of 2,300, and the City of London is provided for apart, some doubts may reasonably be entertained whether the police of Austria can be quite such a bugbear as it has been thought. Indeed, all recent English travellers admit that, when they had once passed the frontier, they had little cause to complain of interruption on their route. But the government is reasonably distrustful of foreigners of the propagandist order, particularly Frenchmen; and if a traveller wishes to stay long in the country, it may be as well to keep a guard upon his tongue, and be somewhat cautious as to the company he keeps. We know an instance in which a whole company ran some risk of being stopped in consequence of the imprudence of a July hero, who thought proper to deliver a diatribe against monarchy—concluding with *Messieurs, c'en est fait des rois*—just as they were approaching the frontier. He was sent back, not a little to his mortification, and somewhat to the surprise of the party, who were beginning to give faith to the alleged omnipresence of the police, when an old colonel, who had remained comfortably ensconced in his corner and apparently asleep during the discussion, solved the mystery by stating that he had thought it right to put the officer on duty on his guard against the political firebrand in the coach. Instances of this sort are far from rare, and they afford a key to more mysteries than one. They show that the chief spies are the people themselves, cheerfully co-operating with the authorities; and wherever this is the case, nei-

then the spirit of the laws nor the tone of the administration can be much open to reproach.

As regards the press, indeed, the police has an invidious duty to perform. Twelve censors are established at Vienna, to some one of whom every book published within the empire, whether original or reprinted, must be referred:—

"The censor (says Mr. Turnbull) having received the manuscript, exercises his own taste and judgment in erasure or alteration of such passages as he disapproves; and being generally some phlegmatic personage, well imbued with the genius of the government, one great object of his care is to exclude all expressions which might appeal to the imagination or the passions of the reader. Thus, a case was mentioned to me, of a work treating of conflicts quite unconnected with the Austrian empire, where the expression "heroic champions" was cut down to "brave soldiers," and "a band of youthful heroes who flocked around the glorious standard of their country," became, "a considerable number of young men, who voluntarily enlisted themselves for the public service." I was even informed by a learned professor at a foreign university, that the Austrian reprint of a scientific work whereof he was the author had been suspended until he consented to the removal of a passage expressing, among the medical qualities of some plant, that it was occasionally used for an immoral purpose."

If Mr. Turnbull will take the trouble to consult the annals of the stage, or read the preface to Sir Martin Shee's 'Alasco,' he may chance to hear of hypercriticism on the part of English censors, well worthy to stand as parallels with the above.

There are edicts still in force to the effect that all foreign books shall be forwarded to the nearest board to be examined; but these regulations are rarely enforced against ordinary travellers, and booksellers find little difficulty in procuring any books demanded by their customers, provided they do not expose those of an ultra-liberal tendency in their shop-windows. Thus, Lord Byron's works are prohibited, chiefly on account of the notes and letters, in which the Austrian government is bitterly assailed; but every bookseller of note keeps a large number of copies amongst his stock, and has the implied sanction of the police for disposing of them. It is not information, inquiry, speculation, or philosophy, unsophisticated literature, or pure science, that the imperial cabinet is anxious to exclude; but the intemperate discussion of political questions—dangerous enough in any country, but useless, as well as dangerous in one where the people neither have, nor wish to have, any active or direct share whatever in the making of their laws or the direction of their affairs. We enumerated the lead-

ing literary and scientific characters of Austria on a former occasion.

The same policy prevails in the management of the periodical press. There are two newspapers published at Vienna, and one or two at each of the provincial capitals. The home intelligence consists of little more than official announcements, but full accounts are given of what takes place in foreign countries; and thus, though the Viennese radical, if there be such an animal, is not permitted to indulge in diatribes against Prince Metternich or Count Kollowrat, he has frequent opportunities of solacing himself with the best effusions of our crack radical orators—greatly improved in style and grammar by the translator. Foreign journals are freely admitted for private use, but none are allowed to be circulated in coffee-rooms except such as are specially authorised. Amongst those so authorised are the 'Algemeine Zeitung,' and 'The Times,' which was admitted just the same when it took the lead amongst the advocates of reform. One of the best continental reviews *Die Wiener Jahrbücher*, is published in Vienna, and we see no want of independence in its tone.

The criminal code in force in the German States was framed under the Emperor Francis, and partakes of the mildness of his character; capital punishments being confined to high treason, murder, and some few cases of forgery. The most objectionable part is that relating to procedure, which, as in the other great states of Germany, excludes jury trial, oral pleading, and publicity. In the first stage, indeed, there is a slight infusion of the popular element—the district tribunal by whom the accused is committed for trial being composed of a judge and two assessors taken from the most respectable inhabitants; and Mr. Turnbull states that the sittings are public, except when any matter requiring secrecy is before the courts. In furtherance of the paternal or patriarchal principle which lies at the root of most Austrian institutions, the law enjoins that no charge for any domestic irregularity be received otherwise than through the head of the family; and, on occasions, will authorise the seclusion of an unruly son, daughter, or servant, for a week or two, unknown to any body but the police. The same sort of power was formerly exercised in France by virtue of *lettres de*

cachet, and one of the victims of its most oppressive exercise was Mirabeau. Civil justice is administered in Austria in much the same manner as in Prussia; the judges decide in private, on written allegations: the stages of appeal are many, so that, in cases of importance, the delay and expense can hardly be otherwise than great.

We must now turn aside to make a short excursion into Hungary, with Mr. Paget for our guide. It would not be well possible to choose a better, for he never suffers our interest to flag, and appears to have made himself accurately acquainted, not only with the localities and traditions of the country, but with its whole history and institutions, which present so many points of analogy to those of England, as really to invest the subject with a new and peculiar interest for an Englishman. Their Stephen corresponds with our Alfred, and their Golden Bull with our Magna Charta. A Hungarian's house is as much his castle as an Englishman's. They have lord-lieutenants, sheriffs, counties, and county meetings like ourselves; their municipal corporations resemble ours of the olden time; and their Diet is constituted much in the same manner as the English parliament three or four centuries ago—being composed of magnates sitting in their own right—members representing the minor landholders—and deputies from the towns, overawed by the nobles and hardly allowed a voice except in the voting of a subsidy. But the similarity is historical, not actual: though the two nations began the race of freedom within seven years of one another,—the Bulla Aurea bearing date in 1222, Magna Charta in 1215—and neither had any ostensible advantages—we have ever since been advancing, and *they* remain pretty nearly where they were.

Hungary was originally peopled by the Slavacks, a branch of the great family of which Russia is the chief; and Mr. Paget tells us that Austria is in a perpetual state of apprehension lest the Slavish portion of her subjects should be tempted to reunite with their kindred. The Slavacks were treated by the Magyars like the British by the Saxons, or the Saxons by the Normans—driven from the most fertile parts of the country into the mountains, or compelled to serve the new settlers as serfs. There is a tradition, indeed, that they were not fairly

beaten, but that Swaloptuk, the last of their kings, sold his kingdom to the Magyars for a white horse :—

'For snow-white steed thou gav'st the land ;
For golden bit, the grass ;
For the rich saddle, Dura's stream ;
Now bring the deed to pass.'

Mr. Paget's German servant gave this as a reason for his detestation of the race, which may recall Dr. Johnson's supposed ground of aversion to the Scotch :—

'*Boswell.* Pray, Sir, can you trace the cause of your antipathy to the Scotch ?—*Johnson.* I cannot, Sir.—*Boswell.* Old Mr. Sheridan says it was because they sold Charles I.—*Johnson.* Then, Sir, old Mr. Sheridan has found out a very good reason.'

And thus the peasant and the philosopher meet on the common ground of prejudice.

Be this as it may, the Magyars got the land, and parcelled it out amongst their magnates, leaving little, beyond the honour of tilling it and bearing all public burthens, to the peasantry. In Hungary, at the present moment, *noble* is synonymous with *freeman*, and as the nobles do not constitute one-twentieth part of the population, (about five hundred thousand out of ten millions,) it follows that the Hungarian form of government is aristocratical in the strongest acceptation of the term. Originally, it is said, the members of the privileged class stood on an equal footing, and titles (as at Venice in her best days) were unknown : but there are now three distinct gradations or divisions, namely, the magnates or titled nobles, answering to our peers ; the untitled nobles or squires ; the poor or *one house* nobles, as they are called, who, in manners and education, are hardly distinguishable from the peasantry.

The Diet consists of two chambers, though, like the English, it anciently formed one. The upper chamber is composed of the magnates, who exceed six hundred, and thirty-six bishops or archbishops. It has a veto on all measures of the other house, but no independent power of legislating. The lower chamber consists of the county members, fifty-two in number, chosen by the nobles : the magnates, the higher clergy and the towns send deputies, but these are not entitled to vote. Mr. Paget, who is evidently imbued already with the spirit of the caste, apologises for this state of things by a fallacy which can deceive no one out of Hungary :

'I have been anxious to show the English reader that it is not so small a proportion of the whole which governs in Hungary as we are led to believe when we hear it called an aristocracy,—not so small as governs in democratic France [nor, as he says above, much smaller than in England] at the present moment ; and as for the argument, that the nobles as a class have the power to oppress the peasantry, and that the interests of the one, when opposed to the interests of the other, are sure to be sacrificed, it seems to be so nearly the same case as that of the rich and poor with us, that it is hardly worth speaking of.'—vol. i. pp. 418, 419.

Did Mr. Paget never hear of such a thing as virtual representation ? Does he mean to say that the electors of England and France all belong to a privileged class, or that the rich and poor are separated by a broad line of demarkation, as in Hungary ? If not, his argument is wholly destitute of applicability or point. The Diet must be called together once in three years at least, and remains sitting till the whole business has been dispatched. In strictness it ought to entertain no measures but such as emanate from the crown : but the members are in the habit of bringing forward topics of every sort under the title of grievances ; and we are sorry to have to record, that within the last two or three years bills of grievance, narrating astute and deliberate manoeuvres of papal agents against the legally determined rights and privileges of the protestants in Hungary—more especially in the matter of mixed marriages—though eloquently supported by not only the prime speakers in the lower house, but the chief ornaments of the upper one also, appear to have been uniformly rejected through the cunning pertinacity of certain prelates, and the blind subserviency of their noble dupes.

Mr. Paget arrived at Presburg whilst the Diet was sitting, and gives an interesting account of a debate :—

'As we entered the chamber, not a sound was to be heard except the deep, impassioned tones of Deák, who was listened to with the greatest attention. Deák is one of the best speakers, and has one of the most philosophical heads in the Diet. Heavy and dull in appearance, it is not till he warms with his subject that the man of talent stands declared. He spoke in Hungarian, and I was much struck with the sonorous, emphatic, and singularly clear character of the language. From the number of words ending in consonants, particularly in *k*, every word is distinctly marked even to the ear of one totally unacquainted with the language. I cannot characterise the Hungarian as either soft or musical, but it is strong, energetic, manly : the intonation with which it is uttered gives it in ordinary conversation a melancholy air, but when impassioned nothing can exceed it in boldness.

'The subject of debate was a remonstrance proposed to be presented to the emperor against the il-

legal proceedings of the government in the case of Baron Wesselényi, or rather as to the manner in which such remonstrance should be presented, whether immediately from the diet, or through the mediation of the palatine.'—vol. i. pp. 28, 29.

We cannot go into the details of this business. Mr. Paget seems to consider Baron Wesselényi as the *beau idéal* of genuine patriotism; but many other travellers describe him as a sort of Hungarian O'Connell. The prosecution against him has terminated in his condemnation, and he is now undergoing his sentence, which seems little more than to remain during a given time a prisoner on his parole. The evidence on which the government principally relied for proving the *animus* of his speech was (according to Mr. Paget) an expression in a private note, to the effect that he had all his life been 'pounding pepper under the German's nose.'

Far, however, in advance of all his fellow-nobles, for zeal, talent, information, and true patriotism, stands Count Szechenyi, who made so favourable an impression in London three or four years ago. His first object was to bring his countrymen into more frequent communication, which he effected, without exciting suspicion, by the establishment of races and clubs. He next resolved on the restoration of the Hungarian language, and was the first to speak it in the Chamber of Magnates, where Latin had hitherto been used. On his bringing forward a proposition for its encouragement, the want of funds was objected. 'I willingly contribute one year's income,' (6,000*l.*) said Szechenyi: 'I second it with 4,000*l.*' said Count Karolyi Gijorgy; and 30,000*l.* was put down without delay. Under his auspices Hungarian literature has actually grown into fashion, a result to which his own publications have largely contributed. The most striking is a work entitled *Hűtel* (Credit), in which the commercial resources of Hungary are developed, and the existing obstacles to her improvement eloquently and ingeniously exposed. Of late years he has almost exclusively devoted himself to perfect the steam-navigation of the Danube, the feasibility of which he is naturally anxious to demonstrate, having been amongst the first to set the undertaking on foot; but he is sure to be found at his post when anything great, useful, and *practical* (for that is his *sine quâ non*) is to be done.

It is a curious sign of the state of opinion in Hungary, that, amongst the greatest of Szechenyi's triumphs over preju-

dice, ranks his success in persuading the nobles to pay toll for passing over a bridge erected under his auspices at Pesth:

'What! an Hungarian noble pay taxes? A hornets' nest is a feeble comparison to the buzz these gentlemen raised about Szechenyi's ears. It was no matter: he inveighed against them at the Diet, he wrote at them in the journals, he ridiculed them in private, and in the end he conquered them: a bill passed both Chambers, by which the legal taxation of the nobles in the form of a bridge-toll was acknowledged. The *Judex Curia* shed tears on the occasion, and declared "he would never pass that ill-fated bridge, from the erection of which he should date the downfall of Hungarian nobility."—Paget, vol. i. p. 219.

Another equally pregnant sign of the time is the present made him by the Transylvanian Diet, in 1835, of a gold pen!

Having given so fine a specimen of the intelligence of Hungary, we must now look about for an example of its magnificence. We need not look long, for the house of Esterhazy is probably the most magnificent of non-regnant houses in the world. That jacket of jackets, which is said to cost the Prince a hundred pounds in wear and tear every time it is put on, has already impressed the English public with the extent of his possessions; but the impression falls short of the reality. His estates contain one hundred and thirty villages, forty towns, and thirty-four castles. He has four country-houses as big as Chatsworth, within an hour's ride of one another; one of them, Esterház, contains three hundred and sixty rooms for visitors, and a theatre. The well-known story of the Prince's reply to the Lord of Holkham, who, after exhibiting a flock of two thousand sheep, inquired if he could show as many—'My shepherds are more numerous than your sheep'—turns out to be literally true; there are two thousand five hundred shepherds on his estates. But, as a lady of the neighbourhood observed to Mr. Paget,—*Les Esterhazy font tout en grand: le feu prince a doté deux cent maîtresses, et pensionné cent enfans illégitimes.* They have a regular grenadier guard in their pay, and the right of life and death on their estates.

Some curious stories are told of the genealogical pride of the old French nobility. Noah is represented entering the ark with a bundle of papers under his arm, labelled '*Papiers de la maison de Croze*;' and an ancestor of the Ducs de Levi is standing, hat in hand, before the Virgin, who says '*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.*' The Welsh, again, have no bad notion of

a pedigree : but the Esterhazys beat them all hollow.

'In one room we noticed the genealogical tree of all the Esterhazys, in which it is made out, as clearly as possible, that, beginning with Adam, who reclines in a very graceful attitude at the bottom of the tree, they pass through every great name, Jewish as well as Heathen, from Moses to Attila, till they find themselves what they now are, magnates of Hungary. What is still more extraordinary, there is a long series of portraits of these worthies, from Attila inclusive, with their wives and families dressed in the most approved fashion, and continued down to the present century.'—*Paget*, vol. i. p. 49.

It may check our inclination to laugh if we reflect on the famous gallery of Scottish princes at Holyrood, which provoked a joke from the Persian ambassador by their atrocity :—'You paint all these yourself?' said his excellency to the housekeeper.—'Me, sir?—hoot, no sir!—I canna paint, please your honour.'—'You not know, ma'am—you try, ma'am—you do a great deal better, ma'am.'

There is yet a circumstance connected with this family which will interest many of our readers. Haydn was their chapel-master for more than thirty years, and when he first emerged from obscurity was a performer in their band. 'The nobility of the Spensers,' says Gibbon, 'has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet.' The nobility of the Esterhazys has been illustrated by their coats, their shepherds, their palaces, and their mistresses; but we exhort them to consider their patronage of Haydn as not the worst monument of their munificence. The manner in which he first attracted attention is related on Carpani's authority. It seems that a friend named Friedberg had induced him to compose a piece for the prince's birthday :—

'Scarcely had the musicians got through the first allegro, when the prince interrupted them to ask who was the author of so beautiful a piece. Friedberg dragged the modest, trembling Haydn from a corner of the room into which he had crept, and presented him as the fortunate composer. "What," cried the prince, as he came forward, "that Blackymoor!" (Haydn's complexion was none of those which mock the lily's whiteness.) "Well, blacky, from henceforth you shall be in my service: what's your name?" "Joseph Haydn." "But you are already one of my band; how is it I never saw you here before?" The modesty of the young composer closed his lips, but the prince soon put him at his ease. "Go and get some clothes suitable to your rank,—don't let me see you any more in such a guise; you are too small; you look miserable, sir; get some new clothes, a fine wig with flowing curls, a lace collar, and red heels to your shoes. But mind, let your heels be high, that the elevation of your person may harmo-

nise with that of your music. Go, and my attendants will supply you with all you want." The next day Haydn was travestied into a gentleman. Friedberg often told me of the awkwardness of the poor Maestro in his new habiliments. He had such a gawky look that everybody burst into a laugh at his first appearance. His reputation, however, as his genius had room to manifest itself, grew daily, and he soon obtained so completely the good-will of his master, that the extraordinary favour of wearing his own hair and his simple clothes was granted to his entreaties. The surname of the Blackymoor, however, which the prince bestowed upon him, stuck to him for years after.'—*Paget*, vol. i. pp. 43, 44.

Mr. Paget's book abounds with information regarding the trade, agriculture, customs, manners, traditions, and local peculiarities of Hungary, but we can only find room for his description of a Presburg dinner party :—

'As is the custom, the invitation was verbal, and the hour two o'clock. The drawing room into which we were ushered was a spacious uncarpeted room, with a well-polished floor, on which, *I am sorry to say, I observed more than one of the guests very unceremoniously expectorate.* Uncarpeted rooms, it may be remarked, though bare to the eye, are pleasant enough in warm climates; indeed, in some houses, where English fashions predominate, I have seen small stools of wood introduced to protect the pretty feet of their mistresses from the heat of the carpet. It is not an uncommon thing for a second-rate French dandy to carry a little *brosse à moustache* about him, and coolly to arrange those martial appendages in the street, or at the café; but *I was a good deal surprised to see the exquisites of Presburg drawing well-proportioned hair-brushes from their pockets, and performing those operations usually confined in England to the dressing-room, in the presence of a party of ladies, and within the sacred precincts of the drawing-room.* But these were trifles compared to the solecisms committed at the dinner-table. *One of the guests occupied a little spare time between the courses in scraping his nails with a table-knife, talking at the same time to the lady next him, while his vis-à-vis was deliberately picking his teeth with a silver fork.*

'The dinner was most profuse; and, as is usual here, the dishes were carried round to every one in turn, the table being covered with the dessert. I can neither tell the number nor quality of all the courses, for it was quite impossible to eat of the half of them; and many even of those I did taste were new to me. Hungarian cookery is generally savoury, but too greasy to be good. Some of the national dishes, however, are excellent; but the stranger rarely finds them except in the peasant's cottage. The Hungarians, like ourselves, run after bad foreign fashions, to the neglect of the good wholesome dishes of their forefathers.

'We had abundance of Champagne and Bordeaux, and, as a rarity, some Hungarian wines. I say as a rarity, because in many houses not a glass of anything but foreign wine can be obtained. Unfortunately, Hungarian wines are not only good but cheap, and that is enough to prove they cannot be fashionable. After dinner we adjourned to coffee, when pipes were introduced, without a word of remonstrance from the ladies, as if they were the common conclusion of a dinner party: at five o'clock we all left. In more fashionable houses (this was one of a rich country gentleman), the dinner is rather later, the spitting confined to a sand-dish, set in the corner for that purpose; the cookery more decidedly French or German; the guests more stiff and correct, but, perhaps on that

account, less agreeable; and the smoking banished from the drawing-room to the sanctum of the host.'—*Paget*, vol. i. pp. 12—14.

The highest class are pretty nearly the same all the world over. The curious in manners will therefore prefer dining a step or two lower down; and it is really instructive to observe how the habits of nations, approaching the same degree of refinement, correspond. As regards the smoking, spitting, and irregular employment of the fork, we might fancy ourselves in New York; and towards the commencement of the last century, an English exquisite was seldom unprovided with the implements of the toilet. In one of Vanbrugh's comedies, the waiting-maid formally announces that the gentlemen are *combing* below; and we are by no means certain that it would not be better to revive the practice than make the fingers do the office of the comb. One of the most eminent French statistical writers once took his station near the staircase at a London ball, for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of gentlemen who arranged their hair with their fingers before entering the room, and found them to average about twenty-nine out of thirty; those who had least or most hair occupying most time upon the average.

Transylvania, which is described with equal fulness by Mr. Paget, is nearly in the same condition, political and social, as Hungary; so that Austria stands a fair chance of losing this portion of her dominions, unless Prince Metternich's usual tact and good luck should work miracles. Mr. Paget assures us that the Hungarians—(meaning the second-class nobles, for the lower orders are nonentities, and the magnates are bound up with the court)—have no intention of aiming at independence: neither had the Americans at the breaking out of the war; but, resistance once commenced, there is no saying to what consummation it may lead. The usual policy of the Austrian government is to give way. Thus, on the occasion of their pet plan for compelling the general adoption of the German language in Bohemia—where the old Slavonic, with variations, is the popular dialect—when it was found that certain imperial ordinances prepared for the purpose were likely to be received like Prince Polignac's ordinances in France, the government wheeled to the right about without a word, and have ever since been patronising the very language they were so anxious to suppress. Societies have been

formed for its promotion, and plays are acted in it at Prague.

Mr. Gleig, who evidently writes under an impression that the language was suppressed, says that he found many traces of a hankering after their ancient institutions* amongst the Bohemians, and introduces a nobleman propounding in good set terms the familiar objection to aristocracies; but we rather think their lamentations are much of the same sort as those of Andrew Fairservice over the consequences of *the Union*; and throughout the whole of the German States of the empire there is the most perfect confidence in the continued good intentions of their emperors. True, there is hardly the shadow of a check; there are no elective municipalities as in Prussia; and the army, from the longer period of service, has much less of the citizen character. The sole organ of the popular voice, therefore, in case of dissatisfaction, would be the States, who, like the old French parliaments, might constitutionally refuse to register the supplies. Yet none of them have a notion that their practical liberty is dependent upon the caprice of an individual; and well-informed observers state that the government, far from venturing to make any essential change bearing on the enjoyments of the people, would hardly venture to disturb the existing order of bureaucracy.

We should be glad to accompany the *Subaltern* in one of his adventurous rambles, which are described with great spirit, though he occasionally makes strange havoc with the names; but we can only afford room for his visit to the castle of Tetchen in Bohemia, a seat of Count Thun-Hohenstein—one of the chief historic names of Germany. The description shows how a gentleman can feel, as well as how a scholar can write.

'My friend, the Honourable Francis Scott, having kindly introduced me to Count Thun, I sent my card by the waiter to the castle, and learned to my great disappointment, that the family were all in Prague. It is needless to add, that, in the absence of the owners, I was conducted over the castle and grounds by a very intelligent domestic, or that, returning on another occasion, I stand indebted to its owner for much kindness. I do not think, however, that there is any justification for the practice which too much pretails, of first accepting the hospitality of a stranger, and then describing the mode in which it was dispensed. I content myself, therefore, with stating that everything

* One of these may well excite the regrets of a Republican. There is a cell adjoining the Parliament chamber at Prague, in which 'naughty' kings were confined. It is about fourteen feet by eight—rather a narrow lodging for royalty.

in the household of Count Thun corresponds to his high rank and cultivated tastes; and that he who has once enjoyed, even for a brief space, as I did, the pleasure of his conversation, will desire few things more earnestly, than that another opportunity of so doing shall occur.

'The castle of Tetchen is a very noble thing, and its situation magnificent. It crowns the summit of a rock overhanging the Elbe, and commands, from its windows, one of the most glorious prospects on which, even in this land of glorious scenery, the eye need desire to rest. Originally a baronial hold, it has, in the progress of time and events, gradually changed its character. It now resembles a college or palace, more than a castle. You approach it from the town by a long gallery, walled in on both sides, though open to the sky, and are conducted to an extensive quadrangle, round which the buildings are erected. They do not belong to any particular school, unless that deserve to be so designated, which the Italian architects, some century and a half ago, introduced, to the decided misfortune of the proprietors, into Germany. Thus, the *schloss* of which I am speaking is not only cut up into different suites of apartments, but each suite, besides being accessible by a door that opens to the court, is surrounded along the interior by an open gallery, into which each individual chamber-door opens. The consequence is, that in winter, at least, it must be next to impossible to keep any part of the house warm, for the drafts are endless, and the exposure to the atmosphere is very great.

'When we visited Tetchen for the second time, the contents of a very valuable green-house appeared to have been brought forth into the central court. The effect was most striking; for all sorts of rare and sweet-smelling shrubs were there; and flowers of every dye loaded the air with their perfume. The gardens, likewise, which lie under the rock, and in the management of which the count takes great delight, were beautiful. One, indeed, a fruit garden, is yet only in its infancy; but another, which comes between the castle and the market-place, reminded me more of the shady groves of Oxford than of anything which I have observed on the continent. Count Thun, moreover, having visited England, and seen and justly appreciated the magnificent parks which form the characteristic charm of our scenery, seems willing, as far as the different situations of the two countries will allow, to walk in our footsteps. He has enclosed a rich meadow that runs by the bank of the Elbe, and treats it as his demesne. All this is the more praise-worthy on his part, that even in his own day the castle of Tetchen has suffered most of the calamities of war, except an actual siege. Twice during the late struggle was it seized and occupied as a post, a garrison put into the house, and cannon mounted over the ramparts; nay, the very trees in the garden, which it cost so much pains to cultivate, and such a lapse of time to nourish, were all destined to be cut down. Fortunately, however, an earnest remonstrance from the Count procured a suspension of the order, till the enemy should make his approaches; and as this never happened, the trees still survive, to afford the comfort of their shade both to their owner and his visitors. The havoc occasioned by the throwing up of batteries was not, however, to be avoided; and it is only within these three or four years that the mansion has resumed its peaceful character.

'There is an excellent library in the castle of Tetchen, of which the inmates make excellent use. It contains some valuable works in almost all the European languages, with a complete set of the classics; and as the tastes of the owner lead him to make continual accessions to it, the hall set apart for its reception, though of gigantic proportions, threatens shortly to overflow. I must not forget, however,

that even by these allusions to the habits of my host, I am touching upon the line which common delicacy seems to me to have prescribed; therefore when I have stated that a brighter picture of domestic affection and happiness has rarely come under my observation than that which my hurried visit to Tetchen presented me, I pass to other matters, not perhaps in themselves either more important or more interesting, but affording freer scope to remark, because not calculated to jar against individual feeling.'—*Gleig*, vol. ii. pp. 4—8.

We must now concentrate our forces on Mrs. Trollope and the metropolis.

This lady is, beyond a doubt, one of the cleverest and most remarkable writers of the day. With a quickness of observation that takes in the whole object at a glance, an insight into motives that seem instinctive, a keen perception of the ridiculous, and strong powers of humorous delineation, she is the person of all others to expose pretension or unmask hypocrisy: witness her 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' and 'the Vicar of Wrexhill,' which, after making every allowance for exaggeration and coarseness, is admirable for its graphic sketches, its analysis of character, and its wit. But showing up national absurdities or individual vulgarity, is a very different thing from speculating on institutions, or seizing the nice traits of manners which distinguish the aristocracy of one great capital from another; and we cannot compliment Mrs. Trollope on having succeeded in either of the two essential objects of this work. Her failure is mainly attributable to a cause which has proved equally fatal to many other recent writers on continental manners.

It may be laid down as a rule of general application, that people not belonging to the highest class easily gain a step or two in society when abroad. A man without the slightest claim to mix with the notabilities of London applies without ceremony for letters to Schlegel, Tieck, Humboldt, Lamartine, Dupin, Alfred de Vigny, or Chateaubriand; and a woman, born and bred in the middle class, will insist on being especially recommended to the *élite* of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Some good-natured friend obliges them; and if the gentleman happens to have a tolerable stock of information, and the lady boasts of beauty or a name, they get asked to a few *soirées*, and occasionally find themselves in actual conversation with individuals of European celebrity—to say nothing of mere princes and duchesses. The consequence is, that on their return home they unconsciously compare the comparatively humble circle

to which they belong with the brilliant circle they have just quitted, and vote English society a bore, because Mr. Jenkins does not talk as well as Prince Metternich, or Mrs. Tomkins has not the grace of a Recamier.

Mrs. Trollope is too sensible a woman to be dazzled by titles, or have her judgment warped by finery; but there is the strongest internal evidence in her book, that the English world of which she speaks is a world lying far beyond the confines of Mayfair; and it would have been strange indeed if the attentions she received at Vienna had passed away like a shadow whilst she was yet upon the spot, and left her mind quite free for a comparison of her kind hosts and hostesses with the 'pampered English aristocrats.'

We have another ground of exception, of almost universal application like the first. To understand and appreciate the higher circles, or indeed any circles, you must live with them on a footing of equality. It will not do to enter them as a lion, unless you remain long enough for the impression to wear off; still less will it do to come with the avowed intention of book-making—

'A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.'

The observation applies principally to that class of worthies, mostly low Americans, who travel under a commission from a publisher to collect political, fashionable, and literary gossip, as regularly as a Birmingham bagman travels to collect orders for buttons or hardware; to whom an invitation is worth a stated amount in dollars and cents—who pay their washerwoman's bill with a *soirée*, and dine for a week on a dinner-party. Nay, it is hardly going too far to say that every celebrated man or woman who has the ill-luck to come across them, contributes something towards their necessities or their finery. A fashionable novelist finds them in gilt chains and blue glass studs, an eminent mathematician or geologist in white kid-gloves and pumps, and a female writer on population in small-clothes; whilst a lady of the bed-chamber may stand good for a cloak, an Irish agitator for boots to paddle through the dirt, Lord Normanby for polished leather straps to go under the boots, Lord Melbourne for a dressing-gown and slip-

pers, and Lord Lyndhurst for a jewel-headed cane.

Mrs. Trollope stands on a very different footing. She travels to collect national characteristics, and only quotes or describes such as volunteer to undergo the ordeal as the price of their reputation or their rank. But then, as the price of her reputation, she must expect to hear and see little or nothing but what is intended for her to hear and see. *Je vous fais cadeau de cela*, added Prince Metternich, after relating an anecdote which it was his obvious wish to circulate. The expression fully acquits Mrs. Trollope of any breach of confidence, but it shows that the prince was constantly on his guard, and was cramming her for his own purposes as palpably as M. von Raumer was ever crammed by the Whigs. 'When you come to the eyes, Mr. Carmine, let me know, that I may call up a look,' says Foote's lady of fashion to the portrait painter; and Mrs. Trollope may rest assured that her Viennese ladies of fashion adopted the same precaution. They called up a look for the occasion: they placed themselves in attitude at her approach, and took good care, moreover, that she should only paint them as Madame de Stael says she painted herself.*

We shall justify this line of remark by showing, not merely the inaccuracy of many of her statements, but their inconsistency. As in the case of Miss Martineau's work on America, her theories would be dangerous were they not providentially contradicted by her facts.

Even Isaac Tompkins admits that the best English society is the best. Why? Because everybody is at his or her ease—because everybody's position is fixed—because there is nothing to struggle for—because everybody is therefore free to pursue the true objects of society—because everybody is sure of being treated with politeness in the true acceptation of the term—'*La politesse est l'art de rendre à chacun sans effort ce qui lui est socialement dû.*' Now most certainly this society is not composed exclusively of persons born to hereditary distinction—any more than the best in Paris. Yet Mrs. Trollope, though she has caught a glimpse of the truth, seems to claim for Viennese

* Did you tell *everything* in your memoirs? was the question. 'Je ne me suis peinte qu'en buste,' was the reply. Equally good was George the Fourth's remark on being told that Mrs. Clarke had confessed all her former amours to the Duke of York—'What candour!' exclaimed the informant—'What a memory!' rejoined the Prince.

society a monopoly of ease and independence on the ground of its more complete exclusiveness. There are no parliamentary celebrities, no millionaires, no literary lions, and very rarely a lioness, to be found in it; and the consequences are plain :

‘If with us there is a stronger and more animated collision of intellect, at Vienna there is less risk of meeting within the arena of good society those whose more fitting place is without it. An *habitué* in the set which constitutes good company here, may venture to enter into conversation with his neighbour, even though a stranger, without any awkward doubts and fears as to the prudence and propriety of attempting the adventure; a sort of happy confidence, the want of which may probably be the origin of that species of *sauvagerie* with which we are often reproached. . . .

‘Should some uninitiated visitor in a London or Paris salon, on the contrary, venture upon familiar conversation with any one, or every one he happened to meet there, without waiting for the ceremony of introduction, his chance of a happy result would embrace a variation within every degree from water-bolt to spirit-freeze. He might find himself in communion with the first poet in existence, or the first boxer; might be exchanging civilities with a mighty silly peer of the realm, or with that peer’s elegant, eloquent, and much more illustrious banker. He might be listening to the powerful language of a methodist parson, a profound philosopher, or a tragic actor; and would be equally likely to have made his experiment on the noble of twenty descents, or the parvenu of yesterday—on the most estimable man in Europe, or on the greatest regue.’—*Trollope*, vol. ii. pp. 243, 244.

In the salon of a Lafitte or a Mrs. Leo Hunter there may be mixtures of the sort—not in that society, either of London or Paris, which there is any pretence for comparing to the upper circles of Vienna. But let this pass: the question is, what effect is produced on the Viennese nobility by their *purism*? and we think the very least to be expected is, that they will be more free, more natural, and less finically nice about their dignity: the great advantage of acknowledged rank or a well-defined position being, that you can afford to say anything or be seen in public with anybody. We shall see—

‘I have told you that the noble and bourgeois aristocracies are very distinctly divided; and I must now describe to you, as well as I can, the effect of this strict division. On the higher class I should say that this effect (at least the outward and visible signs of it) was absolutely nothing. *They never allude to the second class in any way whatever.* There are no disdainful observations, no quizzing of plebeian magnificence, no hints concerning attempts to “come so near the beel of the courtier as to gall his kibe.” *And yet this magnificence, and this close following, meet their noble eyes at every turn, in the equipages that fill the streets, in the rich dresses that parade the ramparts and dash along the Prater, or in the theatres, where the too scanty supply of boxes appears to be pretty fairly divided between the two sets.* But though I have listened to much unreserved talk on most subjects, and have even watched to catch observations on this,

I have never, in any instance, heard a word either of admiration or contempt spoken by any individual of the “*haute volée*” concerning the gay-plumaged birds that flutter beneath them. . . . Of the poorer classes, on the contrary, the highest speak with the greatest interest, and appear to feel both pride and pleasure in knowing well their condition, their amusements, their peculiar merits, and all the distinctive traits of national character which distinguish them. Neither in England nor in France, and much less in America, have I ever heard or seen so much affectionate interest expressed for the comforts and enjoyments of the lower orders as I have witnessed here.’—*Trollope*, vol. ii., pp. 213, 214.

A Whig lady of the highest rank, who resided a good deal in the country, was warmly commended for her affability to the farmers’ wives and daughters in the neighbourhood. ‘Pray,’ said a bystander, ‘does she behave in the same manner to the wives and daughters of the clergymen and the squires?’ Her admirer was obliged to answer that she did not. Can Mrs. Trollope, with her quickness of perception, avoid penetrating to the true motives of the difference? Can she help seeing that the studied silence of her Austrian friends was far more eloquent than words?

But perhaps this city aristocracy are disqualified by habits of thought and manners for such society.

‘Having told you, then, how the separation between the noble and the banking aristocracies shows itself in the one set, I must with equal freedom, and with equal chance of blundering from not allowing sufficiently perhaps for exceptions, communicate my observations on the other. I must preface these, however, by assuring you, that though my acquaintance has not been greatly extended among the bankers of Vienna, *I have met among the few I have known some very charming women; several of these are accomplished in the highest sense of the word, full of talent, thoroughly well instructed, and with manners that might do honour to any circle in the world.* But, with all this, they cannot, generally speaking, look upwards with the same magnanimous indifference with which those above them look down. There is evidently a feeling at the heart that is somewhat akin to resentment at the exclusiveness of the circle above them; and in many individuals I have seen it break out in a manner so visible, as very materially to injure that tone of good society to which, *in most other respects*, they have such fair pretensions.

‘In this disunion there are two other remarkable features: the first is, that many gentlemen decidedly belonging to the higher class are to be met at the dinners, balls, and concerts of the lower; and the second, that if you chance to meet these same gentlemen afterwards, they rarely or never allude to these plebeian rencontres, but seem to prefer any other subject whatever. I am told also—but of this I speak not as having witnessed it—that should a lady of this class, who has given a ball over night, at which jewels sparkled and every elegance abounded—should such a lady meet the following morning on the ramparts a noble gentleman who had shared in the festivity, having a lady of his own class beside him, he will infallibly be seized with a defect of vision, or a visionary defect, and no light that can shine from heaven upon her velvet pelisse and waving plumes will be strong enough to enable him to recognise

Madame une telle; the wife of Monsieur un tel, baron et banquier.'—Trollope, vol. ii. pp. 215, 216.

At least, however, they are free from *morgue* in their own circles, when every banking plebeian animal, that might come between the wind and their nobility, is shut out. Alas! those who indulge in such illusions need only turn to Mrs. Trollope's chapter on *La Crème*—an inner circle of exclusives who hold themselves ineffably superior to the rest.

A lady of 'very noble birth and large fortune' tells an acquaintance of Mrs. Trollope's that she would gladly pay one-third of her income to ensure her only daughter admission to *La Crème*. Another, similarly situated, makes the author-ess her *confidante*:

"I would consent," said she, almost with tears in her eyes,—"I would consent to do anything that could be proposed to me, could I at once see my daughters *de la crème*. . . . Ah! c'est impossible pour une étrangère d'imaginer ce que c'est!"—vol. ii. p. 284.

An 'animated clever young man' of the set asks 'a lovely and high-born damsel,' not belonging to it, to dance. Three middle-aged married dancing ladies, *crème de la crème*, rush upon him:—

"Have you asked the Countess **** de **** to dance?" inquired one of them. "Yes, I have!" was the bold reply. "You positively must not dance with her!" cried the three creamy fair ones in a breath—"at least, if you do, you will cease to be one of us."

"What am I to say to her?" "Say to her!" exclaimed one of the trio,—a short round lady of thirty-six, pitted with the small-pox, and of very doubtful credit of any kind, excepting *crème* credit—"What are you to say to her?—say that you are engaged to dance with me." The young man looked enchanted of course, muttered something about a mistake to the fair young girl, and the next moment felt himself in possession of the full-blown honour and glory of spinning round the room with one of the ugliest women in it.—vol. ii. pp. 285, 286.

The very same thing happened a few years since at a watering-place in the west of England. The gentleman was a half-pay lieutenant, the lady the curate's daughter, and 'the cream' was principally composed of the families of two broken-down baronets, a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay, a retired wine-merchant, and an ex-apothecary who had dubbed himself M.D. In most of our provincial towns the same absurdities are rife: even the devoted district of Bloomsbury has its cream: and so all-pervading is the taste for such distinctions, that we fear it is in the very nature of mankind to try and intrench themselves within the ideal circle of a caste. But the decline of Almack's is a clear proof that the palmy days of

exclusiveness are gone by in England; and though it is obviously impossible to prevent any given number of persons from congregating and attempting to re-establish an oligarchy, we are quite sure that the attempt would be ineffectual, and that the sense of their importance would extend very little beyond the set. 'I banish you from Sinope—' 'And I condemn you to stay in it.'

Mrs. Trollope says, that 'an almost preternatural exaltation of the voice into a sharp shrill scream in addressing each other,' is the great external symbol of the clique, to which the ladies appear to attach the highest importance; yet in the teeth of this and her other revealings she declares,—

'In no society can there be found a tone more entirely and beautifully devoid of affectation than in that of Vienna.'—vol. ii. p. 288.

At the same time we think it proper to declare that our comments are directed rather against Mrs. Trollope's description of this society than the society itself: we cannot allow a false standard, injurious to our own countrymen and countrywomen, to be set up; but our own conviction is, that the Viennese nobility are really distinguished by that high-bred ease and independence of demeanour which their peculiar position is so well adapted to confer; and we suspect that Mrs. Trollope has been the subject of a mystification in more instances than one. For example:—

'A young lady, who for the first time in her life was enjoying the honour of dancing in the presence of the empress, but who had not been elected *crème*, in the thoughtless and indiscriminating gaiety of her heart presented her outstretched hands to a gentleman who was.

'He stared at her for a moment in unmeasured amazement, and then dropped his eyes, and remained motionless as a petrified statue. The poor blushing girl turned to a second, but for her sins, poor child! he too was *crème de crème*. . . .

"Moi!" he muttered with a sort of hysteric laugh, and, turning away, sheltered himself in earnest conversation with the lady of the clique who stood next to him.'—vol. ii. p. 288.

We shall have her next mistaking the *dos-à-dos* figure in a quadrille for contempt. The dance in question was the cotillon; and the supposed coldness or rudeness of the cavalier a piece of playful coquetry. Her other dancing story is open to an obvious objection. On the continent everybody dances with everybody, without regard to rank or the ceremony of an introduction; but the acquaintanceship ends with the dance. No objection therefore could be made to a man's dancing with a girl on the ground

of her not 'belonging to his set'; for the simple reason that it would mean nothing.

The chief defect in Mrs. Trollope's admirable book on America was a tendency to mistake peculiarities of language and manners, common to every country in a given state of civilisation, for national ones. She has been guilty of the same error here:—

'You must not, however, imagine that, because there is much of aristocratic exclusiveness here, the society is afflicted by the mildew of ceremonious stateliness. You could not adopt an opinion more foreign to the truth. The general tone, on the contrary, is that of more friendliness and ease than I remember anywhere. All the ladies address each other by their Christian names; and you may pass evening after evening, surrounded by princesses, countesses, &c., without ever hearing any other appellations than "Therese," "Flora," "Laura," or "Pépé."—vol. ii. pp. 315, 316.

§. The simplicity of this remark reminds us of the traveller who expressed his astonishment at finding that even the little children in France spoke French. Mrs. Trollope may depend upon it that English duchesses and countesses are in all these particulars exceedingly like their sisters of Vienna. It is recorded indeed, by an *American* traveller, with wonder near akin to Mrs. Trollope's, that on the most splendid day of the Eglintoun tournament the Queen of Beauty, on her throne and in the very height of her magnificence, was distinctly called '*Georgy*' by a lady who had not even the excuse of relationship for the 'audacity.'

Far the most prominent figure in the social group is Prince Metternich; and Mrs. Trollope says she had the good fortune to be honoured with a great deal of his society. The scene of her first interview is the English ambassador's:—

'At some word or signal given, Sir Frederick Lamb left the room and returned with a very lovely woman on his arm, followed by a gentleman whom the least observant eye that ever served "to guard its master 'gainst a post" could not mistake for an ordinary mortal. I had expected to see not only a distinguished man, but one who bore the impress of being so on his brow, and neither the seeing nor hearing Prince Metternich can ever have disappointed any one; his whole person, countenance, and demeanour are indicative of high station, commanding intellect, and very finished elegance. He led me to dinner, and I had the advantage of his conversation while it lasted; for the table was not only as round, but as large as King Arthur's, rendering general conversation of course impossible. Were I to tell you what I thought of the quality of his conversation, you might perhaps say that my admiration I approved: so I will for the present enjoy the recollection of all I heard in silence. Nevertheless, there was one observation that I am tempted to record, despite my usually firm resolution of never repeating "table-talk" unless the names be withdrawn: but I must be

forgiven now, both for the sake of the words, which to my mind have much wisdom in them, as well as because the speaker is one of those who must submit to have what they utter remembered.

'While talking of some of the strange blunders that had occasionally been made by politicians, he said, as nearly as I can recollect and translate the words (for he conversed with me in French), "I believe that the science of government might be reduced to principles as certain as those of chemistry, if men, instead of theorising, would only take the trouble patiently to observe the uniform results of similar combinations of circumstances."—vol. ii. pp. 10. 11.

There is a fatality about Mrs. Trollope in this book. Her descriptions, as well as her theories, are almost invariably contradicted by her facts; and if Lawrence's portrait had not familiarised us with the prince's regular, expressive, finely-chiselled and genuinely aristocratic face, we should expect, after her flattering sketch, to see a dumpy, square-featured, vulgar-looking man. If the above be a fair specimen of his colloquial excellence or political sagacity, our illusion regarding both is over: but it is quite impossible that he could have recommended governing men in this manner. We would as soon credit his telling her that the best mode of killing fleas is to take them by the nape of the neck and pour prussic acid down their throats, as lately recommended in the *Charivari*. 'Instead of theorising, observe the uniform results of similar combinations; and then do, what?—why, theorise! Prince Metternich knows, if Mrs. Trollope does not, that combinations of circumstances never are similar, any more than human faces are alike. He is the very last man in Europe to entertain such doctrines; yet she coolly, though we believe unconsciously, fixes on him the very worst conceits of a Bentham or a Sièyes. Bentham's proposal for reducing the credibility of witnesses to a science was based on the same fallacy; and Sièyes actually supposed himself to have effected what Prince Metternich is represented propounding as a novelty. 'One day,' says Dumont, 'after breakfasting with M. de Talleyrand, we were walking together in the Tuileries: the Abbé Sièyes was more communicative than usual; he was in a fit of familiarity and openness, and, after speaking of many of his works, his studies, and his manuscripts, he made this remark, which struck me:—"La politique est une science que je crois avoir achevée." If he had but measured its forms—if he had but conceived the extent and difficulty of a complete system of legislation—he would not have held this language: presumption in this line, as in all others, is

the surest sign of ignorance.* We fully acquit Prince Metternich of any presumption of the sort.

In Mrs. Trollope's grand political conclusion we perfectly agree. Though such a state of things may do very well for Austria, it does not follow that it would do very well, or do at all, for England; and we are by no means anxious to barter our birthright for a mess of pottage, even with the best possible securities for being allowed to finish it in peace. The epicurean philosophy is an exceedingly pleasant philosophy, but it is not the most elevating—*Epicuri de grege porcus*—and life has higher objects than the gratification of the senses, or the calm, unexciting, unambitious enjoyments of society. Milton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Dante, Newton—these are a few of the products of popular institutions and stirring times. Would it be better for the world if they had been clipped or pressed down to the dead level of mediocrity?

Let Austria, then, plume herself as much and as long as she pleases on her tranquillity—we have no wish to part with our juries, our parliaments, our public meetings, and our press, dearly as we have been obliged to pay for some of them since Reform ministries began tampering with the machinery; nay, despite of Whiggery and Chartism, we do not hesitate to say that even revolutionary disturbances and disturbers have their use. In times of public corruption (to borrow the beautiful simile of Lord Erskine), they act like the winds, lashing before them the lazy elements, which, without the tempest, would stagnate into pestilence; in times of factitious excitement and unhealthy craving like the present (to borrow the equally beautiful illustration of Lord Mansfield), the shock may serve to rouse the better part of the nation out of their lethargy, and bring the mad part back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety.

ART. IX.—1. *On the Present unsettled Condition of the Law and its Administration.*

By John Miller, Esq., Q. C., of Lincoln's-Inn. London, 8vo. 1839.

2. *Substance of a Speech by Henry Lord Langdale, in the House of Lords, on the*

Second Reading of a Bill for the better Administration of Justice in the Court of Chancery. Ibid. 1836.

3. *Letter to Viscount Melbourne on the Court of Chancery, and the appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords.* By A. Lynch, Esq., M.P. 1836.

4. *Suggestions for a Reform of the Proceedings in Chancery.* By W. A. Garratt, M.A., Barrister. 1837.

5. *On the Unsatisfactory State of the Court of Chancery.* By G. Spence, Esq., Q. C. 1839.

6. *First Address to the Public on the Court of Chancery.* By the Same. 1839.

7. *Second Address.* 1839.

THE works whose titles we have transcribed would seem to demonstrate, if they do nothing else, the existence of a general conviction amongst well-informed and able men, that considerable reforms are required in our courts of equity, and that the time is fast approaching when some attempt to carry them into effect must be made by the legislature. Indeed one should think that it was only necessary to lay the actual state of the matter before the intelligent people of this country, in order to ensure success to almost any measure for curing or even mitigating the evils which exist. Yet we are by no means confident that this will be the case; for it is one of the remarkable features of our times, that whilst men are in a state of feverish anxiety for *alteration*, they disregard those real, practical improvements, which are to the people 'the weightier matters of the law,' busying themselves about the 'mint, anise, and cummin' of political measures, the only object of which is to aggrandise one party at the expense of the other. And even in those institutions of the country to which their attention is directed, they seem, perversely enough, to select such as, upon the whole, best effect their original purposes, whilst they utterly neglect those which require, and are really susceptible of much improvement. We believe that this disease of the body politic arises principally from the neglect of that which ought to be the cardinal maxim in all reforms, viz. never to make any alteration at all till you are not only prepared, first, to show defects in the existing system requiring amendment; but, secondly, also to produce another plan with its details arranged, which, if carried into effect, will be liable to fewer objections, and be a material improvement upon the old one. The re-

* Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, chap. iii.

formers of our day take only the first and more easy branch of the proposition. They begin, and, ordinarily speaking, they succeed well enough in showing defects in our institutions—for what human invention is free from them?—but they seldom touch upon the second part of it, or, if they do, it is only to demonstrate, by lamentable failure, their capacity for destruction, and their total incapacity for producing anything rational in the place of what they would destroy. We propose in the present article to bind ourselves by this test, and in doing so we hope to point out, not, indeed, a plan with all its details, but a course by which the details of a plan can be arranged, so as to accomplish at all events a *better* system of practice in our equity courts.

The two great defects in these courts are expense and delay; both great, and both increasing. It is difficult to present these properly and candidly to the consideration of the public. Many of the complaints are made by persons who are really ignorant of the true cause, although they are acutely sensible of the inconvenience, and they often, in consequence, propose remedies, which, if acted upon, would be far worse than the disease. Lord Langdale well observes that delay cannot always be avoided, and that it is not always to be imputed to the court in which it occurs. There are, he says, cases in which unnecessary delay to a great extent may be imputed to the neglect or misconduct of the parties or their agents. There are also cases in which the truth cannot be investigated and ascertained without the consumption of a great deal of time—cases of long pending accounts—of intricate transactions—cases of complicated and artfully concealed fraud—cases of trust, the execution or breach of which may extend over a long series of years. Now all these are cases of delay; and these are the cases above all others which are generally found to be the subject of declamatory attacks on the Court of Chancery, and cited as proofs of unnecessary delay there. But admitting most fully, as we do, the truth and force of these observations, we believe it will still be found—and the noble judge whose opinion we have cited will, we are quite sure, be the first to allow—that there are real and effective causes of both expense and delay—unnecessary delay and unreasonable expense, we mean—existing in our courts of equity, which it is in the power of the legislature to diminish, and, as to some of them, alto-

gether to remove. And we now proceed to the consideration of these remedies.

Those of our readers who take an interest in this subject are aware that in the year 1824, King George IV. was advised to issue a Commission for inquiry into some of these matters. Those commissioners made a report in 1826; and that report, which undoubtedly contained many useful suggestions, was afterwards acted upon by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst's orders, in 1828; by the Acts of Parliament 1 Wm. IV. c. 36, 2 Wm. IV. c. 58, and 3 and 4 Wm. IV. c. 94, and subsequently by Lord Chancellor Brougham's orders of December, 1833.

But that Commission laboured under the capital defect that it was of too limited a nature to be capable of attacking the real evils of the court. It was pointed to the practice of the court alone, and to the question whether any part of the business of equity could be properly transferred to other tribunals. It had no authority to amend the pleadings or the mode of taking evidence, or the delays arising from the introduction of unnecessary parties, or those occasioned by intermediate appeals and rehearsings. Its real effect, we believe, has been somewhat to facilitate the arrival of the cause at the stage of being set down for hearing; and this may perhaps account for the increased and increasing arrears in the paper of causes before the present judges, as compared with their predecessors. But this Commission which was a failure, may serve at least to show how inefficient any plan of reform in courts of equity must be which shall not give proportionate efficiency to each part of the court. If you facilitate the preliminary stages of the cause, and do not provide additional facilities for hearing it, you only alter the place where the delay occurs—without remedying the delay itself. And again, if you increase the judicial establishment ever so much, leaving the Masters' offices in their present state, you will do nothing towards the real object,—which ought to be the termination of the suit, and the adjustment of the rights of the respective parties, within a reasonable time, and at a reasonable expense.

The reform of the common law was conducted on different principles; and it is important to bring these into contrast, that it may be seen whether the application of them to the courts of equity would not be productive of much advantage. The commissioners of common law were

empowered "to inquire into the course of proceeding in actions from the first process and commencement to the termination thereof, and into the process, practice, pleading, and other matters connected therewith, and to inquire whether any and what parts thereof might be conveniently and beneficially discontinued, altered, or improved; and what, if any, alterations, amendments, or improvements, might be beneficially made therein, and how the same might be best carried into effect, and whether and in what manner the despatch of the general business in the said courts might be expedited."

The original commissioners made three reports, and many of their suggestions were carried into effect by Lord Tenterden's bills. The process of the courts was made uniform and simple—the practice regulated and made uniform by orders of the judges—the necessity for bills of interpleader and for commissions to examine witnesses almost put an end to—and lastly, a power, limited as to time and degree, was given to the judges by act of parliament for amending the pleadings, which has been acted upon greatly to the advantage of the suitors, and which, having expired by efflux of time, was last year renewed to them for five years longer, and will probably, as it undoubtedly should, be made perpetual at some future period.

We believe that much might be done in the Court of Chancery if such a plan were applied to it. Very few persons, we believe, doubt that the pleadings in equity may be shortened; or that the mode of taking evidence is most expensive and utterly ineffective; or that the rule requiring all persons, however remotely interested, to be made parties to a bill—the most fertile source of delay and expense in the whole proceeding—may be advantageously modified; or that the inconvenience and waste of time and expense arising from interlocutory appeals should at least be restrained by some additional regulations.* It would be something to remedy these evils; and if nothing more were done, the commissioners would entitle themselves to the

gratitude of those who are now 'ready to perish.'

Upon these subjects, the present Master of the Rolls, in his evidence before the Chancery Commissioners, says, this 'Unnecessary delay, vexation, and expense, may be ascribed to the established practice of the court, to the established system of pleading, to the established mode of obtaining evidence.' He adds, in another place, an instance showing the evil of making all persons interested parties to the cause;—that on one occasion, where fifty or sixty persons were interested, and were all made parties to the suit, the case, after an ineffectual litigation of some years, was obliged to be settled by a private arrangement on account of the difficulty of bringing it to a hearing. Persons not acquainted with the practice of the court will hardly believe this; but it is easily explained. The death of each party causes the suit to abate, till the representative of the deceased becomes a party in his stead. Now suppose the cause set down for hearing—a death occurs—all proceedings are thereupon stayed—he leaves an executor—it becomes necessary to prove the will in the Ecclesiastical Court; when this has been done, a supplemental bill becomes necessary to make this executor a party; he must put in his answer—and by the time all this has been accomplished, some other person dies, and the same process has to be renewed:—the Court of Chancery thus realizing the punishment of Sisyphus in the infernal region to its unhappy suitors, who roll the cause up the hill of the chancellor's paper with labour and sorrow, and just as they arrive within sight of his lordship's wig, down goes the stone rattling away to the bottom of the precipice. According to our parliamentary returns, the average mortality in England amounts annually to at least one in fifty persons; so that in a suit in which there are fifty persons engaged as parties, it is almost impossible to arrive at a decision.

What, then, is the practical conclusion which we would draw from all this? Simply this, that it is expedient to give a power, not merely of deliberation, but of legislation, to some body of persons on these and other such subjects. And we think, upon the whole, that it would be best to follow the precedent already made, and to vest in the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, the Lord Chief Baron, the Equity Baron

* In the case of *Townsend v. Champenourne* in the Exchequer, there were three interlocutory appeals to the House of Lords between the original decree in 1821, and the hearing of the cause on further directions in 1839. It is now compromised, or else there would undoubtedly have been a fourth appeal.

of the Exchequer, one of the Masters in Chancery, and one eminent barrister, or any five of them (the Lord Chancellor being always one), the power of altering all proceedings in the courts of equity, and of directing new modes of pleading and taking evidence if necessary, so as to shorten and simplify, and render less expensive the proceedings in those courts. This is a power which parliament cannot exercise in person. The nimbleness of litigant parties and their acute advisers is such that it is almost always able to evade the slow pursuit of an act of parliament, and can only be held in check, if at all, by a discretionary power vested in some body of skilful persons constantly superintending and watching them. This can only be either by the body we suggest, or by a commission consisting entirely of barristers of eminence. The latter, if out of practice, would soon become unfit for such duties, or, if in practice, would not be able to devote more time to them than the judges. Besides, there would be a great jealousy of such a body on the part of the judges, who after all, would have to carry into effect their recommendations. Every lawyer knows how easy it is for persons who have the exposition of the laws to thwart effectually the most carefully-drawn regulations. Even in the working of the 'new rules,' as they are called, in the courts of common law, it is easy to observe the difference when they are carried into effect by judges who did not originally interfere in making them, and when by those who did so, and who are in some sort responsible for them. And it would scarcely appear seemly that the Lord Chancellor and the other judges of the supreme courts should be instructed and (so to speak) schooled by a body of barristers who were in the habit of practising before them, or subjected to have their decisions overruled by a new rule on the part of the commissioners made from time to time. We think, therefore, that the public good would in the end be best attained by the arrangement we propose,—and it has at least one merit, that it would cost but little; for of course all those eminent persons who are already in office would not have any increase of salary, but would consider this as only a part of their judicial duties. These regulations should have the effect of laws enacted by parliament; but in order that there may be reserved to each branch of the legislature a complete veto, according to the

precedent to which we have referred, they should, although acted upon immediately, be laid before parliament within a limited time, which should be as short as possible; and if either House, by resolution, dissented from all or any of them, the whole, or that part dissented from, should thenceforward be void. The veto of the crown, in like manner, should be preserved, by not allowing them to be acted upon at all till published in the Gazette by order of the Privy Council.

Having thus provided, and in a constitutional manner, for the reform of the preliminary proceedings of the Court of Chancery, we naturally come to the consideration of the better means of deciding the causes when brought for hearing before the court. And we are fully satisfied that any rational person, who will calmly consider the question, must see that the first step to be taken is to increase the establishments provided for that purpose. Indeed, there is reason to believe that, by the improvement of the preliminary proceedings, the number of causes to be heard will rather be increased than diminished, and at the present time their number far exceeds the powers of the present judges (if taxed to the utmost) to decide within any reasonable time. For even if the Lord Chancellor were confined to the proper business of the Court of Chancery, this would be the case. The arrears are increasing in the court of the Master of the Rolls, as well as in those of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor. Some additional assistance must therefore be provided, and two plans seem to have been presented to the attention of the legislature; one being to establish a new judge in the Court of Chancery, and the other to increase the efficiency of the Equity Court in the Exchequer. We are inclined to think that both plans should be carried into effect, and that the addition even of these two judges would rather fall short of than exceed the necessity of the case.

The advantage of the former plan, in case one only be persevered in, is, no doubt, the uniformity which would be preserved, both in questions of practice and in the ultimate decision of the causes, by the general superintendence on appeal which the Lord Chancellor would exercise over the whole of his court. On the other hand, the economy of the latter plan is a powerful reason for adopting it. At present, we have, in the Exchequer, a court, complete, or nearly so, as to all its

officers—and only requiring a judge constantly presiding there—and, if we mistake not, (and we have no doubt that our information is correct), even the salary of an additional baron might be provided for out of the suitors' fund of the Court of Exchequer, without costing the country a single farthing. The present annual surplus of the interest on that fund (after providing for certain salaries of the officers of Court, amounting to 2,100*l.* per annum) exceeds 7,000*l.*, and it is accumulating now to no very useful purpose. If, however, this fund were thus applied, the government might perhaps be called upon to undertake to guarantee the suitors against any possible risk. We do not apprehend that, if this were done, the danger to the revenue would be very imminent. In truth, no guarantee is requisite, for this fund is the produce of the investment in the stocks of a portion of the sums paid in for temporary purposes, and which the suitors do not wish to be invested at interest for their benefit. These sums had, till lately, been paid into the Bank of England, and the average balance, bearing no interest, was very great—productive, in fact, of benefit only to the Bank. A power, therefore, was given to invest a part of it in the funds, leaving a sufficient balance to answer all current demands. The increase of the business of the court would probably increase this fund, in like manner as the surplus of deposits at a bank increases with the increase of the business of the firm.

We, therefore, if we were to choose between the two plans in the present state of the finances of the country, would prefer the latter—and in order to obtain that uniformity of decision which we agree cannot be too highly valued, we think it worthy of consideration, whether the immediate appeal from the Court of Exchequer in Equity might not be well transferred from the House of Lords to the Lord Chancellor—limiting, perhaps, the ultimate appeal to the House of Lords, to those cases where the decision of the court below is reversed by the Chancellor.

In addition to this, the practice should be made uniform—in the same manner as was done in the three courts of common law—by orders from the body before alluded to, consisting of all the judges of the courts of Equity.* But we have no

doubt that it will be found necessary to carry both plans into effect—and we are clearly of opinion, with Lord Langdale, that any expense incurred for that purpose will be found to be the truest economy.

Supposing, however, that the objections of economy should be thought of sufficient weight to prevent the appointment of a new judge in Equity, as well as of a new baron in the Exchequer, there is an obvious (though only temporary) arrangement, which, in the present situation of things, may be adopted without any material expense. If parliament were to enact that it should be competent for her Majesty to appoint any person having held the Great Seal to sit as Equity Judge in the Court of Chancery, annexing to such appointment a salary of 7,000*l.* a-year, who does not see that, at an additional expense of 2,000*l.* a-year,* during the joint lives of Lords Cottenham, Lyndhurst, and Brougham, an additional judge in Equity will be provided for this important purpose, and that in the present dubious state of political warfare, the ex-chancellor for the time being would be, on his return to office, infinitely better qualified for his situation by his intermediate judicial duties? We should not then hear, as we did in Lady Hewley's charity, the just complaints of parties, that their case, having been fully argued before one chancery, required to be re-argued before another in consequence of a change of ministry—and the sorrow which even his political opponents, we believe, very sincerely felt at the expected retirement last year of Lord Cottenham from the Court of Chancery would have been changed into joy on their part that that noble lord, in quitting office and becoming wholly a judge in Equity, would be at once politically and judicially rendering a service to the state.

ry exists, which we should have thought needed only to be mentioned in order that it might be corrected. There are fees payable, in name to the Queen's Remembrancer *but in reality to the Treasury*, which are levied on the suitors in addition to those payable, as in the Court of Chancery, to the officers of the court. *For these additional fees no business is done*—yet though, as we are informed, both Lord Abinger and Mr. Baron Alderson have repeatedly brought this shameful anomaly before the proper authorities, they have as yet done so without obtaining redress for the suitors.

* The unlearned, perhaps, need to be informed that all ex-chancellors receive a pension of 5,000*l.* a-year, *without any duties annexed to it*. We propose to increase the salary and to add the duties.

* One important difference between the Equity Court in the Exchequer and the Court of Chancery.

These then are our suggestions for the improvement of the preliminary proceedings, and for the increase of judicial power in the court. We come now to the third stage, the Masters' Offices. Here also additional help is possibly needed; but before it is applied for, the public ought to be fully satisfied that all is done which can be by the present staff. In order to accomplish this purpose, we are clearly of opinion that it is necessary that the Masters should do their business in public, and should take their cases in orderly rotation if possible. Every one who is behind the curtain knows how great facilities for delay the want of publicity affords. The Master sitting in public becomes a judge—if he is not punctual to his time, if he is uncertain in his decisions, or if he allows frivolous reasons for postponement, he loses reputation—and, besides, the privacy of a court allows of the holding of office by inferior persons. These appointments are now no longer in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, but have been (without any good reason, we think) transferred to the prime minister; and we have an old-fashioned constitutional jealousy, in which we believe the public to participate, lest they should be given to brawling politicians rather than to accomplished lawyers.

We would therefore wish them to sit in public at given times and in given places, and to hear the matters referred to them, not as they do now by many and short instalments, at long intervals, but in orderly rotation, and, if possible, to an end in one or two hearings.

There is another arrangement also which we should wish to see adopted. The references to these officers are on various subjects. Sometimes they are called upon to determine whether a complete title to landed property can be made by a vendor to a purchaser; sometimes to wind up a long and intricate mercantile account under a partnership; sometimes to trace out a fraud. These and various other matters obviously require talents and information of wholly different kinds. Why is the division of labour not resorted to? The causes, we believe, are referred to each Master in a sort of rotation; and the consequence is, that when, for instance, a conveyancing question goes to a non-conveyancing Master, the unhappy parties have often to lay a case before some eminent conveyancer, in order that the Master may come to a

proper decision. This ought not to be the case. Why are not all such cases referred to a master especially appointed for his knowledge of them, who by that very knowledge, and the devotion of his understanding to one subject, would not only decide with greater despatch, but with incomparably greater satisfaction to all the parties? and in like manner as to other subjects. As to accounts, which occupy a great portion of the time, and cause much of the expense, why are these not taken from the Masters in Chancery, and referred to Accountants specially appointed to take them, under the superintendence of the Masters?—mercantile men, or attornies, or the like, might then be appointed with great advantage for these purposes. Again, why is one Master constantly employed in signing affidavits, and others mere routine details, when the business is in fact done before his clerk, who might just as well act in person, and who, if he did so, would set one more Master at liberty, who might then be employed to do important work for the real benefit of the suitors? These, and we doubt not many other arrangements, might be made, and if made, might increase the power in the Masters' Offices. If *then* their number still remained insufficient to keep up with the increased speed of the court, more Masters must be appointed. But we own we think that the division of labour we have suggested, and the sending of accounts to accountants appointed by the court, who should act under the superintendence of the Masters, would probably be found sufficient. These arrangements also we would leave to the legislative body whom we have before alluded to.

Lastly,—As to the taxation of costs, the most scandalous part of the whole system. It is of the essence that this should be done by officers paid by the public, and receiving no fees for that purpose from the parties litigant. Will it be credited in this century, that a party has been known to pay more in fees for taxing a bill than is taken from the bill itself, even when that bill has been reduced by the amount of some hundreds of pounds by taxation? This is an abomination of which it is impossible to speak in too strong terms. We blame not the officers—it is the system which is in fault. The remedy is obvious: let competent

* The effect of this in increasing the improper charges of disreputable practitioners is obvious to any one.

taxing officers be appointed and paid by the public, and all official fees on taxation abolished; and the sooner this is done the more creditable will it be to those who are at the head of the courts where such a practice is allowed to exist. If they really wish for details as to the facts, we beg to refer them to the *second* of Mr. Spence's pamphlets.

We have now laid, to the best of our ability, the case before the public. It may be that we are over-sanguine as to the success of our own plan; be it so: but still we think it will be found better than the present system. That many faults and omissions may be pointed out in it we do not doubt. We shall be glad if they are pointed out, for we are much more desirous that the system should be improved than that we should have the credit of having suggested the improvements. We do indeed sincerely hope that some one, whose leisure and knowledge of the subject may qualify him to do so, will take up the question in parliament. Let him, however, be well assured that he will have to struggle with much difficulty and be thwarted by many conflicting interests; and that if he really intends to do any good, he must use with vigour the trident of reform, even though it should produce as remarkable an effect as that of Neptune in Homer, when he so startled the courts below as to make Lord Chancellor Pluto and his attendant Masters jump up alarmed, as well they might,

μή οἱ ὑπερθεῖν
Γαῖαν ἀναρρήξει Πτοσίδων ἐνοσίχθων,
Οὐκ ἂν θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανεῖν
Σπερδαλὶ σπέρματα τὰ τε σπυγέουσι θεοὶ παρ.

But let him at the same time bear this in mind; that if by his force of talent and character he grapples with and overcomes the difficulties which surround this question, and should be enabled by his diligence and sagacity to mature a plan of good and effectual reform in our courts of Equity, he will be entitled to take rank as one of the real benefactors of his country; and will be gratefully remembered when the strifes of party ascendancy and the warfare of political adversaries shall have passed away and been forgotten.

In the meanwhile we cordially recommend the pamphlets at the head of this article to the public attention. We have not particularly adverted to their contents, only because they very properly go into many details which, according to the view we take, we should leave to the legislative body we wish to see created.

That of Mr. Miller—the fruit of long and candid observation and reflection—will, however, be found to contain many very valuable suggestions for such a body to consider when they proceed to frame regulations for the improvement of the courts of equity. There are also some shrewd suggestions in Mr. Garratt's; and we think the public are much indebted to the labours of both these gentlemen, as well as to Mr. Spence.

- ART. X.—1. *Sketches of Popular Tumults, illustrative of the Evils of Social Ignorance.* 12mo. pp. 318. London. 1837.
2. *The Progress and Tendencies of Socialism; a Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge on Sunday, Nov. 17, 1839.* By George Pearson, B. D., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, &c. 8vo. pp. 44. Cambridge and London. 1839.
3. *Socialism as a Religious Theory irrational and absurd. Three Lectures on Socialism as propounded by R. Owen and others; delivered at the Baptist Chapel, South Parade, Leeds, September 23d, 1838.* By John Eustace Giles, Minister. 8vo. pp. 48 and 95. London, 1839.

TROUBLED water is the natural element of Whigs, as *quiesca ne movere* is the guiding maxim of Tories; and these two principles—which may be called the antagonist muscles of the political body—render it almost equally impossible that there should be an effective *Whig Government*, or an effective *Tory Opposition*. It may happen, as we have seen for the last few years, that Whigs may be in place, but they are not a *government*—and Tories out of power, but they cannot form an *opposition*—in the sense, at least, of the words *government* and *opposition* in our ordinary political vocabulary. This is so true, that, whenever the Whigs have attempted to *govern* the country, they have invariably become unpopular from the gross inconsistency between their official practices and their opposition professions; while, on the other hand, the Tories—never endeavouring to thwart the essential measures of the Executive, and acting rather as critics than assailants—have had no difficulty in returning to the management of affairs without any com-

promise of their principles, and consequently without any of the imputations of inconsistency to which Whig ministers have been invariably exposed.

The present state of parties elucidates and corroborates these propositions, though the modern Whigs, grown—like the great *old Whig* of all—'wiser than of yore'—have tried the experiment of keeping their places by abandoning all pretence at *governing*; and not only do they shrink from the exercise of the natural duties of ministers of the crown, but they have avowed principles, and *allied* themselves to persons utterly and notoriously hostile to, and irreconcilable with, the abstract idea of monarchical government. Whenever they have been forced by circumstances into some accidental performance of their duty to the constitution, they have endeavoured to apologize to their anarchical followers for any such *unavoidable* deviation into rectitude, by language and by acts of supererogative democracy. Bankrupts, in fact, and unable to redeem their outstanding engagements, they strive to maintain a fictitious credit by exchanging a present difficulty for a greater but distant liability, till at length the accumulation of these fraudulent shifts grows to such a head as completely to overpower them, and to exhibit these political traders in—as they now appear—a state of utter and disgraceful insolvency.

And so it must ever be: a ministry that is, we will not say so base, but so mad, as to think of keeping itself in power by pandering to popular passions, will find that indeed

* Increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on,'

until at length, whether by criminal connivance, or still more criminal encouragement, the disorder becomes so extensive and extravagant that it can be cured only by the sword and the scaffold: deplorable remedies, of which the awful responsibility belongs, in the second degree only, to the unhappy and misguided creatures who are to receive the first degree of punishment.

Lamentable as is the late 'outrage,' as it is leniently styled, in South Wales, we have to thank Divine Providence alone that the lesson—the, as we trust, salutary lesson—which it has given the country has not been on a larger and still more frightful scale. The actual outbreak was local, and appears to have been conduct-

ed with a folly only to be equalled by that of the ministry, whose weak and mischievous proceedings have tended to inflame, if they did not help to create, the popular audacity.

But can we flatter ourselves that, though the disturbance was local, the spirit that prompted it is confined to a narrow district of South Wales? And can we hope that spirit will be always directed by men so incompetent to their treasonable task as Frost and Williams? It is with great regret that we confess our apprehensions that the mischief is more deeply seated, and more widely spread, and that there may be abler heads, as well as more formidable hands, ready to take advantage of the disorganizing principles which have been so widely, and from such high authority, promulgated through the country.

Do we mean to say, or even to insinuate, that the ministers have *designedly* encouraged this rebellion? God forbid. We sincerely believe that nothing was further from their thoughts, and for this reason, amongst others, that nothing was further from their interest. In addition to the natural regret which they must feel in common with every humane and intelligent man at witnessing such calamities, it has mortified and alarmed *them* in an especial degree—mortified them by a practical exposure of the danger of their doctrines; and alarmed them by a nearer prospect of dismissal from their places.

Mr. Wilberforce, one of the honestest and certainly the most impartial of modern statesmen, said of the Whigs when in *opposition*, that 'they wished for just so much public calamity as should bring them into power.' On the same principle, the Whigs in *government* wish for just so much popular agitation—to call it by the softest name—as may keep them in office. They ought to have been taught by the Bristol and Nottingham riots, and the march of the Birmingham mob on London to carry the reform bill, that popular agitation is a perilous experiment: but when did a Whig pause between a party purpose and a public interest?

When Lord John Russell made Mr. Frost a magistrate, his lordship undoubtedly little thought that he was conferring upon a notorious incendiary such countenance and consideration in his own district as would exalt him to the station of leader of a rebellion. All Lord John meant was to favour a virulent

enemy and calumniator of the Tories ; to gain, probably, a few radical votes in his newly-created boroughs : perhaps to conciliate some radical member—or, in short, to exhibit the greatest possible contrast with what a Tory minister might be expected to have done. These, his lordship—if we may judge from his Stroud speech—might think not only blameless, but even praiseworthy motives, and they have, we believe, guided no inconsiderable number of similar appointments ; but whether with better effect on the peace and prosperity of other places than they have had at Newport, we fervently pray that we may have no similar opportunity of judging.

In cases like this, of the appointment of local magistrates, where the chief object is the *impression* created in the public mind, a vast deal depends on the peculiar circumstances of the case : a radical candidate for Newport or Merthyr might without much blame have recommended John Frost as a zealous supporter of the *party*, but no minister of the Crown should have accepted such a recommendation, nor countenanced such a man as Frost was known, and had been shown to be : above all, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, responsible for the tranquillity and due subordination of the kingdom, should not have given him the weight and importance that *any* government favour must necessarily confer in those remote and narrow societies. Frost should not have been made even an exciseman ; but to invest him with the dignity and authority of the magistracy was indefensible—monstrous—and monstrous indeed has been the result.

Lord John, we have already admitted, never contemplated such consequences : he thought he was only sharpening a weapon against the Tories, while, in fact, he was unintentionally preparing it to cut his own fingers, and—still more unintentionally, if more be possible—fitting it for the bloody work which it has eventually performed. Lord John did not foresee all this—certainly not ; and no one, perhaps, could foresee the exact shape that the mischief would take : but every thinking man in the country—except her Majesty's Ministers—saw that such a misapplication of ministerial patronage must, sooner or later, in *some shape or other*, produce the most disordering effect.

When Lord John accepted the office

of Secretary of State, he made himself responsible for all the contingencies which might arise from his own—even were it involuntary—blindness and mismanagement. If a man sets up as an apothecary or surgeon, the law requires that he should have the ordinary foresight and skill reasonably to be expected from a professed practitioner, and if he administers poison instead of medicine, or cuts an artery when he only meant to breathe a vein, the law will hold him guilty of murder, or of manslaughter at the least. Nay, if such a practitioner were to substitute an unqualified or inexperienced apprentice to perform such operations, he would be held personally responsible. Why, then, should Lord John Russell be absolved from the consequences of such ignorance, or such negligence of the duties of the office into which he obtruded himself, as to have—even for the laudable purpose of *spitting* the Tories—issued the royal commission and dispensed the royal patronage to such a person as Frost ?

But it is not merely by individual instances of misplaced patronage that Lord John Russell has made himself, in our opinion, responsible for a large share in the disorders which have marked this last eventful, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, calamitous year.

In the course of the autumn of 1838 Lord John Russell thought proper to pay a visit to Liverpool, which was attended, in our opinion, with results so important as to justify some special notice. His Lordship's reception there must have satisfied him of the unpopularity into which he and his colleagues had fallen in the second city of the empire ; but unfortunately it did not teach him how the only true and desirable popularity can be obtained, and how impossible it is for a minister to reconcile the maintenance of his own character, and the authority of his office, with an endeavour to propitiate by mean submissions and awkward flatteries those who are the natural enemies of all authority, but especially of the authority of a minister of the *Crown*. 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.' The text is applicable both to Lord John and to the classes he is so anxious to conciliate. He can neither change his own spots nor clear up the dark countenances of dissent and disaffection. It is not, however, of his fail-

ure in the impossible task of whitewashing himself or his partisans that we complain, but of the folly that could hope to do so, and, above all, of the consequential mischief to the peace and safety of the country which follows such preposterous attempts.

The great body of the people of Liverpool, the influential of all classes and parties, declined to take any share in doing the honours of their town to Lord John Russell—but the proposer of the Reform Bill, the creator of the New Town Council, and the Secretary of State for the Home Department, was not yet without a few partisans in so great a population; and the Mayor of Liverpool—himself the creature of Lord John's Municipal Bill—thought it necessary to evince his gratitude by inviting Lord John to meet as many of his fellow-citizens as could be mustered on such a distasteful occasion, at a dinner which the general opinion would not suffer to be *public*, but which the indiscretion and vanity of Lord John and his entertainer would not permit to be *private*.

Let it be kept in mind that at the time in question, as indeed in all troublesome times, the disaffected throughout the country were exhibiting their force, and scarcely concealing their objects, by holding public meetings under the flimsy pretence of a constitutional expression of their opinions. This mode of intimidating a government was of Whig invention, and had by them been, for a long series of years, employed on every occasion of public excitement against the ministers of the day. They had also continued, since their late accession to power, to employ it occasionally against the Conservatives; but the engine had become from all this encouragement so formidable to the general peace of the country, and was so notoriously directed, not merely against the possibility of a Conservative government, but against any and all government, that it became a source of great alarm even to the Whig ministers themselves—and the greater because they were at an utter loss how to deal with the enormous and increasing evil. For they had themselves made such reckless and unconstitutional use of it, in obtaining and in keeping office, that they were perplexed in the extreme when they found that it was now taking a turn that was likely to turn them out.

It was in this crisis that, at this Mayor's dinner, Lord John Russell took, or rather

made, an opportunity for delivering—he being Secretary of State for the Home Department—an equally awkward and mischievous panegyric on public meetings, and on the abstract right of *the people* to assemble in that manner for the purpose of a free discussion of their real or imaginary grievances. We give an extract of his speech from the Whig papers of the day:—

'He would not, he said, before such a party, wander into the field of politics, but there was one topic, connected with his own department, upon which he might be allowed to dwell for a few moments.

'He alluded to the public meetings which were now in the course of being held in various parts of the country. There were some, perhaps, who would put down such meetings. But such was not his opinion, nor that of the Government with which he acted. He thought the people had a right to free discussion. It was free discussion which elicited truth. They had a right to meet. If they had GRIEVANCES, they had a right to declare them, that they might be known and redressed. If they had no grievances, common sense would speedily come to the rescue, and put an end to those meetings.

'It was not from free discussion, it was not from the unchecked declaration of public opinion, that Governments had anything to fear. There was fear when men were driven by force to secret combinations. *There was the fear—there was the danger, and not in free discussion.*

'He then alluded, with the greatest satisfaction, to the reduction of the item of secret-service-money, which had been effected since he entered the Home Office.'

Now we beg our readers to observe some points of this speech to which subsequent events have given a melancholy importance.

First, Lord John admits that it was delivered on an occasion in which politics were out of place, but, as those popular 'meetings were then in the course of being held in various parts of the country'—a matter 'connected with his own particular department'—he made an exception in this special case to the general exclusion of politics, and thus went out of his way to panegyrisse and encourage 'these political meetings;' and finally he adverts with a significant emphasis to another point also connected with the Home department, and of course with the preceding topic, namely, the reduction of the amount of SECRET-SERVICE-MONEY since HE had entered the Home Office—a broad and intelligible hint that the parties at 'the various meetings then in course of being held throughout the country' might be not only assured of the countenance and approbation of the Secretary of State, as to the right and expediency of such

assemblies—but that they might also be satisfied that there should be no secret superintendence on the part of the Government to watch their proceedings, or to put any constraint on their entire freedom of discussion. Considering the circumstances of the times, we believe, that any man, except the Secretary of State, who should have gone out of his way to express such opinions, would have been generally suspected of encouraging sedition.

Common sense can hardly conceive what object Lord John Russell could hope to effect by this *confessedly* ill-placed and worse-timed commentary on a constitutional theory:—we do not suspect him of wishing to increase disturbances with which he would himself have to wrestle, but as little can we comprehend that he should not have seen the practical effect which his doctrines must have—nor can we account, except by that partial blindness which will sometimes affect the shrewdest, for any hope on his part that such vague and slip-slop palaver, about ‘*free discussion of grievances*,’ would reconcile his audience, or the radicals in general, to those *practical* measures which as Minister he had already been obliged to take against the agitators, and which it was, even then, obvious would soon require a still more coercive application. In short, Lord John’s whole conduct on this affair is to us incomprehensible, whether considered in point of taste, or of judgment, or of duty;—or even as a party expedient—unless, indeed, he already anticipated the possibility of Sir Robert Peel’s being soon called to power, and thought it prudent to prepare, *thus early and while he was still minister*, a defence for the future assemblages of the populace which his party would no doubt endeavour to excite against a Conservative Government.

But, whatever may have been his motive, it is clear that he sought the opportunity of promulgating these opinions. We should have thought that the restricted character of the Liverpool dinner, however mortifying in other respects, would have had one consolation for a Secretary of State—that it would have relieved him from the necessity, usually considered as both painful and perilous to a minister, of making a political speech at a public dinner. The dinner professed to be a *private* dinner, given at the Mayor’s private cost, and there was no reason either in precedent or prudence—but indeed; and confessedly, the very

reverse—why politics should have been broached at all, or that any thing which might be said there should have been made public: but Lord John we see volunteered the politics; and could only have done so for the purpose of publicity. There were, we are told, no professional reporters present, but Lord John did not produce his talent to be hidden away in a dinner napkin; and the result was, that his voluntary lecture on the right and the advantage of popular meetings for the statement of *grievances*, whether real or imaginary, and his intimation that no secret-service-money should be expended in watching them, was disseminated throughout England at the very moment of all others when it seemed, to ordinary understandings, that such an incitement on the part of a Cabinet minister was pre-eminently unnecessary and peculiarly unfortunate.

There are times and places in which it may be all very well to talk of the *popular rights of meeting* for the *free discussion of grievances* and other such *commonplaces*, which nobody that we know of denies in the abstract—but that which is harmless on one occasion may in another be highly dangerous;—Lord John Russell’s dissertation on these points would have been in an individual in a private company as innocent and as sedative as smoking a pipe—but Lord John was so rash as to smoke his pipe in a powder-magazine. And what followed? The country blew up!—Meetings for the *redress of grievances* became almost universal—so numerous indeed, that it is equally impossible and unnecessary that we should attempt to give a catalogue of them; but they assumed one, we believe new, and certainly very remarkable, feature. The people, being so *opportunistically* reminded by the Secretary of State of their undoubted *right of meeting*, would of course exercise it—but as the working classes have the same constitutional rights as people of more leisure, and as they could not spare any part of their *day* for such meetings, and as Lord John’s invitation was promulgated at the beginning of the short days, it followed that, if they were to meet to exercise the right of free discussion at all, they must needs do so by candle or torch light. The deduction was not illogical, but the practical exercise of the right was too perilous to the public peace, even for the toleration of Lord John; and we believe his Lordship’s very next appearance before the public—after his Liverpool speech—was in a proclamation calling on the Ma-

magistrates to act against 'great numbers of evil-minded and disorderly persons who have lately assembled after sunset and by torch-light in large bodies,' &c.

This proclamation was proper and necessary—but who had contributed by his indiscretion to render it necessary? Were not the persons who in the long days of July or August attended the numerous 'meetings in various parts of the country' with Lord John's *not tacit* approbation, of the selfsame classes, characters, and principles with those who, in 'some parts' of the country, assembled after sunset in the short days of December? What *essential* difference was there between the *applauded* meetings in August and the *denounced* meetings in December, that might not have been *reasonably foreseen and expected* from the advance of the season and the increasing audacity of the parties?—Well; the torch-light meetings were fortunately suppressed with little or no bloodshed nor even difficulty: but on the return of the spring, the same parties began to assemble again for the same objects, in full day; and the extensive and alarming riots in Birmingham and so many other populous places—in 'various parts of the country,' all held, as the parties pretended, for 'free discussion of the grievances' of the people—were a startling commentary on Lord John Russell's doctrine. These, too, were fortunately arrested—not without great difficulty and after extensive mischief—by the united vigour of arms and prosecutions; and, stronger than either arms or prosecutions, by the force of public opinion: for, now that the Government had declared against them, they received no support or encouragement from any authoritative or influential portion of society.

The Conservatives, whether in or out of Parliament, raised no clamours about 'massacres' and 'Peterloos' as the then Opposition had done, in the similar affair of Manchester in 1819. If any considerable number of the Conservatives could have so far forgotten their own principles and the public welfare, in party animosity, as to have acted with regard to the Birmingham riots as the Whigs had done with regard to those of Manchester, does any man doubt that the consequences might have been infinitely more serious?

But amongst these meetings—all seditious, yet all professing to seek only the redress of *grievances*—there was one which requires special notice, both for a

reference which it involves to Lord John Russell's Liverpool speech and for its connection with the Newport rebellion.

Within a few weeks after the extraordinary manifesto of the Secretary of State was forced upon the notice of the public, a meeting was held on the 1st of January, near Pontypool, which was considered of no great consequence at the moment, but the importance of which has been lately established by the proceedings before the Monmouthshire magistrates—by which it appears that this meeting was the first great demonstration of the numbers, union, and spirit of the parties who, after some months of 'free discussion,' unfettered by any secret superintendence of the Government, screwed up their courage to an attempt to storm the town of Newport and massacre the handful of troops who were fortunately at hand to protect the lives and properties of the peaceful inhabitants. We cannot but think that the expenditure of a few pounds of *secret-service-money*, if it could have enabled the Government to penetrate and prevent this fatal design, would have been quite as creditable to the Home Secretary as his idle and mischievous vapouring at the Liverpool dinner.

At this 'free discussion' at Pontypool, Frost, Vincent, Carrier, Edwards, Llewellyn, and others—all since committed for high treason or sedition—took an active part in '*stating their grievances*'—a proceeding on which it seems the Monmouthshire magistrates do not look with such favouring eyes as Lord John Russell; for they have caused, since the Newport outbreak, one Llewellyn to be taken up and examined before the bench, touching, *inter alia*, this very meeting of the 1st of January. On this occasion Llewellyn stated in his defence:—

'I did not consider that meetings of these kinds were illegal; no one ever told me that they were. Besides, not two months before, Lord John Russell, the Secretary of State, said, at a public dinner at Liverpool, that public meetings were not *only lawful but commendable*—for public discussion he thought was the best means to elicit truth. Upon these considerations I, with many others, thought these meetings perfectly legal; and under such considerations I thought we were perfectly right in attending such meetings. If any one had told me these meetings must be stopped or put down, I certainly would have been the first to stop them.'—*Times*, 21st November.

This appeal to the authority of the Secretary of State did not prevent the magistrates from committing Llewellyn for sedition. We have a strong suspicion that Llewellyn will never be brought to

trial; but, if he should be convicted, we shall be curious to see how Lord John Russell will deal with his erring disciple. We shall not complain if a small sum of *secret-service-money* be advanced to the misguided and ruined man, to enable him to escape from his 'grievances' here into the backwoods of Canada, where, out of the reach of the oratorical seductions of Secretaries of State, he may become a loyal subject, and a happier and better man.

Did Lord John, or did any one else, imagine that this Liverpool speech would be adduced in palliation of such flagrant sedition? Certainly not; but we, and we suppose everybody else, did feel, when we first read that speech, that it was of a most dangerous tendency, liable to the misinterpretations of the ignorant or the designing; and that so high an authority as the Secretary of State should have been doubly cautious not

'Spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas,'—

which were too likely—as in the case to which the quotation refers—to end in arms, and in fire, and in blood.

The suppression during the summer of the Birmingham and other alarming riots—however partial and precarious every prudent observer must have known it to be—quite intoxicated the Ministerialists: one of their organs—generally an able one, but on this occasion employing we think a rather feeble hand—published, late in October, what was called '*a Defence of the Whigs*' in which we find the following passage:—

'Happy, indeed, is it for the safety of this country, as well as for those unfortunate men who are already awakening from the frantic counsels of their demagogues, that those—[the veracious writer means, the great Conservative party, consisting of the majority of the House of Lords—the *all but* majority of the Commons, and the vast majority of the people of England]—who see no sceptre but the sword, no sign-post but the gibbet, are not in a situation to enable them to act upon their notions of a strong government! Let them rail, if they please, at that forbearance, which is but trust in the good sense of a great and a free people, and which, in allowing the frenzy of a misguided class to fret and consume itself, is rapidly destroying Chartism through its own follies, without making victims of the deceived and martyrs of the deceivers. We do not hesitate to say, that had the country reaped no other benefits from the Whig Ministry, that Ministry would be entitled to lasting honour and gratitude for the lenient and wise, because peace-preserving and liberty-preserving, maxims upon which it acted throughout the Chartist crisis.'

And not content with this false and flimsy panegyric (so soon to be refuted by fire

and blood in the streets of Newport), the Whig advocate had the equal effrontery and indiscretion to calumniate former Governments, and to revive the recollections of former Oppositions, by adding,

'in the attacks on Ministers, for their forbearance to the Chartists, the old spirit of Peterloo breaks forth.'
—*Edinb. Rev.* p. 136.

Now we have never heard any attacks on the Government for their leniency to the Chartists in their recent prosecutions—on the contrary, the Chartists allege, and we see no reason to contradict them, that there was no room for any such attacks—for leniency there was none—the *gravamen* of the only attacks we have seen was the same as this of our own, that the Ministers had contributed to encourage the offences, which they were afterwards called upon to repress. The introduction of the word 'PETERLOO' into this bit of calumny is a finishing touch worthy the rest of the picture, and needs only what our printer's devil has bestowed upon it—a note of admiration!

In the same spirit were the speeches made at a public breakfast given in Edinburgh, a very few days before the Newport rebellion, at which the greatest (after the Home Secretary) of all official authorities in such matters—Her Majesty's Attorney-General—made a very remarkable appearance. At this breakfast, Sir James Forrest, the Whig Lord Provost, stated, amongst other things of similar veracity—

'If the Tories had obtained office what would have become of Ireland? The disastrous consequences might be more easily imagined than described. And what would have happened in this country? Why, when the fear of the Chartists prevailed, the same measures would have been adopted as were adopted by Pitt in 1794, when the scaffold and banishment were the fate of all those who differed from the government of the day. But ministers had acted more wisely; and, instead of endeavouring to check Chartism by force, left the good sense of the country to counteract its influence. The result had been that all the power of the Chartists had *vanished into smoke*. [Gunpowder smoke, most sapient magistrate.] Government in all those proceedings had been aided by the counsels of their honoured guest. (Cheers.) From his official situation much was intrusted to him: and by his prudence he had the credit of having restored tranquillity to the country.'

And Mr. Attorney himself, with rather less than his usual modesty, re-echoed his own praises:—

'My Lord Provost has referred to a subject which certainly threw great responsibility upon me. I mean the alarming symptoms of disorder which were displayed by the party called Chartists. There was great alarm. They appeared to be numerous. Their doctrines were destructive of property and social order. Their meetings had a formidable ap-

pearance. The question was, how was the public peace to be preserved and the law enforced? A very awful responsibility was cast upon me; for it was by my advice that the counsels of government were to be particularly governed. I trusted to the good sense of the people of Great Britain, and to the old common law of the land. (Loud cheers.) I would introduce no new coercive measures. I would give no countenance to schemes for the employment of force. But prosecutions were instituted for the support of the established laws; and in every instance the juries did their duty to the country—a verdict was returned vindicating the law. What, then, was the consequence? Without one drop of blood being spilled, tranquillity was restored: Chartism, as remarked by my Lord Provost, actually vanished from the land.

On this we cannot help exclaiming, in the slightly altered words of the ballad—

' Ah, luckless speech! ah, bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear!
For while he spake, *rebellious Frost*
Belted him loud and clear!'

It is quite evident that the gift of *second sight* is lost in Scotland, and that Sir James Forrest and Sir John Campbell, so far from having the celebrated Caledonian inklings of futurity, have not even the common cottage sagacity of knowing that a fire may be covered without being extinguished, and that the spark which is smouldering at night may be a *flame* before morning.

But ludicrous—farcically ludicrous—as is the personal position of the Attorney-General, the tragedy to which he spoke so light a prologue has been deep and bloody; and the most painful part of the catastrophe is not yet over!

Our readers will recollect that all the Whig speeches and publications of the day, and, still more recently, Lord John Russell himself, in his celebrated speech at Stroud, and on some subsequent occasions, charged all the disorders which occurred in the autumn of 1830 to the account of the then ministers.

The general system of government was condemned with wholesale virulence, because the populace were so maddened by the *Three glorious Days*, and by the inflammatory speeches of Whig and Radical orators, that it was thought imprudent to allow the King to visit the City in a November night, lest mischievous people might provoke disturbances from which the innocent were more likely to suffer than the guilty. But, let us suppose for a moment that a *Conservative* ministry were to show themselves so utterly ignorant of the real state of the country as to boast of profound tranquillity on the very eve of a rebellion; if they had al-

lowed 8 or 9,000 organised insurgents to march upon an important town, without a suspicion that such a thing was possible; if they had then shot dead, by the military force, fifteen or twenty of the deluded rioters; if the means of resistance were, as far as depended on the foresight of the government,* so feeble and so ill-combined, that Newport, and probably the whole of South Wales, owed their preservation to the personal intrepidity of two or three magistrates and military officers, and about thirty men, who defended themselves from the bay-window of an inn—what would the Whigs have said of such culpable, such indefensible negligence in a Conservative government?

And again—in what violent terms would they not have inveighed against the 'defective institutions of the country, and the gross abuses of its administration,' with which great masses of the intelligent working population could be so dissatisfied?—Would they not have adduced the insurrection of 9000 men as a conclusive proof against the whole constitution of our government—assuming—as they always had done, *till they themselves were in office*—that every turbulent agitator, and every seditious assemblage must have a grievance fully justifying the sedition and the turbulence? How, on the other hand, have the Conservatives acted? Have they harangued about the '*Newport Massacres*,' and talked of *WESTGATELOO*?—No; while they unfeignedly pity the deluded victims, and execrate the authors of the delusion—while they lament the former indiscretion and recent negligence of Her Majesty's Ministers, they afford the most unhesitating countenance and support to the tardy vindication of the law: from *them* the disaffected will receive no factious encouragement, and the repressive measures of the government no vexatious opposition:

But Lord John Russell, though he stands pre-eminent in these unhappy transactions, does not stand alone. In every other de-

* It is stated in the letter of the Mayor of Newport, that there was some difficulty, at one moment, in procuring ammunition for the troops, and we find in the proceedings on the Coroner's inquest, December 3d, the following deposition:—

'Edward Hopkins, Superintendent of Police, sworn—I was there informed that the soldiers were short of ammunition; and I went and searched the bodies, and in the pockets of the one who was dying in the pantry, I found 25 rounds of ball cartridge, which I handed over to Lieut. Gray, and he immediately divided it among the soldiers.'

We have, however, heard from other authority, that there was no deficiency of ammunition.

partment of the government a similar dereliction of duty, a similar disinclination to exert the power of the law, whenever it might be at all distasteful to Chartists, Radicals, or any other species of agitators, is equally observable. We shall give some further important examples of this general tendency of Lord Melbourne's administration.

In 1835 the publication of *unstamped* newspapers had proceeded to a great extent; and, although the government were very remiss in executing the law—in indeed it was to their remissness that the great growth of the evil may be wholly attributed—still a considerable number of the publishers and venders of such works had been imprisoned—chiefly, we believe, by the interference of some subordinate officer,—few, if any, by the immediate orders of the Ministers or the Attorney-General, whose early and active interposition would, we are satisfied, have stopped the mischief at once. We need not inform our readers that the general character of these papers was immoral and seditious.

This part of the evil—in our antiquated opinion, the greatest—does not seem to have made any impression whatsoever on the government; but they found it necessary to attend to two opposite classes of complainants, with whom the growing extent of the illegal practice brought them into contact. The one were those who were suffering punishment for repeated breaches of the law, whose advocates were stirring the matter in the House of Commons, and becoming very loud in their invectives against the stamp-duty on newspapers, which they, facetiously, one might suspect, called a tax upon *knowledge*: the other were the proprietors of the more respectable proportion of the periodical press, who very justly complained that this almost impunity of unstamped publications was a fraud on the legally conducted trade. This also was a body too powerful to be disregarded. Perplexed between these antagonist complainants, the government resolved to make their usual compromise by a sacrifice of the public: the stamp duty was reduced from 3d. to 1d. the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating, as his chief motive for this reduction, that as long as the duties were so high it was in vain to attempt to counteract the *smuggler* (so he is reported to have called the publishers and venders of unstamped papers—*Deb.* 15th Mar. and 20th June 1836—why, we

shall presently see); but that, when the duty should be lowered to a moderate rate, the law could be, and *should* be, enforced against all violators.

Now, this allegation was false and hollow, and only made to conceal the real motive of the proceeding, which was the contemptible weakness of the government. It is very true that exorbitant duties on any description of goods render it very difficult to prevent 'smuggling'—in goods of great value and small compass, and undistinguishable in their nature from duty-paid goods of the same species, nearly impossible; and as this had grown into a kind of financial axiom, the government with its characteristic duplicity, thought to facilitate their measure, and conceal their real difficulty, by calling the sale of unstamped papers smuggling—though all the world sees that it is not what the said political axiom means by the word smuggling, which is necessarily clandestine; while, on the other hand, it is equally notorious that a *bond fide* order from the Home Department to the Police, and from the Treasury to the Stamp-office, to stop the open vending of these unstamped publications, would have altogether prevented the abuse—and, even after it had attained its greatest height, would have stopped it in four-and-twenty hours. But in these enlightened days anything that looks like an axiom of political economy is sure to pass unquestioned. The public sale of unstamped newspapers in Piccadilly was voted to be smuggling; and the only remedy for this as for every other kind of smuggling (vide M'Culloch and Co.) was to lower the duty, which we were assured by the Chancellor of the Exchequer would render the breach of the law so inexcusable, that the government,—yea, even Lord Melbourne's pusillanimous and nerveless government,—promised to punish, and eventually to prevent, any infraction of the law; and under this plausible engagement, on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the stamp-duty was reduced.

What was the consequence? Not only was the *smuggling* not prevented, but it has increased an *hundredfold*. Not only does the government not vindicate the law, but the few prosecutions that used to afford some degree of check are now never heard of—the *smugglers*, that is, dozens of newsmongers at every stage-coach door, on board every steam-packet, along

every street, thrust into the hands of every passenger dozens of unstamped sheets of the vilest, the most libellous, the most seditious garbage! Where are now the prognostics of Mr. Spring Rice that the *smuggling* would be extinguished? where the promises of the government that the smuggler should be prosecuted and punished? It would lead us too far from our present purpose to detail the monstrous injury to public morals and domestic happiness which this profusion of obscenity, blasphemy, and libel must inflict; nor could we, consistently with our principles, give any additional publicity to such trash,

which, trash though it be, is working wide, and, we fear, irremediable mischief.

But, passing over the mere *morality* of the case—of which, as we have said, Lord Melbourne's government seems to take no note—can any one doubt what must be the political effect of this unbounded and uncontrolled effusion of sedition and treason? We shall so far break through our resolution not to mention individual papers as to give one example, which has already engaged public attention. We have before us an unstamped paper bearing the following title:—

THE WESTERN VINDICATOR:

A BOLD UNCOMPROMISING ADVOCATE OF THE PEOPLE OF BRISTOL, BATH, CHELTENHAM, TROWERIDGE, BRADFORD, FROME, STROUD, WOTTON, UNDER-EDGE, NEWPORT, PONTYPOOL, CARLEON, CARDIFF, AND OTHER TOWNS AND VILLAGES IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND AND SOUTH WALES.

EDITED AND CONDUCTED FOR HENRY VINCENT,
NOW RESIDENT IN MONMOUTH GAOL.

VOL. I.—No. 40.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839.

[PRICE TWO PENCE.]

This 'HENRY VINCENT, now resident in Monmouth gaol,' is, as our readers will recollect, imprisoned there for *sedition*: yet he is suffered to direct, and his colleagues are permitted to publish, this *unstamped* newspaper, which, even if otherwise innocent, is illegal, and, according to the promises of Mr. Spring Rice, ought to have been suppressed. Even if otherwise innocent—but let us give one or two specimens of its intrinsic character.

An article on the defeat of the late treasonable outbreak at Newport, too long to be quoted *in extenso*, after stating the leading principles of Chartism to be 'universal suffrage,' 'annual parliaments,' 'ballot,' 'no property-qualification,' 'payment of members of parliament,' thus concludes:—

'Moral force has failed, by the united opposition of Prejudice, Vileny, and Physical Force.

'What remains then to be done? How shall the Chartists proceed?

'And are we to sit quietly down and relinquish our cause? Are we to become tacit slaves to our oppressors, content with what they, in their mercy, shall be pleased to mete out to us. Never! Chartists, remember the words of Mr. Vincent last week—"Let there be no unmanly shrinking." Desert not your incarcerated friends!

'But to the question—How shall the Chartists proceed? Let them raise the standard of "Resistance to Oppression!" Beware of soldiers, ye can-

not fight with them! Be wary in your movements, ye are beset with spies! Be cautious in your speeches, for anything is sedition. But, in the name of Liberty—cease not to worry your enemies! Your name is Legion, for ye are many; and your rights must be enforced, if not conceded. Our counsel is—Organize! Organize! Organize!"

Agitate, agitate, agitate, is grown lukewarm and stale, and treason must now *organize, organize, organize*: such is the *practical* advice of this paper. Let us add a specimen of its doctrines:

'When kings or rulers become blasphemers of God, oppressors and murderers of their subjects, they ought no more to be accounted kings or lawful magistrates, but, as private men, to be examined, accused, and condemned and punished by that law of God, and, being convicted and punished by that law, it is not man's, but God's doing.'

And again,

'The people may kill wicked princes as monsters and cruel beasts.'

The effect which such exhortations and such doctrines must have on an ignorant—and, if they can read such poison, worse than ignorant—population, might be easily imagined *a priori*, but we have unfortunately a practical and touching example of its deplorable effects. We extract the case from the report of the inquiry before the magistrates at Newport:—

'Shell, the Pontypool leader, who was killed by the soldiery in the passage of the Westgate Inn, in the very act of thrusting his pike at the breast of the mayor, evidences the traitorous objects [of the insurgents] in the following letter, written to his father, having, it appears, a melancholy presentiment of his coming death :—

'Pontypool, Sunday Night, Nov. 4, 1839.

'Dear Parents,—I hope this will find you well, as I am myself at present. I shall this night be engaged in a struggle for freedom, and, should it please God to spare my life, I shall see you soon; but if not, grieve not for me—I shall have fallen in a noble cause. My tools are at Mr. Cecil's, and likewise my clothes.

'Farewell, dear parents.

'Your's truly,

'GEORGE SHELL.

'This young man, endowed with a courage and devotion worthy of a better cause, was, up to May, 1839, a special constable, universally respected, and possessing the confidence of the magistracy. He then, unfortunately, listened to the fallacious reasonings of Frost and Jones, and the melancholy result has been a traitor's death at the early age of nineteen. I have been informed by the bereaved parent of this youth that he ascribes his ruin to the scandalous publications of the day, and to the "*Vindicator*," edited by the notorious Henry Vincent.'—*Times*, 18 November.

And, after all this, will it be believed that the unstamped and seditious '*Vindicator*' was still allowed to diffuse its poison with impunity, until the Mayor of Cardiff, in the name of the magistrates of the county and borough, was driven, so late as the 5th of December, to remonstrate with the Secretary of State on its uninterrupted publication, to which they attribute the rebellious spirit in those districts? This appears so incredible, that we insert the representations of the magistrates :—

'TO THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

'Cardiff, Dec. 5, 1839.

'My Lord Marquis,—The county and borough magistrates, who have this day met at the Town Hall here, for the purpose of investigating charges against persons connected with the late outrages at Newport, being fully persuaded that a paper called "*The Western Vindicator*," published for Henry Vincent (now a prisoner in Monmouth gaol) by Francis Hill, of No. 14 Northumberland-place, Bath, has been one of the principal causes of such outrage, have caused to be intercepted a packet of these papers, of the date of the 30th November, directed to Mr. Davis, Newbridge, Glamorganshire (12 miles from Cardiff), a district in which Chartistism has very widely spread, earnestly beg leave to call your lordship's attention to the extensive circulation and mischievous tendency of the said paper, and herewith transmit to your lordship the intercepted packet; and I am authorised by John Bruce Price, Esq., and the Rev. George Thomas, county magistrates, and Charles Crofts Williams, Esq., late Mayor of Cardiff, to add their names to mine in making this communication to your lordship.

'I have the honour to be, &c.,

'R. REECS, Mayor of Cardiff.'

We now appeal to the country at large, whether—taking the whole of this case of

the illegal and seditious press into one view,—the original reduction of the stamp duty on the pretence of extinguishing 'smuggling,' the subsequent impunity and hundred-fold growth of that same 'smuggling,' the uninterrupted continuance of this 'smuggling,' by a prisoner in Monmouth gaol, its certain connection with the fatal insurrection in Wales, and its natural effect in perverting, possibly thousands, of honest and loyal and respectable men, like poor George Shell into traitors thirsting for the lives of others and prodigal of their own—whether, we say, such a case, beginning in fraud and ending in blood, ever before stained the annals of a civilized government? And what answer will the ministers under whose misrule these facts occurred—what answer can they give concerning their respective shares in these lamentable transactions? We cannot doubt that some explanation will be wrung from them on the *very first* day of the meeting of parliament. 'Tis not by the imprisonment of one victim or the execution of another that these questions can be answered. Unhappy men! whose fate will be a new exemplification of the melancholy observation of the Roman moralist—

Multi

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato :—

ILLE *crucem*, pretium sceleris tulit, *hic diadema*.

One is rewarded with the *gallows*, and ANOTHER with a *coronet*!

But it is not by mere connivance alone that the government appears to encourage the abuses of the press. We believe that the present is the first ministry that ever permitted itself to be publicly identified with any newspaper, except the *London Gazette*. All governments have occasionally given more or less of their confidence to a particular paper, but even this to a very limited extent, and never avowedly: indeed, the prudence of governments and the independence of editors have alike disclaimed any such copartnership. As to the personal countenance and interference of the *Sovereign* in any such matters, we will venture to say that no man ever imagined anything so wild and so indecorous—never—before the present hour. '*The Observer*,' Sunday newspaper, has of late been a kind of accredited organ of the ministry: of that, however blameable particular articles may have been, no complaint is to be made; but for some time past it has publicly assumed a new and absolutely unprecedented character. It now dignifies its columns by

the following programme, which we copy exactly :

THE "OBSERVER" IS PATRONISED
BY HER MAJESTY, AND ALL
THE ROYAL FAMILY.



This is sufficiently unusual, and, we think, indecent ; but what can we say when we find, as the *leading article* of this very same newspaper, the following abominable libel, which also we copy exactly :—

LONDON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8.

Great secrecy has been observed by the Conservative Journals respecting the mission of Lord Stuart de Rothsay to the King of Hanover. His Lordship has returned ; and, although his report is kept secret, we hear, from good authority, that no direct attempt to dethrone her Majesty will be sanctioned by Sir R. Peel, notwithstanding the traitorous declarations of his agents at Canterbury and Ashton.

We will not throw away a word in exposing the flagrant falsehoods, monstrous absurdity, and infamous calumnies, accumulated in these half-dozen lines of the leading paragraph of a paper '*patronized by the QUEEN.*' We will only say, that if it be not '*imagining*' and imputing high treason, we know not what it is ; and that in all the annals of *libel* we do not recollect so foul a one. We admit that, as against the personages whom it *intends* to vilify, it is wholly innocuous—to them it can do no harm—the real insult is to her Majesty, whose name is thus abused, and to her ministers, who permit it. But this indecency is rendered, if possible, still more contemptible by the bungling folly with which it is executed : for, first, this libel on the second member of the Royal House is said to be '*under the patronage,*' not only of '*the Queen,*' but '*of ALL the Royal Family,*' as if that member of the royal family patronised these libels on himself, and that his illustrious *brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces,* all concurred in the calumny ; but, secondly, that the graphic

illustration should be equally asinine with the text—the *royal arms* affixed to this announcement of the *Queen's patronage* happen to be, not *her Majesty's* distinctive *arms*, but those of the *King of Hanover*, if he were to become *King of England* ! The blunder is much more *puquant* than the libel.

It is one of the specious sophisms of the day to charge tumults and sedition, as well as all other crimes, to the *ignorance* of the people ; and this has been, and is now, and will be again, used as an argument in favour of the government and other sectarian schemes of public education. This is not an occasion in which we could enter at large into that important question ;—but so much we will say, that, although *ignorance* in the more extended meaning of the term is indeed the prolific parent of crime, it is not by *such* ignorance as can be cured by a poor amattering of what my Lord Lansdowne calls *secular instruction*—that riots and other political offences are excited ; on the contrary, it has been proved in every case in which the fact could be tested, and most fully in all the late disturbances, that the low degree of education—not, indeed, deserving that name—which teaches the poor to read without accompanying that gift with such moral and religious instruction as may regulate and purify the use of it, is an infliction worse than ignorance ; it is like giving children razors for playthings, and arsenic in sugar-plums. It was not the being unable to read that made poor Shell a traitor, but the unfortunate capacity of reading those infamous and seditious publications which are everywhere corrupting our population ; and against which there can be no guard or barrier, but by inseparably combining the rudiments of *secular* education with the great and vital—but easily taught and easily learned—lessons of morality and religion. The author of a work whose title we have prefixed to this article seems to attribute '*popular tumults*' to *social ignorance*. But that is only an *ad captandum* title : he does not mean, so much, ignorance in the ordinary sense of the word, as *anti-philosophical prejudices, ignorance of political economy,* and so forth—a species of *ignorance* which may certainly be said to produce popular tumults of one class, such as burning corn-stores, breaking machinery, and so forth : but long before the people can be taught right principles on these subjects they will have learned other things, which, we

repeat, without the inseparable combination of moral and religious instruction, will be infinitely worse for themselves and society than even ignorance itself. And we are sorry to say that, not only by their scheme of national education (which, after all, is nothing but a device to gratify the enemies of the church, and should never be discussed in any other sense), but by many incidental circumstances, the government shows itself to be either very ignorant or very careless of the moral and religious interests of the people; and this ignorance or inattention has contributed in no small degree to the deplorable disorders of the times.

Lord Melbourne himself—*pollicitus meliora*—besides his general and paramount share in the measures of every department of his government, has, we are sorry to say, personally aided and assisted in this general system of disorganisation. It is the *curious infelicity* of this government, that, in their hands, the merest trifles become serious mischiefs—*nuga seria ducunt in mala*—scratches turn to cancers. The innocent indisposition of a lady in waiting becomes a public scandal and a fatal tragedy—death to her, and obloquy to others—no one of whom would, we firmly believe, have been subjected to the slightest criticism or reproach, had the minister who chose to meddle with the matter looked at it in its true light, and treated it with either feeling or sagacity, or even with common sense.

In the same way he has contrived to make of the most futile of all ceremonies, a presentation at court, an occasion of disrespect to the Sovereign—of insult to the moral and religious feelings of the country—and of menace to all our institutions. These may, at first sight, seem exaggerated results to be attributed to so slight a cause—but hear us out:—the subject will soon show itself to be one of the utmost gravity and importance.

There is a certain Robert Owen, notorious to the public for several extraordinary speculations, but principally for a theory of political and moral government, which he calls *Socialism*, and of which the main features are Atheism and the prohibition of all religion, especially the Christian—the irresponsibility of man—appetite and self-indulgence the only rational rule of human conduct—a community of goods—and—we hardly know how, with decency, to express the monstrous proposition—the abolition of that

restrictive engagement which we call *marriage*, but which Mr. Owen stigmatises as 'an accursed thing,' 'an unnatural crime,' 'a satanic device.'

We had long known that Mr. Owen professed these and similar doctrines—but we hoped, and indeed believed, that the man who could even imagine, and, still worse, publish such abominations, must be insane, and that we should next hear of him in *Bedlam*. In this latter surmise, at least, we were mistaken: we have next heard of him—at Court—presented to the unsuspecting purity of a Virgin Queen—by no random Lord in Waiting, but, to give the astonishing proceeding its full effect and solemnity, by the Prime Minister himself!

Of 194 presentations to the Queen on the same day, 26th June, 1839, the Prime Minister did but *three* persons the distinguished honour of personally introducing them to Her Majesty—the Earl of Scarborough—Lord Methuen, his creation—and *Robert Owen*!

But this is not all—mad men and bad men have been heretofore seen at court—to the regret of those who knew their characters—but with, comparatively, little public scandal: the madness or the wickedness of such men was either not notorious, or, at least, they had some *other* claim to appear in the royal circle. And moreover, we may ask, whether the presence of a young and female sovereign ought not to be more carefully guarded against the intrusion of any shade of impurity than might, in former courts, have been rigorously necessary?

But these personal considerations—though, under the circumstances, very serious—are not our motive for alluding to the affair on this occasion.

We have said that we hoped and believed that Owen himself was insane; but we had, till lately, no idea that there could have been any one else mad enough to adopt his doctrines even as speculative theories: it turns out, however, that—under the general relaxation of all public discipline—under the general contempt for all authority, and the general enmity to all our institutions—under the general arrogance of self-judgment, self-indulgence and self-sufficiency—all of which have been growing up for many years, but particularly since the unfortunate Reform Bill, and, most of all, under

* See Owen's *Marriage System of the New Moral World*, p. 17.

the Melbourne Ministry—Robert Owen has made numerous practical proselytes—that he is at the head of a great and spreading sect, calling themselves *Socialists*, and professing the doctrines just mentioned, which are not only incompatible with our political constitution, moral obligations and religious duties, but we will boldly assert, wholly irreconcilable with any system whatsoever of human society.

We are not informed of the full extent to which this miserable delusion may have spread, but we have abundant evidence that it has become so formidable by its numbers, and other elements of power, as well as by its doctrines, as to have of late excited the apprehensions, not merely of Churchmen and Methodists, but even of others who are little likely to be startled at any form of sectarianism short of absolute extravagance.

The evil in fact has grown to be of such magnitude, and has created so much alarm, that the '*Christian Advocate*,' in the University of Cambridge, however reluctant to notice such abominations as long as 'they were confined in their circulation, and not calculated to do extensive mischief,' at length felt it to be the duty of his office to endeavour to arrest and expose the progress and tendencies of this profligate system,—a task which he has performed with great ability and effect. It is not our present intention to enter into the argumentative part of the subject, or to show in any detail the wickedness and folly of Socialism, but merely to state some general facts as to the existence, progress, and public professions of the sect, with immediate reference to the extraordinary presentation of Robert Owen to the Queen by the hands of the Prime Minister. But for this purpose it is necessary to impress on our readers' minds the general tenets of this sect, of which we have already given a summary, but which we think it right to reproduce in the more authoritative words of Mr. Pearson :—

'It would not have been justifiable to allude thus publicly to these opinions, unless they had been propagated with a mischievous activity in those districts of the country to which allusion has just been made, and unfortunately with too much success; and unless their promoters were making great efforts to extend their influence more generally through the land. It will be possible only just to allude to the leading features of this infidel creed—which indeed amounts to nothing less than the absolute rejection of Christianity altogether! The first and leading principle of this scheme is that of practical atheism; and consists in the assertion, that "it is irrational to believe the existence of a God, who made and who governs the

universe;" and maintains that "to worship such a Being is opposed to the rational conviction of every conscientious and intelligent mind." Its votaries are instructed to disbelieve the existence of a future life and a future judgment; and, consequently, they maintain that man is not responsible for his actions. They are taught that the Bible rests on no better authority than that of the Koran, and the pretensions of Jesus Christ on no better grounds than those of Mahomet. They are instructed that "no one (to use their own language) shall be responsible for his physical, moral, or intellectual organization," or "for the sensations made on that organization by external circumstances;" and therefore that man is at liberty to give full scope to the indulgence of the sensual passions;—and, lastly, with regard to the sacred institution of *Marriage*, it is treated by them with open ridicule; and they propose to substitute for it a licensed system of adultery, such as even the worst and most corrupt ages of heathen antiquity never knew.'—pp. 21, 22.

Mr. Pearson most truly states that—

'the promulgation of these opinions in so many districts of the country can be no longer regarded as a matter of indifference, when it is stated that there is at this time a public Institute for the purpose of giving lectures, and of other objects connected with the propagation of these opinions, in the course of erection at Manchester, and that persons were found to guarantee the architect in the sum of 5000*l*; and that buildings devoted to the same purposes have been opened in other populous cities in the manufacturing districts.'—p. 8.

And he gives us the following statement from their own reports of the growth of the *Society*, if we may call by that name that which is in fact subversive of the very foundations of all society :—

'In the proceedings of the last Congress of this Society, [we beg our readers to bear in mind this Congress, and its title,] which is denominated "The Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists," held at Birmingham in May [last,] there is an account of *fifty places*, comprehending the most populous towns in England and Scotland, at which branches have been formed; and at this meeting the following reports were made :—"Mr. James Campbell reported the state of the Salford branch. With respect to Lecture-rooms, many present were aware that they had taken the Joiners' Hall, Manchester, capable of containing 2000 persons, and which was generally well filled. The Social Institution, Salford, was also well filled, and attended by persons of a superior class. Mr. Murphy, of Birmingham, said, that the branch had two meeting-places, one in Well-lane, Alison-street, holding about 350 persons, the other in Lawrence-street Chapel, capable of holding 500; both were usually crowded. Mr. Finch, delegate from Liverpool, stated, that the audiences in Liverpool were generally between five and seven hundred in number. The branch had established a Sunday School, conducted by several male and female teachers. A library of 350 volumes had also been formed."—p. 31.

Then follow reports to the CONGRESS of the prosperous proceedings of the Socialist missionaries at *Coventry* (17th January, 1839), at *Warwick*, at *Salford* (4th February), at *Yarmouth* (13th February), at *Leeds* (3d March), at *Manchester* (3d June), &c.; and after giving a summary of these reports, Mr. Pearson adds—

The preceding extracts, which have been made from a considerable number of documents relating to the same subject, will serve to give an idea of the manner in which this infidel agitation is carried on in the principal manufacturing and mining districts of the country, of Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Durham, &c.

But as we have said, it is not Churchmen alone who are alarmed and scandalised at these proceedings. We have before us two lectures (the third has not yet reached us), delivered by Mr. John Eustace Giles, minister of a Baptist congregation at Leeds, and we appeal to his evidence the rather because nobody who knows anything either of the general character of his sect, or of Mr. Giles individually, will suspect him of any undue bias towards establishments, nor of any prejudice against sectaries. Mr. Giles states that his attention having been drawn to *Socialism by the great increase of the sects in his own immediate neighbourhood*, he felt it his duty to examine their tenets—he accordingly procured Mr. Owen's publications—indeed they were furnished to him by the Socialists themselves, in the hope, it would seem, of making a proselyte. These he proceeded to read—

'with the prepossession in their favour that they were the productions of a mind [Robert Owen's] somewhat sceptical and visionary, yet incapable of malignant hatred to religion, and by no means unfriendly to good morals. The perusal soon convinced him of his mistake, and unfolded so many impious and licentious principles; so many hypocritical pretences, notwithstanding, to virtue and philanthropy; so many apologies for crime; so much inveterate hatred to civil government; so many artful contrivances to ensnare the superficial by crude metaphysical subtleties, the indolent by promises of luxury without labour, and the sensual by a perpetual eulogy of the animal appetites, and the prospect of a Mahomedan Paradise, as awakened in his mind a detestation of the system to which he was previously a stranger. With these altered impressions, the writer, after further delay elsewhere explained, felt bound to caution the public against the folly, wickedness, and mischievous tendency of a system, which he saw propagated with an industry worthy of a better cause.'—*Giles, 1st Lect., Pref.*

The justice of this indignation against Mr. Owen, Mr. Giles proceeds to justify by numerous and *frightful* quotations from his works, and by able and acute commentaries on them—of which, as of Mr. Pearson's discourse, we should, at first, have said that their only fault was that they took superfluous pains to refute fallacies and follies by which no sane mind could be led astray; but the recent spread of the system quite justifies the zeal both of Mr. Pearson and Mr. Giles in its refutation. We have already stat-

ed that we should not enter into the details of the controversy; but we shall venture to lay before our readers, in corroboration of what we have quoted from Mr. Pearson, a single passage of Mr. Giles's general exposition (*Giles's 1st Lect. pp. 1 and 2*) of Mr. Owen's doctrine:—

'Though many have smiled at the presumption of their wild and visionary projects for a new arrangement of society, only few have suspected them of aiming at nothing less than the subversion of religion. To prevent unfavourable impressions, the Founder of the System carefully concealed at first his infidelity from the world; while, under promise of great advantages to the working classes, he drew attention to his plans and experiments for social improvement. Thus having gained, to a considerable extent, the public ear, he deemed it no longer necessary entirely to withhold his daring speculations on morality and religion; though, in making them known he has proceeded in a manner so gradual, and under such pretences of reason and virtue, as were least likely to "shock the prejudices" of mankind; while many of his associates have practised the more impudent fraud of endeavouring to shelter their designs under the name of Christianity.

'In his recent publications, however, he has exercised less caution, and laid himself open to the public view as the undisguised enemy of Revelation. "Theology," he affirms, "when stripped of useless words, is founded in a simple dogma," which, with another afterwards explained, "is the evil genius of the world—the Devil of the Christians, and the real and sole cause of all lies and hypocrisy." "Religions," he observes in another place, "founded under the name of Jewish, Budhu, Jehovah, God or Christ, Mahomet, or any other, are all composed of human laws in opposition to Nature's eternal laws; and when these laws are analysed they amount only to three absurdities, three gross impositions upon the ignorance or inexperience of mankind." To which I may add, that, in a publication yet more recent, he not only repeats the same sentiments, but hoping, at a blow, to destroy both virtue and religion, denounces the Christian law of marriage as "a Satanic institution," "an accursed thing;" and deliberately proposes that men, like other animals, should be left to the *inclinations of nature*, and proceeds to ask—

—what we dare not venture to copy!—

And this is the man whom Lord Melbourne went out of his way to present to a royal Virgin!—and the time he chose for doing so was that precisely when the growth of the pestilence had alarmed every one who had ever heard of Mr. Owen, and when the solemn and unusual presentation of this wretched man by the Prime Minister seemed as if it was *pre-pensely calculated and timed* to give the greatest and most opportune encouragement to his profligate votaries, and to excite the greatest alarm and indignation throughout all the loyal and Christian community!

But we hear some angry Ministerialist exclaim, in affected derision, "What a fuss is here!—just because Lord Melbourne's careless good nature consented to in-

dulge the vanity of a foolish fellow who wanted to be seen at court !

We do not question Lord Melbourne's careless good-nature, nor that ministers may inadvertently commit mistakes in small matters of Court ceremonies as well as in weightier affairs, and it is certainly not the habit of our publication to give undue importance to such trifles—*quas incuria fudit* :—but this is no such case.

Will Lord Melbourne say that he knew nothing of Robert Owen ?—Then he should not have presented him to the Queen.

Will he say that he had indeed heard of him as a harmless visionary ?—What business had such a visionary, however harmless, at Court ?

But having heard that he was a visionary, ought not Lord Melbourne to have at least satisfied himself that he was harmless ? Had his lordship never heard of *Socialism* ? Did he never converse with his Secretary for the Home Department, on the state of the country ? Did he never hear of the Socialist meetings in all the great towns of the north, between the months of January and June ? Have the 'Christian Advocate' at Cambridge, and the dissenting minister at Leeds, been forced reluctantly into conflict with a wide-spreading moral plague, of which the Prime Minister had never so much as heard ?

But monstrous as such a supposition may seem, the real fact is still more monstrous.

Our readers will recollect that Mr. Pearson founds many of his statements on the report of 'the Congress of the Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists.' This Congress was held in May ; and we find by the 'Court Circular' that the introduction, on the 26th June, of Robert Owen to the Queen, by Lord Melbourne, was to present a petition

'from the Congress of the Delegates of the Universal Community Society of National Religionists, soliciting the government to investigate measures which the Congress proposes to ameliorate the condition of society.'—*Times*, 27th June.

Thus, then, this presentation was not an accidental slip of Lord Melbourne's careless good-nature. Mr. Owen was not a mere commonplace intruder : he came for an object, an avowed object, and, we boldly assert, an illegal object ; an immoral, indecent, and disgusting object. Every one who ever heard of Mr. Owen knew that the most remarkable of his tenets was the abolition of marriage ;

and his petition was to solicit the patronage of the Queen to the tenets of his society, at which the very title of the petition pointed in significant terms. It was the petition of the UNIVERSAL COMMUNITY SOCIETY ; that is, a society for *universal community—a community in all things ; with whom all things—WOMEN not excepted—shall be in common !* And this a petition to a maiden Queen, who had just turned her twentieth year, in presence of her whole court, and by the introduction of the First Minister !

But this, as to our understanding it seems, gross insult to her Majesty's feelings, person, and authority, is still more remarkable and abominable, because it was, as far as appears on the face of it, utterly gratuitous and wanton : for the petition did not even pretend to ask anything of the Queen herself. It professes only to solicit 'the Government to investigate certain measures,' an object for which a presentation to her Majesty was wholly unnecessary ; and Mr. Owen need have gone no farther than to Lord Melbourne himself ; but no ! Owen wanted to obtain for himself and his '*universal community*' doctrines some pretence and colour of royal sanction : it would legalise, he thought, his CONGRESS to have its acts recognised and accepted by the Queen, under the immediate advice of the First Minister ; and the very fact that such a petition had been placed by their founder and leader in the Queen's own hands would excite and bewilder the imaginations of his ignorant proselytes into some idea of royal patronage and approbation.

And here it cannot escape observation that while Lord John Russell—the avowed friend and encourager of popular meetings—thought it necessary to censure and finally to dismiss a magistrate of his own creating for attending a 'CONVENTION of delegates,' Lord Melbourne had no scruples in presenting at Her Majesty's levee Robert Owen, who had no other business or character there but as representative of a 'CONGRESS of delegates' quite as illegal and much more dangerous than that which had so lately excited the severity of Lord John Russell.

But what did Lord Melbourne mean, by lending himself to these proceedings ?—We cannot tell : we do not suppose that he meant to express any approbation of the doctrines of Socialism ; whatever he might think of one part of the system, we cannot suspect him of any wish to share his estates in Herts or Derbyshire

with Robert Owen. Seriously, we believe and admit that he was not aware, to its full extent at least, of what he was doing. He probably did not—as, however, he should have done—look at even the title of the petition—much less make any inquiries as to its purpose—but he assuredly never contemplated anything like the covert insult to the Queen's sex and station which it involved. The presenting Owen and his petition he thought—if he thought about it at all—a matter of course; and that he was doing no more than his daily task of upholding his government by its ordinary and indeed only means of existence—the crouching (most reluctantly, we cannot doubt) to every vulgar agitator, demagogue, or fanatic, who can raise himself into notice by hostility, however foolish or however wicked, to the established order in politics, morals, or religion.

But then if such be the case—if such be the dire and irresistible necessity of Lord Melbourne's position—if such be the empty phantom that would pass itself off on us for a *government*—where is there any permanent safety for the country—if a ruffian is to be made a magistrate in one year with no other apparent claim than the profession of principles which next year bring him to the gallows—if a Chancellor of the Exchequer is to induce the legislature to remit an important branch of revenue on the promise and pledge that certain illegal, immoral, and incendiary publications should thereupon be prosecuted and suppressed, and if such publications are nevertheless allowed to proceed with increasing scandal and uninterrupted impunity—if the minister especially charged with the preservation of the public peace is so blind or so wilful as to volunteer a public panegyric on popular meetings at a moment when popular meetings were everywhere threatening the public tranquillity—if a *pococurante* Premier can, from carelessness or from weakness, be drawn into giving to the brutal and abominable tenets of *universal community* the appearance, however false or flimsy, of Royal and ministerial sanction—if, we say, we are to be exposed to such an unnatural perversion, or such a miserable abandonment, of the powers and duties of a government—who or what shall be safe or sacred? where will there be any security for property or for life—for the honour of men or for the chastity of women—for the existence of religion—for the authority of law—for any bond of human society—

nay, for the very acknowledgment of a God?

We believe that there is not a department in the state, nor a part or province of the empire, from which we could not produce analogous instances of the truckling of the *pseudo-government* to every species and degree of agitation, high and low, and of countenance and preference given to persons who are or have been notorious in their several localities as busy leaders of that already too powerful party that '*would not have things so*;' and we could prove—if common sense did not of itself sufficiently establish it—how much this gross misapplication of the influence of a government has tended, and necessarily must have done so, to produce that general spirit of insubordination and disorder which every honest and benevolent mind must deplore, and at which the boldest look with dismay, and the most sagacious almost without hope.

And where is this to end?—and whence can we expect such a happy change of circumstances as shall restore the government to a healthy, constitutional, and governing condition? During the existence of the present ministry it is manifestly impossible; and it would be a gross injustice to them, and an equally gross delusion of ourselves, to imagine that the dangers of our present situation arise so much from any mischievous intentions in the individual ministers as in their lamentable weakness and utter inability to resist the torrent which—while they seem to careless observers to rule and direct it, is in truth sweeping them on, involuntary victims, to destruction.

We do not mean to palliate their errors—their ambition, their selfishness, their folly, their party spite—which drove them to employ as agents evil spirits which are now become their masters. When they found they could not command the support of the more legitimate foundation of governments—property and intelligence—they looked for help to physical force, agitation, and disorganization:

‘Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.’

Lord Melbourne had neither by his private nor political inclinations any tendency towards Robert Owen, whom he presented to the Queen—nor Mr. Spring Rice for Mr. Vincent, at whose unstamped periodical he connived;—nor even Lord John Russell, with his all natural and hereditary Whiggism, any violent affection for Mr. Frost, whom he exalted,—any more than Lord Normanby for Mr. O'Con-

nell, or Lord Glenelg for Mr. M'Kensie: but, like Shakspeare's wretched apothecary, it was their poverty rather than their will which reduced them to deal in these poisonous combinations.

But they have gone so far that, for them, there is no extrication—they are at a dead lock; of victory over the Conservatives there is no hope; of retreat from the Radicals there is no possibility. The more respectable members of their party, or rather of what *was* their party, exhibit increasing uneasiness and dissatisfaction. Some of them are already dropping off; and we can have no doubt that but for the foolish and unconstitutional engagements with the *Court* in which they have involved themselves, every man who has any share of talents or character amongst them would be glad to get safely out of a boat which they feel is rapidly approaching the *falls*! Lord John Russell can have no desire to face a motion for *English inquiry* similar to that which Lord Roden carried last session for Ireland.

But whatever becomes of *them*, the gigantic engines of turbulence and demoralization which their original indiscretion set in motion, and which their subsequent weakness has rendered so formidable, will remain, we fear, for a time at least, in full activity, and will impose on whoever is to succeed to the management of affairs a task—not, we trust in divine Providence, wholly impracticable, but one of the most awful difficulty; one which undoubtedly can have no chance of success, but by the happiest combination of vigour and discretion—the soberest, and, at the same time, the highest views—and the most indefatigable patience, united with the most intrepid firmness, in those who are to govern; but even all this will not suffice without the most disinterested indulgence—the most generous confidence and the most zealous co-operation, and, we may say, *partnership*, in their labours and responsibilities, on the part of every man who has any spark of true patriotism, or any regard for the ancient institutions and constitution of his country.

There is one strong gleam of hope—not naturally a bright one, but cheering in the surrounding darkness. It is the intrinsic misfortune of popular constituencies, to be easily led astray: it is a compensating advantage that they are also susceptible of being, though certainly not so easily, reclaimed to the right way; and already we can see amongst the more numerous classes a strong dis-

position to *conservative*—that is, to constitutional feelings. The total failure of all the political changes miscalled reforms, either to accomplish their own promised objects, or to better in any degree the social condition of the people—the flagrant insincerity of professing patriots—the awful and exemplary lessons so widely inflicted by the recent riots and rebellions, and, in short, the tardy wisdom, which even the least cultivated intellects must gather from a series of unsuccessful experiments, will, we trust, have their due effect on the popular mind, and dispose that portion of it which has been the most disturbed, to be willing to return to a state of constitutional order. It is only in such a state that industry—the real and only permanent wealth of the masses of mankind—can develope itself and produce the fruits of public prosperity, by the individual ease, comfort, and happiness of the laborious classes. They, after all, must raise and earn the bread they are to eat, and never can do so plentifully, cheaply, and constantly, except under the shelter of public tranquillity. As the products of nature are deteriorated, diminished, or even destroyed by unseasonable vicissitudes and inclemencies of weather, by floods and by storms,—so the working classes will find—we believe, indeed, that to a vast extent they are already convinced—that the necessities, comforts, and enjoyments of their existence are rendered scanty and precarious by discontent, agitation, and disorder—which are the blights, floods, and tempests of the social and political world.

'Order,' says the philosophic poet, 'is Heaven's first law;' and the apparently *accidental* distinctions of birth, rank, or riches, like the not more *natural* differences of strength, stature, or talents, are inseparable parts of the general design of Providence, which the turbulence of man may for a moment disarrange, but which he never can permanently destroy.

We cannot better conclude these observations than with the same poet's beautiful adaptation of the whole system of the universe to the social state of man:—

'Such is the World's great Harmony—that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great—where weak and mighty—
made

To serve, not suffer—strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel—servant, lord or king.
For forms of government let fools contest,
That which is best administered is best.'

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ART. I.—*Medical Notes and Reflections.*

By Henry Holland, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, &c. &c. London. 8vo. 1839.

THIS book is one of a class extremely puzzling to us reviewers. It is, in fact, a collection of thirty-five reviews, many of them capital ones, upon as many topics, almost all of them exceedingly important and interesting. Such chapters, being already the summaries of subjects, are found to trench on our craft, rendering an analysis of the essence of an essence not unlikely to end in the conversion of substantial fact and vigorous reasoning into thin and airy speculation.

The accomplished author informs us that he has been accustomed, during twenty years of practice in London, to preserve not merely memoranda of particular cases, but also of such general reflections as were suggested to him by actual observation. Twenty years is indeed a large portion of that span of existence over which we all are hastening; but twenty years of sight and insight expended on society, in all its multifarious working, as exhibited in this huge metropolis, is a privilege of which few can boast;—and woe to him who, possessing so precious a talent, shall have let the winged hours speed away, leaving no permanent fruits of benefit for mankind!

Dr. Holland appears to have so conducted his methods of inquiry as to keep

out of view the tedious apparatus of minute facts, from which he has deduced the principles with which his work is filled; and this, perhaps, constitutes no small part of its worth; for while the examples quoted are salient, and to the point, all that a well-educated physician may be supposed to know is not ostentatiously dragged forth. So far the volume is strictly addressed to the profession; but the subjects discussed are in many instances such as appeal to the curiosity of all intelligent persons; and, for the most part, merely technical phraseology has been abstained from. For the reader who delights to fathom the '*mare magnum*' of metaphysics there is scope enough in the essays 'On Time as an Element of Thought in mental Functions,'—'On the Nervous System,'—'On Phrenology,'—'On Sleep,'—'On Dreaming, Insanity, and Intoxication,'—'On the brain as a double Organ,'—'On the Effects of mental Attention on bodily organs.' The valetudinarian, or the medical dilettante, may see, in the chapter 'On the Abuse of Purgative Medicines,' some of the risks he runs; or he may fortify his privilege of hampering his doctor by adding to the judicious enumeration of the essay 'On Points where a Patient may judge for himself,' all the points where he ought not. Much curious information he may cull from the discussion 'On the Influence of Weather in relation to Disease.' Both patients and physicians will find an abun-

dant supply of material for thought in the masterly chapter on Gout. Scarcely less excellent are those entitled 'Bleeding in Affections of the Brain,'—'The Connection of certain Diseases,'—'The Use of Opiates,'—'Of Diluents,'—'Of Emetics.' Such is the variety of subjects handled with more or less of detail, that few readers, professional or non-professional, can fail to be arrested by trains of observation and reflection which they will be happy to pursue under the guidance of so full and able a master as Dr. Holland. Throughout, we may add, they will find a high tone of moral sentiment, worthy of his noble profession—a generous contempt of all mean practices and compliances—the dignity of a philosopher combined with the graceful illustration and extensive sympathy of a scholar and gentleman.

Not wishing to mock our readers with a *catalogue raisonné* of so many multifarious essays, we select for examination that entitled 'Diet and Disorders of Digestion,'—the rather because many of the topics, to which the author has allotted a separate head of discussion, readily find a place under the one we have chosen. There are few faculties of body or mind on which the influence of the nutritive process is not marked and incessant.

We are well pleased to quote in the outset such a passage as the following:—

'The habits of society among the higher classes, and the influence of dyspeptic complaints on the mind, render the treatment of such disorders a matter of great interest, even in a moral point of view. They unhappily furnish an arena on which all the worst parts of medical practice find their readiest display. Fraud, intrepid in its ignorance, here wins an easy triumph. Seconded on every side by prejudices, fashions, and follies, and taking advantage of the mind and body in their weakest mood, it deals out precepts and drugs with a pernicious facility; sometimes altogether at random; sometimes, and even more injuriously, with one common scheme of treatment applied to the most variable and incongruous symptoms.

'These abuses indeed, in their worst form, exist only on the outskirts of the profession. But it will be admitted by all who have candour and experience, that there is no part of medical practice where knowledge and good faith are put to equal trial as in the management of dyspeptic complaints. Even the effect of the disorder in obscuring the judgment, and rendering impotent the will of the patient, becomes an embarrassment to the physician. If his own judgment be slow and wavering, he is deprived of aid; if hasty and rash, of that control from the opinion of his patient which is frequently needful. The mind of the dyspeptic is uncertain and fickle. He interprets falsely his own sensations, and the effects of the treatment employed; is unduly confident at one moment and under a new remedy; at another time as irrationally desponding; prone, moreover, to change his medical adviser, and to resort to any per-

son or remedy where there is largest profession of relief.

'All these things, familiar in practice in this country, make the situation and conduct of the physician in cases of dyspepsia hardly less difficult than in acute and dangerous diseases. Though the symptoms before him are not so critical in kind, they need sound moral management, as well as discreet methods of medical treatment. Forbearance and firmness are both required; and, together with these, integrity and good faith. The admirable precepts as to uprightness in practice, which came down to us under the great name of Hippocrates, obtain here their closest application; and may well be impressed upon all who are entering on a medical life. The mind must be fashioned early and strongly in these professional principles, as they are rarely attained afterwards, and even with difficulty preserved, amidst the many difficulties which beset the conduct of the physician.'—pp. 340, 341.

The father of dyspeptic medicine is undoubtedly John Abernethy; for, prior to his time, the cure of local disease by constitutional, that is, general treatment, was either little understood or little regarded. He professed, however, to derive all his principles from his master and idol, the great John Hunter. The singular felicity possessed by the pupil, of bringing to light all the treasures which lay hidden in the obscure depths of such an intellect as that of his early instructor, soon rendered the system of dyspeptic medicine so popular, as to put aside almost every other mode of medical investigation. The principles which Abernethy brought into vogue were so simple, that few could fail in comprehending them; they were so universal, as to be shut out, in their application, from no disease, whether mental or corporeal, hereditary or accidental. And lastly, they were enforced by a sum of personal qualities which carried away all who had the happiness of hearing this most original of lecturers. He awakened attention by the flow and breadth of the richest *Doric*, and he fixed it not more by the intrinsic worth of his statement than by his very uncommon dramatic and mimetic powers. His illustrations were never trivial; often profound, yet without ostentation or mysticism. The anecdotes with which his lectures abound (he almost always educed his principles from examples) were usually not only very appropriate but exceedingly picturesque, for he was a great master of the art of 'word-painting.' They teemed with knowledge of the heart; so that besides the point of scientific interest which was prominently set forth, there was a large margin for thought in his comments on human character and opinions, as seen in action or recorded in books; to three or four of

which, and those of the highest order, he confined his reading. 'I go to Sterne,' he used to say, 'for the feelings of human nature, Fielding for its vices, Johnson for a knowledge of the workings of its powers, and Shakspeare for everything.' Though a keen observer on the humorous side of our foibles, which, however, he set down with naught of malice, he possessed, like most men of a similar cast of mind, much of the pathos, as well as the irritable humour of that species of muser, of which Jaques is the ideal.*

This rare union of qualities gave weight to opinions, which it would appear Abernethy had formed very early in his professional life, and which he retained without much addition or diminution to its end. These were one-sided and exclusive in this respect, that he did not himself follow up the improvements of his age—while his dicta, in as far as

* Lawrence's portrait gives one phasis of Abernethy's aspect very happily; but who can paint anything of the *manner* which set off such a seemingly common little matter-of-fact as that told in these words?—"Local injury or irritation frequently produces a state of delirium, in which a man is utterly unconscious of his situation; he goes on imagining things, as in a dream, and acting in consequence of such imaginations. Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind; it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic which I described to you in the last lecture, and which is often the "last stage of all, that closes the sad eventful history" of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him; but, as I said before, he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. People who are delirious and suffer pain have generally uneasy dreams; but delirious patients seem often to have undisturbed and even pleasant dreams. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing, and who had delirium in this state. I have roused him, and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?" He would reply, "Pretty hearty, thank ye, nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?" He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another. I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams; people whom he remembered "*lang syne*;" his former companions, his kindred and relations, and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then, "That's a good one," "Well, I never heard a better joke," and so on. It is a curious circumstance, that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were, from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of Nature's operations, that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote."—*Abernethy's Lectures*, p. 20.

they made practical medicine dependent on a few simple physiological principles, and blue-pill—repressed inquiry in others. But his success in tracing the influence of disordered digestive functions on all diseases, produced a cloud of works, and a host of imitators; some of whom forgot to imitate his sense, when they affected his singularities; while others thought they were adding to the value and number of his principles, by reducing them to vulgar fractions. It is not very long since the minutest trifles were gravely expected to be written down for the guidance of those who seemed to have lost, with facility of digestion, every faculty of mind. The result was, that it afforded a fine field for all who knew and could take advantage of that feverish state of alarm induced by undue attention to trivial corporeal sensations. To those who would trace the effect of mental attention on the bodily organs, we recommend the 5th chapter of Dr. Holland, where they will not only find the rationale, but the example of this pernicious habit, as affecting most of the vital organs of our frame, one and all of which will soon transmit diseased sensations to that brain, which is predetermined to harp on them.

'A direction of consciousness to the region of the stomach creates in this part a sense of weight, oppression, or other less definite uneasiness; and, when the stomach is full, appears greatly to disturb the due digestion of the food. It is remarkable how instantly, under such circumstances, the effect comes on; a fact readily attested by experiment, which every one may make for himself. The symptoms of the dyspeptic patient are doubtless much aggravated by the constant and earnest direction of the mind to the digestive organs, and the functions going on in them. Feelings of nausea may be produced, or greatly increased, in this way; and are often suddenly relieved by the attention being diverted to other objects.'—p. 66.

It is to avoid the injurious effects of incessant watching over such symptoms, that Dr. Holland advises the dyspeptic to dine from a simple and discreet table at regular hours; but he well adds, that 'if this rule should bring him to a solitary meal set apart for himself, more of ill than of good results.' When the stomach is full, the less the mind has to do with it the better—a lesson on which all who endeavour to digest at the same time tough chops and mental food of equal resistance, in the shape of reports legal and parliamentary, should ponder. There are few individuals more dyspeptic than those who pursue day after day the above regimen, and fewer who are not surprised at

the effect of 'only two mutton chops and regular hours.'

"For the guidance of patients themselves, those rules of course are best which are most promptly and safely applied; neither harassing the mind by anxieties of choice, nor the body by encouraging wayward fancies as to methods of prevention or cure. If, for example, I were to specify any general maxims as to food, preferable to others from distinctness and easy application, and serving as a foundation for lesser injunctions, they would be the following:—

'First, that the stomach should never be filled to a sense of uneasy repletion. Secondly, that the rate of eating should always be slow enough to allow thorough mastication, and to obviate that uneasiness which follows food hastily swallowed. Thirdly, that there should be no urgent exercise, either of body or mind, immediately after a full meal.

'The simplicity and familiarity of these rules may lessen their seeming value; but in practice they will be found to include, directly or indirectly, a great proportion of the cases and questions which come before us. And many such questions, as, for example, those which relate to different qualities of food, would lose great part of their difficulty were these maxims successfully enforced. When the quantity taken does not exceed the just limit; when it comes to the stomach rightly prepared by mastication, and by admixture with the secretions of the glands which aid the first stage of digestion; and when no extraneous interruption exists to the proper functions of the stomach in this stage; the capacity of digestion is really extended as respects varieties of food, and tables of relative digestibility lose much of their value.'—p. 344.

Latterly, a very remarkable opportunity has been afforded of verifying on the human subject much that was conjectural or incomplete in the doctrines and facts relative to digestion; and as we shall have to refer more than once to the results, we may as well sketch the extraordinary story of Alexis St. Martin.

Dr. Beaumont, a physician in the army of the United States, while serving in the Michigan territory, was called to see a robust youth of eighteen, who half an hour before had been desperately wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun, the contents of which entered the chest and passed in an oblique direction into the stomach, and out through the neighbouring integuments. There were therefore two perforations; an upper, from which a portion of the lung, and a lower, from which a part of the stomach protruded. The cure was protracted during a year, at the end of which time the orifice in the chest was completely cicatrised, while that in the stomach remained open to the extent of two and a half inches in circumference, permitting the food to escape unless prevented from so doing by the application of a pad and bandage. In another year (the spring of 1824,) nature

remedied this defect by a species of valve formed of the inner lining of the stomach itself, which, by jutting over the aperture, closed it, by simple apposition without adhesion; so that it could be readily pushed aside whenever Dr. Beaumont wished to have ocular demonstration of the process of digestion in a living man, or when he chose to insert directly into the stomach any of the articles of food.

In 1825 experiments were commenced; but as St. Martin decamped without his master's leave or knowledge, we must suppose that they were, we will not say unpalatable, but not agreeable to St. Martin. Four years elapsed ere he was heard of, during which period he had laboured hard for his livelihood, had married, and become the father of two children. It being by chance ascertained that he was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. Beaumont, with most laudable zeal, succeeded, at great expense, in having the man and his family transported to him a distance of 2000 miles. St. Martin's health was perfectly good, although the aperture into the stomach remained pervious. A series of experiments were now tried on him, from August, 1829, to March, 1831, during the whole of which time he continued to perform the duties of a common servant in Dr. Beaumont's family. He then asked and obtained leave to go back to Canada, but once more returned in 1832, under the express stipulation of twelve months' further experimentation. The details have now been published by Beaumont, and commented on, among others, by Dr. Holland.

On pressing back the valve over the orifice into the stomach, the internal surface of that organ could be seen for the space of six inches, and the food could be perceived not only at the moment of its entrance, but during the whole period that it remained there; so that all the mechanism of a vital action hitherto known by indirect means alone was exposed to the senses. The time and circumstances under which the secretion of gastric juice took place, the motion of the stomach, the temperature necessary for the digestive process, the appearance in health and in disease of the mucous membrane lining the organ, and many other states and facts, were definitely made out by the accident of which Dr. Beaumont made such good use. His experiments were painless, and we add with much pleasure that they appear to have been conducted with a discretion

which does not always accord with the zeal displayed in the pursuit of knowledge. In no instance do we find that he infringed on the ties of humanity, or subjected his patient to any trials which could have impaired his frame. In this respect the man himself, by his excesses in drinking, his irregularities in diet, and his occasional ebullitions of temper, solved many a question, for the sake of which a conscientious inquirer would not have tempted his poverty.

Most physicians agree with Dr. Holland, that there is more danger in relation to the *quantity* than to the quality of the food, in the former of which it is our author's opinion that the higher classes of this country, and perhaps of all highly-civilized countries, exceed. For example, Dr. Abercrombie, in his admirable work on the diseases of the stomach, says :—

‘ Much certainly is to be done in dyspeptic cases by attention to the quality of the articles that are taken, but I am satisfied much more depends on the quantity ; and I am even disposed to say that the dyspeptic might be almost independent of any attention to the quality of his diet, if he rigidly observed the necessary restrictions as to quantity.’

Baglivi, the celebrated Roman physician, mentions that in Italy an unusually large proportion of the sick recover during Lent, in consequence of the lower diet which is then observed as part of religious duty. We may take the liberty of adding that the discipline of our own church, were it inculcated and practised more strictly, would leave little for the fashionable physician to do. Scarcely any combination of circumstances can be conceived more unfavourable to general health than that afforded by the dissipation of a London life during the season least propitious to it, namely, Lent, or, as the word itself signifies, the spring.

Many dietists have attempted to fix the quantity which may be consumed with benefit. Cornaro took twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of (*Italian*) wine daily. Dr. Cheyne states, that for a healthy man following a laborious employment, eight ounces of meat, twelve of bread and vegetables, and a pint of wine in the twenty-four hours is the just allowance ; but that a reduction in this quantity must be resorted to by those who are sedentary or engaged in intellectual pursuits. For this latter class, Sir John Sinclair proposes the following dietary :—for breakfast, four ounces of bread and eight of tea ; for dinner, four

ounces of bread, eight of meat, as much of water, and twelve of wine ; and for supper, eight ounces of liquid food, making in all three pounds four ounces per diem. This quantity may, he adds, be increased one-third for those who take moderate, and one-half for those who take violent exercise. Thus Captain Barclay, when engaged in his great feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, took daily from five to six pounds of animal food alone, besides bread and vegetables, while the proportion of liquids, such as porter, wine, tea, and ale, was not less abundant. But we are of opinion that both Sinclair and Cheyne's rules are applicable to those only who go on the ‘generous moderation’ system, which differs from excess as a chronic malady does from an acute—it is too full, and moreover, too unvaried. Moderation and monotony should not be confounded. Of the two modes of injurious living, namely, the irregular, consisting of excessive feasting and fasting, and the regular, or sustained and full, though not excessive feeding, we suspect the latter to be the most hurtful.

A keen observer of society has some apt observations on the habits of those engaged in political life.

‘ It has been observed that men of great abilities are generally of a large and vigorous animal nature. I have heard it remarked by a statesman of high reputation that most great men have died of over-eating themselves ; and without absolutely subscribing to this remark, I would say that it points to a principal peril in the life of such men, namely, the violent craving for one kind of excitement which is left as in a void by the flames of another. If a statesman would live long, he must pay a jealous and watchful attention to his diet. A patient in the fever-ward of an hospital scarcely requires to be more carefully regulated in this particular ; and he should observe that there are two false appetites to which he is liable—the one an appetite resulting from intellectual labour, which though not altogether morbid is not to be relied upon for digestion in the same degree as that which results from bodily exercise ; the other, proceeding from nervous irritability, which is purely fallacious. Those to whom public speaking is much of an effort (and it tries the nerves of most men even after they have been accustomed to it for years) should, if possible, dine lightly at least an hour before they are called upon to speak, and should resist the propensity which they will feel to eat soon after they have spoken.’—*The Statesman*, by Henry Taylor, Esq., p. 280.

There is little to be added to these remarks. A long and tranquil life is scarcely to be expected as the result of political agonistics, in which intellect and passion are alike overtaxed, and which require some more natural sources of repose than

are to be found in debates lengthened through the nights of a six months' session, or in the pure air of St. Stephen's, or the round of party and cabinet feasting.

Contrasted with those classes supplied with too abundant nourishment are the poor, who, in most countries, are overtasked and under-fed.

There is a curious essay of M. Villermé, published in the 'Annales d'Hygiène,' where that gentleman endeavours to investigate the mortality among the various classes of Paris, and the broad result he obtains is, that neither air, nor space, nor water, nor density of population, nor elevation, nor any appreciable condition of a similar kind, influences it so much as 'easy circumstances.' In many of the poorer districts the mortality was double that of the richer. Taking the whole of France, he found that the expectation of life for a child born of rich parents was 42½ years, while that for one born of poor parents was only 30.

Over or under-feeding, it would appear then, are equally injurious; and most modern dietitians have given over the attempt to measure moderation by scales and weights, investing, however, the stomach itself with certain sensations which they would rank as a corporeal conscience and sufficient guide. Thus Dr. Beaumont says:—

'There appears to be a sense of perfect intelligence conveyed from the stomach to the encephalic centre, which, in health, invariably dictates what quantity of aliment (responding to the sense of hunger, and its due satisfaction) is naturally required for the purposes of life, and which, if noticed and properly attended to, would prove the most salutary monitor of health, and effectual preventive of and restorative from disease. It is not the sense of *satiety*, for this is beyond the point of *healthful* indulgence, and is nature's earliest indication of an *abuse* and *overburthen* of her powers to replenish the system. It occurs immediately previous to this, and may be known by the pleasurable sensation of *perfect satisfaction*, *ease*, and *quiescence of body and mind*. It is when the stomach says *enough*, and is distinguished from *satiety* by the difference of the sensations—the former feeling *enough*, the latter *too much*. The first is produced by the timely reception into the stomach of proper aliment in exact proportion to the requirements of nature, for the perfect digestion of which a definite quantity of gastric juice is furnished by the proper gastric apparatus. But to effect this most agreeable of all sensations and conditions—the real Elysian satisfaction of the *reasonable* epicure—timely attention must be paid to the preliminary processes, such as thorough mastication, and moderate or slow deglutition. These are indispensable to the due and natural supply of the stomach at the stated periods of alimentation; for if food be swallowed too fast, and pass into the stomach imperfectly masticated, too much is received in a short time and in too imperfect a state of preparation to be disposed of by the gastric juice.'

Dr. Beaumont, as we see, believes that only a definite quantity of the gastric juice, exactly apportioned to the actual wants of the body, is furnished; so that if more food is thrust into the stomach than the juice can solve, the surplus remains as an irritant; and then to the unhappy gourmand will apply Abernethy's lashing description:—

'Suppose a glutton to overcharge his stomach with all the cursed mixtures which a vitiated appetite can invent, what can he expect but the constant production of an irritable material from the fermentation of the vegetable matter, and from the animal matter becoming rancid?'

In fevers, and febrile illnesses, it not only is a vulgar error, but a dangerous one, to endeavour to restore health by nourishment. Beaumont remarked that in similar predicaments no gastric juice was furnished by the stomach, the inner coat of which was dry, red, and readily ulcerable. It is evident that the instinctive loathing against all aliment entertained by the fever patient for days, nay weeks, is his safeguard against the officiousness of nurses and housekeepers; while the craving for fluids is as excessive as the coolness of the beverage is wholesome and refreshing. Dr. Beaumont remarks that the western Indian, after long fasting, will devour not only without injury, but with benefit, enough to have gorged any civilized being to death. After the emaciation of fever, especially in the advancing stage of convalescence, the appetite is much increased: so, also, is it greater in childhood than in after life, where no demands exist for material to build up the frame. But finally, to come to actual experiment, Dr. Beaumont found, that if he wanted to obtain from St. Martin much gastric juice, he had only to enjoin a severe fast; he then, by gently rubbing the inner membrane of the stomach with the smooth bulb of a thermometer, could obtain a larger quantity than when the patient had been allowed to have his ordinary meals. In these experiments it was curious to remark that those sensations so well known to the dyspeptic, namely, the sense of sinking, heart-burn, head-ache, vertigo, and many others, depended on the various conditions of the stomach, and could be produced at the will of the manipulator.

Another important fact was observed by Dr. Beaumont. He remarked that the gastric juice was not contained ready effused in the stomach, as in a reservoir; consequently, that the popular notion of

the sense of hunger being dependent on the actual presence of this irritating fluid is erroneous. He examined the coats of the living stomach with a lens, and actually saw the gastric juice exude from innumerable small points scattered over the surface of the organ, when solicited by the contact of food, or by other stimuli. When St. Martin was in health, the liquid was clear, inodorous, and contained muriatic acid. It is probable that a little acetic acid enters into its composition, together with slight portions of the phosphates and muriates of soda, magnesia, and potash. This fluid is an almost universal solvent of animal matter, though incapable of acting, except in a very slight degree, on inorganic substances. Whatever be the kind of food, various as it is in the various countries inhabited by man, still, through the agency of this solvent, a simple milk-like nutriment, devoid of all the peculiarities of the ingesta, is ultimately extracted for the wants of the frame. The antiseptic powers of the juice are very great, so that the process of putrefaction is speedily stopped by it; thus permitting the well-cased epicure to indulge in game in which the '*haut gout*' has reached the verge of toleration. The quantity given out at each meal varies, but probably is, like that of all other secretions, more dependent on the nature of its stimulus than on any exact law such as that assumed by Dr. Beaumont, for

'Increase of appetite doth grow
By what it feeds on.'

And it is certain that Wordsworth's—

'Rosy man of purple cheer,
An oily man right plump to see,'

elaborates gastric juice enough to chymify food very little demanded by 'the wants of his system.'

The quantity is probably always considerable. Beaumont often extracted one or two ounces for the purpose of testing its solvent powers out of the body. And in one instance, where St. Martin had taken no fluid with his meal, still, the stomach appeared as full of liquid as if he had drunk his usual quantum. When thus exuded it penetrates every portion of the food; hence, the absolute necessity of due mastication, it having been ascertained that large lumps of food, by affording much less surface for action, are much less quickly digested. Various kinds of substances have different degrees of digestibility, and though they may be all under the influence of the gas-

tric fluid at the same time, those which are termed most digestible are the quickest to disappear. The devotees of venison will rejoice to hear that they have been eating up to the principles of the latest scientific discoveries. The worshippers of game, with its full aroma, may also plead in their favour the tenderness and consequent digestibility of the fibre. The '*haut gout*,' however, must not be excessive, as in some instances it has been known to produce disease. Soups are, on the whole, much less digestible than solids; and, indeed, to digest them at all, the stomach is compelled to solidify their contents by an absorption of the fluid part. But we are anticipating.

It would seem that the food is not kept in the stomach until all parts of it are reduced to the pulpy state called, technically, '*chyme*,' but that portions soonest fitted for the body find their way first to the upper part of the intestinal canal, where, with the assistance of the secretions of the liver and pancreas, that milk-like fluid to which we alluded, termed *chyle*, is separated and conveyed speedily into the veins. Besides the solvent powers of gastric juice, chymification is furthered by a churning motion given to the contents of the stomach by its fibres, and this is again aided by the temperature of that organ which, during digestion, is 100° Fah. Thus the nutritive function is at once chemical, mechanical, and *vital*—for no subtle process, chemical or mechanical, but of the living body, can elaborate a simple fluid like chyle, from such a variety of ingredients as form the food of man, especially a Frenchman.

Various accessories have been gravely signalised by the learned as furthering digestion. Thus, Hufeland lauds the wisdom of our forefathers in patronizing the '*fool*,' whose quips and cranks were wont to keep the table in a roar; for, adds the expositor of the art of prolonging life, 'Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good blood;' and Combe, who makes the quotation, expatiates on the text, as to the effect of agitation of the diaphragm, in laughter, on the trituration of the food, and the diminution of the vivacity and extent of the respiratory movement which always attends despondency and grief, as one source of enfeebled digestion.

Dr. Caldwell, in his *Thoughts on Physical Education*, says that dyspepsia commences as often in the brain as in the stomach, probably oftener. According to this gentleman, among the husbandmen of England who steadily pursue 'their tranquil mode of life, regardless of the fluctuations of stock, the fate of political measures, the bickerings of party, dyspepsia is almost a stranger. Merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics, who are engaged in a regular and well-established business, have good digestions and bear the marks of it.' On the other hand, 'dyspepsia is the torment of literary men, officers of state, dealers in scrip, daring adventurers, anxious and ambitious projectors of improvements; they exhibit deep traces of it in their haggard countenances.' Dr. Combe appends to this, 'that there is no situation in which digestion goes on so favourably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a well-assorted circle.'

Dr. Caldwell's able division of the human species into fat and lean may, perhaps, be cavilled at by many officers of state, and dealers in scrip, and daring adventurers, as too exclusive, since just claims may be made by several such to the laudable obesity with which the doctor endows the merchant, the mechanic, and the husbandman. We rejoice, however, at this well marked division of the 'genus homo,' and no less at the exposition of the scientific uses of laughter and 'small talk,' as furnished by Hufeland and Combe. The value of the intellectual play of ancient and modern symposiasts will now have received the sanction of science by a process of subtle inquiry, which Horatio stamped as too curious, when Hamlet traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a beer-barrel.

The sum of all these erudite lucubrations is that the nervous system has great influence on the process of digestion; so great that Abernethy resolved all of what he termed the 'complicated madness of the human race,' into 'gormandising, and fidgeting about what cannot be helped.' Dr. Beaumont repeatedly observes that digestion was impeded, and the stomach disordered, by the ebullitions of temper which overcame St. Martin.

The following extracts will give to the reader a vivid picture of what he may make his organs suffer by infringing the golden rule of moderation:—

'July 14, nine o'clock P.M.—Temperature of stomach 102°. St. Martin has been in the woods all day, picking whortleberries, and has eaten no food since seven o'clock in the morning till eight at evening. Stomach full of berries and chymifying aliment, frothing and foaming like fermented beer or cider; appears to have been drinking liquors too freely.'

'July 28, nine o'clock P.M.—Stomach empty—not healthy—some erythema and aphthous patches on the mucous surface. St. Martin has been drinking ardent spirits pretty freely for eight or ten days past—complains of no pain, nor shows symptoms of any general indisposition—says he feels well, and has a good appetite.'

'Aug. 2, eight o'clock A.M.—Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids, consisting of unusual proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, or even of impaired appetite. Temperature of stomach 101°.'

'Aug. 3, seven o'clock A.M.—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid; the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood; the aphthous patches larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick ropy mucus, and considerable muco-purulent matter, slightly tinged with blood. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complains of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation, and a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision in stooping down and rising again; has a thin, yellowish-brown coat on his tongue, and his countenance is rather sallow; pulse uniform and regular; appetite good; rests quietly, and sleeps as well as usual.'

Now, let those who tax their stomachs at the commands of an insatiable appetite, ponder well on these facts of Beaumont, from which it is evident that our sensations are but poor criteria of the presence of disease in this the most important organ of the animal economy. The surface of this viscus may be inflamed, nay, even ulcerated, without influencing perceptibly our feelings as to general health; nevertheless the secretions become altered, not only in the stomach, but in other organs. If this be sudden and excessive, the usual signs of acute dyspepsia are manifested; but if, as is generally the case, the stomach is constantly over-stimulated *in a slight degree*, a chronic ailment is produced by the sustained effects of moderate excess, and the foundations of impaired general health are inevitably and

* * Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c. By Wm. Beaumont, M.D. Boston, 1834.—pp. 236-238.

firmly fixed. From this prolific source spring gout, the tendency to rheumatism, gravel and dyspeptic phthisis, not to mention that distressing host of ailments and illnesses which arise from over-excited vessels and irritated nerves,—hypochondria and determination of blood to the head. Overcharged as the picture may seem, it is, nevertheless, under the mark, as those who suffer from dyspepsia well know, or as those who wish to trace out the ramifications of malady may learn, by a perusal of the works especially devoted to this subject by Dr. James Johnson,* Dr. Paris, Mr. Abernethy, and others.

We have hitherto commented on some of the mere conditions of the function of digestion. We must not pass over the very profound work of Dr. Prout, which develops the doctrines of modern alimentary philosophy. Mankind may go on eating for ever; but unless the third book of this distinguished author's *Bridgewater Treatise* be read, they will remain as ignorant of what they are daily doing, as M. Jourdain in the *'Bourgeois Gentilhomme.'* The mode, no doubt, in which the doctor has made use of his researches in illustration of the argument is often painfully startling; and indeed we have some misgivings, whether, as a whole, the *Bridgewater Treatises* have not lowered the high and sacred theme handled with such consummate ability by Paley.

However, under the head of 'Alimentary Substances,' Dr. Prout expatiates on what he terms, 'The system of universal voracity' (p. 472); the existence of which as a phenomenon he makes use of as indicative of design. To render this intelligible, we must premise that the infinite diversity visible in the composition of organic bodies, whether vegetable or animal, is not owing to an infinite variety of different substances, but to the modifications of a few primary substances. Thus the chemist finds that the vegetable kingdom in general is composed especially of only three elements, namely, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon; while animal bodies involve a fourth, azote. There are, however, many vegetable substances

containing azote, while certain animal substances are devoid of it.

In addition to these 'essential principles,' there are others entering into the composition of organised bodies in very minute quantities, and these are termed by Dr. Prout 'incidental.' They are, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, fluorine, iron, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, and probably a few more. These, according to this author, play a most important part in modifying structure; for it is they which are the chief instruments, producing those remarkable differences observed in bodies having the same essential composition; a theory which is illustrated by many striking facts and very original views.

The combination of these ultimate elements with one another, according to certain laws, produces what the chemist terms the immediate or proximate elements of living bodies, such as sugar, oil, albumen, &c., which themselves are readily modified, and assume the different aspects of organic life. As an instance of what an extreme change is made by a simple alteration of the proportions of the same ingredients, we may notice, that the antagonism between sweet and sour, as observed in sugar and vinegar, is owing only to a little more or a little less of carbon and water. Thus, if in one hundred parts about forty-two be carbon, and the rest be water, we shall have sugar; but if forty-seven parts be carbon, and the rest water, we shall have vinegar.

The essence of Dr. Prout's 'system of universal voracity' therefore is this; the lower organisms convert those elements denominated by him 'essential,' into certain substances which, however various in appearance and in accidental qualities, are reducible to a few 'proximate principles.' The organisms higher than these, by preying on those below them in the scale of life, find a material already assimilated to that of their own structure, and are therefore saved the trouble of forming these proximate principles out of the elemental. There results, therefore, a great saving in the machinery of digestion. The more perfect animals, being exonerated from the toil of initial assimilation of the material composing their frames, do not require that complicated apparatus which those below them needed—the elements on which they feed being already in the order which is best adapted to fill up the waste of their bodies. 'We could form,' says Dr. Prout, 'some conception

* Dr. Holland has mentioned with praise the works of these gentlemen among others. Dr. James Johnson's have been long before the public; and have had very considerable favour, as repeated editions testify. He is a quaint humorist, but has nevertheless set down a great number of valuable facts and hints.

of the complication that would be required, if such an animal as man were destined, like a plant, to feed on carbonic acid gas.' In this view, or, as it is called, 'this beautiful arrangement in the mode of nutrition,' the lower animals must be looked on as a *cuisine obligée* for the wants of the higher—which, Dr. Prout adds, 'almost invariably prey on those that are inferior to themselves in magnitude, in organization, or intelligence.'—(p. 470.) But 'almost invariably' is scarcely sufficient qualification of his bold theory of the final cause of the 'system of universal voracity.' Other generalisers, with scarcely less boldness, have asserted that the final object of this very system is the development of intellect! since it is only by the exhibition of the most curious stratagems that most animals can obtain their prey. We confess that we have some misgivings about the security of the higher organisms from the rapacity of the lower, and doubt much whether the lion does not consider man as his natural food. At all events, the question may admit of litigation as to the negro, who in Southern Africa leaves the field and the forest to his lordly opponent, while he betakes himself to his hut, perched on the tall bole of some tree, whence he can view the glaring eyes moving like meteors in the darkness, and hear the interrupted thunder of that voice break up the silence of the wilderness. The sagacious elephant seems to have a very serious dread of the stupid tiger; and we believe the crocodile—one of the lower organisms—appears to pay very little deference to the higher orders which come to slake their thirst in the stream on whose oozy banks he lies concealed. In short, this system of universal voracity is a very obscure one in the economy of nature; and though its final cause is probably inscrutable, we thankfully acknowledge that no one has exemplified some of its uses more genially than the gifted author of the eighth Bridgewater Treatise.

However varied the sensible qualities of food may be, there are, according to Dr. Prout, but three 'great staminal principles from which all organised bodies are essentially constituted'; viz., the saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous. The first is the especial characteristic of plants; the second exists both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the albuminous exists in the flesh and blood of animals, and, in a modified form, in all other textures. These three staminal principles

are capable of passing into, and combining with, each other. Further, they are transmutable into new principles under certain laws: thus the saccharine principle is readily convertible, as we have seen, into acid termed oxalic; or, under certain circumstances, into a modification of the oleaginous principle—alcohol. The consequence of the higher animal feeding on the lower is therefore that their food must consist of one or more of the above staminal principles. 'A diet, to be complete, must contain more or less of all the three.'—(p. 477.)

Dr. Prout was led to take this comprehensive view of the essence of aliment by reflecting that the only substance actually prepared by Nature herself for food, and for nothing else, is milk. In this, then, he thought we must expect to find a model of what a true alimentary substance should be—a sort of prototype or pattern of nutritive material; and accordingly the analysis of every known kind of milk discovers it to be a compound of the three staminal principles enumerated, in admixture of various proportions. Hence, then, we fairly come to this conclusion, that eat what we may, we but consume the 'saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous principles'; and that the art of cookery, however it may impose on the palate in disguising or in varying them, does not long delude the archæus presiding over the digestive functions.

The contrast presented between the poetical and the philosophical description of a banquet is a psychological curiosity:—

'In ample space, under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour: beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed: all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, or shell, or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus and Lærine Bay, and Afric coast.
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,
With fruits and flowers from Amalthæa's horn;
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.*'

Alas! this exquisite variety of sensuous impression—this quintessence of the ma-

terial eliminated by poetical alchemy—is, by a process scarcely less subtle, crystallised into three staminal principles! Hear Dr. Prout—

‘With regard to the nature and the choice of aliments, and the modes of their culinary preparation, it follows from the observations we have offered, that, under similar circumstances, those articles of food which are the least organized must be the most difficult to be assimilated, consequently that the assimilation of crystallized, or very pure substances, must be more difficult than the assimilation of any others. Thus, pure sugar, pure alcohol, and pure oil, are much less easy to be assimilated than substances purely amylaceous; or than that peculiar condition or mixture of alcohol existing in natural wines, or than butter. In these forms, the assimilation of the saccharine and the oleaginous principles is comparatively easy. Of all crystallized matters, pure sugar is perhaps the most easily assimilated; but every one is taught by experience, that much less can be eaten of articles composed of sugar than of those composed of amylaceous matters. In some forms of dyspepsia, the effect of pure sugar is most pernicious, perhaps fully as pernicious as that of pure alcohol.

‘Nature has not furnished either pure sugar or pure starch; and these substances are always the results of artificial processes more or less elaborate, in which, as in many of the processes of cookery, man has been over-officious, and has studied the gratification of his palate rather than followed the dictates of his reason. In many dyspeptic individuals, the assimilating and preservative powers of the system are already so much weakened as to be unable to resist the crystallisation of a portion of their fluids. Thus in gouty invalids, how often do we see chalk-stones formed in every joint? Now, with so little control over their own fluids, how can they reasonably hope to assimilate extraneous crystallisations? If, therefore, such an invalid, on sitting down to a luxurious modern banquet, composed of sugar, and oil, and albumen, in every state and combination, except those best adapted for food, would pause a moment, and ask himself the question, “Is this debilitated and troublesome stomach of mine endowed with the alchemy requisite for the conversion of all these things into wholesome flesh and blood?” he would probably adopt a simpler repast, and would thus save himself from much uneasiness. The truth is, that many of the elaborate dishes of our ingenious continental neighbours are scarcely nutritious, or designed to be so. They are mere vehicles for different stimuli—different ways, in short, of gratifying that low animal propensity by which so many are urged to the use of ardent spirits, or of various narcotics. In one respect, indeed—namely, that of reducing to a state of pulp those refractory substances which we have before mentioned—the culinary processes of our neighbours are much superior to ours; but in nearly every other respect, and most of all in the general use of pure sugar and pure oil, their cookery is eminently injurious to all persons who have weak digestion. On the other hand, in this country, we do not in general pay sufficient attention to the reducing processes of the culinary art. Everything is firm and crude; and though the mode of preparation be less captivating, the quantity of indigestible aliment is quite as great in our culinary productions as in those of France.

‘Providence has gifted man with reason; to his reason, therefore, is left the choice of food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals. It thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to that object; to shun excess in quantity, and

what is noxious in quality; to adhere, in short, to the simple and the natural, among which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection, and beyond which, if he deviates, sooner or later he will suffer the penalty.’—*Prout*, pp. 507–510.

Nevertheless, it would be a sad blunder to suppose that variety is unwholesome; and that any, or all, of the staminal principles, in their concentrated form, ought to be the daily food of man. So far from this, it is proved, beyond a doubt, that nothing can be more pernicious than highly nutritious matters compressed in a small bulk. Majendie fed dogs on broths, sugar, or gum; they at first thrived, but soon perished. Dr. Paris observes, that the Kamtschadales, in order to make their fish-oil digestible, mix it into a paste with sawdust. Dr. Stark’s experiments on himself, coarse as they are, prove—if they prove anything—how soon a diet of an unmixed kind, or of a highly nutritious nature, will put an end to ‘a person six feet high, twenty-eight years old,’ previously in perfect health; for, in the short space of seven months, he appears to have brought on a scorbutic state of blood, and ulceration of the bowels.

The stomach requires, therefore, the stimulus of variety, though not a variety of stimulants—a certain dilution, if we may so express ourselves, of concentrated nourishment, and great care in what Dr. Holland has termed the manner of taking food, viz., in duly masticating it. Beaumont saw the stomach close on the bole of food as each mouthful descended, and about fifty to eighty seconds elapsed before it relaxed its hold to admit a second portion. At least this time, then, should be given to the due breaking up of the food to fit it for infiltration by the gastric juice. Beaumont seems to despise, however, Dr. Paris’s dictum, ‘that insalivation is as essential as mastication,’ fortifying his dissent by facts, of which he, of course, must have had ample experience:—

‘I have known,’ he says, ‘many persons spit freely and constantly, whose appetites and digestions were perfect. They who smoke tobacco are constantly discharging large quantities of saliva, and yet I am not aware that dyspepsia is more common with them than with others.’

We now present Dr. Beaumont’s elaborate table of digestibility; premising, however, that wholesomeness of any article of food has a double reference, first to the thing itself, and secondly to the person; and that the latter is influenced by a hundred causes—by weather, by passion, by intemperance, by exhaustion,—&c. &c.

Table showing the Mean Time of Digestion of the different articles of Diet.

Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion.		Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion.	
		H.	M.			H.	M.
Rice	Boiled	1		Pork, recently salted	Stewed	3	
Sago	Do.	1	45	Mutton, fresh . . .	Roasted	3	15
Tapioca	Do.	2		Do. do.	Boiled	3	
Barley	Do.	2		Do. do.	Boiled	3	
Milk	Do.	2		Veal, do.	Boiled	4	
Ditto	Raw	2	15	Do. do.	Fried	4	30
Gelatin	Boiled	2	30	Fowls, domestic . . .	Boiled	4	
Pig's feet, soured . .	Do.	1		Do. do.	Roasted	4	
Tripe, soured	Do.	1		Ducks, do.	Do.	4	
Brains	Do.	1	45	Do. wild	Do.	4	30
Venison steak	Boiled	1	35	Suet, beef, fresh . . .	Boiled	5	3
Spinal marrow	Boiled	2	40	Do. mutton	Do.	4	30
Turkey, domestic . . .	Roasted	2	30	Butter	Melted	3	30
Do. do.	Boiled	2	25	Cheese, old, strong . .	Raw	3	30
Turkey, wild	Roasted	2	18	Soup, beef, vegeta-			
Goose	Do.	2	30	bles, and bread . . .	Boiled	4	
Pig, sucking	Do.	2	30	Soup, marrow bones	Do.	4	15
Liver, beef's, fresh . .	Boiled	2		Do. beans	Do.	3	
Lamb, fresh	Boiled	2	30	Do. barley	Boiled	1	30
Chicken, full grown . .	Fricassee	2	45	Do. mutton	Do.	3	30
Eggs, fresh	Hard boiled	3	30	Green corn and beans	Do.	3	45
Do. do.	Soft do.	3		Chicken soup	Do.	3	
Do. do.	Fried	3	30	Oyster soup	Do.	3	30
Do. do.	Roasted	2	15	Hash, meat and vege-			
Do. do.	Raw			tables	Warmed	2	30
Do. whipped	Do.	1	30	Sausage, fresh	Boiled	3	20
Custard	Baked	2	45	Heart, animal	Fried	4	
Codfish, cured, dry . .	Boiled	2		Tendon	Boiled	5	30
Trout, Salmon, fresh .	Do.	1	30	Cartilago	Do.	4	15
Do. do.	Fried	1	30	Aponeurosis	Do.	3	
Bass, striped, fresh . .	Boiled	3		Beans, pod	Do.	2	30
Flounder, do.	Fried	3	30	Bread, wheaten, fresh	Baked	3	30
Catfish, do.	Do.	3	30	Do. corn	Do.	3	15
Salmon, salted	Boiled	4		Cake, do.	Do.	3	
Oysters, fresh	Raw	2	55	Do. sponge	Do.	2	30
Do. do.	Roasted	3	15	Dumpling, apple . . .	Boiled	3	
Do. do.	Stewed	3	30	Apples, sour and hard	Raw	2	50
Beef, fresh, lean, rare	Roasted	3		Do. do. mellow	Do.	2	
Do. do. dry	Do.	3	30	Do. sweet do.	Do.	1	30
Do. steak	Boiled	3		Parmsips	Boiled	2	30
Do. with salt only . . .	Boiled	2	45	Carrot, orange	Do.	3	15
Do. with mustard, &c. .	Do.	3	30	Beet	Do.	3	45
Do. fresh, lean	Fried	4		Turnips, flat	Do.	3	30
Do. old, hard, salted . .	Boiled	4	15	Potatoes, Irish	Do.	3	30
Pork, steak	Boiled	3	15	Do. do.	Roasted	2	30
Pork, fat and lean . . .	Roasted	5	15	Do. do.	Baked	2	30
Do. recently salted . . .	Boiled	4	30	Cabbage, head	Raw	2	30
Do. do.	Fried	4	15	Do. with vinegar . . .	Do.	2	
Do. do.	Boiled	3	15	Do. do.	Boiled	4	30
Do. do.	Raw	3					

The American physician draws from these details fifty-one 'inferences,' some of which we have anticipated, and others are not exactly suited to this place. Among the most important are these :—

'That stimulating condiments are injurious to the healthy stomach.

'That the use of ardent spirits always produces disease of the stomach, if persevered in.

'That the quantity of food generally taken is more than the wants of the system require ; and that such excess, if persevered in, generally pro-

duces not only functional aberration, but disease of the coats of the stomach.

'That bulk as well as nutriment is necessary to the articles of diet.

'That the digestibility of aliment does not depend upon the quantity of nutrient principles that it contains.

'That gentle exercise facilitates the digestion of food.

'That the time required for that purpose is various, depending upon the quantity and quality of the food, state of the stomach, &c. ; but that the time ordinarily required for the disposal of a moderate meal of the fibrous parts of meat, with

bread, &c., is from three to three and a half hours.
—*Observations, &c.* p. 173.

The reader will now appreciate the third rule of Dr. Holland, thus clearly and elegantly illustrated :—

‘ There should be no sudden or urgent exertion soon after a full meal, nor immediately before it ; for the same general reason applies to both cases. The stomach requires (as does every organ) for its appropriate function a sufficient supply of nervous power whencesoever derived, and a proportionate increase of blood in its circulation, to minister to the actions of which digestion is the result. It may be a physiological fact that these two conditions are identical, or that one involves the other. But whether so or not, it is equally certain that both the nervous power, and the blood needful to digestion, are diminished and disturbed by strong exercise immediately before or after a meal ; and this, independently of the effects of mechanical agitation in the latter case, which is no doubt often concerned in disturbing the process. The proofs of these facts are furnished by constant experience, and are familiar to us amongst other animals ; yet is attention not sufficiently given to them either in the habitual directions of physicians, or in the rules which men apply themselves to the management of their diet. Hard exercise and fatigue are often understood as a sanction for immediate and ample food, without regard to the expenditure of power that has taken place, or to the direction which the circulation has got towards the muscles and capillaries of the skin. Those who are exposed to the necessity of long and fatiguing journeys speedily learn the error of this. But experience of such kind is generally needed to teach it ; nor is this always sufficient against the force of early impressions and the faulty habits of society.’—*Notes, &c.*, pp. 349-351.

We wish we could enter more largely into the value and use of exercise for the feeble of all ages, or could trace out the great benefits which a judicious training of the muscular system has, not only on general health, but on the brain and nervous system. It is not to the games and gambols of childhood, but to gymnastics as a regimen that we allude ; the object of which is to bring out the defective portions to a level with the symmetry of other parts. A narrow chest is soon expanded, and, with the increased play for the lungs thus acquired, a more efficient vitalisation of the blood is produced, which speedily tells both on the bulk and the energy of the higher organs. This kind of exercise requires, however, judgment both as to the when and the how far it should be used, and cannot be confided to the ordinary professors of fencing and gymnastics. To one, however, M. Hamon, of Jermyn Street, we make an exception. The series of safe and judicious exercises introduced by that gentleman have, we know, been of great utility to weakly children, and even to sedentary dyspeptics of all ages.

Our limits do not permit our discussing the regimen fittest for the various stages of life ; we must specially refer the reader, however, to Dr. Holland’s chapter ‘ On the Medical Treatment of Old Age.’ We are compelled also to avoid all but the slightest comment on the regulation of Dr. Caldwell’s two divisions of man—the fat and the lean. The *juste milieu*, it is confessed, being the most difficult of all points to hit—we fear, nay, we know, that few troubled with obesity will do anything to disencumber themselves of the load, although we would greatly relax for their sakes Abernethy’s stoical cure of ‘ living on sixpence a-day and earning it.’ Of the three essentials, moderation in eating, moderation in sleeping, and vigorous exercise, rarely more than two are ever complied with. In vain are sundry ‘ stout gentlemen’ seen steaming round the parks on a summer’s morning, qualifying themselves by thus casting off the fumes of the *hesterna cœna* for a repetition of the excess to-day. All that can possibly be gained by this deceptive toil is a few years respite from the ills that *flesh* is heir to—the apoplexies, wheezing, asthma, dropsies, and ulcerated leg ; while that darling aspiration of middle-aged, middle-sized Conservatives, who have turned twelve stone, of limiting the figure within the seemly lines of the majestic, must be *ex cathedra* pronounced chimerical.

Men who have a constitutional tendency to obesity, and are tied to a sedentary profession, should exercise stern watch over appetite and sleep. They should learn by observation and meditation what substances create bulk ; and should shun all which are highly oleaginous, or saccharine, or farinaceous, but especially such as unite these three conditions. It is not easy to fatten the carnivora even in captivity, nor even herbivorous animals, unless they are nourished by oil-cake, or other mixture of farina and oil. Excess, therefore, in all farinaceous substances—bread, potato, pastry of all kinds, and puddings, which unite the oily egg with sugar and farina, are to be most sedulously shunned. Beer too, which, as to its incassating powers, must be looked on as a liquid farina, should be banished. All rich thick soups and *purées*, and many other compounds, are to be excluded by those who are penetrated with the importance of the anti-obesic principles laid down. With all these omissions, enough and more

will be left in the animal and vegetable kingdom, to satisfy even a luxurious palate. While we throw out these hints, we at the same time warn those who will listen to them not to tamper with such an instrument of health and disease as is diet, without the sanction of some better opinion than their own. It will be sufficient to state, that as obesity clings to two opposite kinds of constitution, the weak and the sluggish, and the robust and plethoric, so two opposite modes of treatment are required, and of either of these the patient himself is no judge. We believe that many states of ill health are induced by the selection of, and a forced adherence to, certain kinds of diet. Every habit of the body has attached to it peculiar maladies; and it is a question the uninitiated cannot resolve, whether the tendencies they would counteract on their own theories by their new regimen are indeed worse than those they may superinduce.

Fashion has interfered in many cases with the doctrines as to the preservation of health, and Dr. Holland has done wisely in selecting some of these for animadversion:

'Of late years, for example, this fashion has directed itself against vegetable food—an erroneous prejudice in many, perhaps in the majority of cases. Allowing, what is partly proved, that vegetable matters are carried indigested to a lower part of the alimentary canal than animal food, and admitting that more flatulence is usually produced from them, it still is the fact that a feeble digestion suffers no less, though it may be in different ways, from an exclusively animal diet. Morbid products are alike evolved; and some of these affecting not only the alimentary canal, but disturbing other organs and functions through changes produced in the blood.

'I know the case of a gentleman, having the calculous diathesis strongly marked, in whom animal food, taken for three or four days, even in moderate quantity, invariably brings on discharge of lithic acid, as sand or gravel: suspended upon return to vegetable diet. This is a particular instance; but experience in gouty cases furnishes frequent and striking notices of the same general fact; thus indicating a large class of disorders, having much kindred with dyspepsia, in which excess in animal food rapidly becomes a source of mischief not merely by overloading the alimentary canal, but by introducing morbid matters into the system at large. A persevering abstinence from any such excess may be reckoned among the most effectual preventives of gout in all its forms.

'The rule of health being obviously that of blending the two kinds of food, I believe the exception more frequently required to be that of limiting the animal part in proportion to the other. The fashion of the day sets it down otherwise; and this is one of the subjects where loose or partial opinions easily get the force of precepts with the world at large.'—p. 353.

It is especially with regard to gout that these observations are of weight; and we may once more say, that the author's separate Chapter on 'Gout and the Use of Colchicum,' is of very high value. Indeed we do not know any treatise in which so enlarged a view of this important subject has been taken. The reader will gather from its perusal what every practical physician well knows, that gout is not a local, but a general or constitutional malady; that the external swelling and redness are but the outworks of a disease pervading the blood, and often giving, during a life-time, a peculiar character to the habits, feelings, and ailments of those whom it affects: thus many forms of dyspepsia are simply gout; many disorders of the chest also are derivatives of gouty irritation; and not a few asthmas and diseases of the heart, bleedings from the lungs, &c. &c., are better treated by attention to the general than to the local state.

Dr. Holland has some excellent observations as to the use and abuse of wine (pp. 358, &c.). He concurs in the maxim of Celsus, so far as wine is concerned, that intemperance in eating is generally more noxious than excess in drinking.* He seems to lean to the opinion that the immediate symptoms of excess in wine are excitement of the brain, or a tendency to somnolence and stupor, according as in particular frames the action of the *renes* is or is not quickened by the indulgence. He appears to treat as of no significance the results of all attempts to classify different wines in a sanatory point of view, and hints at the self-delusion of *bon vivants* who think that by abstaining from a glass or two of champagne they purchase a right to an extra bottle of sherry or claret. We advise all wine-bibbers on whatever scale to meditate on his various statements and reflections, and last, not least, this parting prescription:—

'It is the part of every wise man, once at least in life, to make trial of the effects of leaving off wine altogether, and this even without the suggestion of actual malady. The point is one of interest enough in the economy of health to call for such an experiment; and the results can seldom be so wholly negative as to render it a fruitless one. To obtain them fairly, however, the abandonment must be complete for a time; a measure of no risk, even where the change is greatest; and illustrating, moreover, other points of temperament and particular function, which it is important to every man to know, for the right guidance of his habits of life.'

* 'Sæpe, si quâ intemperantia subest, tutius est in potione quam in esca.'

ART. II.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe, &c.* By Henry Hallam, Esq. Vols. ii. iii. iv. London, 1839.

MR. HALLAM has completed his work with the same industry, the same solid and masculine good sense, which distinguished his first volume. There is an obvious objection to the successful execution of such an undertaking as a general and comprehensive view of literature, during two or three of its most fertile centuries, by a single writer; that it would have been better to have left each department of science and letters to some individual who has made it his especial study. This, however, is met, we conceive, and counterbalanced, by some important advantages. Unless we are prepared to encounter the utmost length and minuteness, to which the ardent and exclusive votary might be disposed to follow out his own science or branch of literature, there must at last have been some supreme and dictatorial power to compress the whole into a limited space—to retrench, to re-cast, to re-model, to decide summarily on the jealousies and conflicting claims of each contributor, as to the importance of his favourite subject; to proscribe the invasion of a neighbouring province; and above all, to trace the mutual relation which the various branches of intellectual study bear to each other. On this plan we might have had several useful works, with some sort of mutual connection; but we should have had no whole, no general and harmonious summary of the proceedings of the human intellect during a definite period. The example of the *Bridge-water Treatises* is not without significance. Though we might be disinclined to submit the volumes of Whewell or Buckland to the supremacy of some one perhaps far less profoundly versed in astronomy or geology; though the more minute and subtle investigations of Roget might lose much, both of interest and usefulness, by compression or retrenchment; yet who, on surveying the long array of volumes on this high and solemn, yet after all simple, argument, does not wish that some strong and masterly hand had been employed to mould them into one great '*Natural Theology*,' with a separate chapter, by Mr. Babbage's liberal permission, for the ninth? So in the literary history of these centuries, if we should gain in fulness and in authority by this division of literary labour, there

is much, on the other hand, in its unity and coherence—in its being woven, as it were, in one woof, or cast in one mould, by the finest and most complicated piece of mechanism which nature, or rather the God of Nature, has wrought in his omnific bounty,—a commanding and comprehensive understanding.

Mr. Hallam, like Kehama, treads with firm step and secure footing at once his various paths of literature; and it is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this work, that the most elaborate, and, as we are of opinion, most successful passages, treat about writers on such various subjects, and of such different character. We would instance the view of the philosophy of Descartes, of Spinoza, and of Hobbes, and in general the progress of metaphysical inquiry; as contrasted with the unaffected originality and acuteness of some of the observations on what might be considered the exhausted merits of Shakspeare and Cervantes.

While we survey, in Mr. Hallam's pages, the literary history of a period, so long, so prolific, and so various, we cannot but yield to the temptation of inquiring whether we can trace any primary and simple laws of the intellectual development of man; whether there are any conditions of our religious, political, or social being peculiarly favourable, or strikingly adverse, to letters in general, or to any particular branch of letters; under what circumstances the imagination pours forth her richest treasures, or severe reason unfolds the mysteries of the external world, and of the human mind; where poetry is best quickened into life, or oratory endowed with the power of agitating the soul; where history registers, in undying language, the acts of men and the events of the world; where political science sheds its brightest light on human affairs, or philosophy either stoops to our practical duties, or soars to the first principles of things; or even where religion, or religious literature, exalts and purifies the heart, while it disdains not the alliance of man's highest reason. In a word, is there any uniformity or regularity in the progress of mental improvement?—or do great intellects break out casually, and, if we may so say, accidentally triumph, by the force of genius and intellectual energy, over all impediments and difficulties, and force an unprepared and uncongenial age to their acceptance, and to admiration?

At first sight, on these points, all is perplexity, confusion and contradiction. Dante is born amid the fierce conflicts and the civil animosities of the free Italian republics; Ariosto and Tasso flourish at the courts of petty princes, or under the magnificent despotism of the Papacy during that glorious age of art and letters. The Reformation appears either to exhaust or to blast the intellect of Germany to barrenness, or at least to extinguish her vernacular literature—(from Luther's Bible to Lessing and Herder there is little more than a dull blank),—while it seems to summon into life our Elizabethan poets and philosophers—our Spensers, Shakspeares, Hookers, Bacons. The revival of Roman Catholicism is almost contemporaneous, and no doubt part of the inspiration of the splendid, though brief period of Spanish literature, the age of Lope, Cervantes, and Calderon: it produced its vivifying effects on Italy; but southern Germany remained lifeless and unawakened. Free institutions have in general fostered the noblest products of the mind: but for her more perfect prose and her best poetry, France must yet look back to the gorgeous days of the court of Louis XIV., to Bossuet, Pascal, Corneille, and Racine. While the literature of some countries springs up at once to full height and stature—a Minerva from the head of Jove—in others it is slowly and progressively matured; while in some hands it seems to exhaust all its creative energies in one brilliant summer, in others it has a succession of productive seasons, and its prolific power seems to increase with the richness of its produce. One language seems destined to succeed in one branch of intellectual study: its poetical style, for instance, is perfect—while it never, or rarely, attains to eloquent or harmonious prose: in another, the higher poetry seems to want congenial words to express its thoughts. Here letters, arts, and philosophy seem to prosper from the concentration, as it were, of the nation in one large capital; there by its diffusion among a number of smaller and rival cities.

All this is unquestionable; and it may be safely assumed, that no age, no combination of political or social circumstances, no particular state of the human mind, will, of itself, call forth a great poet or a great philosopher. True genius springs up we know not from what quarter, what station, what parentage;

it is heaven's lightning, which shines from the east to the west, yet no one knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth. In Tasso it may be considered (but how rare is this,) in some degree an hereditary appanage. Torquato may be considered as cradled in poetry, by the example of his father Bernardo, who, however, did not much encourage the child that was so completely to eclipse his own name. It suddenly breaks out in one of a parcel of deer-stealing youths, of undistinguished name and parentage, in a rural county in England: it seizes on Burns at his plough. Philosophy emerges from the cell of a monk—descends from the woolsack of Great Britain—visits with its subtlest, if not its soundest, spirit of inquiry, the humble dwelling of a Jew of Amsterdam—or works itself into fame and usefulness, from the cottage of a poor artisan. Yet it is remarkable how admirably timed almost every great writer appears to be; the man is born who is wanted for his age; in general, exactly the circumstances congenial to his peculiar genius conspire to develop his powers. Had Shakspeare been born before the stage had taken its form under Elizabeth, what would he have been? If Roger Bacon, or even the Marquess of Worcester, had been reserved for a later period, might they not have contributed most effectively and usefully to the advancement of science—have vied with the Newtons, Cuviers, or Watts?

There can be no doubt that there are many premature births in the mental world; and Gray is not far wrong when he thinks that many mute inglorious Miltons may have been buried in village obscurity. Nature, no doubt, in her boundless and untraceable prodigality, allows much of her noblest creation—the inventive and intelligent mind of man—to run to waste. The whole analogy of created things indicates this. The most powerful intellect, just as it arrives at maturity, sinks into the grave; and the baffled hopes of those who have watched the precocious promise of genius and wisdom are surely not always fond illusions. But it should seem, on the other hand, that, if we may so speak, there is always a vast floating capital of invention and intellect, which only requires to be directed into the proper channels to multiply a hundred fold. Great occasions seem always to call forth great minds; and that great mind which is best adapted to the neces-

sities and to the character of the age springs at once to the first rank. Whenever any important question has arisen, some bold intellect has arisen to grapple with it; and it is this happy coincidence between the character and powers of the commanding mind, and the intellectual or social necessities of the time, which brings to maturity all the noblest and the sempiternal works of human genius. Here and there some solitary individual may be discovered,

‘Whose soul is like a star, and dwells apart,’

who is far in advance—an unintelligible mystery to his own times, but whose prophetic oracles are read with wonder and reverence by late posterity. But these exceptions prove rather than call in question the general law; and the fact, that they were perfectly obscure to their own generation, and are read not without difficulty, as is almost always the case, by later ages, shows that there has been still something wanting to their full and perfect development.

Nothing, perhaps (excepting of course the invention of printing), has so powerfully contributed to the richness of modern literature as the infinite variety, the constant vicissitudes in the political and social state of the different nations of Europe. In the literature of each land, as in a mirror, we behold these perpetual changes—the intervals of excitement and repose—of restless activity, and torpid stagnation—of vigorous exertion, and the lassitude of exhaustion—the succession of more imaginative or more severely-reasoning periods. As one nation, or one language, after maintaining the lead for a short time, drops behind in the glorious race, another starts to the front, sometimes springs far a-head of its wondering contemporaries, or, severely pressed by the emulation of others, hardly keeps its ground.

In general, we think it may be assumed, not indeed as an universal law, but as the usual course of things, that it is *after* the first violent impulse produced by the introduction of a new tone of opinion and sentiment; *after* a period of agitation and excitement, from a sudden or gradual change in the political or social state of the country, that the individual arises who, in poetry or prose, in imaginative excellence or in philosophy, becomes the organ and the representative of the new state of things. There is a scattering of

the clouds, a stirring of the stagnant waters, a manifest yearning after something undefined; many unsuccessful efforts to satisfy the cravings of the human mind; failures which show the way to success, imperfect outlines and rude designs, the pangs and throes of a great but yet immature birth. At length, the individual appears who comprehends at once his own power and the character of his times, or at least intuitively feels himself in harmony with the demands of the stirring and yet dissatisfied age; and in one great work, or series of works, concentrates the invention, the knowledge, the poetry, sometimes not of one nation alone, but of the republic of letters. He feels his divine mission, and his mission is acknowledged.

At the period at which Mr. Hallam's second volume commences, the latter half of the sixteenth century, the strong and governing impulses of the European intellect were the yet imperfect, or at least far from general, revival of classical learning, the Reformation, and the vigorous reaction of Roman Catholicism in southern Europe. Italy was the acknowledged parent both of the poetry and the general literature of Christendom; Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto, stood almost alone as the vernacular poets of Europe—the Nibelungen of the Germans, and the Cid of Spain, belonged to a passed age, and our own Chaucer, with all his inimitable humour, invention, and sweetness, was fettered in his influence by the yet rude and imperfect state of the English language). In the revival of letters, Italy had asserted the same priority, if not pre-eminence, with her Ficinus, Politian, and other well-known names. But in this latter department, the more polished, and gradually servilizing Italy began to shrink from her bold Platonic reveries, and that ardent homage to classical literature, which for a short period was her religion, and, in fact, set itself above her Christianity; she began to stoop to the cultivation of mere style, to limit her timid ambition to purity of diction, and harmony of Latin period. In the mean time, the more masculine and independent transalpine mind followed up the study of the classics with unwearied industry. Even in Latin style, perhaps, after all, Muretus, and the other finished scholars of this period in Italy, never reached the ease and idiomatic, if perhaps less rigidly correct, flow of Erasmus; while, in the more solid attainments of scholarship, they fall far

below the Casaubons and Scaligers of northern Europe.

It is remarkable that, while thus in the vain cultivation of a pure Latin style, Italy was retiring from the foremost rank of European scholars, from the loss of her independence, the enforced submission to petty domestic or to mightier foreign tyrannies, the growth of her vernacular prose seemed stifled in its birth. Has it ever, even in later times, equalled the nerve, the preciseness, the perspicuity of Machiavelli? Excellent as are some of her historians in many of the highest qualifications of their calling—although we cannot read Davila, Guicciardini, or even, perhaps the best in style, Sarpi; in later days Giannone, and we are disposed to add Galluzzi, without the highest admiration of their powers—yet more or less the same interminable and intricate prolixity of sentence, the same want of vivid perspicuity, of ease, of natural pause and emphasis, the same elaborately unfinished and inharmonious periods, chill our delight in reading them into a duty and a task. Many of their admirable political and philosophical treatises labour under the same defect. Galileo stands almost alone, not merely in the matter, but in the manner of his composition. We should at once decide that political independence, with its constant practical intercourse of man and man, its collisions of intellect, and its absolute necessity of commanding the popular mind by clear, and intelligible, and striking language, was absolutely indispensable to the formation of a good prose style, if we were not suddenly arrested in our sentence by the thought of the great writers of France under Louis XIV. But, notwithstanding the enormous pedantry of her lawyers, and the utter want of taste in the more formal and elaborate writings of the period, we are inclined to think that the more terse and animated and perspicuous form of French prose was at least commenced in the previous time of political faction and tumult. Many of the pamphlets addressed to the people speak a rude perhaps, but popular, and therefore direct and intelligible style. Montaigne, no doubt, with his unwrought, yet lucid language, contributed greatly to this result. And, as we shall hereafter attempt to show, the concentration of France in the capital; the manners of the court, profound in nothing, but aspiring to be brilliant in everything; the pulpit, which to its kingly or aristocratical audience could not speak but in a pure and polish-

ed diction, accomplished that which in many other countries has not yet come to maturity, in our own has been formed no doubt by the concurrent influences of parliamentary speaking, the bar, and the periodical press.

But Italy had not completed her triumph, if we include Petrarch, her great quaternion of poets. Tasso was yet to fulfil his mission, and take his place in the highest constellation of modern poetic literature. We have just received a very pleasing and judicious essay by Ranke, the historian of the Popes, on the history of Italian poetry ('Zur Geschichte der Italienischen Poesie'), in which we rejoice to find a close coincidence with our own views of the influence which gave its peculiar form and character to the 'Jerusalem Delivered.' Though Mr. Hallam has not looked upon it quite from the same point of view, his general sentiment is to a great degree in accordance with our own and with that of Ranke.

'The Jerusalem,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'is the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times. It was justly observed by Voltaire, that in the choice of his subject Tasso is superior to Homer. Whatever interest tradition might have attached among the Greeks to the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector, was slight to those genuine recollections which were associated with the first crusade. It was not the theme of a single people, but of Europe; not a fluctuating tradition, but certain history; yet history so far remote from the poet's time, as to adapt itself to his purpose with almost the flexibility of fable. Nor could the subject have been chosen so well in another age or country; it was still the holy war, and the sympathies of his readers were easily excited for religious chivalry; but, in Italy, this was no longer an absorbing sentiment; and the stern tone of bigotry, which perhaps might still have been required from a Castilian poet, would have been dissonant amidst the soft notes that charmed the court of Ferrara.'—vol. ii. pp. 268, 269.

This great poem arose from the union of the dominant classical taste with the lingering love of romance or chivalry, blended, as it were, and harmonised by the strong religious feeling which had arisen out of the reviving Roman Catholicism. Tasso himself is the irrefragable authority for his own design of harmonising in one poem the nobler characteristics of the modern romance and the ancient epic; the richness and variety of the one, with the symmetry and unity of the other.

Mr. Hallam has not noticed (we think they deserve a place in the history of literature) either the prose works, or the very sweet and graceful minor poems of Tasso. In his prose writings, the author of the Jerusalem has himself explained

the philosophy of his poem. The tender and sensitive temperament of Tasso, which turned away in unconquerable repugnance from the study of the law, applied itself with the severest study to the principles of poetical criticism. An epic poet at the age of eighteen, his Rinaldo had already something of the union of chivalrous interest and adventure with a simpler fable. But in his discourse on heroic poetry, which M. Ranke assigns to the twenty-first year of his age (A.D. 1564),* Tasso developed the whole theory of his poetical design. After an eloquent description of the variety and unity of the world, he proceeds, 'So do I conceive that by an excellent poet, who is called *divine* for no reason but because he resembles in his work the Supreme Artificer, a poem might be formed, in which, as in a little world, might be read, here the array of armies; here battles by land and sea, sieges, skirmishes, single combats, joustings; here descriptions of famine and of drought, tempests, conflagrations, prodigies; there might be found the councils of celestial and infernal beings, seditions, wanderings, chances, enchantments; there deeds of cruelty, of daring, of courtesy, of generosity; there love-adventures, happy or unhappy, joyous or melancholy; yet, nevertheless, the poem which comprehends this variety might be one, one in form and spirit; and that all these things should be arranged in such a manner as to have a mutual relation and correspondence, a dependence either of necessity or of verisimilitude upon each other, so that one part either taken away, or changed in its position, would destroy the unity of the whole.' Throughout this discourse and the next, on the art of poetry, the two standing examples, to which Tasso appeals, are the Orlando of Ariosto and the Italia Liberata of Trissino; and he constantly argues that it is not the irregularity of the former, but its inexhaustible interest, its vivid delineation of character, its unfailing poetry, that forms its lasting and irresistible

charm—while the total failure of the other is attributable to the ill-chosen subject, the servile imitation of Homer, the want of life, originality, and truth, not to the more simple and classical construction of the fable.

The subject chosen by Tasso for his great poem, combined with singular felicity the truth of history with the richest fiction. It lay in a period in which history itself was romance; in which the wildest adventures of chivalry mingled with the vivid realities of life; its scene was placed in that marvellous East, independent of its sacred associations, so fertile in wonder—in which the imagination of Europe had long wandered—among the courts of gorgeous satraps and sultans—in battle-fields where the turbaned and misbelieving hosts swarmed in myriads—the realms of boundless wealth, of pride, of magic, of seductive beauty, and of valour which made its chieftains worthy antagonists of the noblest chivalry: above all, it was a war of religion, it was Christendom arrayed against Mohammedanism, the cross against the crescent, the worshipper of Christ against, as he was strangely called, the heathen and idolatrous Saracen. It was in this severe and solemn spirit, which the revival of Roman Catholicism had spread almost throughout Italy, that Tasso conceived and accomplished his poem. The age would no longer have endured, the strengthened Church would have sternly proscribed, had it not already been in possession of the popular mind, the free and mocking irony of Pulci—or even that from which it was too late to disenchant the enamoured ear, the gayer, more voluptuous Ariosto. It was, in fact, this earnest religious feeling which was the inspiration of Tasso, and working to excess upon his morbid and distempered spirit, darkened the noonday of his life with the deepest misery. Tasso had been educated in a school of the Jesuits, that order which was now in the first outbreak of its fervent piety and zealous intolerance. He had received the sacrament at nine years old, and though comprehending little of the mystic significance of that holy rite, his heart had been profoundly impressed by the majesty of the scene and of the place, the preparation, the visible emotion of the communicants, who stood around with deep suppressed murmurs, or beating their breasts with their hands. The hatred of unbelief and heresy, mingled up with all this deep religious senti-

* There appears to us some difficulty as to the date of the 'Discorso.' M. Ranke observes, that Tasso was the first productive genius who set out from a mature and perfect theory to its accomplishment in a great poem. Yet there are some expressions at the beginning of the 'Discorso' which appear to intimate that it was written after the poem had been begun. It was published much later, but Tasso asserts that he had made few additions to his original treatise:—'*Laquale io composi in pochi giorni—e molti anni prima che io ripigliassi il poema tralasciato nel terzo o nel quarto canto*' (Opere di Tasso, t. xii. p. 8, edit. 1823).

ment, found its free vent in a holy war against the infidels: while the exquisite tenderness of Tasso's own disposition, his amorous sensibilities, which—however we dismiss the tale of his passionate and fatal attachment to the royal Leonora *—breathe throughout his youthful sonnets and madrigals, constantly relieved the ferocity of barbarous war, and the terrors of diabolic enchantment, by gentle and pathetic touches. The Sophronia, the Erminia, the Gildippe, and even Clorinda in her last hours, are the creations of a mind sensitively awake to all that is pure, gentle, and exquisite in woman; even over Armida herself, before he parts with her, the tender spirit of Tasso cannot help throwing some pathetic interest. It is this earnest religious sentiment that appears to harmonise the wild incongruous materials, assembled by Tasso in his poem. No great poet, perhaps scarcely Virgil himself, has imitated so copiously as Tasso: M. Ranke has indicated the original of Armida in a continuation of the romance of Amadis. The classical reader is perpetually awakened to reminiscences of the whole cycle of the Latin poets; but it is all blended and fused together; it is become completely his own; his sustained style, of which almost the sole variation is from stately dignity to, sometimes perhaps, luscious, sweetness—in which the grandeur not seldom soars into pomp, the softness melts into conceit—nevertheless appropriate, as it were, and incorporates all these foreign thoughts, images, and sentiments.

That which was the inspiration of his poem, this high-wrought religious feeling, was fatal to his peace. It is clear that it was no hopeless passion, but a morbid dread of religious error, which is the key to his domestic tragedy. He was haunted with the consciousness that his mind was constantly dallying with unlawful thoughts and proscribed opinions. His terror, as was the natural consequence, deepened his doubts—his doubts aggravated his terror. The Jesuit vigilance, he was aware, was prying into the secrets of all hearts; the Inquisition was tracing the very thoughts, the unuttered, the reject-

ed, yet still present thoughts, to their inmost sanctuary. Self-convicted, he offered himself in his agony to their scrutiny; he subjected himself to their inquiries, and their solemn acquittal could alone give rest to his perturbed spirit. 'First,' as M. Ranke truly states the distressing case, 'he appeared voluntarily before the inquisitor at Bologna, who dismissed him with good advice. Soon after he presented himself before the inquisitor at Ferrara; he too gave him absolution. Yet even this did not content him. It appeared to him that the investigation had not been sufficiently searching, and that the absolution was not sufficiently full and authoritative: he wrote letters to the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome, to the great inquisitor himself, to obtain a more ample absolution. All this with the degrading sense of his servile and dependent state at the court of Ferrara, the consciousness of great powers and great poetic achievements, which seemed unrequited or unhonoured; the envy of his enemies, which appeared to justify his mistrust of all mankind; his ill-judged, if not ill-intentioned treatment by his royal patrons, who, while they were proud of the fame which he reflected on their court, at one moment seem to have pampered him with misdirected kindness, the next irritated him by contemptuous harshness—all this, embittering and exasperating the religious doubts which he would shake off, but which clung to him—overthrew at length the beautiful harmony of his soul; and seemed to call for that restraint which, if he was not already mad, must inevitably make him so.'

Mr. Hallam declines the personal history of Tasso as not belonging to his plan; we shall pursue it no farther than as thus inseparably connected with his great work. His poetic mind never recovered this fearful trial. In his more sober mood, he laid his desperate hands on his own immortal poem, which was happily already too deeply stamped on the hearts of the people; the music of its high-wrought stanzas was already on the lips of the peasant or the gondolier, where it is still heard; the poem had been far too widely disseminated to submit to the chilling process of reformation, to which he dedicated some unprofitable years. It is well for us that Tasso's youthful poetical sin (as he esteemed it) was irretrievable. It is curious to examine the cold and pedantic Giudizio, in which he establishes the principles on which he chilled down

* There is a *Saggio sugli Amori di Torquato Tasso, e sulle cause della sua Prigione*, by G. Rossini, in the recent Pisa edition of his works. It revives the theory of the passion for the Princess Eleanora: we have read it, we confess, without conviction, and with serious doubts of the authenticity of certain poems, which have recently appeared as from the pen of Tasso.

the bright and youthful Gerusalemme Liberta to the lifeless Gerusalemme Conquistata. All the romance has withered away; the variety, the grandeur, the tenderness, now find no responsive chord in his heart; the balance is destroyed; it drags down its heavy weight all on one side; the classical regularity and the historic truth of the fable, or the religious orthodoxy of the sentiments, are the exclusive points on which he dwells. He boasts that every one of the characters in the *Iliad* finds a parallel in his poem, and that almost all the incidents are counterparts of his great model. In all that relates to the Deity or the preterhuman world, it is his sole study to prove his rigid orthodoxy; he quotes the authority of St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and that strange work which exercised such unbounded influence on the imagination of the dark ages, and, attributed to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, became the indisputable authority with regard to the monarchy of heaven, the names, nature, and offices of all the hosts of the angels. If it could be read by any one familiar with the exquisite original, the 'Conquistata' would be the most melancholy book in any language. We must pass away, however, from this inexhaustible subject of interest.

One thing was now indispensable to the originality and independence of European letters. The classical taste which had reasserted its dominion had an insuperable tendency to degenerate into servile imitation of classical form, without regard to the primary principles of the noble and the beautiful, out of which those forms had arisen. The ecclesiastical spirit which was now embodied in the Jesuit system of education, while it seemed to enlarge, drew a more stern and impassable circle around the intellect of man. That which was wanting was the creation of a poetic and intellectually vigorous Teutonic literature. It has not been generally observed how completely the Reformation was a Teutonic movement; all the nations of Roman descent, or of which the Latin was the dominant element in the language, settled down under the Papal yoke. But though the renewed activity of the religious orders, especially the Jesuits, uniting with the unprincipled and sanguinary despotism of the government, won back southern Germany, the Austrian and Bavarian dominions, into allegiance to the see of Rome, almost all the rest of the Teutonic race remained

faithful to Protestantism under some of its forms; while all the nations whose languages sprung from the Latin, reverted at the end to the supremacy of the Pope. Germany, however, was doomed to a long period of anarchy and desolation, to be succeeded, it should seem, by the lassitude of exhaustion. First, the wars of the peasants, and then the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein on one side, and Gustavus Adolphus on the other, laid waste her suffering provinces; her few brief intervals of repose were almost as unfavourable, from many circumstances, for literary activity, at least for the formation of a native literature, as those of war and confusion. There was no central point, no capital to encourage, no concentration of men of letters, or of those political employments which lead to the development of letters. There was no one dialect completely dominant; and either as cause or consequence, no German writers in the proper sense. All her great men, her Leibnitzes, even down to Mosheim, wrote in Latin. Since the bible of Luther, there was no vigorous impulse to her copious, pliant, and, as it has since proved, both imaginative and philosophical vernacular language, till very modern days.

England, on the other hand, appeared under circumstances singularly favourable for this great intellectual movement. From the accession of Elizabeth to the civil wars, England enjoyed a period of unbroken internal peace; but this peace had nothing of the languor of exhaustion or the dreary repose of a tyrannic rule. The spent wave of the Reformation had left a strong and tumultuous swell. The land had burst her bonds, and rejoiced in the fresh and conscious strength of her emancipation. There was a splendid court under a female sovereign, which could not but retain something of a chivalrous and romantic tone. There was a nobility, enriched with the spoils of the monasteries, with its adventurous spirit kept sufficiently alive by the still menaced feuds of foreign war and of Spanish invasion; yet with much idle time, some of which, among those of high attainments, could not but betake itself to the cultivation and patronage of letters. There was a Church, which still retained some magnificence, and, though triumphant, was yet in too unsafe and unsettled a state to sink into the torpor of an ancient establishment; it was rather in constant agitation, on one side, from the restless spirit of the Roman Catholics, with all their

busy array of missionary priests and je-suits; on the other, against the brooding spirit of ecclesiastical democracy, among the Mar-prelates, the first religious ancestors of the puritans. There were the earliest efforts of our commerce; the wild and adventurous exploits of our Drakes and Frobishers in the Spanish Main; the El Dorado fictions of Raleigh. Throughout the whole moral, social, intellectual, and religious being of man, there was a strong excitement, an intense agitation, but nothing of the confusion of disorder, the desolation of internal war, the furious and absorbing collision of hostile factions. It was, if we may use the expression, the motion of a creative spirit on stirring chaos; there was quiet enough to allow that which sprung to life to develop itself to its full maturity; and throughout this whole period, England, as it gradually advanced to that height of internal prosperity described by Clarendon in the first splendid pages of his history, developed with still more rapid and unchecked growth her intellectual energy and riches. It was natural that where so many poetic elements mingled themselves with human life, the first impulse should throw itself off, as it were, in poetic creation. The classical movement, the admiration of the writers of Greece and Rome, was not unfelt in England, but it was kept in subordination to the native, the Teutonic, according to the language of modern criticism, the *romantic* character of the new poetry. The poets, either in their happy ignorance, or in their disdainful freedom, paid no attention to the forms and rules of antiquity. They acted on their own intuitive perception of the forms which were adapted to their own unshackled inventions. Their own sense of the noble, the moving, the beautiful, was their law: where they borrowed and naturalized, they were the fair shapes and lofty impersonations, the mythologic fables of paganism, which they mingled up with the Christian imagery of the middle ages, so that the Grecian polytheism assumed with them a romantic character, and even the ancient history of Greece and Rome retained something of the legendary tone with which it had been invested during the dark ages.

Spenser, allowing all proper honour to the author of part of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, was the first creative spirit of this new Teutonic poetry. Mr. Hallam has dwelt with a profound feeling for his beauty, yet with something of rigid dis-

crimination, of which we deny not the justice, on Spenser; in the first paragraph, which we extract, he has shown how strongly, even in the fanciful Spenser, the religious impressions of the age maintain their predominance.

'The first book of the *Faery Queen* is a complete poem, and, far from requiring any continuation, is rather injured by the useless re-appearance of its hero in the second. It is generally admitted to be the finest of the six. In no other is the allegory so clearly conceived by the poet, or so steadily preserved, yet with a disguise so delicate, that no one is offended by that servile setting forth of a moral meaning we frequently meet with in allegorical poems; and the reader has the gratification that good writing in works of fiction always produces, that of exercising his own ingenuity without perplexing it. That the red cross knight designates the militant Christian, whom Una, the true church, loves, whom Duessa, the type of popery, seduces, who is reduced almost to despair, but rescued by the intervention of Una, and the assistance of Faith, Hope, and Charity, is what no one feels any difficulty in acknowledging, but what every one may easily read the poem without perceiving or remembering. In an allegory conducted with such propriety, and concealed or revealed with so much art, there can surely be nothing to repel our taste; and those who read the first book of the *Faery Queen* without pleasure, must seek (what others perhaps will be at no loss to discover for them) a different cause for their indifference, than the tediousness or insipidity of allegorical poetry. Every canto of this book teems with the choicest beauties of imagination; he came to it in the freshness of his genius, which shines throughout with an uniformity it does not always afterwards maintain, unsullied by flattery, unobstructed by pedantry, and unquenched by languor.—vol. ii. p. 323, 324.

'It has been justly observed by a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others almost as invidious to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, that "no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser."* In Virgil and Tasso this was not less powerful; but even they, even the latter himself, do not hang with such a tenderness of delight, with such a forgetful delay, over the fair creations of their fancy. Spenser is not averse to images that jar on the mind by exciting horror or disgust, and sometimes his touches are rather too strong; but it is on love and beauty, on holiness and virtue, that he reposes with all the sympathy of his soul. The slowly sliding motion of his stanza, "with many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out," beautifully corresponds to the dreamy enchantment of his description, when Una, or Belphebe, or Florimel, or Amoret, are present to his mind. In this varied delineation of female perfection, no earlier poet had equaled him; nor, excepting Shakespeare, has he had, perhaps, any later rival.

Spenser is naturally compared with Ariosto. "Fierce wars and faithful loves did moralise the song" of both poets. But in the constitution of their minds, in the character of their poetry, they were almost the reverse of each other. The Italian

* Mr. Hallam alludes to a series of papers on Spenser in *'Blackwood's Magazine,'* evidently from the pen of Professor Wilson.

is gay, rapid, ardent; his pictures shift like the hues of heaven; even while diffuse, he seems to leave in an instant what he touches, and is prolix by the number, not the duration of his images. Spenser is habitually serious; his slow stanza seems to suit the temper of his genius; he loves to dwell on the sweetness and beauty which his fancy portrays. The ideal of chivalry, rather derived from its didactic theory, than from the precedents of romance, is always before him; his morality is pure and even stern, with nothing of the libertine tone of Ariosto. He worked with far worse tools than the bard of Ferrara, with a language not quite formed, and into which he rather injudiciously poured an unnecessary archaism, while the style of his contemporaries was undergoing a rapid change in the opposite direction. His stanza of nine lines is particularly inconvenient and languid in narration, where the Italian octave is sprightly and vigorous; though even this becomes ultimately monotonous by its regularity, a fault from which only the ancient hexameter and our blank verse are exempt.

Spenser may be justly said to excel Ariosto in originality of invention, in force and variety of character, in strength and vividness of conception, in depth of reflection, in fertility of imagination, and above all, in that exclusively poetical cast of feeling, which discerns in every thing what common minds do not perceive. In the construction and arrangement of their fable neither deserved much praise; but the siege of Paris gives the Orlando Furioso, spite of its perpetual shiftings of the scene, rather more unity in the reader's apprehension than belongs to the Faery Queen. Spenser is, no doubt, decidedly inferior in ease and liveliness of narration, as well as clearness and felicity of language. But, upon thus comparing the two poets, we have little reason to blush for our countryman. Yet the fame of Ariosto is spread through Europe, while Spenser is almost unknown out of England; and even in this age, when much of our literature is so widely diffused, I have not observed proofs of much acquaintance with him on the continent.—vol. ii. pp. 325—328.

But that part of Spenser's poetic mission to which we would chiefly direct the reader's attention is his development of the capacities of the English language. Conceding to Mr. Hallam all the faults of his diction, his affectation of archaisms, his feeble expletives, and his alliterations; admitting that the peculiar form and complicated construction of his stanza is not well adapted for poetic narrative, yet to Spenser we are indebted for the first display of the latent riches and harmony of our native tongue. Though there is something singularly, if we may so say, prematurely English in Chaucer's painting of manners; though in this respect no later poet, not even Crabbe, has been more true, native, or vernacular, yet his language, it cannot be denied, was rude and imperfect, hovering between a Saxon and a Norman pronunciation. The other native poets, the authors of 'Piers Ploughman,' and Skelton, might show something of its nervous and homely

power; but to unlock the hidden cells of its harmony, to show its infinite variety, picturesqueness, and flexibility, remained for the poet of the 'Faery Queen.' In all his fantastic prodigality of invention, Spenser is never restrained by the want of adequate language. His endless train of images array themselves instantaneously in varied and harmonious words; if his eye is sensitive to every form of beauty, so is his ear to every sound of music: the very difficulty and complexity of his stanza shows at once his unlimited command of poetic language, and that language falls at once, with rare instances of effort or artificial skill, into flowing and easy verse. His very faults seem to rise out of the wanton redundancy of power, rather than from the constraint of insufficient or inflexible diction. Whatever English poetic language may have gained in vigour, in perspicuity, or in precision, almost its earliest poet seems to have discovered and exhausted its fertility, its pliancy, and its melody.

Yet there might be some danger, lest, from the impulse of Spenser's exquisite fancy and music of diction, a peculiar and exclusive poetic dialect and tone of versification should be formed, as in Italy, which might refuse to approximate to real life, and to the common and familiar vocabulary of man. Lest this should be the case, lest poetry should cease to be popular, idiomatic, and vernacular, arose the Elizabethan drama. There appeared at once another form of this various art of poetry, which, however it might deal in bold and copious metaphor, and soar occasionally to the utmost height of invention, yet, as addressed to the general ear, must speak a language generally intelligible to the many. While Spenser, on the shores of Mulla, environed by a population which spoke another, and to his ears most barbarous and inharmonious language, far removed not merely from the capital, but from the shores of England, was, nevertheless, in this romantic seclusion, carrying the language to its height of perfection—Shakespeare and his brother dramatists, living with men of all ranks and degrees, from the Southamptons and Pembrokes, and the jovial crew at the Mitre, to the Clowns and the Dogberrys (too faithfully described not to have been drawn directly from real life,) set our poetic language free again, and made it the living and variable expression of human life. The diction of Shakespeare's juvenile poems was ima-

ginative, if we may so say, Spenserian; and in some of his earlier plays this over-fanciful, luscious, and unfamiliar tone is struggling, at it were, with the more vigorous vernacular of the comic and less poetic scenes: it is only in his later plays that he has those occasional passages of over-wrought metaphysical diction, which hardens into obscurity (on which Mr. Hallam animadverts with his usual fearless freedom, vol. iii. p. 577). It might almost seem that Shakespeare, astonished at his own wonderful success in embodying his conceptions in that language which started up unbidden to his lips, began to mistrust his own inexplicable facility, and to suppose that with strong effort he might attain even greater things. Shakespeare is never not great and happy except when he strives to be peculiarly so. But in his ordinary, in his happier vein, Shakespeare, independent of all his other unspeakable claims upon our admiration and gratitude, has that of showing that our language is not merely capable of supplying the retired and unworldly fancy of the poet, who stands aloof from common life, with an inexhaustible profusion of bright and harmonious words, but likewise of bringing poetry, as it were, into the busy stir of men, into courts and cities, into the agitated palaces of the great, and the humbler households of the poor; and in this respect, and in this alone, he is worthily followed, and almost rivalled, by his prolific school, by Fletcher, Massinger, and even some of the inferior dramatists. We should not do Mr. Hallam justice if we did not direct our readers' attention to some of his observations on Shakespeare, which appear to us both just and original. We must take for this purpose a desperate leap over more than half his third volume—an inconvenience, perhaps, inseparable from his arrangement of literary history into periods of half a century, but which interposes so long a space between the earlier and the latter plays of Shakespeare:—

‘If originality of invention did not so much stamp almost every play of Shakespeare that to name one as the most original seems a disparagement to others, we might say that this great prerogative of genius was exercised above all in Lear. It diverges more from the model of regular tragedy than Macbeth or Othello, and even more than Hamlet; but the fable is better constructed than in the last of these, and it displays full as much of the almost super-human inspiration of the poet as the other two. Lear himself is, perhaps, the most wonderful of dramatic conceptions, ideal to satisfy the most romantic imagination, yet idealised from

the reality of nature. In preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, he first abases him to the ground; it is not Oedipus, against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not Orestes, noble minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being, whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming in our eyes; nothing but what follows intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden, as in some tragedies, but in which the strings that keep his reasoning power together give way one after the other in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out, more profound than Lear in his prosperous hour could ever have conceived; in consequence, for such is the condition of madness, but in themselves fragments of coherent truth, the reason of an unreasonable mind.

‘Timon of Athens is cast, as it were, in the same mould as Lear; it is the same essential character, the same generosity, more from wanton ostentation than love of others, the same fierce rage under the smart of ingratitude, the same rousing up, in that tempest, of powers that had slumbered unsuspected in some deep recess of the soul; for had Timon or Lear known that philosophy of human nature in their calmer moments which fury brought forth, they would never have had such terrible occasion to display it. The thoughtless confidence of Lear in his children has something in it far more touching than the self-beggary of Timon; though both one and the other have prototypes enough in real life. And as we give the old king more of our pity, so a more intense abhorrence accompanies his daughters and the worse characters of that drama than we spare for the miserable sycophants of the Athenian. Their thanklessness is anticipated, and springs from the very nature of their calling; it verges on the beaten road of comedy. In this play there is neither a female personage, except two courtezans, who hardly speak, nor any prominent character (the honest steward is not such), redeemed by virtue enough to be estimable; for the cynic Apemantus is but a cynic, and ill replaces the noble Kent of the other drama. The fable, if fable it can be called, is so extraordinarily deficient in action, a fault of which Shakespeare is not guilty in any other instance, that we may wonder a little how he should have seen in the single delineation of Timon a counterbalance for the manifold objections to the subject. But there seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours mispent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worse nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jacques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances;

it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In *Lear* it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in *Timon* it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: As you Like It being usually referred to 1600, *Hamlet*, in its altered form, to about 1602, *Timon* to the same year, *Measure for Measure* to 1603, and *Lear* to 1604. In the later plays of Shakespeare, especially in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages. *Timon* is less read and less pleasing than the great majority of Shakespeare's plays; but it abounds with signs of his genius. Schlegel observes that of all his works it is that which has most satire; comic in representation of the parasites, indignant and Juvenalian in the burst of *Timon* himself.—vol. iii. pp. 566-569.

We are inclined to add these observations on *Coriolanus*. 'This fault' (that of too close an adherence to history, or rather, perhaps, to Plutarch, which may be observed in *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*)—

'is by no means discerned in the third Roman tragedy of Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*. He luckily found an intrinsic historical unity which he could not have destroyed, and which his magnificent delineation of the chief personage has thoroughly maintained. *Coriolanus* himself has the grandeur of sculpture; his proportions are colossal, nor would less than this transcendent superiority by which he towers over his fellow-citizens warrant, or seem for the moment to warrant, his haughtiness and their pusillanimity. The surprising judgment of Shakespeare is visible in this. A dramatist of the second class, a Corneille, a Schiller, or an Alfieri, would not have lost the occasion of representing the plebeian form of courage and patriotism: A tribune would have been made to utter noble speeches, and some critics would have extolled the balance and contrast of the antagonist principles. And this might have degenerated into the general saws of ethics and politics which philosophical tragedians love to pour forth. But Shakespeare instinctively perceived that to render the arrogance of *Coriolanus* endurable to the spectator, or dramatically probable, he must abase the plebeians to a contemptible populace. The sacrifice of historic truth is often necessary for the truth of poetry. The citizens of early Rome, "*rusticorum mascula militum proles*," are indeed calumniated in his scenes; and might almost pass for burghesses of Stratford; but the unity of emotion is not dissipated by contradictory energies. *Coriolanus* is less rich in poetical style than the other two, but the comic parts are full of humour. In these three tragedies it is manifest that Roman character, and still more Roman manners, are not exhibited with the precision of a scholar; yet there is something that distinguishes them from the rest, something of a grandiosity in the sentiments and language, which shows us that Shakespeare had not read that history without entering into its spirit."—vol. iii. pp. 572, 573.

But it was not only the imagination of man, the creative poetic faculty, which was thus set free, and, during this period, if we may so say, of quiescent agitation,

of general mental excitement, yet of civil repose, spoke to the awakened passions and stirring thoughts of men;—in England was first formed a vigorous and comprehensive Teutonic literature in prose. The first active and violent conflicts of the Reformation could scarcely perhaps be considered a literary strife; as far as it was promoted or retarded by published writings, it was a war of religious pamphlets, none of which can be adduced as a model of good English. However striking and pithy as are some of the rude and homely sentences of Latimer; however some of the earlier documents of the church—the first set of homilies—are plain, perspicuous, and masculine in their diction, yet till the latter half of Elizabeth's reign we cannot date the development of anything like good English prose. There is one writer whom Mr. Hallam does not notice in this character, who, we think, deserves some mention,—Father Parsons, the Jesuit, whose religious, even more than his political writings, as to style, might find a place in a history of literature. Both Hooker and Bacon, as far as the latter ventured to deviate from the established usage of publishing philosophic disquisitions in Latin, were, in some degree, what Spenser and Shakespeare were to Teutonic poetry. The '*Ecclesiastical Polity*' was the first great work which showed the depth, the fulness, the precision, to a certain point, the harmony of English prose composition. The nature of its subject, nevertheless, confined it to a peculiar and theological dialect, almost at times swelling out into poetry; and it was on the whole too solemn, as it were, for the practical and every-day business of life. The language of Bacon, particularly in his *Essays*, instinct as it is with imagery, delighting, and at times perplexing, the reader with the happiest and sometimes with remote and whimsical analogies, approaches more nearly to that of ordinary persons: it has still, even on the highest subjects, more of the tone of the man of the world than of the secluded and meditative divine. It gave a presage, at least, of what English might become as the language of a free, a reasoning, and a practical people.

The Reformation, or rather, perhaps, to ascend to the primary and moving cause of the Reformation itself, the invention of printing, had set loose all the great questions not merely of theological but of political science and speculative

philosophy. Throughout Europe, wherever there was a period of cessation from actual war or civil contention, men of different degrees of strength, sagacity, and subtlety encountered those problems, some of which were within the sphere, some stretched far beyond the limits of human knowledge. At first the boundaries of the several branches of inquiry were vague and uncertain. Mr. Hallam must have experienced some difficulty in assigning the more distinguished and universal writers to their proper sphere. Speculative philosophy was straining to throw off the long-established yoke of theology; theology struggled to maintain its supremacy, not over metaphysics alone, but over physical science. In the south of Europe, the re-established power and vigilance of the church, the strict uniformity of the Jesuit system of education, though it could not entirely suppress the struggles of the rebellious intellect, yet succeeded in taming it to more complete, though not such manifest, subjection. Mr. Hallam, following M. Ranke (we venture to refer to our own articles on M. Ranke's history), has done ample justice to the influence of the Jesuit order. But the very merits of the Jesuit education were its most dangerous influences. It raised the general level of instruction, and thereby seemed to acquire a right to keep down everything which could aspire above it. Paradoxical as it may sound, we suspect that nothing would tend so much as a universal, regular, and uniform education to suppress genius, originality, and invention. What really great mind, which has advanced human knowledge in any one of its more important branches, arose out of the Jesuit schools, those schools which, no doubt, to a certain extent, encouraged and disseminated letters and philosophy? Descartes, it must be remembered, though educated in a Jesuit school, before he began to philosophise had retired beyond their influence, into the free atmosphere of Holland. In our admiration of Galileo, and our indignant sympathy in his persecution, we cannot but consider what Galileo might have been, if his lot had been cast in a northern country. It is impossible to calculate the unseen and impalpable weight of popish despotism in depressing the free and aspiring intellect. The consciousness of restraint, the constant balancing between the value and importance of a discovery, and the risk and odium of offending the established rule by pub-

lishing it, the natural desire of peace, which is so necessary to calm and meditative inquiry, hold down by their own imperceptible chains the strongest and most courageous spirit. The Italian mind seems never to have been wanting in philosophical invention and subtlety (the geologists, we believe, look to Italy for the legitimate parents of their science), but their motions have been too jealously watched, their progress so much impeded by the resistance of educational and ecclesiastical prejudices, that they have contributed in a less degree than might have been expected to the advancement of human knowledge. Even in letters, Sarpi was safe only under the protection of his Venetian countrymen who steadily maintained their independence against the papal see; but at a much later period, the persecution of Giannone showed that history could not speak with freedom on subjects connected with the conflicting powers of the church and the state.

The natural consequence of this has been, that in Italy when bolder and more irregular minds have burst their bondage, they have plunged desperately forward, and rushed into the most extreme opinions. In religion this was the case with those reformers who were prudent or fortunate enough to escape beyond the frontiers of Italy, the Socini, and, among others, Aconcio, the first writer, as Mr. Hallam justly observes, who limited the fundamental articles of Christianity to a small number (Aconcio himself was, probably, an Arian, and included the Trinity among the disputable points), and anticipated that broad principle of toleration, which was afterwards asserted by the Arminians of Holland, and by Jeremy Taylor, in his celebrated 'Treatise on the Liberty of Prophesying.' In speculative philosophy, they went wandering on, in the seclusion of their own souls, and might also seem to take delight in tampering with forbidden thoughts. Mr. Hallam has given a very lucid view of the pantheistic tenets of Telescio, of Jordano Bruno, and, at a later period, of the singularly fanciful hypotheses of Campanella. On these writers, however, we must content ourselves with a reference to his volumes. The extreme political theories were in general the growth of countries, in which men's minds had, as in France, been wrought up by fierce factions and civil wars to the most violent oppugnancy; or where on one side the Reformation principle asserted the su-

premacv of the State, the reviving Roman Catholicism that of the Church, with the most uncompromising and unlimited vehemence. The oppressions of the governments, which were enough 'to drive a wise man mad'—the classical studies, which offered the republics of Greece and Rome for models of public liberty—the fanaticism, which sought its only precedents in the Jewish polity—the asserted power of the Church over heretical or apostate sovereigns—wrought together in strange accordance to develope and promulgate the doctrine of tyrannicide: the Scotch Republican, the English Churchman, the French Leaguer, and the Spanish Jesuit—Buchanan, Poynt, Rose, and Boucher, and Mariana—met together by different roads on this perilous point. Mr. Hallam, at the close of this part of his subject, introduces a luminous vindication of the right of Bodin (the author of the 'Republic') to an eminent rank among political writers.

But the higher philosophy of the mind and of the material world required men of more commanding intellects, and placed in more favourable circumstances, to enable her to burst at once the shackles of scholasticism, and of the great authority of scholasticism, Aristotle. It is obviously impossible for us to compress farther the compressed summary, for which we are indebted to Mr. Hallam, of the weight and influence of the great liberators of the mind of man, Bacon, Gassendi, and Descartes. Yet, here again, we find that the stirring repose of the later part of Elizabeth's, and the yet partially agitated commencement of James's reign, gave ample room for Bacon to construct his new system of philosophy; while Descartes might appear to retire, not merely from the all-watchful vigilance of the church, but likewise from the tumults which had scarcely ceased to desolate his country, to the more peaceful dominion of Holland. In one respect, if uninterrupted meditative retirement, if repose, and freedom of thought and speech were his objects, Descartes had mistaken the place chosen for his sanctuary. The dominant Calvinism of Holland was at least as jealous and searching in its vigilance, as narrow in its prejudices, and as virulent in its hatred of enlarged philosophy, as the Sorbonne or the severest school of the Jesuits. Bacon was happier in his position, and his philosophy came less into contact with theologic questions. We might indeed wish that

his moral had been as much above suspicion as his religious orthodoxy seems to have been. Mr. Hallam's object throughout these profound, and sometimes abstruse, discussions, appears to be, to award with rigid impartiality his fair meed of originality and invention to each of these great labourers in the fabric of human knowledge; he is strictly just, as well to those whose names we are accustomed to hear with reverence and gratitude, as to others who bear a much less popular sound, as Hobbes, and, at a later period, Spinoza. We extract a passage on the much-debated question of the popularity and influence of Bacon's writings:

'What has been the fame of Bacon, "the wisest, greatest of mankind," it is needless to say. What has been his real influence over mankind, how much of our enlarged and exact knowledge may be attributed to his inductive method, what of this again has been due to a thorough study of his writings, and what to an indirect and secondary acquaintance with them, are questions of another kind, and less easily solved. Stewart, the philosopher, who has dwelt most on the praises of Bacon, while he conceives him to have exercised a considerable influence over the English men of science in the seventeenth century, supposes, on the authority of Montucla, that he did not "command the general admiration of Europe," till the publication of the preliminary discourse to the French Encyclopædia by Diderot and D'Alembert. This, however, is by much too precipitate a conclusion. He became almost immediately known on the continent. Gassendi was one of his most ardent admirers. Descartes mentions him, I believe, once only, in a letter to Mersenne in 1633; but he was of all men the most unwilling to praise a contemporary. It may be said that these were philosophers, and that their testimony does not imply the admiration of mankind. But writers of a very different character mention him in a familiar manner. Richelieu is said to have highly esteemed Lord Bacon. And it may in some measure be due to this, that in the *Sentimens de l'Académie Française sur le Cid*, he is alluded to, simply by the name of Bacon, as one well known. Voiture, in a letter to Costar, about the same time, bestows high eulogy on some passages of Bacon which his correspondent had sent to him, and observes that Horace would have been astonished to hear a barbarian British discourse in such a style. The treatise *De Augmentis* was republished in France in 1624, the year after its appearance in England. It was translated into French as early as 1639; no great proofs of neglect. Editions came out in Holland, 1645, 1652, and 1662. Even the *Novum Organum*, which, as has been said, never became so popular as his other writings, was thrice printed in Holland, in 1645, 1650, and 1660. Leibnitz and Puffendorf are loud in their expressions of admiration, the former ascribing to him the revival of true philosophy as fully as we can at present. I should be more inclined to doubt whether he were adequately valued by his countrymen in his own time, or in the immediately subsequent period. Under the first Stuarts, there was little taste among studious men but for theology, and chiefly for a theology which, proceeding with an extreme deference to authority, could not but generate a disposition of mind, even

upon other subjects, alien to the progressive and inquisitive spirit of the inductive philosophy.

The institution of the Royal Society, or, rather, the love of physical science out of which that institution arose, in the second part of the seventeenth century, made England resound with the name of her illustrious chancellor. Few now spoke of him without a kind of homage that only the greatest men receive. Yet still it was by natural philosophers alone that the writings of Bacon were much studied. The editions of his works, except the *Essays*, were few; the *Novum Organum* never came separately from the English press. They were not even much quoted; for 'I believe it will be found that the fashion of referring to the brilliant passages of the *De Augmentis* and the *Novum Organum*, at least in books designed for the general reader, is not much older than the close of the last century. Scotland has the merit of having led the way; Reid, Stewart, Robison, and Playfair turned that which had been a blind veneration into a rational worship; and I should suspect that more have read Lord Bacon within these thirty years than in the two preceding centuries. It may be an usual consequence of the enthusiastic panegyrics lately poured upon his name, that a more positive efficacy has sometimes been attributed to his philosophical writings than they really possessed, and it might be asked whether Italy, where he was probably not much known, were not the true school of experimental philosophy in Europe, whether his methods of investigation were not chiefly such as men of sagacity and lovers of truth might simultaneously have devised. But, whatever may have been the case with respect to actual discoveries in science, we must give to written wisdom its proper meed; no books prior to those of Lord Bacon carried mankind so far on the road to truth; none have obtained so thorough a triumph over arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another; and he may be compared with those liberators of nations, who have given them laws by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage—but their gratitude.'—vol. iii. pp. 223. 228.

Yet after all which has been written by eloquent men, in earlier or in modern days, especially by a living writer to whom Mr. Hallam alludes, is there anything so fine, so true, or so discriminating, as old Cowley's lines, which, though, as inscribed to the Royal Society, they may appear chiefly addressed to the natural philosophers of his day, yet, as poetry, may perhaps be considered the expression of a more general sentiment? The lines are well known, but will bear repeating:—

'Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
Whom a wise king and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils' cause.

Authority which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout,
With the plain magic of true Reason's light
He chased out of her sight

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In descents of but small extent,

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.

But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea,
The work he did we ought to admire,
And were unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low afflictions and high happiness:
For who on things remote can fix his sight
Who's always in a triumph or a fight?*

Though the resuscitation of Roman Catholicism, its vigorous reorganisation, as the dominant feeling or passion of southern Europe, and the authority which it assumed over the education of mankind, might restrain the intellectual advancement which was hastening onward to its more perfect development in Protestant countries, and to a certain extent in France, it gave birth to a new outburst of poetry, as we have already observed, in Italy, but more manifestly in Spain. The age of literature in Spain was the shortest of any country which has attained to any distinction. It is almost comprehended in the period of Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Calderon, which likewise includes its better historians. The religious excitement met with other causes which stirred the stately solemnity of the Spanish mind into activity. Her military glories, the adventurous conquests in America, the wars against the Moors, which, though they soon degenerated into fierce and intolerant persecutions, at first retained some tinge of romance and chivalry—all the best part of her drama, her *Don Quixote*, her historians, perhaps even the best of her ballads, belong to the century which lies between 1550 and 1650. Mr. Hallam speaks with less confidence, and leans more on the authority of others, in his survey of Spanish literature, than in any other part of his undertaking. Of some of their historians, many of whom have at least the merit of great animation and picturesque, and a lofty Spanish dignity,

* As we may not have another opportunity of noticing Cowley in the course of our review, we would say that we fully agree with Mr. Hallam in his estimate of his faults, yet we appreciate, we think rather more favourably his beauties. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hallam is right in preferring the *Complaint*, and, as we also think, the *Elegy on Mr. Hervey* to that on *Cra-haw* the poet, which John. considers his finest piece.

not without some of the more solid qualifications of historic art, he takes, as far as we remember, no notice, except of Mariana, Mendoza, and De Solis. The Spaniards, in their lyric poetry, seemed at one time in danger of yielding to the dominant classical taste of Italy, of stooping to be imitative of an imitative school. Herrera and Luis de Leon, though Horatian, yet in a higher tone than mere copyists, and Villegas, not so much from the form and matter as from the exuberant life and playfulness of his poetry, asserted their title to originality. To us the great interest in the *Araucana* of Ercilla is that the author himself was engaged in the wild warfare which is the subject of his poem. Spain alone has her warrior poets. The adventures of Cervantes are well known; and however wearisome the episodes of the *Araucana*—however we are perplexed by a sudden interruption of our Indian war by a long vindication of the virtue of Queen Dido against the slanderous anachronisms of Virgil—for once poetry seems to be heightened by an apparent accordance with historical truth; and there is an air of reality about the *Caupolicán* and the *Lautaro* of the *Araucana* which compensates for the want of many higher poetic qualities. But the poetic fame of Spain rests upon her drama, from which the theatres of other countries were long content to borrow, either in ungrateful silence, or with a kind of contemptuous gratitude. The imitators seemed to admit that the rude ore was dug from the mine of Spanish invention, but to imply that its whole value and beauty depended on the foreign workmanship. The German critics were the first discoverers of the real poetic merits; especially of Calderon, whom they sometimes place on the same level with Shakespeare; just as other discoverers, when a *Tinian* or *Juan Fernandez* has unexpectedly burst upon their sight, have heightened them into an earthly Paradise. Mr. Hallam has done us the honour of subscribing to our estimate of Calderon which appeared many years ago in this Journal, and which still appears to us to be just and true. However far the drama of Spain might recede from the pure morals of Christianity in its complicated amorous adventures, the tricks and subterfuges of its *Graciosos*, and in the general appeal to the laws of Castilian honour and ancestral pride, rather than to the simpler and more Christian precepts of right and wrong, there can be no doubt

that its primary and indeed its unfailing inspiration was religion. Independent of the *Autos Sacramentales*, which form a class apart, of purely sacred dramas, represented in the festivals of the Church with the solemnities of religion, many of the nobler plays of Calderon, especially the celebrated *Devoción de la Cruz*, were strictly religious tragedies. And it was a religion still fertile in miracle, believing with fond fidelity every wild legend. The hagiography of the Church was to Lope and Calderon what the Grecian mythology was to Æschylus and Sophocles. It was a religion of which the first principle was hatred of the heretic and the infidel—a religion fortified in this fierce intolerance by the long wars with the Moors; which was in no fear of the Inquisition, so genially instinct was it with the same spirit, and, like the Inquisition, in strict accordance with the dominant sentiment. No wonder that where the *Auto de Fè* was a popular exhibition, the milder yet not less fervid fanaticism of Calderon should find the poet's strong encouragement, the response of the human heart to his language and to his opinions.

On one book, however, and that the most important in Spanish literature, our readers will have anticipated, *Don Quixote*, Mr. Hallam has some observations at the same time so original and so worthy of consideration, that we should neither do justice to our readers nor to our author if we should not invite their judgment.

Mr. Hallam first states the theory of '*Don Quixote*,' which has been adopted and followed out with great ingenuity by M. Sismondi.

'According to these writers, the primary idea is that of a "man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry; nor is it possible to form a mere mistaken notion of this work than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the absurd passion for reading old romances."' "The fundamental idea of *Don Quixote*," says Sismondi, "is the eternal contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of prose. Men of an elevated soul propose to themselves as the object of life to be the defenders of the weak, the support of the oppressed, the champions of justice and innocence. Like *Don Quixote*, they find on every side the image of the virtues they worship; they believe that disinterestedness, nobleness, courage—in short, knight errantry—are still prevalent; and with no calculation of their own powers, they expose themselves for an ungrateful world, they offer themselves as a

sacrifice to the laws and rules of an imaginary state of society."—vol. iii. pp. 667, 668.

Hence the inference that 'Don Quixote' is a most melancholy—some even have gone so far as to add, as destroying the generous poetry of life, a most immoral book. Mr. Hallam begins by observing, that as 'the mere enthusiasm of doing good, if excited by vanity, and not accompanied by common sense, is seldom very serviceable to mankind . . . ; or, as the world might be much the worse for such heroes, it might not be immoral, notwithstanding their benevolent enthusiasm, to put them out of countenance by a little ridicule.'

'This, however, is not, as I conceive, the primary aim of Cervantes; nor do I think that the exhibition of one great truth, as the predominant, but concealed, moral of a long work, is in the spirit of his age. He possessed a very thoughtful mind, and a profound knowledge of humanity; yet the generalization which the hypothesis of Bouterwek and Sismondi requires for the leading conception of Don Quixote, besides its being a little inconsistent with the valorous and romantic character of its author, belongs to a more advanced period of philosophy than his own. . . .

'In the first chapter of this romance, Cervantes, with a few strokes of a great master, sets before us the pauper gentleman, an early riser and keen sportsman, who, "when he was idle, which was most part of the year," gave himself up to reading books of chivalry till he lost his wits. The events that follow are in every one's recollection; his lunacy consists no doubt only in one idea, but this is so absorbing that it perverts the evidence of his senses, and predominates in all his language. It is to be observed, therefore, in relation to the nobleness of soul ascribed to Don Quixote, that every sentiment he utters is borrowed, with a punctilious rigour, from the romances of his library; he resorts to them on every occasion for precedents; if he is intrepidly brave, it is because his madness and vanity have made him believe himself unconquerable; if he bestows kingdoms, it is because Amadis would have done the same; if he is honourable, courteous, a redresser of wrongs, it is in pursuance of those prototypes from whom, except that he seems rather more scrupulous in chastity, it is his only boast not to diverge. Those who talk of the exalted character of Don Quixote seem really to forget that, on these subjects, he has no character at all; he is the echo of romance; and to praise him is merely to say that the tone of chivalry, which these productions studied to keep up, and, in the hands of inferior artists, foolishly exaggerated, was full of moral dignity, and has, in a subdued degree of force, modelled the character of a man of honour in the present day. But throughout the first two volumes of Don Quixote, though in a few unimportant passages he talks rationally, I cannot find more than two in which he displays any other knowledge or strength of mind than the original delineation of the character would lead us to expect.

'The case is much altered in the last two volumes. Cervantes had acquired an immense popularity, and perceived the opportunity, of which he

had already availed himself, that this romance gave for displaying his own mind. He had become attached to a hero who had made him illustrious, and suffered himself to lose sight of the clear outline he had once traced for Quixote's personality. Hence we find, in all this second part, that although the lunacy as to knights errant remains unabated, he is, on all other subjects, not only rational in the low sense of the word, but clear, acute, profound, sarcastic, cool-headed. His philosophy is elevated, but not enthusiastic; his imagination is poetical, but it is restrained by strong sense. There are, in fact, two Don Quixotes; one, whom Cervantes first designed to draw, the foolish gentleman of La Mancha, whose foolishness had made him frantic; the other a highly-gifted, accomplished model of the best chivalry, trained in all the court, the camp, or the college could impart, but scathed in one portion of his mind by an inexplicable visitation of monomania. 'One is inclined to ask why this Don Quixote, who is Cervantes, should have been more likely to lose his intellects by reading romances than Cervantes himself. As a matter of bodily disease, such an event is doubtless possible; but nothing can be conceived more improper for fiction, nothing more incapable of affording a moral lesson, than the insanity which arises wholly from disease. Insanity is, in no point of view, a theme for ridicule; and this is an inherent fault of the romance (for those who have imagined that Cervantes has not rendered Quixote ridiculous have a strange notion of the word); but the thoughtlessness of mankind, rather than their insensibility, for they do not connect madness with misery, furnishes some apology for the first two volumes. In proportion as we perceive below the veil of mental delusion a noble intellect, we feel a painful sympathy with its humiliation; the character becomes more complicated and interesting, but has less truth and naturalness—an objection which might also be made, comparatively speaking, to the incidents in the latter volumes, wherein I do not find the admirable probability that reigns through the former. But this contrast of wisdom and virtue with insanity, in the same subject, would have been repulsive in the primary delineation, as I think any one may judge by supposing that Cervantes had, in the first chapter, drawn such a picture of Quixote as Bouterwek and Sismondi have drawn for him.'—vol. iii. pp. 669—672.

Mr. Hallam adheres therefore to the judgment of two centuries as to the aim of Cervantes in 'Don Quixote,' and thus sums up his impartial testimony to the merit of this wonderful work:—

'Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding, to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott indeed he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.'—vol. iii. p. 674.

While Spain was thus, as it were, exhausting its whole intellect in one brief era of poetry, France was more gradually yet rapidly maturing at once her short age of poetic excellence, and that perfection of her prose which, if she has maintained, she has assuredly not sur-

* *Littérature du Midi*, vol. iii. p. 339.

passed. We are not very partial to the old and misapplied phrase, 'the Augustan era of letters ;' but that of France—which began under the monarchy, we presume to say, of Richelieu, and reached its height under Louis XIV.—bears sufficient analogy, in its character and the principles of its formation, to that of imperial Rome, to justify its use. It seems to have arisen, like that of Virgil and Horace, out of the peace of despotism which followed and was still heaving, as it were, with the motion of the religious wars. Its marked characteristic was, that it was the literature of a court, the influence of which spread through a capital in which all France began to be concentrated. It was a literature of society, not in its narrow sense of a coterie, or even of an academy, but that of men constantly in contact with each other, exercising a perpetual—at times a refining and tasteful, at others a repressive and contracting—authority over its development. It fed on public applause ; it lived on the immediate sympathy of those to whom it was addressed. Hence its purity, its perspicuity, its popularity, in the highest sense—an aristocratical popularity, indeed, but that of an aristocracy which comprehended the better part of France, or rather, we should say, of Paris. Montaigne, indeed, to whom France and Europe are indebted for bringing many difficult and abstruse subjects within the range of popular thought, happily for himself and for his fame as an author, lived in his country retirement, and there followed out in peace all his desultory but delightful speculations on his own nature and on that of man. Even during the exclusive dominion over French literature, exercised by the court and the capital, some of the more profound thinkers of France dwelt aloof, either in foreign countries, like Descartes, or in the retired sanctuary of their own imagination, like Malebranche ; or, like Pascal, if we may so say, in the gloomy hermitage of a melancholy mind. Yet though Pascal, when he brooded over his sublime 'Thoughts,' secluded himself, if not from the society, from the intellectual intercourse of men, when he would effect his great moral purpose, the extirpation of the low Jesuit morality—when he would expose that subtle casuistry which, working outward from the confessional, was perplexing the moral sense of man, and substituting captious and subtle rules for the broad and vigorous principles which can alone

guide or satisfy the conscience—Pascal himself felt the necessity of becoming popular, if we may so say, Parisian. The French language had never been written in a higher style of refinement, or spoken so vividly to the general ear, as in the 'Provincial Letters.' The fine sarcasm, the subtle irony, the graceful turn of expression, the poignant hint which cannot be mistaken, the suggestion which reckons, in some degree, on the quickness of the reader, the simplicity of statement which makes every one suppose that they are at once at the bottom of the profoundest subject, the quiet coolness with which the most monstrous tenets of his adversaries are at times illustrated—these consummate arts of writing, in which the art is concealed, would have been addressed in vain to a ruder age, or a more agitated society. Whether Pascal is occasionally unfair in his quotations, or uncandidly general in his inferences from insulated sentences, was, we suspect, as little inquired by the readers of the 'Provincial Letters' in Paris as it is by posterity. The style, the inimitable style, carried all before it ; the most fastidious taste might learn a lesson from the purity and clearness of Pascal ; and even now, when the questions which they agitate, and the passions to which they appeal, are obsolete and dead, we revert to the 'Provincial Letters' as to the perfection of composition. How much Voltaire was indebted to this extraordinary work for his own brilliancy of style, he acknowledges as fully as could be expected from his vanity. The keen and furbished weapons which Pascal had forged with such skill for the defence of the best interests of religion, were turned against it in the next age. We do not make this observation, however, to the disparagement of Pascal : that evil lay deeper than in the influence, the adventitious and unintentional influence, of any one man.

As might be expected in the literature which adapted itself to such a state of things, many of its cleverest writers were writers for society—shrewd and brilliant painters of the manners around them—such as La Bruyère and Rochefoucault in prose, and that model of the light and graceful in verse—whose elegance, wit, and taste, compensate for all the higher qualities of poetry—La Fontaine.

But the two great spheres in which French poetry and French prose expanded themselves to maturity, where there was an idle, and, as it would be sup-

posed, a cultivated aristocracy, whose atmosphere of life was public spectacle and amusement, were (let not our readers be shocked at the juxtaposition) the stage and the pulpit. No one will deny that there was something more than oratorical, something dramatic (we use the word in no invidious sense), in those splendid displays of eloquence which fell from the lips of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and, at a later period, of Massillon, and which powerfully contributed to form the vivid and numerous character of French prose. These sermons were by no means a part of a general system of instruction; they were great exhibitions, to which the king and all his nobles crowded at peculiar seasons of the year, in Advent and in Lent. Not merely a particular preacher, but a particular sermon, was commanded by royal authority. The funeral orations were more peculiarly a kind of aristocratical religious spectacle, accompanied with all the impressive circumstances so well understood by the Roman Catholic Church, and no doubt for a time producing strong religious impressions. The year might indeed appear divided—not, in truth, in equal portions—between these solemn religious exhibitions and the profaner diversions of the drama. In Lent the king turned off his mistresses, the theatres were closed, and nothing was seen but the outward signs of penitence, and humiliation, and propriety; nothing was listened to by the court but the grave arguments of Bourdaloue, or the magnificent rhetoric of Bossuet. But Lent gone by, the old familiarities were again renewed; all Paris, at least the court, streamed again to the doors of the theatre, and Corneille and Racine resumed their empire. At length, when the last (as the doting old monarch himself perhaps fondly supposed) more legitimate *liaison* with the devout *Maintenon* was established, a still closer approximation took place between the religious and the theatrical passion; and by his pleasing 'Esther' and his noble 'Athalie,' Racine blended, as it might seem to some, the two incongruous characters—that of a dramatic writer for public representation, and a religious teacher.

Mr. Hallam, though so ardent a Shaksperian, as we have already shown, does not think it necessary to deny himself the enjoyment of the excellences of the French drama. Bigotry in taste, like bigotry in religion, is its own punishment; the victim of the one who from

mistaken rigour forbids himself the free use of the lavish bounties of Divine Providence, and thus seals his heart against many of the most delightful and blameless enjoyments of life, is an object of compassion to the wise and charitable Christian; the rigorist in taste may in the same manner be pitied for the narrow spirit with which he proscribes many works of genius and beauty, because they are not in harmony with his established theories, and thus shuts himself out, as it were, from half the world of letters. The French drama certainly appears to arise out of two singularly incongruous elements, the classical form of the simple old Greek republics, and the gallantry, which descended from the chivalry of the middle ages upon the luxurious courts of modern Europe. Nothing in fact can be less classical, or less Grecian, in its tone of sentiment, which is almost the vital energy of the drama. Yet even these discordant elements are wrought up in the best of the French dramas with such singular felicity; the construction of the drama is sometimes so skilful; the diction so pure and noble, the whole effect so unbrokenly solemn; dignified, and impressive, that even as works of consummate art, if not of creative genius and of truth, they cannot but demand our high admiration. Even if the serious drama, the Roman and Grecian Tragedy of France, seems to belong to a peculiar state of society, and, after all, may seem domiciliated by a forcible transplantation, rather than native and congenial to the region, still a brilliant court, and an actively-idle capital, was the soil, of all others, adapted to the comedy of character and manners. The great mistake in Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, the evidence that theory will mislead even a mind so sagacious, profound, and discriminating as his, appears to us his depreciation of Molière. That Molière has not the poetry of comedy which animates the gay and fantastic scenes of Aristophanes, is unquestionable; but of all forms of poetry, comedy, we should conceive, is least to be limited by abstract theory, and without abandoning any one of its essential principles, may approximate the most closely to real life. And though the best French comedy falls far short of the Shaksperian in variety and richness of humour, we can only express our unfeigned commiseration for those who are insensible to the fine wit, the delicate satire, the inimitable truth of its

delineation of character in its higher department, and its broader but still easy and playful mirth, its inexhaustible gaiety, its brilliant epigram, the fun of its exposure of the lighter follies and pretensions in the *Précieuses Ridicules* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

We must not, however, linger on these points, nor extract, either for the purpose of expressing our difference, as we might in some cases, or, as would more often be the case, our accordance with Mr. Hallam, in the analysis which he has given of many of the best French dramas; we have dwelt so almost exclusively on questions of taste, that we are conscious that we should do injustice to a work of such various and comprehensive character, if we did not likewise show the author's manner of treating more profound and solemn subjects.

We are constrained to pass over, as less suited to the general reader, the chapters which trace the progress of classical learning and general scholarship, and those which follow out the discoveries of physical science; but we must not so hastily dismiss the abstruse indeed, but grave and all-interesting subjects of religion and speculative philosophy. France certainly owes, if not entirely, in great part the brilliancy, life and eloquence of her prose to her ecclesiastical writers. However Religion might seem to stoop in some degree from her elevated position to assume the theatric manner required by the state of society, yet from this condescension to popularity she unquestionably derived great lasting advantages. Religion was at this period one of the great dominant impulses of the French mind; the wars of the League had left a violent agitation in the heart of man; a burning zeal, darkening into intolerance, which all the gentleness of Fenelon could not allay, and of which he himself was the victim, still actuated the courtly bishops, who administered religious flatteries, or at least condescended to make their solemn admonitions acceptable to the royal ear, by their dazzled and obsequious homage to his sovereignty. The unexhausted controversy with the Protestants, which was terminated by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, fatally, indeed, for the Gallican Church, by allowing it to relapse into indolent security, as well as for the faith, justice, and humanity of Louis XIV.; the strife with Jansenism, and even the controversy about Quietism, kept the intellect of

the higher French clergy in a state of fertile excitement. Nor can it be doubted that their constant habit of preaching for effect acted with a powerful influence on their polemic writings. It was as the practised orator of the pulpit, addressing a refined and fastidious audience, that the greatest controversialist of modern times, Bossuet, acquired that force, pregnancy and rapidity of style, that perspicuity when treating on the abstrusest topics—that power of sweeping the mind along with an irresistible torrent, as it seems, while we are borne away upon it, of unanswerable argument; of awing and confounding the intellect till it dares not, or is almost too much paralysed to venture on examination. The training in this same school of popular eloquence enabled the eagle of Meaux to cast that clear, and rapid, and comprehensive survey over ancient universal history. However, it may not satisfy either by its depth or its accuracy the demands of philosophic history, though it is the view of a strictly Romish ecclesiastic, and clearly shows from what position it is taken; yet as a composition, this work of Bossuet's may be considered among the imperishable records of human genius. We must return, however, to our author, and will select his observations on another great, though unfinished, work of this period, the *Pensées*, which Mr. Hallam criticises with the boldness of an independent mind, yet with all the respect due to the character and genius of Pascal. We have already spoken of Pascal as a controversialist—it is curious to contrast him in this respect with Bossuet, and to remark with what skill, or rather, perhaps, from what conscious congeniality of their own character with their style, these eloquent men used such different weapons, though in some degree forged in the same furnace, to encounter such different antagonists. They are alike, indeed, in purity and perspicuity of style;—while the overwhelming vehemence of Bossuet would have recoiled, if we can suppose it employed against it, from the hard and impassive ice which had formed over the jesuit mind; on the other hand, the fine and cutting irony, the latent sarcasm, the wit and the elegance of the Provincial Letters, would have been repelled by the ruder yet severer reasonings of the Protestants, and produced no effect on their stubborn and earnest, if we may so say, their homely piety. But we return to

the Thoughts of Pascal. After having observed their unsystematic and fragmentary character, Mr. Hallam proceeds :—

‘ Among these who sustained the truth of Christianity by argument rather than authority, the first place both in order of time and of excellence is due to Pascal, though his Thoughts were not published till 1670, some years after his death, and, in the first edition, not without suppressions. They have been supposed to be fragments of a more systematic work that he had planned, or perhaps only reflections committed to paper, with no design of publication in their actual form. But, as is generally the case with works of genius, we do not easily persuade ourselves that they could have been improved by any such alteration as would have destroyed their type. They are at present bound together by a real coherence through the predominant character of the reasonings and sentiments, and give us everything that we could desire in a more regular treatise without the tedious verbosity which regularity is apt to produce. The style is not so polished as in the Provincial Letters, and the sentences are sometimes ill constructed and elliptical. Passages almost transcribed from Montaigne have been published by careless editors as Pascal's.

‘ But the Thoughts of Pascal are to be ranked, as a monument of his genius, above the Provincial Letters, though some have asserted the contrary. They burn with an intense light : condensed in expression, sublime, energetic, rapid, they hurry away the reader till he is scarcely able or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truth they contain. For that many of them are incapable of bearing a calm scrutiny is very manifest to those who apply such a test. The notes of Voltaire, though always intended to detract, are sometimes unanswerable ; but the splendour of Pascal's eloquence absolutely annihilates, in effect on the general reader, even this antagonist.

‘ Pascal had probably not read very largely, which has given an ampler sweep to his genius. Except the Bible and the writings of Augustine, the book that seems most to have attracted him was the Essays of Montaigne. Yet no men could be more unlike in personal disposition and in the cast of their intellect. But Pascal, though abhorring the religious and moral carelessness of Montaigne, found much that fell in with his own reflections in the contempt of human opinions, the perpetual humbling of human reason, which runs through the bold and original work of his predecessor. He quotes no book so frequently ; and indeed, except Epictetus, and once or twice Descartes, he hardly quotes any other at all. Pascal was too acute a geometer, and too sincere a lover of truth to countenance the sophisms of mere Pyrrhonism ; but like many theological writers, in exalting faith he does not always give Reason her value, and furnishes weapons which the sceptic might employ against himself. It has been said that he denies the validity of the proofs of natural religion. This seems to be in some measure an error, founded on mistaking the objections he puts in the mouths of unbelievers for his own. But it must, I think, be admitted that his arguments for the being of a God are too often *à tutiori*, that is the safest side to take.

‘ But the leading principle of Pascal's theology, that from which he deduces the necessary truth of revelation, is the fallen nature of mankind ; dwelling less upon scriptural proofs, which he takes for granted, than on the evidence which he supposes man

himself to supply. Nothing, however, can be more dissimilar than his beautiful visions to the vulgar Calvinism of the pulpit. It is not the sordid, grovelling, degraded Caliban of that school, but the ruined archangel that he delights to paint. Man is so great, that his greatness is manifest, even in his knowledge of his own misery. A tree does not know itself to be miserable. It is true that to know we are miserable is misery ; but still it is greatness to know it. All his misery proves his greatness ; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king, dispossessed of their own. Man is the feeblest branch of nature, but it is a branch that thinks. He requires not the universe to crush him. He may be killed by a vapour, by a drop of water. But if the whole universe should crush him, he would be nobler than that which caused his death, because he knows that he is dying, and the universe would not know its power over him. This is very evidently sophistical and declamatory ; but it is the sophistry of a fine imagination. It would be easy, however, to find better passages. The dominant idea recurs in almost every page of Pascal. His melancholy genius plays in wild and rapid flashes, like lightning round the scathed oak, about the fallen greatness of man. He perceives every characteristic quality of his nature under these conditions. They are the solution of every problem, the clearing up of every inconsistency that perplexes us. “ Man,” he says very finely, “ has a secret instinct that leads him to seek diversion and employment from without ; which springs from the sense of his continual misery. And he has another secret instinct, remaining from the greatness of his original nature, which teaches him that happiness can only exist in repose. And from these two contrary instincts there arises in him an obscure propensity, concealed in his soul, which prompts him to seek repose through agitation, and even to fancy that the contentment he does not enjoy will be found, if by struggling yet a little longer he can open a door to rest.”

‘ It can hardly be conceived that any one would think the worse of human nature or of himself by reading these magnificent lamentations of Pascal. He adorns and ennobles the degeneracy he exaggerates. The ruined aqueduct, the broken column, the desolated city, suggest no ideas but of dignity and reverence. No one is ashamed of a misery which bears witness to its grandeur. If we should persuade a labourer that the blood of princes flows in his veins, we might spoil his contentment with the only lot he has drawn, but scarcely kill in him the seeds of pride.’—vol. iv. pp. 156—160.

We have no space for Mr. Hallam's observations on the profound and difficult problem which is here forced upon the consideration, the origin of evil in man, but we can recommend them as worthy the serious consideration of all who are disposed to such grave inquiries. To the Christian, after all, this must be a question of pure revelation. Experience, observation, reason, may show what man is, but whether man ever existed in a higher state can only be known, and, therefore, can only be communicated, by an intelligence anterior to, and cognisant of, that pre-existent or paradisaical state. All the noble contrasts between the dignity and insignificance, the power and weakness, the crimes and virtues of man, prove no-

thing, beyond the actual condition of humanity, which, for aught we can know from reason, may have been created for wise purposes in this imperfect state; and genius, like Pascal's, ranging through creation, might, no doubt, find a close analogy, at least in the intervening links, if not through the whole infinite series of created things. All beyond our actual world, we repeat, must rest on revelation.

While France was thus proceeding undisturbed in her peculiar course of intellectual development, the civil wars made a violent breach and interruption in the literary progress of England. Not that there was any complete cessation of intellectual activity; as the collision arose out of the conflict of great religious and political principles, the warfare was waged by the pen as well as by the sword; the press poured forth its desultory myriads as the land its armed legions. Bear witness the huge tomes of Puritan divinity and the countless quartos of pamphlets; but, as is always the case, the publications were too hasty, too temporary, too much coloured by the violent passions of the time, to have any lasting influence, as literary productions, on the history of the human mind. Poetry, indeed, shrunk into silence amid the polemic strife, the noise and agitation of actual war. Here and there romantic loyalty, or even stern republicanism struck out a few short notes, which rose above the tumult, and showed that poetry was not yet extinct in the heart of man; we allude to the two or three exquisite songs of Lovelace, and to some of Milton's sonnets. But, in general, verse aspired no higher than the political song, the roaring bacchanal of the cavalier or the quaint hymn of the conventieler. The stage was proscribed; the Shaksperian drama had uttered her last strains in the feeble though still lively, the comparatively unimpassioned though not unimaginative plays, of Shirley. The sweet promise of George Withers' early verse was soured into the acrid harshness of puritanical satire. With the few exceptions above alluded to, there was a comparatively dreary period of sublime, occasionally, but harsh, polemical, and political prose, which intervened between the unrivalled melody of Milton's youthful poems, the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,' the 'Comus' and the 'Lycidas,' and the solemn, mature, meditative grandeur of the 'Paradise Lost.' In some, indeed, of the State Papers, those on the royal side which were written by Clarendon,

and in some fragments which remain of the parliamentary and judicial eloquence, there is a grave dignity and force, as yet, perhaps, scarcely ever attained by English prose. For terseness, fine irony, and biting sarcasm, the singular pamphlet, 'Killing no Murder,' was unrivalled till the days of Janius. But our general literature must look back to the age of Elizabeth and James, or forward beyond the Restoration, for any of the great productions of the human intellect. Never, perhaps, was a great cause more unworthily pleaded than in the 'Arraignment and Defence of the People of England for the Execution of Charles the First.' Milton could not write for a long time without flashes of his nobility of thought and language; but, in general, his victory over his antagonist Salmasius is obtained solely by his more perfect command of Latin Billingsgate. The controversy is more like that of two schoolmasters quarrelling about points of grammar and expression, and lashing each other into the coarsest personalities, than the advocates of two great conflicting principles debating a solemn question before astonished Europe.

But when the fury of the storm was over, men's minds, more temperately agitated, had leisure, and had still a strong impulse towards intellectual study and productiveness; as they gradually cooled down to more sober reasoning, without altogether quenching the vivifying fire within, they grappled with all the great questions which had been set afloat during the period of turbulence. In poverty, and neglect, and blindness, the fierce gladiator who had struggled with stern energy against Prelacy and Monarchy, isolated from the world around in his religious no less than in his political sentiments, came forth the Poet of 'Paradise Lost.' The stage revived, but, unhappily, foreign influences had streamed in at the Restoration; our drama began to imitate the versification of the French and the wild extravagance of the Spanish, without the dignity and elegance of the former, or the inexhaustible invention of the latter,—if not without a native vigour of language and much sparkling wit, with a deeply-rooted immorality of tone and profligacy of language entirely our own. The period of Charles the Second is that to which we may look with the greatest shame upon our more popular literature—the literature, that is, of our court and capital; and in no respect

so much as in the comparative waste of him, whom we may yet call, 'Glorious John.' What might Dryden have been in better days? There are few lines to us more melancholy than those in which he deploras his fatal subservience to a 'lubrique and adulterous age.' Dryden was, perhaps, the first, and the greatest, of the writers for bread—the actors on the stage of literature, who, in old Johnson's phrase, 'as they live to please, must please to live.' We mean not those who, by partial compliance with the spirit of their age, command it; who, by seeming obedience, direct it to better things; but those who throw themselves headlong into the current, and yield to its impulse wherever it may bear them. To please the age of Dryden, unhappily, it was necessary to be pompous and inflated in tragedy, coarse and filthy in comedy; and, with a reluctant and mournful heart, Dryden stooped to the service by which he lived. Yet though we deplore the waste of high talents and of powers which, if they had girt themselves up to some great task, might have obtained a permanent rank in literature; perhaps those poets whose poverty, if not their will, consents to sacrifice lasting fame for ephemeral influence and popularity, are not without use in their generation. If they vulgarise they likewise popularise literature; they are constrained to speak in a more intelligible and colloquial tone (except in short periods where the fashion enforces some peculiar affectation), in order to address the many; they give a certain elevation to, even in some cases they scatter something like poetry over, the events of the day; they bring down literature from its heights, they draw it forth from its meditative hermitage to converse with man, and thus, by a kind of self-sacrifice without dignity, by an unintentional assertion of their own superiority to the mass, they diffuse literary tastes, and extend the empire of mind over classes which have been long excluded from its operation. Except the 'Fables,' all Dryden's works may be considered as written on occasional and temporary subjects. 'Alexander's Feast' was composed for music on St. Cecilia's day; 'Absalom and Achitophel' is, as every one knows, a political satire. The prefaces to his plays, and the 'Essay on Dramatic Poetry' were dashed off to serve immediate purposes;* and, per-

haps, all their faults and some of their beauties arose from these circumstances of their composition.

English prose, in the hands of Dryden, threw off that still somewhat scholastic and unfamiliar tone which it had retained even in the great writers of the former period. Hooker might still appear to address divines, Bacon philosophers, at least thinking and accomplished minds; in Dryden, the literary language first approached the plain, the idiomatic, the vernacular. The pedantry of quotation, the endless illustration, the quaint metaphor seemed to fall off as cumbersome or superfluous. It had all the faults, on the other hand, of haste. It was, doubtless, too frequently coarse, careless, not merely unpolished, but unfinished; as it drew nearer to the conversation of educated and intelligent men, it was too apt to degenerate into the cant and fashionable terms and phrases which prevail at every period. The poetry of Dryden partook in these merits and defects. As it usually treated on subjects in themselves less essentially poetical, so it could not speak in anything like a poetical vocabulary. Approaching nearer to common life, it used something far more like common language; it was distinguished by its vigour, its pregnancy, its solidity, rather than by its imaginative or suggestive richness and grace; it was language which, stripped of its rhyme and cadence, of its poetic form, might have been employed at the bar or in the senate.

But happily the Court circle, even London itself, was not England. There were great minds far removed from the contagion of the metropolis, who, either in academic retirement, or in other places more favourable to study, as well as to independent dignity of intellect, maintained the native character of English literature, and employed themselves in the solution of those problems on which the age required satisfaction. During the political and religious agitations of the civil wars, the mind of man had broke loose from all its ancient moorings; every question of social or spiritual interest was in a floating and unsettled state—every established opinion had been rudely shaken, or torn up by the roots—men were wildly rushing from one extreme to another—the most opposite doctrines met and embraced;—servility in political theory reconciled itself to more than freedom in religious creed; while enthusiastic religion threw

* 'Cousin Swift' puts it coarsely:—

— 'Merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.'

off, or attempted to supersede, all civil control. Profound and commanding minds were imperiously required to restore anything like peace to the intellect, as the Restoration had, to a certain extent, to the State of England: and they were not found wanting. The impulse of the great movement was still working, and with its most powerful influence, on minds which were either repelled by, or kept aloof from, the degrading intrigues and debauchery of the court. Clarendon, in exile, composed that immortal history, which, if written under great disadvantages, from memory alone, and at a distance from those documents, which can alone insure minute accuracy in the historian, had still a faithfulness more impressive and more valuable. If the memory of Clarendon had let fall some petty circumstances, dates and names, it had preserved the impressions, the actual being and presence of his times, as it appeared to, and left its indelible stamp upon, his mind. No one is better qualified to appreciate, and no one can praise, moreover, with greater freedom and justice, than Mr. Hallam, the consummate skill with which Clarendon draws the characters of men; but there has always appeared to us, besides this, to a peculiar degree, this faithfulness of impression—this power of realising the scenes and events of the period, with their workings on the minds of men, which is among the highest and rarest functions of a great historian. We read not merely the barren facts, and learn the names, and become acquainted with the characters, of the principal actors, but the whole tragic drama, with the emotions it excited, its fears, its hopes, its passions, its vicissitudes, passes before us, in all the energy and movement of life.

But History, however nobly written, still less History written by the acknowledged hand of a partisan, could not decide, even had it been published at that time, any of those solemn questions, of which the impatient mind of man demanded a settlement. The very depths of metaphysical, ethical, and theological speculation were to be sounded, not by men obstinately wedded to one theory; but by patient and impartial reasoners, still, in some cases, sufficiently impassioned to follow out their inquiries with unexhausted perseverance, and to present its results in a vivid and earnest tone, but with the passion subordinate to the reason, or lingering only in the

more fervid or metaphoric diction. Some, indeed, were of still severer temperament. Neither the political nor the religious theories of Hobbes are likely to find too much favour with Mr. Hallam; but he does ample justice to the singular acuteness and metaphysical originality, to the yet unrivalled pregnancy, perspicuity, and precision of language, in the philosopher of Malmesbury. Chillingworth was likewise among the more austere and sternly logical writers. This great man, with Jeremy Taylor, in his liberty of prophesying, and the admirable John Hales of Eton, first established in this country that which had already been developed by the Arminians of Holland—the true principles of protestant toleration.

We must not venture at any length upon Taylor. This extraordinary man was endowed to excess with all the gifts of a great writer, but, instead of balancing and correcting each other, each seems to seize upon him in turn, and hurry him away in unresisted mastery. His consummate reasoning powers are perpetually betraying him into refinements and subtleties; he is not merely a casuist in his professed book on *Casuistry*, his *Ductor Dubitantium*, but in many other parts of his works. In the *Ductor* he is often cool, analytical, and runs as near the wind on moral points, as a Jesuit. Pascal, with but little unfairness, might have found rich scope, even in this last of the vast tomes of casuistry, for his satire. The inexhaustible learning of Taylor is uncritical beyond his time; passages from every quarter are heaped up with indiscriminate profusion—loose, fragmentary, of all ages, of every shade of authority. His poetic imagination is not merely redundant of the richest and most various imagery, but works out every image and illustration to the most remote and fanciful analogies. His very command of language seems to involve him in intricate and endless sentences, in order that he may show his wonderful power of evolving himself with apparent ease, and of giving a kind of rhythm and harmony, a cadence sometimes sweet to lusciousness, to this long drawn succession of words and images.* Even the

* We are rather surprised, in Mr. Hallam's comparison of Taylor and Bishop Hall, to read this sentence—'These two great divines resemble each other, on the whole, so much, that we might, for a short time, not discover which we were reading.'—Vol. iii. p. 127. They are like each other, to our judgment, only in the fervour of their devotion.

virtues, which breathe throughout all his works, are of this exuberant character. His piety soars, at times, into mysticism; his practical earnestness becomes ascetic: even his charity—though, for our own parts, we find the excess of that virtue so rare, that perhaps we had rather err with Taylor, than be right with some sterner dogmatists—has been thought, in its strong recoil from the harshness of Calvinism, to approximate to the other extreme. But, on the whole, Taylor was of inestimable service to the religion of England; he softened the asperity and mitigated the sternness which it had assumed during the long and angry strife; he showed that a more expansive and less rigidly dogmatic tone was consistent with the most angelic piety.

To the other great divine of this period the greatest, we had almost ventured to say, of English divines, Mr. Hallam does not appear to us to have assigned quite his proper position. He has seized the main characteristics of Barrow's mind and manner, with his usual discrimination; but we should be inclined, both as to the actual merit of his writings and his influence on his age, to claim a more separate and elevated rank for this solid thinker and unrivalled master of the English language. The sermons of Barrow, with his Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy, include the whole domain of theology and of morals. There is scarcely a question which is not exhausted, and, by his inimitable copiousness of language, placed in every point of view, and examined with the most conscientious accuracy. Barrow is high above indifference or Pyrrhonism, but his commanding reason can venture to give every fair advantage to the arguments of his adversaries. He is not, indeed, so much a polemic writer as an honest, though devout, investigator of truth. With Barrow we are not haunted with the apprehension that we are following out a partial or imperfect theory; it is all before us in its boundless range and its infinite variety; and it is not till we have received the amplest satisfaction that our assent is demanded to the inevitable conclusion.

The fancy of Hall is barren in comparison to that of Taylor. There is almost a perpetual quaintness; and in almost all his works he continues to affect a brevity of period, with which Milton taunted him in their controversy about Episcopacy:—'To be girded by one who makes sentences by the statute, as if all above three inches long were confiscate.' This is very different from Taylor's redundant flow.

For this, indeed, and the firm, we trust, inseparable re-union of religion and the highest morality, which had been forced asunder in the reckless contests of fanaticism in all its various forms, we are more indebted to this great divine than to any other single writer. Barrow gave its character of strong sense, solidity, and completeness to English theology. To some of us he will appear, no doubt, insufferably prolix, and unnecessarily multifarious in his divisions. The well-known speech of Charles II., that *he was not a fair man—he left nothing to be said by any one who came after him*, was no doubt true; and perhaps we, being accustomed to a more rapid and effective style, may feel some of the impatience of the merry monarch; yet we think the station to be adjudged both to his intellectual powers and the influence which those powers have exercised on English literature and English thinking, must set him far apart from most of the writers either of his own or of any other period.

In our examination of Mr. Hallam's work, we are conscious that we have dwelt almost exclusively on what may be called the high places of literature, while much of the merit of such a summary must depend on the judgment with which the inferior writers are admitted into the company of the 'gods and demigods,' and the skill with which the more feeble and undistinguished lineaments of their literary character are caught and painted. We might, no doubt, if captiously disposed, have found much debatable matter on these minor subjects; we might have complained of the exclusion of some, and protested against the freedom of the literary republic being granted to others. The bibliographers, again, who are apt to judge of the merits of a writer from the rarity of his book, will complain, that volumes over which the hammer of Mr. Evans has been suspended for many minutes of breathless anxiety, have received no more notice from Mr. Hallam than from their own age, which allowed them to sink into undisturbed obscurity; but bibliography, we apprehend, was not the object of our author. The searchers of the recondite treasures of the Bodleian and British Museum will look in vain, perhaps, to this work for its guidance in unearthing or undusting writers, not without merit or influence in their day, who were either unknown, or have been forgotten or disregarded by Mr. Hallam. But neither was this case, we conceive,

contemplated in his design. We must remember that this is the first great general map or chart of the intellectual world attempted in this country. To all lovers of literature it will be acceptable; to the young, we conceive, invaluable. We almost wish that we could renew our own youth, in order to profit by its instructions; it would have prevented us from reading a vast number of very bad books, and induced us, perhaps, to read some good ones. The more extensive the surface of literature, the more we are inclined not to rest in the narrow circle of our native libraries, but to consider Europe as one literary republic; the greater therefore becomes the necessity of introductions to literary history. We have dwelt much on the adaptation of intellectual studies to the necessities of each age; nothing was perhaps more imperatively demanded by our own than that which we now possess in the work of Mr. Hallam—a systematic, comprehensive, and trustworthy Retrospective Review.

ART. III.—1. *Catlin's Indian Gallery, containing Portraits, Landscapes, Costumes, &c., and Representations of the Manners and Customs of the North American Indians.* Egyptian Hall. London. 1840.

2. *A Report to the Secretary of War of the United States on Indian Affairs, comprising a Narrative of a Tour performed in the summer of 1820, under a Commission from the President of the United States, for the purpose of ascertaining for the use of the Government the actual state of the Indian tribes in our Country.* By the Rev. W. Meddiah Morse, D.D. 8vo. pp. 496. Newhaven. 1822.

3. *Life of Thayendanegea.* By William L. Stone. 8vo. pp. 1142. 2 vols. New York. 1838.

THERE exists no trait more characteristic of that innate generosity which has always distinguished the British nation, than the support which an individual, in proportion as he is weak, friendless, and indeed notwithstanding his faults, has invariably received from it whenever he has been seen, under any circumstances, ruined and overwhelmed in a collision with superior strength. It little matters whether

it be the Poles overpowered by the Russians, or merely a school-boy fighting with a man, for, without the slightest inquiry into the justice of the quarrel, the English public are always prone to declare themselves in favour of the 'little one;' and this assistance is so confidently relied upon, that it is well known the basest publishers, when they find they can attract nothing but contempt, as a last resource willfully incur a government prosecution.

Yet, while this has been the case among us at home, the aborigines of America in both hemispheres have been constantly fading before our eyes; and this annihilation of the real proprietors of the New World has excited no more sympathy than has been felt for the snow of their country, which every year has rapidly melted under the bright sun of heaven! Sovereigns from time immemorial of the vast territory bestowed upon them by the Almighty, they have gradually been superseded by the usurpers of their soil, until thousands of miles have been so completely dispeopled, that there does not remain a solitary survivor to guard the revered tombs of his ancestors, or to stand among them, the mourner and representative of an extinguished race! By an act of barbarism unexampled in history, their title of 'Americans' has even been usurped by the progeny of Europe, and, as if to perpetuate the ignorance which existed at the period of their discovery, we continue, in the illiterate jargon of that day, to call them 'Indians,' although the designation is as preposterous as if we were to persist in nick-naming them 'Persians' or 'Chinese.'

If the annihilation of our red brethren had been completed, it might be declared to be now as useless, as it certainly would be unpopular, to enter into any painful speculation on the subject; but a portion of their race still exists. By the bayonet, by the diseases we bring among them, by the introduction of spirituous liquors, by our vices, and last, though not least, by our proffered friendship, the work of destruction is still progressing; and if, in addition to all this, it be true, as in documentary evidence it has confidently been asserted, that every day throughout the year the sun sets upon 1000 negroes, who in anguish of mind, and under sea-sickness, sail as slaves from the coast of Africa—*nunquam redituri*—surely the civilized world is bound to pause ere it be too late, in an equally

merciless course of conduct towards the 'Indians,' which must sooner or later bring upon us a day of retribution, the justice of which we shall not be able to deny. But even dismissing from our minds the flagrant immorality of such conduct, as well as its possible results, it certainly appears unaccountable that we should have interested ourselves so little in the philosophical consideration of the condition of man in that unlettered simple state, in which only a few centuries ago we found him on the two continents of America.

If a flock of wild grey geese following their leader in the form of the letter >, and flying high over our heads at the rate of 1000 miles a day, be compared with the string of birds of the same species which at the same moment are seen in single file waddling across their 'short commons' to their parish puddle;—if a flight of widgeon, hundreds of miles from land, and skimming like the shadow of a small cloud over the glassy surface of the boundless ocean, be compared with a brood of 'lily-white ducks' luxuriously dabbling in a horse-pond;—if the wild boars, which with their progeny are roaming through the forests of Europe and Asia in quest of food, be compared to our sty-fed domestic animals which, with every want supplied, lie with twinkling eyes grunting in idle ecstasy as the florid bacon-fed attendant scratches their hides with the prongs of his pitchfork;—if a herd of buffalo with extended tails, retreating across their plains at their utmost speed from that malignant speck on the horizon which proclaims to them the fearful outline of the human form, be compared with a Devonshire cow chewing the cud before a barn-door, while at every stroke of John's flail honest Susan, leaning her blooming cheek against her favourite's side, with her bright tin milk-pail at her feet, pulls, pulls, pulls, so long as she can say, as John Bunyan said of his book, 'still as I pull'd it came';—if the foregoing, as well as many similar comparisons which might be brought before the mind, were duly considered, it would probably be declared that there does not exist in the moral world, and that there can scarcely exist in the physical, a more striking contrast than that which distinguishes the condition and character of birds and animals in a wild and in an artificial condition.

But there is a contrast in nature even stronger than any we have mentioned—we mean that which exists between man

in his civilized and uncivilized (or, as we term the latter), his 'savage' state; and, great as the contrast is, and self-interesting as it undoubtedly ought to be, it is, nevertheless, most strange how small a proportion of our curiosity has been attracted by it. The scientific world has waged civil war in its theological discussions on the Huttonian and Wernerian theories. In exploring the source of the Nile—in seeking for the course of the Niger—in making voyages of discovery, in order triumphantly 'to plant the British flag on the North Pole of the earth,' man has not been wanting in enterprise. In his endeavours to obtain the most accurate knowledge of every ocean, sea or river—of every country—of every great range of mountains—of every cataract or even volcano—and of every extraordinary feature of the globe;—in the prosecution of these and of similar inquiries he has not been wanting in curiosity or courage. Into the natural history of almost every animal, and even of insects, he has microscopically inquired. To every plant and little flower he has prescribed a name. He has dissected the rays of light, and has analysed and weighed even the air he breathes: and yet, with volumes of information on all these subjects, it is astonishing to reflect how little correct philosophical knowledge we possess of the real condition of man in a state of nature.

The rich mine which contained this knowledge has always been before us, but, because its wealth was not absolutely lying on the surface, we have been too indolent to dig for it. In short, between the civilized and uncivilized world a barrier exists, which neither party is very desirous to cross; for the wild man is as much oppressed by the warm houses, by the short tether, and by the minute regulations of civilized men, as they suffer from sleeping with him under the canopy of heaven, or from following him over the surface of his trackless and townless territory; besides which, if we reflect for a moment how grotesque the powdered hair, pig-tails, and whole costume of our fathers and forefathers now appear to our eyes, and how soon the dress we wear will, by our own children, be alike condemned; we need not be surprised at the fact, which all travellers have experienced, namely, that on the first introduction to uncivilized tribes, the judgment is too apt to set down as utterly and merely ridiculous, garments, habits, and customs, which on a longer acquaintance (it often

cannot be denied, are not more contemptible than many of our own; in fact, in the great cause of 'civilisation *versus* the savage' we are but bad judges in our own cause.

But even supposing that our travellers had been determined to suspend their opinions and to prosecute their inquiries, in spite of hardships and unsavoury food, yet when the barrier has apparently been crossed, the evidence which first presents itself bears false witness in the case;—for just as the richest lodes are covered at their surface with a glittering substance (termed by miners 'mundic'), resembling metal, but which on being smelted flies away in poisonous fumes of arsenic—so is that portion of the uncivilized world which borders upon civilisation always found to be contaminated, or, in other words, to have lost its own good qualities without having received in return anything but the vices of the neighbouring race.

It is from the operation of these two causes, that so many of our travellers in both continents of America, mistaking the mundic for the metal, have overlooked the real Indian character, first, from a disinclination to encounter the question; and, secondly, having attempted to encounter it, from having been at once, and at the outset, disgusted with the task. In order, therefore, to take a fair view of the Indian, it is evidently necessary that we should overleap the barrier we have described, and thus visit him either in the vast interminable plains—in the lofty and almost inaccessible mountains,—or in the lonely interior of the immense wilderness in which he resides.—In each of these three situations we have had a very transient opportunity of viewing him, but it will be on the more ample experience of others that we shall mainly rely in the following sketches and observations.

It is a singular fact, that while in Europe, Asia, and Africa, there exist races of men whose complexion and countenances are almost as strongly contrasted with each other as are animals of different species, the aborigines of both continents of America everywhere appear like children of the same race; indeed the ocean itself under all latitudes does scarcely preserve a more equable colour than the red man of America in every situation in which he is found.

Wherever he has been unruffled by injustice, his reception of his white brother is an affecting example of that genuine hospitality which is only to be met with

in savage tribes. However inferior the stranger may be to him in stature or in physical strength, he at once treats him as a superior being. He is proud to serve him: it is his highest pleasure to conduct him—to protect him and to afford him, without expecting the slightest recompense, all that his country can offer—all that his humble wigwam may contain. If his object in visiting the Indian country be unsuspected, the stranger's life and property are perfectly secure; under such circumstances, we believe, there has scarcely ever been an instance of a white man having been murdered or robbed. Mr. Catlin, who has had, perhaps, more experience of these simple people than any other white inhabitant of the globe, unhesitatingly adds his testimony to this general remark. From the particular objects of his visit to the *Indians*, he had more baggage than any individual would usually carry. At no time, however, was his life in greater danger than theirs, and in no instance was he pilfered of a single article—on the contrary, it was not until he reached the contaminated barrier that he found it even necessary to watch over his baggage; and, indeed, it was not until he returned to people of his own colour, that he found it almost impossible to protect the various items of his property.

The Indians talk but little; and though their knowledge is of course limited, yet they have at least the wisdom never to speak when they have nothing to say; and it is a remarkable fact, which has repeatedly been observed, that they neither curse nor swear.

When an Indian arrives with a message of the greatest importance to his tribe even with intelligence of the most imminent danger, he never tells it at his first approach, but sits down for a minute or two in silence, to recollect himself before he speaks, that he may not evince fear or excitement; for though these people admit, that when individual talks to individual, any licence may be permitted, they consider that in all dealings between nation and nation the utmost dignity should be preserved. The public speakers are accordingly selected from the most eloquent of their tribes; and it is impossible for any one who has not repeatedly listened to them, to describe the effects of the graceful attitude, the calm argument, and the manly sense with which they express themselves. Indeed, it seems perfectly unaccountable how men—who have never read a line, who have never seen a

town, who have never heard of a school, and who have passed their whole existence either among rugged mountains, on boundless plains, or closely environed by trees,—can manage, all of a sudden, to express themselves without hesitation, in beautiful language, and afterwards listen to the reply as calmly and as patiently.

It has often been said *ex cathedra* that the Indians are inferior to ourselves in their powers of body and mind. With respect to their physical strength, it should on the outset be remembered that men, like animals, are strong in proportion to the sustenance they receive. In many parts of America, where the country, according to the season of the year, is either verdant or parched, it is well known that not only the horses and cattle are infinitely stronger at the former season than at the latter, but that the human inhabitants who feed on them are sympathetically fat and powerful at the one period, and lean and weak at the other. Even in our own country, a horse or a man in condition* can effect infinitely more than when they are taken either from a meadow or a gaol; and accordingly a sturdy well-fed Englishman may with truth declare, that he has been able to surpass in bodily strength his red brother: but let him subsist for a couple of months on the same food, or on only twice or thrice the same quantity of food, and he will soon cease to despise the physical powers of his companion. The weights which Indian carriers can convey, the surprising distances which their runners can perform, the number of hours they can remain on horseback, and the length of time they can subsist without food, are facts which unanswerably disprove the alleged inferiority of their strength.

In one of the most remote and mountainous districts of their country, when it was completely enveloped in snow, we happened, at the bottom of a deep mine, to see a native Indian in an adit, or gallery, in which he could only kneel. We had been attracted towards him by the loud and constant reverberation of the heavy blows he was striking; and so great was the noise he was making that we crawled towards him unobserved, and for a minute or two knelt close be-

hind him. Not the slightest perspiration appeared on his deep red body; but with the gad or chisel in his left hand, he unremittingly continued at his work, until we suddenly arrested his lean sinewy right arm; and as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, we induced him to surrender to us the hammer he was using, which is now in our possession. Its weight is no less than eighteen pounds, exactly twice as much as a blacksmith's double-handed hammer; and we can confidently assert that no miner or labourer in this country could possibly wield it for five minutes, and that among all the sturdy philosophers who congregate at Lord Northampton's *soirée* or Mr. Babbage's *conversazione*, hardly one besides Professor Whewell could use it for a tenth of that time.

Mr. Catlin states, that in another very distant part of America, a short thick-set warrior, known by the appellation of 'the Brave,' amicably agreed, before a large party of spectators, to wrestle with some of the most powerful troopers in a regiment of United States' dragoons; and that the Indian, grappling with one after another, dashed them successively to the ground with a violence which they did not at all appear to enjoy, but with about as much ease seemingly to himself as if they had been so many maids of honour.

With respect to the *moral* power of the red aborigines, in addition to the few short specimens of their speeches and replies which we mean by and by to notice, we must observe, that the tortures which these beardless men can smilingly and exultingly endure, must surely be admitted as proofs of a commanding fibre of mind, of a self possession—in short, of a moral prowess which few among us could evince, and which we therefore ought to blush to deny to them as their due. In justice, however, to the Indian character, we deem it a painful duty to quote a single authenticated instance of the triumph of the red man's mind over the anguish of his body. We hope that 'the better-half' of our readers will pass it over unread, as revolting to the soft feelings of their nature; but the question is too important for us to shrink from the production of real evidence; and, having undertaken their defence, we feel we should not be justified in suddenly abandoning it, from the apprehension lest any man should call it 'unmannerly to bring a slovenly unhandsome coarse betwixt the wind and his nobility.'

* The Indians train themselves for war by extra food, and by sweating themselves in a vapour bath, which they ingeniously form by covering themselves over with a skin, under which they have placed hot stones, kept wet by a small stream of water.

The Hon. Cadwallader Colden, who, in 1750, was one of his Majesty's counsel, and surveyor general of New-York, in his 'History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada,'* says,—

'The French, all this summer, were obliged to keep upon the defensive within their forts, while the Five Nations, in small parties, ravaged the whole country, so that no man stirred the least distance from a fort but he was in danger of losing his scalp.

'The Count de Frontenac was pierced to the heart when he found he could not revenge these terrible incursions; and his anguish made him guilty of such a piece of monstrous cruelty, in burning a prisoner alive after the Indian manner, as, though I have frequently mentioned to have been done by the Indians, yet I forebore giving the particulars of such barbarous acts, suspecting it might be too offensive to Christian ears, even in the history of savages. . . .

'The Count de Frontenac, I say, condemned two prisoners of the Five Nations to be burnt publicly alive. The Intendant's lady entreated him to moderate the sentence; and the Jesuits, it is said, used their endeavours for the same purpose; but the Count de Frontenac said, "There is a necessity of making such an example, to frighten the Five Nations from approaching the plantations." But, with submission to the politeness of the French nation, may I not ask whether every (or any) horrid action of a barbarous enemy can justify a civilized nation in doing the like? When the Governor could not be moved, the Jesuits went to the prison to instruct the prisoners in the mysteries of our holy religion, viz., of the Trinity, the incarnation of our Saviour, the joys of Paradise, and the punishments of Hell, to fit their souls for Heaven by baptism, while their bodies were condemned to torments. But the Indians, after they had heard their sentence, refused to hear the Jesuits speak; and began to prepare for death in their own country manner, by singing their death-song. Some charitable person threw a knife into the prison, with which one of them despatched himself. The other was carried out to the place of execution by the Christian Indians of Loretto, to which he walked, seemingly, with as much indifference as ever martyr did to the stake. While they were torturing him, he continued singing, that he was a warrior brave, and without fear; that the most cruel death could not shake his courage; that the most cruel torments should not draw an indecent expression from him; that his comrade was a coward, a scandal to the Five Nations, who had killed himself for fear of pain; that he had the comfort to reflect that he had made many Frenchmen suffer as he did now. He fully verified his words, for the most violent torments could not force the least complaint from him, though his executioners tried their utmost skill to do it. They first broiled his feet between two red-hot stones; then they put his fingers into red-hot pipes, and though he had his arms at liberty, he would not pull his fingers out; they cut his joints, and taking hold of the sinews, twisted them round small bars of iron. All this while, he kept singing and recounting his own brave actions against the French. At last they flayed his scalp from his skull, and poured scalding hot sand upon it, at which time the Intendant's lady obtained leave of the Governor to have the

coup de grace given; and I believe she thereby likewise obtained a favour to every reader, in delivering him from a further continuance of this account of French cruelty.'

We have selected this tragic story out of many, because it offers a double moral; for it not only evinces the indomitable power of an Indian mind, but it at once turns the accusation raised against the cruelty of his nature, upon a citizen of one of the politest and bravest nations of the civilized globe, and with this fact before him, well might the red man say, '*suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo!*'

With a view, however, to show that an Indian heart is not *always* unsusceptible of the horror we must all feel at the torture they are in the habit of inflicting upon their prisoners of war, we have pleasure in offering, especially to the fairer sex, the following anecdote related by Captain Bell and Major Long, of the United States army, and certified by Major O'Fallan, the American agent, as also by his interpreter, who witnessed it.

A few years ago a Pawnee warrior, son of '*Old Knife*,' knowing that his tribe, according to their custom, were going to torture a Paduca woman, whom they had taken in war, resolutely determined, at all hazards, to rescue her, if possible, from so cruel a fate. The poor creature, far from her family and tribe, and surrounded only by the eager attitudes and anxious faces of her enemies, had been actually fastened to the stake—her funeral pile was about to be kindled, and every eye was mercilessly directed upon her, when the young chieftain, mounted on one horse, and, according to the habit of his country, leading another, was seen approaching the ceremony at full gallop. To the astonishment of every one, he rode straight up to the pile—extricated the victim from the stake—threw her on the loose horse, and then vaulting on the back of the other, he carried her off in triumph!

'She is won! we are gone—over bank, bush, and scaur;

'They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.'

The deed, however, was so sudden and unexpected—and being mysterious, it was at the moment so generally considered as nothing less than the act of the Great Spirit, that no efforts were made to resist it, and the captive, after three days' travelling, was thus safely transported to her nation, and to her friends. On the return of her liberator to his own

* We quote from the London edition, 8vo. p. 487—1750.

people, no censure was passed upon his extraordinary conduct—it was allowed to pass unnoticed.

On the publication of this glorious love-story at Washington, the boarding-school girls of Miss White's seminary were so sensibly touched by it, that they very prettily subscribed among each other to purchase a silver medal, bearing a suitable inscription, which they presented to the young Red-skin, as a token of the admiration of *white-skins* at the chivalrous act he had performed in having rescued one of their sex from so unnatural a fate. Their address closed as follows:—

'Brother! accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death, think of this, and of us, and fly to her relief.'

The young Pawnee had been unconscious of his merit, but he was not ungrateful:—

'Brothers and sisters!' he exclaimed, extending towards them the medal which had been hanging on his red naked breast, 'this will give me ease more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men.'

'I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance; but I now know what I have done.'

'I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal I know it!'

The tranquillity and serenity which characterise an Indian in time of peace are strangely contrasted with the furious passions which convulse him in war. The moral thermometer, which, in the English character, is generally somewhere about 'temperate,' is with the Indians either many degrees below zero or high above the point at which it is declared that 'spirits boil.' The range of the red man's emotions is infinitely greater than that of his white brother; and to all who have witnessed only the calmness, the patience, the endurance, and the silence of the Indians, it seems almost incredible that the most furious passions should be lying dormant in a heart that seems filled with benevolence; and that under the sweet countenance which blossoms like the rose, there should be reposing in a coil a venomous serpent, which is only waiting to spring upon its enemy!

Although, therefore, it might perhaps be said, that if the two extremes of the Indian character were allowed to compensate each other, they would not be far distant from the mean of our own, yet

vices and virtues ought not to be thus considered. In designating the human character, there should be no compromise of principle; no blending of colours; and accordingly we confess, without hesitation, that nothing can be more barbarous than the manner in which the Indians occasionally treat their prisoners of war; yet in this also they have two most remarkable extremes of conduct; for on presenting their captives to those who have lost relations in battle, if they are accepted, they immediately become free, and enjoy all the privileges of the persons in lieu of whom they have been received. In fact, they are adopted; and in one moment suddenly find themselves surrounded by people who address them, and who act towards them as brothers, sisters, parents, and even as wives! On the other hand, if they are rejected by the families of the slain, then their doom is fixed, their torture is prepared, and when the fatal moment arrives, there again appear before the observer of the Indian character two extremes, in both of which they infinitely surpass us. For the noblest resignation, the purest courage, the most powerful self-possession are contrasted in the same red race with the basest vengeance, the most barbarous cruelty, and the most unrelenting malice that it is possible even for poetry to conceive,

'About the time,' says Cadwallader Colden, 'of the conclusion of the peace at Roswick, the noted Theronet died at Montreal. The French gave him Christian burial in a pompous manner; the priest that attended him at his death having declared that he died a true Christian; for, said the priest, while I explained to him the passion of our Saviour, whom the Jews crucified, he cried out, "*Oh, had I been there I would have revenged his death, and brought away their scalps!*"'

We have no desire to attempt to wash out the 'damned spot' which we have just described. Its stain upon the Indian character is indelible: at the same time we must offer a few observations on the subject.

The feelings which actuate the great armies of Europe are altogether different from those under which two tribes of Indians meet each other in battle. In the former case the soldiers but imperfectly understand the political question in dispute, and they come into action very much in the same state of mind in which an individual would take his ground to fight a duel for his friend with a person he had never before seen, in defence of some unknown lady, who had received some

sort of insult which he could not clearly comprehend. Accordingly, the word of command regulates their attack; and at the sound of the bugle or the trumpet they advance or retreat, as the judgment of a distant individual may deem it proper to ordain.

Nevertheless, though they be in cool possession of their senses, let any man—after having witnessed the misery and anguish of a field of battle, after having mourned over this dreadful sacrifice of human life, and after having, perhaps a few days later, found on the plain, still writhing, hundreds of wounded men, robbed of their clothes by suttlers, and even by women, who, like a flock of vultures, follow every civilized army to prey upon the fallen—declare whether, on reflecting upon such a scene, he has not devoutly wished that it could wholly be attributed to the angry passions of man, rather than to the cold judgment of the statesmen of the nations that had been engaged. At all events to be a party in such a scene is not the habit of the Indians. On the other hand, if a foreign tribe, with faces painted for war, invade their territory to deprive them of the game on which they subsist—if in time of peace they treacherously murder any of their families—carry off their women—or if they offend their rude notions of honour by an insult;—when enmity against an individual or against a tribe, under such provocation, is once imbibed, it flows in their veins, at every pulsation it reaches their heart, and continues to infect it, until revenge has washed away the injury that has been received. With their passions violently self-excited by every artifice in their power, they accordingly prepare for death or vengeance, and, under these circumstances, the sole object they have in view is to take the life of their enemy, or, if he surrenders, to demonstrate the inferiority of his tribe by subjecting him to a torture which they themselves, be it always remembered, were fully prepared to have endured with songs of triumph, had the fortune of war sentenced them to the test.

However revolting such barbarous cruelty must be to every mind, yet surely no one can deny that the difference between the two pictures we have described is nothing but the necessary consequence of two opposite systems. The cold-blooded system of the civilized world is undoubtedly the best; on the other hand, so long as our laws mercifully re-

frain from punishing with death the man who has destroyed his fellow-creature in a paroxysm of passion, we may justly claim for the Indian that the same consideration may be extended to his guilt. And if, moreover, white men, fighting in cold blood, be justly declared by us to have 'covered themselves with glory' by the scenes which have been witnessed in European warfare, may not the savage tribes of America humbly sue, at least to Heaven, for comparative pardon, for the excesses they have committed in a fit of anger?

With respect to their scalping system (which is not perpetrated by the Indians as a punishment, but on the principle on which our hunters proudly carry home with them, as a trophy, 'the brush' of the fox they have run to death), it is of course horrible in the extreme; at the same time, it may be said, that if war can authorise us to blow out the brains of our enemies—run them through the body with our bayonets—hash them with our swords—riddle them with round shot, grape, and canister—and if, while the wounded are lying on the ground, it is our habit, from necessity, to ride over them with our cavalry, and with our artillery and ball-cartridge carts to canter over them as if they were straw—if we can burn them with rockets, scald them with steam, and by the explosion of well-constructed mines blow them by hundreds into the air—surely we are not altogether authorised in so gravely declaring that, the civilized world having determined the precise point to which war ought to be carried, it is therefore undeniable that all who copy our fashions are '*valientes*,' and that whoever exceed it are 'savages' and 'brutes!' No doubt Achilles thought himself at the very height of the fashion when he dragged the body of Hector round the walls of Troy. The Phœnicians no doubt thought it exquisitely fashionable to burn their children in sacrifice. Many of us can remember when the guillotine was in fashion; and, lastly, the alterations which have taken place in our own criminal laws show, that though the scales of justice remain unaltered, the Goddess's sword has within the last few years been deliberately shortened by us to half its ancient length.

In the few schools in which they have been educated by us, the red children have evinced, not only many estimable virtues, but considerable ability.

'All the children of Indian schools,' says Dr.

Morse, in his Report to the Secretary at War, 'make much greater progress than is common in our schools, and the missionaries declare that the children are more modest and affectionate, and are more easily managed.'

To the above statement we are enabled to add our own testimony, for in several seminaries which we have chanced to inspect, we have seen the Indian boys perform sums in practice and in vulgar fractions with a surprising quickness, and, on our expressing our astonishment, we have been assured by one of their masters, who for many years had conducted a respectable school in England, that he was deliberately of opinion that the red children learnt quicker than those of the same age at home.

The honesty of the Indian is sufficiently evinced by the universal custom of our fur-traders to sell to him almost all their goods upon credit. Beads, trinkets, and paint, gunpowder, whiskey, and many other perishable articles, are willingly made over to him, under the mere promise that when the hunting season is ended he will pay the number of skins that has been settled as their price. The Indian then darts away into his recesses, as the dolphin dives through the ocean from a vessel's side, and before a month or two have elapsed he is lost in space, beyond the control of anything but his own honour; nevertheless, as the 'busy bee' faithfully returns to its hive, and as the eagle affectionately revisits its young, so does the red debtor reappear before his creditor, silently to liquidate the debt of honour he had incurred.

The religion of the red man in both continents of America consists universally of a belief in a Great and Good Spirit, and in a 'Manito,' or Evil Genius. They address themselves to both, and accordingly the young modest Indian girl, with her arms folded across her bosom, as fervently entreats the Fiend 'to lead her not into temptation,' as her parents, under every affliction, pray to the Great Spirit 'to deliver them from evil.'

The various nations have different notions of the origin of their race:—it is nevertheless an extraordinary fact, vouched for by Mr. Catlin, that of all the tribes he visited there was no one which did not by some means or other connect their origin with 'a big canoe,' which was supposed to have rested on the summit of some hill or mountain in their neighbourhood. The Mandan Indians carry this

vague Mount Ararat impression to a very remarkable extent, for Mr. Catlin found established among them an annual ceremony held round 'a great canoe,' entitled in their language 'the settling of the waters,' which was held always on the day in which the willow trees of their country came into blossom. On asking why that tree out of all others was selected, Mr. Catlin was informed that it was because it was from it that the bird flew to them with a branch in its mouth: and when it was inquired *what* bird it was, the Indians 'pointed to the dove, which, it appears, was held so sacred among them, that neither man, woman or child, would injure it; indeed, the Mandans declared that even their dogs instinctively respected that bird.

In a few of the tribes there exists a tradition that they are the descendants of people born across 'the great salt lake,' but most believe that their race was originally created on their own continent. Some conceive that the Great Spirit made them out of the celebrated red stone, from which, out of a single quarry, from time immemorial, they have made their pipes. Others say they were all created from the dust of the earth; but those who have become acquainted with white people modestly add, 'The Great Spirit must have made you out of the *fine* dust, for you know more than we.'

In the year 1821, 'Big Elk,' chief of the O'Mahars, and some other sachems, who had come to Washington, were examined by Dr. Morse, to whose queries they gave the following replies:—

'Q. Who made the red and the white people?—A. The same Being who made the white people made the red people, but the white people are better than the red.

'Q. From whence did your fathers come?—A. We have a tradition among us that our ancestors came to this country across the great water; that *eight men* were originally made by the Great Spirit; and that mankind of all colours and nations sprang from these.

'Q. Do you believe that the Great Spirit is present, and that he sees and knows what you do?—A. Yes; when we pray and deliberate in council, it is not ~~we~~ that deliberate, but the Great Spirit.'

The following is from the report of an interview that took place in 1821 between Major Cummings, of the U. S. army, and a nation of Indians formed by the union of the three tribes, Pottawattemies, Chipewas, and Ottawas:—

'Q. What ceremonies have you at the burial of your dead?—A. These vary. We bury by putting the body under ground in a case, or wrapped in

skins; sometimes by placing it in trees, or standing it erect and enclosing it with a paling. This difference arises generally from the request of the man before he died, or from the dream of a relative. We place with the dead some part of their property, believing that as it was useful to them during their life, it may prove so to them when they are gone.

'Q. Do you believe that the soul lives after the body is dead?—A. We do, but that it does not leave this world till its relatives and friends feast, and do brave actions, to obtain its safe support. Q. Do you believe there is a place of happiness and of misery?—A. We do. The happy are employed in feasting and dancing; the miserable wander through the air. Q. What entitles a person to the place of happiness, and what condemns a person to the place of misery?—A. To be entitled to the place of happiness, a man must be a good hunter, and possess a generous heart. The miser, the envious man, the liar, and the cheat are condemned to the place of misery.'

In rocky regions, where it would be impossible to dig a grave, the Indians are in the habit of laying out their dead on the flat rock. The son places a bow and arrow, or even a rifle with powder and shot, by the corpse of his father, who, with his *mystery* or *medicine-bag* on his chest, is then covered over with loose stones, merely sufficient to keep off the wild beasts. We have more than once had occasion to sleep upon the ground, in the open air, among these simple sepulchres, which are so religiously respected by the Indians, that scarcely anything would induce them to violate their sanctity. A hunter starving from having exhausted his powder or shot, will occasionally, sooner than die, borrow ammunition from the dead, but though no human being has witnessed the act, the red man's conscience tells him it was seen by the Great Spirit. His mind, therefore, is never at rest until, bending in solitude over the mouldering skeleton he has once again uncovered, he honourably repays, perhaps by moonlight, the debt he has incurred:—

'He thought as he took it, the dead man frown'd;
But the glare of the sepulchral light
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.'

About a year or two ago, an English female tourist, whose name—though it does not deserve our protection—we are not disposed to mention, happening to pass some of these graves, uncovered one, and in presence of two or three Indians, very coolly carried off the sleeping tenant's skull, with as little appearance of feeling, as if it had been a specimen of quartz or granite. The red witnesses of the act looked at each other in solemn silence, but on imparting the extraordinary

scene they had witnessed to their chief, councils were held—the greatest possible excitement was created—and to this day, these simple people (or 'savages,' as we term them) speak with horror and repugnance of what they consider an uncalled-for and an unaccountable violation of the respect which *they* think is religiously due to the dead. For our parts, we can safely say, we have often felt that we would not be haunted by the possession of that skull, for all the blue-stockings that ever were knit, or for all the acclamations that phrenologists can bestow.

People who commit these sort of acts, little think of the serious consequences they may entail upon travellers who have the misfortune to follow them. The headless skeleton we have mentioned may yet be revenged, and, certainly, if in the neighbourhood of his violated grave, the body of a white man should be found,

'Cold, and drench'd with blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Unknown the manner of his death;
Gone his brand both sword and sheath,'

it might reasonably be noted down, that he had, most probably, been made to pay the penalty of the thoughtless deed of a sentimental English spinster.

An Indian mourns for the loss of near relations from six to twelve months, by neglecting his personal appearance, and by blackening his face.

'A woman,' says Dr. Morse, 'will mourn for the loss of her husband at least twelve months, during which time she appears to be very solitary and sad, never speaking to any one, unless necessary, and always wishing to be alone. At the expiration of her mourning, she will paint and dress as formerly, and endeavour to get another husband.'

We believe this process is not peculiar to red-skins.

The 'births' and 'marriages,' which, according to the fashionable regulations of the 'Morning Post,' ought to have been noticed by us before the 'deaths,' are very easily described.

The red infant generally first opens his eyes, or, rather, utters his first squall, in a very small, low hovel, or den, made expressly for the occasion of his birth, and, from feelings of delicacy and propriety, purposely removed some distance from the great wigwam of the family. In a very few hours after his arrival, his mother walks with him to her tribe, where he generally finds plenty of brothers, sisters, and young cousins ready to receive him.

On suddenly approaching an Indian

family in summer, they are generally found grouped together under the shade of some great tree; and the first observation which strikes the white-faced stranger, is the wholesale superabundant stock of health which the children possess. It is evident at a glance, that their constitutions must be impervious to the elements, and there is a plumpness in their faces, a firmness in their flesh, and a deep ruddy bloom on their cheeks, which it is very pleasing to behold. While these children, gambolling nearly naked, are proclaiming pretty plainly by their outlines what a quantity of soup and food they have just been enjoying, the elder ones with their parents are generally seen ruminating in silence, in a semicircle, in the centre of which are to be observed, also seated on the ground, the grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-grandmothers of the tribe. Nothing can be more patriarchal—more free from care or suffering of any kind, than the group we have delineated, which might justly be termed 'a picture of health.'

The naming of an Indian is a serious act, which is always purposely involved as much as possible in mystery. His name is to be the leading letter in the alphabet of his life, and, accordingly, as in the case of the Shandy family, it frequently happens that a considerable time is suffered to elapse before it can be agreed on; during which period of doubt, the child is often made to fast, until something has been observed or recollected either in the elements which have assailed him, or in the difficulties he has overcome, or in the circumstances which attended his birth, or in his disposition, to solve the problem, by suggesting an appropriate appellation, which is then solemnly bestowed. And yet, proud as an Indian is of his own name, it is nevertheless most singular, that he can never be induced to utter it. We have often pressed them to do so, but always in vain; for they avert their minds from the question with the same curious attitude in which a dog turns his head away whenever a clean, empty wine-glass is presented at him. 'Oh! no, we never mentioned him!' is the modest reply of his countenance, and the most an Indian will ever do, when hard pressed, is to look full into the face of some red brother at his side, who, without the slightest reluctance, relieves him from his embarrassment, by smilingly pronouncing his comrade's name; although if his *own* were to be asked of

him, he would, in like manner, be suddenly confounded.

Among the Indians in both continents of America, marriage is considered as a civil contract, rather than as a religious ceremony. Polygamy is the exception rather than the rule, and it is generally confined to the chiefs, and to men whose situations entail upon them the necessity of entertaining a number of guests, and who therefore absolutely require more female assistance than he who has only his own family to provide for.

One of the prime objects which a young Indian hunter has in marrying is to obtain a person who will work for him; that is to say, who will cook his meals, make his clothes, repair his wigwam, gum his canoe, dress the skins he procures &c. One of the great objects which an Indian girl, in marrying, has in view, is to obtain a friend who will protect her in war as well as in peace, and who will procure for her food and covering. The connection, therefore, is one not only of natural and mutual benefit and happiness, but almost of necessity; for as there is no such thing known among them as a hired servant, the greatest warrior can only get his dinner by marrying a woman to cook it; and, on the other hand, the young Indian girl, (according to Mrs. Glasse's receipt of 'first catch your hare') cannot become a professed cook until she has managed to engage a husband to procure her the game.

Under these two simple principles of attraction they marry very early; the young men being generally about 18 years of age, the girls from 12 to 14. If an Indian's possessions increase, he does not hesitate to add to them another wife, and accordingly, men are occasionally found who are worth six or seven wives; in which case, we are very sorry indeed to say, the ladies usually rank in his affection, inversely as the dates of their commissions!

That improvident marriages are occasionally contracted will be evident, from the following anecdote of a young Indian of about 18, whose picture is to be seen in Mr. Catlin's gallery:—

The father of this lad having bequeathed to him nine horses and a wigwam, he naturally enough determined to marry; and in the operation of reconnoitring for a wife, he found so many who exactly suited him, that his nuptials were appointed without delay. On the tribe being assembled to witness the ceremony

an old Indian stepped forward, and, delivering over to the man of fortune his young blooming daughter, received from him in return a couple of horses. But before the ceremony could be proceeded with, three other Indians, with three other equally blooming daughters, successively presented to the young bridegroom a wife, for each of whom they received, according to his previous promise, a couple of horses; and yet each of the four fathers, all having separately been bound to secrecy, had conceived that *his* daughter alone was to be the 'wedded wife.' While the improvident young man, whose patrimony had thus suddenly dwindled into nothing but one horse, four wives, and a wigwam, with perfect calmness was leading away his partners, two in each hand, to his tent, the spectators, left in the circle in which they had ranged themselves, remained for a few moments in mute reflection. The act they had witnessed was so unexpected, so improvident, and so unusual, that, not knowing how to digest it, on our old 'omne-ignotum-pro-magnifico' principle, they voted it a *mystery*; and at once, pronouncing the bridegroom to be 'a *mystery*, or medicine man,'

'They left him *alone* in his glory!'

As the anecdote we have just related does not sound very characteristic of the purity of Indian women, we feel it proper to observe that, degraded as their condition certainly is, wherever they have been contaminated by the vices of the old world, yet in their natural state, they are often distinguished by an innate modesty, and by a propriety of conduct, to which even the traders among them have borne ample testimony. Although these people are always furnished with trinkets, of inestimable value to the Indians, to be given to them as presents, for the sole object of conciliating the tribe, and though they have too often endeavoured to misapply these presents, yet the traders do not hesitate to confess how constantly they have found themselves baffled.

While the red woman is attending to her baby, making mocassins for her husband, collecting gum for his canoe, &c., he is infinitely more actively employed, either in the prairies, in pursuing the buffalo, or in the forest, in tracking the deer and the bear; and during the hunting season the Indians usually wander, with their families, over an immense region of country, to many parts of which they must unavoidably be total strangers.

On leaving the wigwam which contains his children, and which in the recesses of the interminable desert, can scarcely be seen twenty yards off, the hunter pursues his course in whatever direction he thinks most likely to lead him to game. After travelling for many hours, he at last comes up with footmarks, upon which, from their freshness, he determines to settle; he accordingly follows them throughout their eccentric course; wherever the animal has turned, he turns; and in this way, for a considerable time, and with his mind highly excited, he prosecutes his game, until he actually has it in view. With unerring aim he then fires his rifle or his arrow; and when his victim, having fallen, has been despatched by his knife, leaving the carcase on the ground, and without deigning to retrace his own footsteps, he instinctively dives into the forest, and proceeds to his wigwam, as straight as an arrow to the target!

This astonishing recollection, even under the excitement of the chase, of the *carte-du-pays* through which he hunted, may be offered as another proof against the assertion that the Indians are our inferiors in mental power.

When a red man enters his wigwam after hunting, it is the custom of his wife to say nothing; she does not dare to ask what success he has had; for anxious as she is, and as he has been, on the subject, she knows he is too tired to talk, and that he wants not conversation, but rest and refreshment. Accordingly, she presents to him dry mocassins, and, as quickly as possible, his food, which, in dead silence, he pertinaciously devours. While he is thus engaged, it may easily be conceived that female curiosity is almost ready to burst the red skin that contains it. If the Indian happens to draw out his knife, the wife's dark eyes eagerly glance upon it, to see if she can discover welcome blood, or a single hair of an animal upon its blade. If he gives her his pouch, with an arbitrary motion of his hand to lay it aside, in obeying the silent mandate, she peeps into it, to see if the red tongue-string of the deer, which the hunter cuts out as a trophy, is there. She looks at the lock of his rifle, to see if it has been often fired; or at his quiver, to count if any of his arrows are missing; in short, she endeavours, by every means in her power, to find out, just as fine London ladies do, what the husband has been doing when from home—at 'the club,' or elsewhere.

While the Indian is occupied at his meal, we may take the opportunity of observing that these people pride themselves in holding all sorts of food in equal esteem. A Mohawk chief told Dr. Morse, 'that a *man* eats everything without distinction—bears, cats, dogs, snakes, frogs, &c.; adding, that 'it was womanish to have any delicacy in the choice of food.' They will take a turkey, pluck off the feathers, and then, without any farther operation, roast it and eat it, just as we manage with oysters. In some tribes, there is no doubt, they even eat the bodies of their prisoners. Colonel Schuyler told Dr. Morse, that during their war with the French, he was invited to eat broth with them, which was ready cooked. He did so; until, as they were stirring the ladle into the kettle to give him some more, they lifted up a Frenchman's hand, which, as may easily be conceived, put an end to his appetite.

As soon as the hunter we have just left is refreshed and full, of his own accord he begins to relate to the partner of his wigwam where he has been, and what he has done. He tells her where he first found the track, where it turned, and how it dodged. He crouches down, as he describes where he first got a view of his game, and it is again apparently within his savage grasp, as, starting from his seat, he exultingly shows the manner and the vital part in which he stabbed it.

When this domestic scene in the picture gallery of an Indian's fire-side is concluded, it is the duty of the wife to go and bring the dead animal home—an act which a thorough-bred hunter considers would degrade him. Accordingly, from the description which has been given to her of the spot on which it fell, by retracing her husband's footsteps, wherever it is possible to do so, and by attentively looking out to the right and left for the hanging twigs, which, she knows, in returning to the wigwam, he will have broken, as evidence to her of his path, she manages to arrive at the slaughtered game, of which, it may fairly be said, she earns her share, by bringing it on her shoulders to the den.

If our limits could admit them, endless are the sketches that might be offered to our readers of the simple habits and domestic scenes of the red denizens of America; but it is necessary that we should now turn our thoughts to the more important and more painful consideration of the fatal results which their intercourse

with the civilized world has already produced, and must inevitably, we fear, consummate.

It is melancholy to reflect in what different colours Columbus may be painted by the inhabitants of the New and Old World. His philosophical calculations, his shrewd observations, his accurate deductions from a few simple facts, which, by the dull multitude, had remained almost unnoticed, his unalterable determination to bring his theory into practice, his unflinching perseverance, his victory over the ignorant prejudice and superstition which 'like envious clouds seemed bent to dim his glory and cheek his bright course to the occident,' his personal courage, his tact in propelling his crew, his artifices in supporting their drooping spirits, the eventual accomplishment of his great object, and the accurate fulfilment of his prophecy, combine in making *us* consider him as one of the most distinguished men that the Old World has ever produced. On the other hand, by the red aborigines he may justly be depicted as the personification of their '*manito*' or evil spirit—in short, of that serpent which has brought 'death into their world and all its woe.' Most certainly, however *we* may bless the name of Columbus, accursed to *them* has been the hour when the white man's foot first landed on their shore, and when his pale hand, in friendship, first encountered their red grasp!

The vast Indian empires of Mexico and Peru have, as we all know, been as completely depopulated by the inhabitants of the Old World as the little cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were smothered by the lava and cinders of Vesuvius.

In less populous, though not less happy regions, by broadsides of artillery, by volleys of musketry, by the bayonet, by the terrific aid of horses, and even by the savage fury of dogs, the Christian world managed to extend the lodgment it had effected among a naked and inoffensive people.

In both hemispheres of America the same horrible system of violence and invasion are at this moment in operation. The most barbarous and unprovoked attempts to exterminate the mounted Indians in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres have lately been made. In the United States upwards of thirty-six millions of dollars have been expended during the last four years in the attempt to

drive the Seminoles from their hunting-grounds. What quantity of Indian blood has been shed by this money is involved in mystery. The American general in command, it is said, tendered his resignation unless he were granted, in this dreadful war of extermination, the assistance of bloodhounds; and it has also been asserted that on a motion being made, in one of the State legislatures, for an inquiry into this allegation, the proposition was negative and the investigation suppressed. At all events the aggression against the Seminoles still continues; a pack of blood-hounds has already been landed in the United States from the island of Cuba; and while the Indian women, with blackened faces, are mourning over the bereavement of their husbands and their sons, and trembling at the idea of their infants being massacred by the dogs of war which the authorities of the state of Florida have, it appears from the last American newspapers, determined to let loose, the republic rejoices at the anticipated extension of its territory; and, as usual, exultingly boasts, that it is 'going ahead!'

In the Old World, war, like every other pestilence, rages here and there for a certain time only; but the gradual extinction of the Indian race has unceasingly been in operation from the first moment of our discovery of America to the present hour; for whether we come in contact with our red brethren as enemies or as friends, they everywhere melt before us like snow before the sun. Indeed it is difficult to say whether our friendship or our enmity has been most fatal.

The infectious disorders which, in moments of profound peace, we have unfortunately introduced, have proved infinitely more destructive and merciless than our engines of war. By the small-pox alone it has been computed that half the Indian population of North America has been swept away. There is something particularly affecting in the idea of the inhabitants even of a wigwam being suddenly attacked by something from the Old World which, almost on the same day, has rendered them all incapable of providing for each other or even for themselves; and it is dreadful to consider in how many instances, by the simultaneous death of the adults, the young and helpless must have been left in the lone wilderness to starve!

But not only whole families, but whole tribes, have been almost extinguished by this single disease, which is supposed to have proved fatal to at least seven millions of Indians. The Pawnee nation have been reduced by it from 25,000 to 10,000. When Mr. Catlin lately visited the Mandan tribe, it consisted of 2000 people, particularly distinguished by their handsome appearance and by their high character for courage and probity. They received him with affectionate kindness, and not only admitted him to all their most secret mysteries, but installed him among the learned of their tribe, and afforded him every possible assistance. He had scarcely left them when two of the fur-traders unintentionally infected them with the small-pox, which *caused the death of the whole tribe!* Not an individual has survived; and had not Mr. Catlin felt deep and honourable interest in their fate, it is more than probable it never would have reached the coast of the Atlantic, or been recorded in history. And thus, by a single calamity, has been swept away a whole nation, respecting whom it was proverbial among the traders, '*that never had the Mandans been known to kill a white man!*'

Of our destruction of the Indians by the small-pox, it may at least be said that the affliction is soon over. There is, however, another importation by which we have destroyed them—which, though it has been almost as fatal, has been so by a lingering and most revolting process—we allude to the introduction of ardent spirit, or, as it is generally called in America, of whiskey.

In our own country we are all early taught, and we every day see before our eyes, the miserable effects of drunkenness, but the poor Indian has received no such lesson or experience: on the contrary, the traders tell him the draught will increase his valour and add to his strength. He accordingly raises it to his lips, and from that moment he becomes, almost without metaphor, 'a fallen man.' The exhilarating effect which it at first produces he never forgets, and when he has been once intoxicated, there is nothing he possesses which is not within the easy grasp of the trader. The women and the children equally become victims to this thirst for poison; and it is melancholy to think, that exactly in proportion as the wigwam is denuded by the trader of the furs, skins, and coverings it contains, so inversely are its sim-

ple tenants made physically less competent than they were to resist the cold, the inclemencies, the hardships, and the vicissitudes of a savage life.

In populous civilized communities, where by the division of labour, each man's attention is directed to one minute object, the loss of health and strength is only of comparative importance; but it is dreadful to reflect upon the situation of a poor Indian hunter, when he finds, he knows not why, that his limbs are daily failing him in the chase, that his arrow ceases to go straight, and that his nerves tremble before the wild animals it was but lately his pride to encounter!

The variety of demoralising effects produced in a wigwam, by selling a gallon or two of whiskey to an Indian family of men, women, and children, could not with propriety be described, and must be witnessed to be conceived. It may easily, however, be imagined, that they end in the destruction of their noble constitutions—in their sickness—in their infamy—and very rapidly in their death. By this liquid fire, whole families and whole nations have been not only consumed as by a conflagration, but they have ended their days in the most squalid misery and woe—in long-protracted anguish. The horrid system has not, however, we regret to say, shared the fate of those it has destroyed; on the contrary, every year it has become better organised, and from the subtlety of the traders it is now more impossible than ever to be prevented. For whatever object a body of Indians is assembled, whether for peace, for war, or even to listen to the doctrines of our revered religion, the traders like wolves come skulking around them, and, like eagles in the neighbourhood of a field of battle, they hover out of the reach of gun-shot, confident of the enjoyment of their prey. In the vast regions of the Prairies alone, it has been accurately estimated that there are at this moment from 600 to 800 traders (many of whom have fled as outlaws from the civilized world, for the most horrible crimes) daily employed in deluging the poor Indians with whiskey.

There is another mode in which the red man is made to fade away before the withering progress of civilisation; we allude to the rapid destruction of the game necessary for his subsistence. In proportion as the sword, small-pox, and whiskey, have depopulated the country of the Indians, the settlement of the whites has gradually and triumphantly

advanced; and their demand for skins and furs has proportionally increased. In the splendid regions of the 'far west' which lie between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, there are living at this moment on the Prairies various tribes, who, if left to themselves, would continue for ages to subsist on the buffalo which cover the plains. The skins of these animals, however, have become valuable to the whites, and, accordingly, this beautiful verdant country, and these brave and independent people, have been invaded by white traders, who, by paying to them a pint of whiskey for each skin (or 'robe,' as they are termed in America), which sells at New York for ten or twelve dollars, induce them to slaughter these animals in immense numbers, leaving their flesh, the food of the Indian, to rot and putrefy on the ground. No admonition or caution can arrest for a moment the propelling power of the whiskey; accordingly, in all directions these poor thoughtless beings are seen furiously riding under its influence in pursuit of their game, or in other words, in the fatal exchange of food for poison. It has been very attentively calculated by the traders, who manage to collect per annum from 150,000 to 200,000 buffalo-skins, that at the rate at which these animals are now disposed of, in ten years they will be all killed off. Whenever that event happens, Mr. Catlin very justly prophesies that 250,000 Indians, now living in a plain of nearly three thousand miles in extent, must die of starvation and become a prey to the wolves, or that they must either attack the powerful neighbouring tribes of the Rocky Mountains, or in utter phrenzy of despair rush upon the white population on the forlorn hope of dislodging it. In the two latter alternatives there exists no chance of success, and we have therefore the appalling reflection before us, that these 250,000 Indians must soon be added to the dismal list of those who have already withered and disappeared, leaving their country to bloom and flourish in the possession of the progeny of another world!

Among the noblest of the tribes whose melancholy fate has been so painfully anticipated, are the 'Crows,' said by Mr. Catlin to be the handsomest Indians he ever visited. As they stand, their jet black hair touches the ground, while in riding after the buffalo at full speed, it is seen streaming behind them in the most

beautiful form. In their war dress the plume of eagle's feathers ornaments their brows—a lance, fourteen feet in length, giving a wild finish to the picture. Their wigwam villages are situated on the verdant prairies, the surface of which is in some places as flat as the ocean, in others beautifully diversified by undulating hills, which, covered with pasture to their very summits, form a striking contrast with the bright shining snow which everlastingly caps the Rocky Mountains, and with the dark deep blue sky which reigns above them.

The same operation is at this moment going on in detail, quite as fatally, throughout the whole continent of North America; including our British North American colonies. Even where the lands of the Indians are faithfully secured to them, and where every attempt to encourage them to ruin themselves has been, and still is, discountenanced, still their eventual extinction, by almost starvation, appears unavoidable. Even in Canada, however justly their hunting-grounds may be maintained inviolate, yet, in consequence of the white population settling around them on lands belonging to the British crown, their supply of food is rapidly cut off, until the poor Indian finds, he knows not why, that it has become almost vain to go in search of it: for the game of America is not like that in England, the produce of the land on which it is found, but, migrating and wandering through the forest, it is easily scared from its haunts.

The last of the means we shall mention by which white people have prosecuted, and are still prosecuting, their desolating march over the territory of the Indians, is either by persuading them to sell their lands, as the British government has occasionally done, or by forcing them to do so, as we regret to say has been too often the case in other parts of America.

Of all the title-deeds recorded in 'the chancery of heaven,' there surely can be no one more indisputable than the right which the red man of America has to inhabit his own hunting-grounds; nevertheless, in Dr. Morse's Report to the Secretary at War, he states—

'The relation which the Indians sustain to the government of the United States is peculiar in its nature. Their independence, their rights, their title to the soil which they occupy, are all imperfect in their kind.

'Indians have no other property to the soil of their respective territories than that of mere occupancy. . . The complete title to their lands rests in the government of the United States!'

The opinion of the Honourable John Quincy Adams on the subject was thus expressed:—

'There are moralists who have questioned the right of the Europeans to intrude upon the possessions of the aboriginals in any case, and under any limitations whatsoever; but have they maturely considered the whole subject? The Indian right of possession itself stands, with regard to the greatest part of the country, upon a *questionable* foundation. Their cultivated fields, their constructed habitations, a space of ample sufficiency for their subsistence, and whatever they had annexed of themselves by personal labour, was undoubtedly, by the laws of nature, theirs. But what is the right of a huntsman to the forest of a thousand miles, over which he has accidentally ranged in quest of prey? Shall the liberal bounties of Providence to the race of man be monopolized by one of ten thousand for whom they were created? Shall the exuberant bosom of the mother country, amply adequate to the nourishment of millions, be claimed exclusively by a few hundreds of her offspring? Shall the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilisation himself, but shall he control the civilisation of the world? Shall he forbid the wilderness to blossom like the rose? Shall he forbid the oaks of the forest to fall before the axe of industry, and rise again, transformed into the habitations of ease and elegance? Shall he doom an immense region of the globe to perpetual desolation, and to hear the howlings of the tiger and the wolf silence for ever the voice of human gladness? Shall the fields and the valleys, which a beneficent God has framed to teem with the life of innumerable multitudes, be condemned to everlasting barrenness? Shall the mighty rivers, poured out by the hands of Nature, as channels of communication between numerous nations, roll their waters in sullen silence and eternal solitude to the deep? Have hundreds of commodious harbours, a thousand leagues of coast, and a boundless ocean, been spread in the front of this land, and shall every purpose of utility to which they could apply, be prohibited by the tenant of the woods? No, *generous philanthropists!* Heaven has not been thus inconsistent in the works of its hands! Heaven has not thus placed its moral laws at irreconcilable strife with its physical creation!'

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the subject of Indian titles was as follows:—

'The majority of the Court is of opinion, that the nature of the Indian title, which is certainly to be respected by all courts, *until it be legitimately extinguished*, is not such as to be absolutely repugnant to *seisin in fee* on the part of the State!!!'

However the foregoing extracts may fail to explain satisfactorily to our readers the tenure of Indian lands, they will at least show the lamentable position in which the red native stands on his hunting grounds in the United States. The poor creature is between white law on the one side, and white whiskey on the other:—the one disputes his title—the other obliterates it, by 'dropping a tear on the word, and blotting it out for ever.'

and thus, by the co-operation of both, without even the assistance of the bayonet, is the tenant finally ejected.

In several instances, indeed, the Indian tribes, instead of consenting to sell their lands and abandon the homes of their ancestors, have unburied the hatchet of war, and fought against the regular troops with a desperation and a courage which have proved almost invincible: thus it has lately been officially announced to Congress, that, notwithstanding the enormous expenses of the attack upon the Seminoles, no sensible effect has been produced. But these are rare cases—and even in these the ultimate result is quite clear. In many more instances, the red tenantry, seeing their inability to resist, have obediently consented to retire; in which case the government of the United States has agreed to pay them one and a half cent (the hundredth part of a dollar) per acre for their lands—which lands have been often immediately resold by the State for a dollar and a half per acre. But besides this profit, the government has taken very good care always to exact from the white purchaser *prompt payment in silver*: whereas the Indian is not only at best paid his pittance in paper money, or in goods, but the government, when it is convenient, claim as their right, that the purchase-money need not be paid by them until thirty years; by which time the poor Indians, who reluctantly surrendered their land, will probably all be dead! In short, these sales of land amount so very nearly to an ejection, that it may easily be conceived the Indians only consent to them where either the power of the law or the strength of whiskey proves greater than they can withstand.

Their attachment to their soil and to their own habits of life, are always affectingly evinced in their various answers to those whose official duty it has been to advocate the government recommendation that they should contract their dominions.

The President, about twenty years ago, recommended to a Pawnee chief, who came to Washington on purpose to see him, that he and his tribe should, under the superintendence of Missionaries, till their land like white people. The unlettered 'savage,' after having listened with the gravest attention, made the following speech, translated by a sworn reporter, and which we present to our readers as a fair specimen of unpremeditated oratory:—

'My great Father, I have travelled a long distance to see you. I have seen you, and my heart rejoices: I have heard your words; they have entered one ear and shall not escape out of the other; I will carry them to my people as pure as they came from your mouth.

'My great Father, I am going to speak the truth; the Great Spirit looks down upon us, and I call Him to witness all that may pass between us on this occasion. The Great Spirit made us all; He made my skin red and yours white. He placed us on this earth, and intended we should live differently from each other. He made the whites to cultivate the earth and feed on tame animals; but he made us red men to rove through the woods and plains, to feed on wild animals, and to dress in their skins. He also intended that we should go to war to take scalps, steal horses, triumph over our enemies, promote peace at home, and the happiness of each other. I believe there are no people, of any colour, on this earth, who do not believe in the Great Spirit—in rewards and punishments. We worship Him, but not as you do. We differ from you in religion as we differ in appearance, in manners, and in customs. We have no large houses, as you have, to worship the Great Spirit in: if we had them to-day we should want others to-morrow, because we have not, like you, a fixed habitation, except our villages, where we remain but two moons out of twelve. We, like animals, roam over the country, while you whites live between us and Heaven, but still, my Father, we love the Great Spirit.

'My great Father, some of your chiefs have proposed to send good people [Missionaries] among us to change our habits, to teach us to work, and live like the white people. I will not tell you a lie. You love your country, you love your people; you love the manner in which they live, and you think your people brave. I am like you, my great Father! I love my country, I love my people, I love the life we lead, and think my warriors brave.

'Spare me then, my Father! Let me enjoy my country; let me pursue the buffalo, the beaver, and the other wild animals, and I will trade the skins with your people. It is too soon, my great Father, to send your good men among us. Let us exhaust our present resources before you interrupt our happiness and make us toil. Let me continue to live as I have lived, and after I have passed from the wilderness of my present life to the Good or Evil Spirit, my children may need and embrace the offered assistance of your good people.

'Here, my great Father, is a pipe which I offer you, as I am accustomed to present pipes to all Red-skins who are in peace with us. I know that these robes, leggins, mocassins, bears' claws, &c., are of little value to you; but we wish them to be deposited and preserved, so that when we are gone, and the earth turned over upon our bones, our children, should they ever visit this place, as we do now, may see and recognise the deposits of their fathers, and reflect on the times that are past.'

It will readily be conceived, that if the Indian sachems were not afraid to avow to 'their great father' their disinclination to remove from their lands, they would with less hesitation express the same reluctance to subordinate authorities. By every possible argument, on hundreds of occasions, the officers of the United States' Indian department have zealously endeavoured to persuade the tribes to

evacuate their lands; and the following extract from a speech of Dr. Morse himself to the Ottawas at L'Arbre Croche on the 6th of July, 1820, will sufficiently show in what proportion truth, sophistry, and well-disguised threats, have been mixed in these sort of official appeals to the doubts, hopes, and fears of the Indian race.

Their attention to the important subject of his communication is thus invoked:—

'Children, Your Father, the President, thinks that a great change in the situation of his red children has become necessary, in order to save them from ruin, and to make them happy.

'Children, Listen attentively to what I am now about to say to you. It is for your life and the life of your posterity.'

The title of the whites to the lands they had already cultivated, the especial favour shown to them from heaven, the inferiority of the red man, and the desperate dilemma in which he is placed, are thus explained,—

'Children, Your fathers once possessed all the country, east and south, to the great waters. They were very numerous and powerful, and lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. They had brave warriors, and orators eloquent in council.

'Two hundred years ago, a mortal pestilence spread wide among the Indians on the coast of the great ocean to the east, and swept away a great part of them. In some villages all died—not one was left. Just after this great desolation, the white people began to come across the great waters. They settled first on lands where no Indians lived, where they all had died. Other white people, about the same time, settled at the south.

'These white people came not as enemies, but as friends of the Indians. They purchased of them a little land, to support them and their children by agriculture. They wanted but little while they were few in number. God prospered the white people. They have since increased and multiplied, and become a great and powerful nation. They are now spread over a wide extent of the country of your fathers; and are spreading still more and faster over other parts of it, purchasing millions of acres of your good land, leaving for you and your children reservations here and there, small indeed, compared with the extensive hunting grounds you once possessed. What your brothers, the Osages, said to one of our missionaries is true:—"Wherever white man sets down his foot, he never takes it up again. It grows fast and spreads wide." You have been obliged either to go back into the wilderness, and seek new hunting grounds and dwelling places, or to live on your small reservations, surrounded with white people. Indians cannot associate with white people as their equals. While they retain their present language and dress, and habits of life, they will feel their inferiority to the white people. Where they have no game to hunt, to furnish them with furs for trade, and with food to eat, they become poor, and wretched, and spiritless, dependent on the white people for their support. They will give themselves up to idleness, ignorance, and drunken-

ness; and will waste away, and by and by have no posterity on the face of the earth. Already, many tribes who live among the whites can never more gain renown in war or in the chase. If this course continues, it will soon be so with the whole body of Indians, within the territories of the United States. Indians cannot go to the west, for the great ocean would stop them; nor turn to the north or south, for in either course are the hunting grounds and dwelling places of other tribes of your red brethren; no, nor can you go to any other country, for all the countries on the globe, where Indians can live as they now live, are already inhabited.'

It will appear by the following extract, that the Indians next received a kind hint that their distress might proceed from their having offended the Great Spirit; and, though it has been a subject of constant regret among many very estimable people in the United States, with what heartless disrespect the ancient burial-places of the aborigines have been treated—with what shameless unconcern the skulls and bones of their ancestors are every day to be still seen turning over and over under the American plough—we cannot but admire the crocodile's tears which the paternal agent condescends to drop on *that* subject:—

"Children, Things being so, the wisest men among Indians know not what to advise, or what to do. They imagine that the Great Spirit, of whose character and government they have but very imperfect ideas, is angry with the red people, and is destroying them, while he prospers the white people. Aged and wise men among Indians, with whom I have conversed, think and talk of these things, till their countenances become sad. *Our countenances are also sad*, when we think and talk of them. Hereafter, when these things shall have come to pass, Christian white people, who loved Indians, and wished and endeavoured to save them, will visit their deserted graves, and with weeping eyes exclaim, "Here Indians once lived—Yonder were their hunting-grounds. Here they died—In these mounds of earth the bones of many generations lie buried together—No Indian remains to watch over the bones of his fathers—Where are they?—*Alas! poor Indians!*" But I forbear to pursue these sad reflections. The prospect must fill your minds with sad apprehensions for yourselves and your children, and sink your spirits, *as it does my own!*!"

The hearts of the auditory having been sufficiently depressed, the only means of relief is at last pointed out to them:—

'Children, I would not have presented this painful prospect before you, had I not another to present, that I hope will cheer your hearts, raise your spirits, and brighten your countenances. I have made you sorry, I will now endeavour to make you glad.

'Children, *Be of good cheer*. Though your situation and prospects are now gloomy, they may change for the better. If you desire to be happy, you may be happy. The means exist. They are freely offered to you. Suffer them to be used.

'Children, Listen. I will tell you in few words

what your great Father, and the Christian white people, desire of you. *We impose nothing on you.* We only lay before you our opinions for you to consider. We do not dictate, as your superiors, but advise you as your friends. Consider our advice.

'Your father, the president, wishes Indians to partake with his white children in all the blessings which they enjoy; to have one country, one government, the same laws, equal rights and privileges, and to be in all respects on an equal footing with them.

'To accomplish these good purposes, your great father, the President, and your Christian fathers, will send among you, *at their own expense*, good white men and women, to instruct you and your children in every thing that pertains to the civilized and Christian life.'

The case and the predicament in which they stand having been pretty clearly stated, the poor Indians are finally summoned to surrender in the following significant words:—

'*Children*, other tribes are listening to these offers, and, we expect, will accept them. All who accept them will be in the way to be saved, and raised to respectability and usefulness in life. Those who persist in rejecting them must, according to all past experience, gradually waste away till all are gone. This we fully believe. *Civilisation or ruin are now the only alternatives of Indians!*'

The alternatives thus offered may be illustrated by the following anecdote. Once upon a time a white man and an Indian, who had agreed that, while hunting together, they would share the game, found at night that the bag contained a fine turkey and a buzzard, which is carrion. 'Well!' said the white man to the red one, 'we must now divide what we have taken, and therefore, if you please, *I* will take the turkey, and *you* shall take the buzzard; or else, *you* may take the buzzard, and *I* will take the turkey!' 'Ah,' replied the native hunter, shaking his black shaggy head, 'you no say *turkey* for poor Indian ONCE!'

The cruel manner in which the unsuspecting Indians have invariably been overreached has, to a certain degree, planted in their bosoms suspicion which is not indigenous to their nature. 'Your hearts seem good *outside now*,' said an Indian to a party of white people who were making to his tribe violent professions of friendship; 'but we wish to try them three years, and then we shall know whether they are good *inside*.'

Dr. Morse, in his report to the Secretary at War, says, 'Distrust unfortunately exists already extensively among the Indians. In repeated interviews with them, after informing them what good things their great father the President

was ready to bestow on them, if they were willing to receive them, the chiefs significantly shook their heads and said, 'It may be so, or it may be not: we doubt it: we know not what to believe!'

Now, surely there is something very shocking as well as very humiliating in the idea of our having ourselves implanted this feeling against our race, in the minds of men who, when any treaty among themselves has been once ratified, by the delivery of a mere string of wampum shells, will most confidently trust their lives, and the lives of their families, to its faithful execution!

In order to assist the officers of the Indian department in their arduous duty of persuading remote tribes to quit their lands, it has often been found advisable to incur the expense of inviting one or two of their chiefs 3000 or 4000 miles to Washington, in order that they should see with their own eyes, and report to their tribes, the irresistible power of the nation with whom they are arguing. This speculation has, it is said, in all instances, more or less effected its object; and one of Mr. Catlin's pictures is a portrait of a Sachem, whose strange history and fate may be worth recording.

For the reasons and for the object we have stated, it was deemed advisable that he should be invited from his remote country to Washington; and accordingly in due time he appeared there. After the troops had been made to manœuvre before him; after thundering volleys of artillery had almost deafened him; and after every department had displayed to him all that was likely to add to the terror and astonishment he had already experienced, the President, in lieu of the Indian's clothes, presented him with a colonel's uniform, in which, and with many other presents, the bewildered chief took his departure.

In a pair of white kid gloves, tight blue coat, with gilt buttons, gold epaulettes, and red sash, cloth trousers with straps, high-heeled boots, cocked hat and scarlet feather, with a cigar in his mouth, a green umbrella in one hand, and a yellow fan in the other, and with the neck of a whiskey-bottle protruding out of each of the two tail-pockets of his regimental coat, this 'monkey that had seen the world' suddenly appeared before the chiefs and warriors of his tribe, and as he stood before them, straight as a ramrod, in a high state of perspiration, caused by the tightness of his finery, while the cool

fresh air of heaven blew over the naked unrestrained limbs of his spectators, it might, perhaps, not unjustly be said of the two costumes, '*Which is the savage?*'

In return for the presents he had received, and with a desire to impart as much real information as possible to his tribe, the poor jaded traveller undertook to deliver to them a course of lectures, in which he graphically described all that he had witnessed. For a while he was listened to with attention; but as soon as the minds of his audience had received as much as they could hold, they began to disbelieve him. Nothing daunted, however, the traveller still proceeded. He told them about wigwams, in which 1000 people could at one time pray together to the Great Spirit; of other wigwams five stories high, built in lines, facing each other, and extending over an enormous space; he told them of war-canoes that could hold 1200 warriors. Such tales, to the Indian mind, seemed an insult to common sense. For some time he was treated merely with ridicule and contempt—but when, resolutely continuing to recount his adventures, he told them that he had seen white people, who, by attaching a great ball to a canoe, could rise in it into the clouds, and travel through the heavens, the medicine, mystery, or learned men of his tribe pronounced him to be an impostor, and the multitude vociferously declaring, '*that he was too great a liar to live,*' a young warrior, in a paroxysm of anger, levelled a rifle at his head, and blew his brains out.

Before, however, the civilized world passes its hasty sentence upon this wild tribe for their obdurate incredulity, injustice, and cruelty, we feel it but justice to these red men merely to *whisper* the name of JAMES BRUCE, OF KINNAIRD!

Although we cannot approve either of the extent to which, or of the manner in which the Indian tribes have been obliged to quit their lands in the republican states of America, yet, in spite of all our regard for this noble and injured race, we cannot but admit, that, to a certain degree, the government even of this country ought to effect their removal. We have painfully and practically reflected on the subject; and to those who may object to our opinions, we can truly say, that they cannot be more anxious than we have been to arrive at an opposite conclusion: but our judgment has reluctantly surrendered to facts which it found to be irresistible, and to impending circumstances, which,

when considered upon the spot, appeared to be inevitable.

Where the white inhabitants of both continents of America are in possession of infinitely more land than they can cultivate, it is of course an act of cruelty, and of greedy injustice, to provide and speculate for the future by taking forcible possession of remote Indian territory, upon which the Aborigines are happily existing. But it occasionally happens, from rapid settlement caused by emigration from the old world, that a considerable tract of Indian land, which has long been in the immediate neighbourhood of whites, becomes absolutely surrounded, or, in military language, invested by agriculturists; in which case, it is as much a stumbling-block to civilisation as an ancient rock would be if left standing in the middle of the Queen's highway. At what rate, and under what laws, civilisation *ought* to advance, it might be possible to prescribe; but wherever the banks which arrested it have given way, and wherever the torrent, under such circumstances, has rushed forwards, whether it be right or whether it be wrong, it becomes practically impossible to maintain anything in the rear.

In the instances to which we have alluded, we have seen the interests of a vast territory completely benumbed by the intervention between it and the capital, of an Indian hunting ground, which, like a tourniquet, has stopped the circulation that should naturally have nourished it.

This large expanse of rich land is occasionally found to be inhabited by perhaps only 100, or 120 Indians, the children of whom are without a single exception, half-castes; the women dirty, profligate, and abandoned; the men miserable victims of intemperance and vice. A considerable portion of them are half-breeds; but even those whose red faces, shaggy locks, beardless chins, and small beautiful feet, prove them to be Indians, are so only in name; for the spirit of the wild man has fled from them, and, unworthy guardians of the tombs of their ancestors, they wander among them dishonoured,—

'like Grecian ghosts
That in battle were slain, and unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.'

But besides their moral sufferings, they are often found almost starving from hunger, in consequence of their game

having in all directions been cut off. Their country, like themselves, has apparently lost its character, and however we may have failed to describe it, nothing can be more miserable, more degrading, and more affecting than the real scene. In the mean while, the murmur of discontent uttered by the white population against the miasmatical existence of such a stagnant evil, is yearly so increasing in tone and in anger, that, unless their cry of 'Off, off!' be attended to, there can be little doubt that acts of violence will be committed; and yet in spite of all these existing and impending calamities, it is often almost impossible to persuade the Indians to consent to move away; for the more their minds are degraded, the greater is the natural apathy they display; besides which, they are almost invariably under a secret intangible influence, which, for some self-interested object or other, successfully induces them most obstinately to decline changing their existence. Under these distressing circumstances, it therefore must eventually become necessary for the government to exert itself in effecting the removal of a set of beings who will neither till the ground themselves, nor allow others, by the sweat of their brow, to do so.

To pay down to a squalid, degraded, miserable set of Indians, who are evidently in the clutches of designing men, and from whom anything could be abstracted by whiskey, as much money as their country is worth to white people for the purpose of cultivation—to heap upon them the value of all the water-power, minerals, &c., it may possess—appears not only unnecessary, but absurd. On the other hand, it would be ungenerous, after all the game has been cut off from their country, to pay them no more for it than, under such circumstances, it is actually worth to *them*. Between these two extremes, it is, we humbly conceive, the duty of a powerful nation and of a just government parentally to make such arrangements for these poor people as shall materially better the condition of the remnant of any tribe that may be removed; and if this point be honourably effected, their migration is certainly one of those results of the white man's progress of which they have the least reason to complain.

We have now concluded our imperfect outline or chart of the main roads in both hemispheres of America, upon which

the civilized world has been, and still is, gradually, recklessly, culpably and thoughtlessly pursuing 'its course to the Occident;' and certainly it must be impossible for any just man to witness the setting sun rest for a moment upon the country known in America by the appellation of 'the far-west,' without feeling that its blood-red brightness which, in effulgent beams is seen staining every cloud around it, is but an appropriate emblem of the Indian race, which rapidly sinking from our view, will be soon involved in impenetrable darkness; and, moreover, that he might as well endeavour to make the setting planet stand still upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains before him, as attempt to arrest the final extermination of the Indian race; for if, while the white population of North America, before it has swelled into fourteen millions, has, as has actually been the case, reduced an Indian population of nearly fourteen millions to three millions, what must be the progressive destruction of these unfortunate people now that the dreadful engine which, like the car of Jaggernaut, has crushed all that lay before it, has got its 'steam up,' and that consequently its power, as well as its propensity to advance, has indefinitely increased? From the Pacific Ocean towards the East the same irresistible power is in operation. The white man's face along both the continents which are bordered by the Pacific is directed towards those of his own race, who, as we have seen, are rapidly advancing towards him from the regions of the Atlantic; and whenever the triumphant moment of their collision shall arrive—whether the hands of the white men meet in friendship or in war?—WHERE, WE ASK, WILL BE THE INDIAN RACE?—echo alone will answer 'Where?'

Before we cast aside our hasty sketch, we must offer a few observations on the gallery of paintings now exhibiting in London, at the Egyptian Hall—the catalogue of which is named at the head of this paper.

Mr. Catlin, the American artist who has delineated them was, we understand, intended by his parents to be 'a limb of the law;' but the innate genius of the painter rebelled; and accordingly, after three years of the desk, abandoning parchment and the lucrative prospects that were opening to him, he devoted his

mind to canvass, the easel, and the brush.

His labours were soon rewarded by considerable success; as a proof of which we may observe that he was employed to paint the likenesses of all the members of the senate of Virginia, of the two ex-presidents Madison and Monroe, and of six ex-governors, all of whom sat to him for their pictures. But, alas! human talent, like the temper of the pig, is often obstinate; and though Mr. Catlin's friends, with uplifted arms, endeavoured in a crowd to drive him forwards on the broad professional road which he himself had selected, yet nothing could prevent him from running between their legs up a private path, which evidently led to neither profit nor reward; and so, bidding adieu to white wealthy faces, he galloped headlong towards 'the far-west' for the sole object of obtaining likenesses of the penniless aborigines of America, in whose fate and appearance he felt strangely interested, notwithstanding that several of his mother's relatives had been cruelly murdered by them, in the well-known and well-sung massacre of Wyoming.

The objects which Mr. Catlin had in view in undertaking the dangers and hardships he thus incurred cannot be better or more modestly explained than by the following extract from the preface to his catalogue.

'I wish to inform the visitors to my gallery that, having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians, and seeing also the vast importance and value of which a full pictorial history of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages—I set out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a gallery, unique and imperishable, for the use and benefit of future ages.

'I have already devoted more than seven years of my life exclusively to the accomplishment of my design, and that with more than expected success. I have visited with great difficulty and some hazard to life, forty-eight tribes (residing within the United States, and British and Mexican territories), containing about 300,000 souls. I have seen them in their own villages, have carried my canvass and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c., from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the gallery. The collection contains (besides an immense number of costumes and other manufactures) 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different tribes, and 200 other paintings, descriptive of Indian countries, their villages, games, and customs; containing in all above 3000 figures.

'As this immense collection has been gathered, and every painting has been made from nature, by my own hand—and that, too, when I have been

paddling my canoe, or leading my pack-horse over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of my life—the world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them, as they have been intended, as true and *fac-simile* traces of individual and historical facts; and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition, as works of art.'

The portraits, landscapes, and groups which Mr. Catlin exhibits, are officially attested by a long array of United States' officers, and other public functionaries, as being '*entitled to full credit.*' By our intelligent countryman, the Hon. C. A. Murray, who gallantly travelled some thousand miles with Mr. Catlin, as well as by several other English gentlemen who have compared the pictures with the tribes and scenery they have respectively visited, their accuracy is, we understand, vouched for not less strongly; and we have thus before us a faithful, professional, and well-authenticated delineation not only of a most interesting portion of the globe as it at present exists in a state of nature, but of a race of innocent offending men so rapidly perishing, that too truly may it now be said of them,

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'

Indeed, the whole Mandan race, whose chiefs and warriors are now hanging in effigy on the walls of the Egyptian Hall, are already, as has been mentioned, *extinct!* The billows of civilisation have rolled over them—they have sunk for ever from our view—

'Their country blooms a garden and a grave.'

Mr. Catlin's avowed object in visiting England is to sell his collection to our Government, and we most sincerely hope that his reliance on the magnanimity of the British people will not be disappointed. As a man of science, of enterprise, and of true philanthropy, he is justly entitled to be considered as a citizen of the world; and, although he reflects especial honour upon the intelligent nation to which he is so proud to declare that he owes his birth, yet for that very reason, we are confident, a generous feeling will universally exist to receive him with liberality here. The task he has undertaken has been heavy, and we believe no one can have inspected the successful results of his labour, or listened to the eloquent lectures in which he expounds them,*

* Mr. Catlin has, we think, been ill-advised to deliver these interesting lectures in the evenings. If he were to give them at four or five o'clock, when the ladies have done with their drive and it is not yet time to dress for dinner, we are confident the benches would no longer be empty.

without feeling that such an appeal to the civilized world in behalf of the Indians ought not to be permitted to end in ruin; for, as his means are slender, it need not be concealed that he himself cannot long afford even house-room to his large family of pictures, which, if rejected, would hang as a mill-stone round his neck.

But, leaving the worthy artist's own interests completely out of the question, and in the cause of science casting aside all party feeling, we submit to Lord Melbourne, to Sir Robert Peel, to Lord Lansdowne, to Sir R. Inglis, and to all who are deservedly distinguished among us as the liberal patrons of the fine arts, that Mr. Catlin's Indian collection is worthy to be retained in this country, as the record of a race of our fellow-creatures whom we shall very shortly have swept from the face of the globe. Before that catastrophe shall have arrived, it is true, a few of our countrymen may occasionally travel among them; but it cannot be expected that any artist of note should again voluntarily reside among them for seven years, as competent as Mr. Catlin, whose slight, active, sinewy frame has peculiarly fitted him for the physical difficulties attendant upon such an exertion.

Considering the melancholy fate which has befallen the Indian race, and which overhangs the remnant of these victims to our power, it would surely be discreditable that the civilized world should, with heartless apathy, decline to preserve and to transmit to posterity Mr. Catlin's graphic delineation of them; and if any nation on earth should evince a desire to preserve such a lasting monument, there can be no doubt that there exists none better entitled to do so than the British people; for, with feelings of melancholy satisfaction, we do not hesitate to assert that, throughout our possessions on the continent of America, we have, from the first moment of our acquaintance with them to the present hour, invariably maintained their rights; and at a very great expense have honestly continued to pay them their annual presents, for which we have received from them, in times of war as well as of peace, the most unequivocal marks of their indelible gratitude. Their respect for our flag is unsullied by a reproach—their attachment to our sovereign is second only in their breasts to the veneration with which they regard their 'Great Spirit'—while the names of Lord Dalhousie, of Sir Peregrine Maitland, and of Sir John Colborne, who for many years respectively acted towards

them as their father and as their friend, will be affectionately repeated by them in our colonies until the Indian heart has ceased to beat there, and until the Red Man's language has ceased to vibrate in the British 'wilderness of this world.' Although European diseases, and the introduction of ardent spirits have produced the lamentable effects we have described, and although as a nation we are not faultless, yet we may fairly assert, and proudly feel, that the English Government has at least made every possible exertion to do its duty towards the Indians; and that there has existed no colonial secretary of state who has not evinced that anxiety to befriend them which, it is our duty to say, particularly characterized the administration of the amiable and humane Lord Glenelg.

ART. IV.—1. *L'Ecole des Journalistes.*

Par Madame Emile de Gerardin. Paris, 1839.

2. *Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris.*

Par H. de Balzac. Paris, 1839.

CHAMFORT said of the ancient government of France that it was a monarchy tempered by songs. The present government is a monarchy tempered (or distempered) by newspapers. The stanza is superseded by the paragraph: the *chansonnier* gives place to the *feuilletoniste*; and Béranger is thrust out of fashion by Janin.

Enter the Chamber of Peers when a new batch are to take their seats, and the odds are that every third man of them is an editor or ex-editor. Attend the Chamber of Deputies on a field-day, and the most influential speaker will be a gentleman of the press. Dine at the Rocher de Cancale, and the chief room is engaged by a *réducteur en chef*: ask for a stall at the *Théâtre Français*, when Mars or Rachel is to act, and the best are secured for his contributors. That suite of rooms, brilliantly lighted, has been fitted up by the founders of a journal, who give a ball to-night in honour of the undertaking: that grand cross of the legion of honour, who is just coming out, gained his decorations by his articles: that splendidly-dressed woman, who is just going in, is the daughter of a millionaire, who lately bestowed her hand and fortune on a journalist; that gay cabriolet, now dashing through the street, belongs to a theatrical critic, who supports himself by levying

contributions on the singers and dancers of the opera. *Vogue la galère!* Power, pleasure, places, wealth, ribands, stars, heiresses, truffled turkeys, and champagne, all showered down in endless profusion upon men, many of whom were living *au cinquième* in want of downright necessities until the glorious Revolution of July! No wonder that they are intoxicated with their success; that they have grown giddy with their elevation; that, like other usurpers, they have forgotten the principles which raised them to the throne, or, like other possessors of irresponsible authority, have become capricious, tyrannical, and corrupt: no wonder, lastly, that their dynasty is now tottering to its fall—

‘Le trône a succombé par excès de puissance;
La liberté mourut en devenant licence;
Et la presse, Monsieur, nouvel astre du jour,
Pour avoir trop brillé, va s’éteindre à son tour.’

Whilst that event is yet pending, it may be both amusing and instructive to inquire how this social and political anomaly has been brought about.

We need hardly say that the old régime afforded no scope for journalism, or that the moment the restrictive laws were repealed or became powerless, the conflicting parties eagerly resorted to the press. Within a short period after the breaking out of the Revolution each section of the National Assembly, and each of the clubs of Paris, had its organ.* Bailey, Barnave, Lameth, and Madame Roland, were contributors; and the attempt of Mirabeau to establish a newspaper fills one of the most characteristic chapters of Dumont. It failed from bad management; nor are we at all astonished to find that no one else at that particular epoch was able to perfect the invention; for hardly had the writers begun to emerge and breathe freely, when, wave after wave, the revolutionary tide rolled over them, and taste, talent, feeling and information were swept away or lay buried in its depths; whilst the grossest ignorance, the most stupid prejudice, the most unmitigated brutality, raved, revelled, blasphemed, and celebrated revolting orgies, in their stead. During the height of the democratic phrenzy no man's life would have been worth a minute's purchase who should have endeavoured to speak sense and reason, or impose the slightest check on the sovereign will and pleasure of the

multitude. Chabot announced,—‘*Qu'elle (la presse) avoit été nécessaire pour amener le règne de la liberté; mais que, ce bout une fois atteint, il ne falloit plus de liberté de la presse, de peur de compromettre la liberté elle-même.*’

‘It's ill arguing with a king who has an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, *and such very hard-soled boots!*’ said Quintus Sicilius (*alias* Guichard), after having had his shins well kicked by Frederick for suggesting a doubt as to his royal patron's theory regarding the immortality of the soul. ‘It's ill arguing with gentlemen who have a committee of public safety and a guillotine at their back!’ said the French journalists; and the 18th Fructidor effectually silenced the few who disregarded the warning, and wrote on. But no sooner had Napoleon enforced order than they re-appeared with renewed vigour; and were we required to name the period when the French press enjoyed the highest degree of influence and consideration, we should name the two or three concluding years of the consulate. Then the truth of Benjamin Constant's aphorism,—‘the press is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world!’—was admitted to its full extent. Power, according to the prevailing theory (for the practice turned out rather differently in the end), was only to be acquired or retained through opinion; and about the year 1800 all that was most distinguished in literature and politics was in direct or indirect communication with the periodical press.

The journals which took the lead were the *Journal des Débats* and *Le Mercure*: the *Journal des Débats* with Delalot, Fievée, the Abbé de Boulogne, Dussault, and Geoffroy (who, according to Janin, then divided the attention of Europe with Napoleon), for contributors; *Le Mercure* with Fontanes, de Bonald, La Harpe (the author of the *Cours de la Littérature*), and Chateaubriand, who sprung, by one bold bound, into celebrity. Their principles were royalist, but with no peculiar predilection for individuals; and they both supported Napoleon, because they thought him alone capable of maintaining order, re-establishing religion, and protecting industry.

On the other hand, the movement party were wanting neither in talent nor energy; but the re-action had begun, the spirit of the epoch was against them, and it was difficult to persuade the people, with the impression of the reign of terror

* The first of note was *Le Logomache*, edited by H. Marcet, and afterwards by the Duc de Bassano.

still fresh upon their minds, to risk a renewal of the tragedy. The grand organ of this party was *La Décade Philosophique*: the principal writers being Ginguéné, Chenier, Cabanis, Benjamin Constant, and Say. We have already mentioned the circumstances under which three of them were expelled from the tribunaux for opposing the wishes of the first consul;* and it was hardly to be expected that they would be allowed the free use of their pens, by way of compensation for lost liberty of speech. Their journal was soon found troublesome and suppressed. The conservatives enjoyed a longer respite, and down to so late a period as 1807, the press enjoyed some semblance of liberty; but in the course of that year an eloquent article of Chateaubriand's—in which, apropos of M. Delaborde's Spanish journey, he spoke of Nero and Tacitus—proved fatal to the *Mercure*; whilst to rebut, at all events, the imputation of partiality, the *Journal des Débats*, metamorphosed into the *Journal de l'Empire*, was about the same time taken out of the hands of the proprietors (MM. Bertin, brothers) and placed under the management of official editors. Amongst these was M. Etienne, the author of the comedy of *Les Deux Gendres*, a man of tact and talent, who has since become a proprietor and conductor of the *Constitutionnel*, member of the Academy, and peer of France!

From this period until the Allies entered Paris, there was no political paper worth mentioning but the *Moniteur*, which might well supply materials for a philosophical treatise on despotism. What ingenious comments on the text of *might makes right*! what garbling of facts! what perversion of motives! what Ossianic amplifications of victory! what sophistical apologies or mendacious subterfuges for defeat! And then the nightly conferences of the trembling editor with the imperial penman, expecting sense and grammar to wheel about at the word of command like grenadiers. The editor in question was M. Sauvo, who contrived to retain the office and discharge its duties to the entire satisfaction of his employers, through every change of dynasty, till after the Revolution of July. A well-authenticated anecdote may serve to convey some notion of his capacity. Late at night on the eve of that revolution, he was hastily summoned

to attend the minister. The ordinances were put into his hands. He glanced over them to see that all was right; but, instead of making his bow and leaving the room as usual, he paused, and stood with the door in his hand, anxious, yet hesitating to speak. 'Well, sir, were not your instructions plain?' 'Monseigneur,' replied M. Sauvo, 'I have had so much experience, I have known so many governments—' 'That,' broke in the prince, 'you must have learned by this time that you have nothing to do but to obey. Sir, I wish you a good evening.' The door closed, and the fate of the reigning dynasty was sealed.

On the very day of the Emperor's compelled abdication, in 1814, the Bertins, disregarding Talleyrand, who cautioned them to wait, rushed back to their old *bureau de rédaction*, and were the first to raise and fling abroad the long prostrate banner of journalism. But it had a hard battle to fight long after its fellest oppressor was overthrown, and during the next fifteen years, it struggled on through a series of restrictions—relaxed by Martignac, or tightened by Villele and Peyronnet. During the greater part of this trying period, Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant bore the brunt; and when the censorship put an occasional stop to the contest in the newspapers, they went on plying opposing ministries and each other with pamphlets. The chief royalist journal was the *Conservateur*, under Chateaubriand, Bonald, La Mennais, Clausel de Cousserges, &c. &c. It was ably encountered by *La Minerve*, under Constant, Etienne, Jouy, Arnault, and others professing liberal and constitutional principles. MM. Comte and Dunoyer also, in *Le Censeur*, bravely maintained the cause of what they believed liberty, and endured all sorts of persecutions for its sake. M. Comte, in particular, was for many years an exile in consequence.

But the power and resources of the press could hardly be said to have been fully developed or made known until after the invasion of Spain, in 1823, when the various and before conflicting elements of opposition formed themselves, as if by tacit combination, into one compact column, and bore down upon M. Villele. Amongst the most formidable of the attacking body was still, as ever, his former colleague, Chateaubriand, who, though fighting with his vizor down, was easily recognised, by the force of the

* Quarterly Review, No. cxxviii.

stroke and the glitter of the weapon, in the *Journal des Débats*. The *Constitutionnel*, founded subsequently to the Restoration, first became remarkable for the good sense, tact, and cleverness with which it adapted political truths to ordinary apprehensions, and won over the feelings or prejudices of the mass. The principal writers were MM. Etienne, Buchon, Felix, Baudin, Jay, de Pradt, and Thiers—who had just then been brought forward and placed in connection with this paper by Manuel. The doctrinaires, too, were then vehement against the government in the *Courier Français*, where the school was ably represented by M. Guizot and his first wife—a woman of great and varied accomplishments. They were seconded by M. Mignet, the historian, who was brought forward, at the same time as his friend Thiers, by Manuel.

The *Globe*, founded in 1824, with a view to literature and philosophy, obtained little consideration at starting, but when it diverged into politics, and persons of established reputation were currently named as contributors, it rapidly rose into importance, and took its station amongst the most influential journals of the day. The best of the writers were M. Sainte Beuve, M. Dubois (now deputy, and councillor of the university), M. Tanneguy Duchatel (the minister), MM. Jouffroy and Damiron (the eclectic philosophers), M. Thiers, for a season, MM. Vitet, Charles de Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, &c. &c.—all men of undoubted talent, as every one conversant with modern French literature and politics must admit; and they had then advantages which few of them possess now—the high hopes, the warm feelings, the dash, the vigour, the elasticity and vivacity of youth.

In 1827, M. Villele's patience gave way, and he re-established the censorship. Whilst this lasted, the demand for periodical writings of the more stimulating kind was almost exclusively supplied by the exertions of one man, M. de Salvandy (since Minister of Public Instruction), who sent forth weekly a pamphlet, or bundle of pamphlets, containing a sufficient number of pages to exempt it from the operation of the law. His *Lettres à la Giraffe* were published in this manner, and enjoyed a very large circulation. Nor must we forget to mention the songs of Béranger, or the pamphlets of Paul Louis Courier, who, on

most critical emergencies, threw himself into the fray, without much regard to consequences. In his *Pamphlet des Pamphlets* he thus ludicrously describes the horror with which this mode of publication was then regarded by entire classes of the community:—

'J'y ai réfléchi, et me souviens qu'avant lui M. de Broë, homme éloquent, zélé pour la morale publique, me conseilla de même, en termes moins flatteurs, devant la Cour d'Assises. *Vil Pamphlétaire!* —Ce fut un mouvement oratoire des plus beaux, quand se tournant vers moi qui, foi de paysan, ne songeais à rien moins, il m'apostropha de la sorte: *Vil Pamphlétaire, &c.*, coup de foudre, non, de massue, vu le style de l'orateur, dont il m'assomma sans remède. Ce mot soulevant contre moi les juges, les témoins, les jurés, l'assemblée (mon avocat lui-même en parut ébranlé), ce mot décida tout. Je fus condamné dès l'heure dans l'esprit de Messieurs, dès que l'homme du roi m'eut appelé pamphlétaire, à quoi je ne sus que répondre. Car il me semblait bien en mon âme avoir fait ce qu'on nomme un pamphlet; je ne l'eusse osé nier. J'étais donc pamphlétaire à mon propre jugement, et voyant l'horreur qu'un tel nom inspirait à tout l'auditoire, je demeurai confus.'

M. Villele fell, and was succeeded by M. Martignac, one of whose first steps was to free the journalists from the worst of the restrictions that weighed them down; but he failed in conciliating their favour—and whether it was that they distrusted his eventual intentions, or, intoxicated with their recent victory over M. Villele, had already begun to think of setting up for themselves, certain it is that they made no allowance for his peculiar position as regarded the court, but on the first disappointment assailed him without ceremony, and contributed largely to his fall. The Doctrinaires committed the same mistake as that section of the Tory party who drove the Duke of Wellington from power in 1830; they assisted in overthrowing a moderate, constitutional, and truly conservative government, to precipitate a crisis which has shaken monarchy to its base in both countries.

It may be difficult to fix the precise period when a revolution became inevitable, but it is clear that it was confidently anticipated a considerable time beforehand; and the *National* was established in 1829 for the avowed object of accelerating the crash. The founders were Carrel, Mignet, Sautet, and Thiers, who thought the *Constitutionnel* too tame and unenterprising for the emergency.* They have been accused of republican projects, but there is no foundation for the charge.

* M. de Talleyrand had shares.

There is a current anecdote to the effect, that one day, during the Polignac ministry, M. Cousin, (the present Minister of Public Instruction), who hides a good deal of worldly shrewdness and love of mischief under his philosophy, meeting Thiers, Mignet, and Carrel, laughingly exclaimed, '*Eh, bien ! quand vous aurez renversé la monarchie légitime, que mettrez-vous à la place ?*' Carrel replied : '*Bah ! mon cher Cousin, nous mettrons en place la monarchie administrative.*' An administrative monarch, according to Carrel's acceptance of the term, would have been more like a president than a king ; and the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) was already under consideration, and an understood candidate for the post.

A report, drawn up at the time by M. Chantilouze, attributed all the evils of the country to the newspapers ; and the struggle now lay entirely between the monarchy and the press. It was clear that one or the other must succumb ; the movement party burnt their ships and threw away their scabbards ; and the wisest statesmen in Europe were agreed that a *coup d'état* must be attempted, at all hazards, by the crown. The measure failed from the improvidence and irresolution of the projectors ; to illustrate which a single incident may suffice.—A literary friend tells us that the moment (on Monday morning) he read the ordinances, and found that no unlicensed publication could appear, he hurried off to his printer, and requested that, as a good deal of the regular work would probably be discontinued, the extra hands might be put upon a purely scientific production of his own. The reply of the printer was, that he had already demanded licences for works unconnected with politics, and, having been informed that the bureau of examination would not be ready until the Thursday following, he had given his establishment a holiday till then. Thus the capital were to be deprived of their daily reading—as necessary to a Parisian as his daily bread—for four days, and the most dangerous part of the population were set loose. By an unlucky coincidence also the printers hold a meeting every Monday evening, so that they were enabled to concoct their measures without delay.

The journalists acted, on the whole, with spirit and unanimity. Most of the leading writers signed the protest, and attended the consultation at Dupin's. The

Constitutionnel gave way, and remained silent, the property being too valuable to risk ; the *Journal des Débats*, and two or three others, entered into a composition with the government ; but the majority set the law at defiance, and when their printing-presses were seized, placarded the walls of Paris with their articles. An article from the *Globe*, beginning, '*Le crime est commencé,*' was circulated in this manner, and produced a prodigious effect. It was written by M. de Remusat, now Minister of the Interior. A curious scene took place at the office of *Le Temps*, the proprietors of which (MM. Baude and Coste) acted like so many Hampdens. The functionaries of the police, finding the door locked and barred, sent for a blacksmith, who had just commenced operations, when a head, a book, and a blunderbuss were protruded from a window, and the blacksmith was requested to take notice, that, by an express enactment of the code, any member of his fraternity aiding in an act of illegal violence might be treated as a housebreaker :—he threw down his tools, and before they could get another the tumult was at its height.

The conductors of the *National* were taken by surprise, and had no time to strengthen their position. The original protest with the signatures, which was lying on the table and might have fatally compromised some of the first men in the country, disappeared in the confusion, and has never been seen since. One of the most distinguished of the parties present is commonly suspected of having pocketed it.

It is beside our purpose to enter further into these details. The best proof, however, that the Revolution of July was well understood and acknowledged at the time to have been effected by journalism, is to be found in the fact, that when Chateaubriand, a professed royalist, appeared in the streets, he was actually laid hold of and carried in triumph by the populace, as the man, *par excellence*, of the press. Yet from this very period must its decline be dated—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*—prosperity paved the way for corruption ; another such victory and they are undone.

Smollett tells a story of a troop of monkeys, who, under the management of an able trainer, had been taught to go through a succession of military movements with surprising precision ; till one evening, in the midst of their evolutions, a spectator threw a handful of nuts

amongst them, and in an instant they were scattered about the stage—chattering, screaming, biting, scratching, in hot contention for the spoil. Something of the same sort occurred, when the government of France, with its rich array of patronage, was surrendered at discretion to the movement party, and a good half of the best places were distributed, or rather flung, amongst the journalists.* The compact line which they had presented since 1823 was broken in a moment, and all hurried forward to secure a share of the plunder. Far from seeking to restore order, the leaders made no other use of their authority than to acquire an advantage in the race; and so soon as any one of them gained a firm footing, he kicked down the ladder by which he mounted, often with so little caution, that it fell plump upon the noses of his followers.

In a country such as France, where there is no fixed landed or commercial aristocracy, nor any class set apart by circumstances for the service of the state, men like MM. Thiers and Mignet are only assuming their natural position, and exercising a legitimate right, when they aspire to the conduct of affairs; and it would be unfair to judge them by the rules of a country like England, where it is deemed necessary to send a reviewer to India, with an exorbitant salary to enrich himself, before he is thought qualified for the Cabinet. They, therefore, cannot be blamed for making the best use of their opportunities, and in a former number we suggested the best excuse for any trifling discrepancy that might be traced between the principles they maintained before the revolution; and those they have professed since. Calling for liberal measures is one thing, the passing of them another; libellous denunciations and insurrectionary movements are often of great use to an opposition leader, but an invariable source of annoyance and embarrassment to a minister; and the same politician may have no objection to progressiveness when *out* of place, who, so long as he is left to his own natural

tendencies, will manifest a marked predilection for permanence and stability when *in*. It should also be remembered that many of the principal writers were not journalists by profession, but took to their pens when they deemed their liberties at stake, as their forefathers would have taken to their swords. Still they need not have thrown them down in such a hurry as to bring discredit on the calling; it was hardly prudent, even as regards themselves, to let the public into the secret of their real objects; and they might have left to others the task of abusing their associates.

There was something almost ludicrous in the eagerness with which the example was followed by the less distinguished members of the press, and the greediness (it deserves no better name) with which they gorged themselves on the good things. Some of them (a well-known *Garde des Sceaux*, for example) fattened, literally and physically, in six months; and the entire scene irresistibly recalls the description given by Tacitus of the effects of long-fasting on such adventurers. Their places were instantly supplied; for the news—or rather the visible, palpable signs—of their success, acted on such of the rising generation as had their fortunes to make, much in the same manner as the first importation of gold from the New World, or the return of the first race of nabobs from the East. The new Eldorado and Golconda was journalism; the returns of commerce and the regular professions were voted too slow for the rising genius of the capital; and crowds of provincials, *grands hommes de province*, hurried up to compete with the metropolitan celebrities. Many of the old hands who had come off second-best in the distribution, also continued at their posts; so that there was no want of talent, vigour, experience or audacity. But the veil was rent asunder, and the illusion at an end: principles were no longer the real, and hardly the avowed, object; there was neither concert, steadiness of purpose, conviction, or enthusiasm; they did not respect themselves, and were not respected; they distrusted one another, and the public distrusted them: their tone partook at once of the blighting bitterness of the veteran, and the compromising indiscretion of the recruit; and so soon as it became evident that their more fortunate predecessors neither could nor would provide places for the whole, they grew irritated, angry,

* We believe every writer of consequence in the *Journal des Débats* got something, and all the founders of the *National* were handsomely provided for, except Carrel, who declined the offered preferment, and Sautet, who, under the combined pressure of love and debt, committed suicide before the consummation of their hopes. In the course of a few months, M. Guizot, as Minister of the Interior, displaced and replaced 70 prefects, 176 sub-prefects, and 38 secretaries.

almost savage, in their denunciations of such base, such shameless, such unheard-of and profligate apostacy—as they termed a course of conduct which they had been most anxious to anticipate, and would be most happy to pursue. The storm of fierce, reckless, unblushing calumny which has ever since been pouring upon M. Thiers, and under which, had he been other than a man of first-rate talents and unflinching resolution, he must have sunk, is principally attributable to the jealousy with which his former equals and rivals saw him raised so immeasurably above their heads; and an edifying spectacle, well calculated to inspire general confidence and advance their own interests, it has been—to see almost the whole press of Paris making cause against an individual *because* he had risen from their ranks. The worst is yet to come: their ambition sunk as their hopes fell, and they soon began to regulate their objects by their means. To revert to our former illustration—the first Spanish invaders of Mexico, and the first English proprietors of Bengal, sacked royal treasuries and extorted ransoms from kings: the second flight were obliged to content themselves with squeezing revenue-collectors and nobles: the third were petty larceny depredators, who dealt in speculation and took bribes. Just so the most eminent or most active of the French journalists got places in the ministry; the next best were made prefects, masters of requests, librarians, or councillors of boards: the last comers were obliged to rest satisfied with doucœurs.

Dating from this period, far the most remarkable of the regular writers was Armand Carrel, henceforth the main support and animating spirit of the *National*. Indeed, parodying the *mot* of Louis XIV., he might have exclaimed, *Le National, c'est moi*. So long as he lived, it was hardly possible, and would have been extremely dangerous, to speak disparagingly of journalism. When he died, its best title to consideration died with him. His errors were those of temperament, of undue confidence, of limited cultivation, of political shortsightedness: there was no taint of meanness in his disposition or motives, and not a breath of suspicion ever rested upon his character.

Carrel was educated at the college of Rotten and the military school of Saint Cyr. He entered the army, but left it after obtaining the rank of sub-lieutenant,

and was about to start in commerce when he was offered the appointment of secretary to M. Thierry, the historian, which his literary tastes induced him to accept. His duty consisted in verifying the references, arranging the notes, and correcting the proofs of M. Thierry's publications, particularly the *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*; and the time thus occupied was subsequently turned to good account. At the end of six months, a bookseller having applied to M. Thierry to write a summary of the history of Scotland, he excused himself on the ground of prior engagements, and recommended his assistant for the work. It was undertaken by Carrel, and completed accordingly; and, with the aid of an introduction by M. Thierry, succeeded sufficiently to embolden the author to aim at independence. A small sum of money being collected for his family, he set up a circulating library in partnership with a friend; and in the back room of this establishment, with his favourite Newfoundland dog at his feet, he composed his *Histoire de la Contre-Revolution en Angleterre*, a work principally interesting from the illustration it affords of his own political opinions at the time; for it is obvious that the Stuarts and the Bourbons are identified throughout. The book was thought sound and well judging, but rather heavy; and it possessed few attractions for readers accustomed to the antithetical sententiousness of a Mignet, the comprehensive speculations of a Guizot, or the living, moving, dioramic pages of a Thiers.

The first productions of Carrel which gave promise of his future excellence, were two articles in the *Revue Française* on the Spanish war of 1823, in which he had taken part against his countrymen. These appeared in 1828, and probably led to his engagement in the *National*, in which he played only a subordinate part at starting; and an opinion, sanctioned by M. Thiers, had got abroad that he required time to meditate his articles, and was consequently unequal to the daily demands of a newspaper. The truth is, he was one of those men who only grow great with circumstances, and cannot put forth their full strength until they feel the entire responsibility resting upon them; for no sooner did Carrel find himself editor-in-chief, than the slow, painful, laborious, sterile writer became ready, rapid, and abundant. Even those who knew him best stood astonished at the combined

freedom and purity of his style, the logical closeness of his reasoning, the occasional richness of his illustrations, his singular power of painting or conveying images by words, and the command of language which enabled him to disclose or keep back just so much of his meaning or eventual intentions as he thought fit. It was then too remarked amongst his friends, that, as his capacity for acting the part of leader came to be appreciated, his temper perceptibly improved, and much of his morbid susceptibility to fancied slights, evidently originating in the fear or consciousness of being undervalued, disappeared. He might be almost said to have loved danger for its own sake, such was his chivalrous eagerness to press forward at the sound of a menace or the semblance of a risk. When four successive *gerants* of the *National* had been imprisoned for articles notoriously of his writing, he could endure this sort of vicarious punishment no longer: he designedly composed another of such a character as to compel the government to proceed against himself, and his imprisonment in Ste. Pélagie was the result. When it became the fashion to summon editors to the field, he accepted cartel after cartel till he fell.

About the time when MM. Thiers and Mignet were provided for, a prefecture of the third class was conferred on Carrel without consulting him: but he thought the appointment inferior to his just claims, and there were weighty personal considerations which attached him to the capital. He adhered to the journal, but was rather the supporter than the opponent of the government till the end of the ministry of Dupont de l'Eure and Lafitte. The accession of Casimir Perier to power was the signal for the commencement of the dogged uncompromising hostility with which he assailed Louis Philippe, for he saw or thought he saw in that event the first decided step in a retrograde direction, the first outward and visible sign of the citizen king's predilection for the substance as well as the trappings of monarchy.

The nature of Carrel's views, and the secret of the influence which he long exercised, are thus described in a short essay on his life and opinions by M. Nisard.

'La révolution de Juillet, si extraordinaire entre toutes les révolutions, par le spectacle d'un peuple haïssant au vaincu la liberté de se plaindre et de se railler de la victoire, avait permis d'espérer un retour éclatant et définitif au droit commun. Carrel se fit l'organe de ces espérances et le théoricien de

cette doctrine. Il traita la question avec sa rigueur et sa netteté accoutumées. Il opposa aux exemples, si nombreux depuis cinquante ans, de gouvernements périssables tous par l'arbitraire, le modèle d'un gouvernement offrant à tous les partis des garanties contre son légitime et nécessaire besoin de conversation. Il n'invoquait que des raisons exclusivement pratiques, se refusant le secours innocent de toute forme impassionnée, pour ne pas exposer sa belle théorie à l'ironique qualification d'utopie. C'est cette politique qui fit tant d'amis à Carrel sur tous les points de la France, et partout où pénétrait le *National*. Il eut, en dehors de tous les partis, un parti composé de tous les hommes, soit placés hors des voies de l'activité publique, soit trop éclairés pour s'y jeter à la suite de quelque chef ne se recommandant que par des succès de plume ou de tribune. Que de gens, lassés des querelles sur la forme du gouvernement, incrédules même aux admirables apologies de la forme américaine, quittant l'ombre pour la chose, se rangèrent sous cette bannière du droit commun, que Carrel avait levée sur toutes les fautes et sur toutes les ruines, même sur celles de ses théories républicaines! Il lui en venait de toutes parts des témoignages d'adhésion qui parurent un moment lui suffire, et je le vis se résignant à être, pour un temps déterminé, le premier écrivain spéculatif de son pays. Mais des fautes où tout le monde eût sa part l'eurent bientôt refroidi. Ce fut un rude coup. Carrel avait foi dans la politique du droit commun: il y avait cru plus fortement peut-être qu'à ses théories républicaines précipitamment arborées, et dans un accès d'inquiétude plutôt qu'après un sûr et paisible regard jeté sur les choses. Après celles-ci, où l'honneur le soutenait contre les doutes croissants, il fallait donc encore douter de celle-là! Carrel eût les deux douleurs à la fois.'

Carrel's notion of the *droit commun* seems to have been a system of government in which the rights of all members of the community should be respected; in other words, a good constitution, such as England's was. His error consisted in supposing such a system practicable in France, where, since 1830, the only principle of order, the only check on periodical insurrection, has been fear—the fear naturally entertained by the proprietary class and the bourgeoisie of mobs. This, and this only, keeps the present king upon the throne.

Carrel was killed in a duel with M. Emile de Girardin in 1837, being then about thirty-seven years of age. The heir-presumptive, the present Duke of Orleans, has been much commended for his generosity in exclaiming, 'C'est une perte pour tout le monde;' and the event made a great sensation. But it may be doubted whether Carrel did not quit the stage most opportunely for his fame. Disappointment had soured his temper, and the ill-success of his attacks on Louis Philippe had begun to hurry him into a violence both of conduct and expression which it is impossible to excuse. He had, moreover, undergone the usual fate of popular leaders who seek to establish prin-

ciples, or place any curb on the excesses of their followers. The ultra-section of his own party repudiated him as a disguised aristocrat, a would-be *élégant*, and pointed to his dress and equipage as infallible proofs of a falling off from the true doctrines of equality.* This fact is impliedly confirmed by one of M. Nisard's anecdotes:—

'Un soir, il revenait des bureaux du *National*, fort tard, dans ce cabriolet qui lui a été tant reproché, soit par des hommes qui auraient voulu la tombe de leur père pour en avoir un, soit par des amis de l'égalité, qui la veulent dans les fortunes, pour se consoler de l'inégalité des talens. Il passe devant un pauvre homme, préposé à la garde des travaux de voirie, et qui grelottait de froid. Carrel arrête sa voiture, en tire la housse d'hiver de son cheval, la jette sur les épaules du gardien, lui met quelque argent dans la main, et disparaît avant les remerciements.'

We make no apology for dwelling so long on the character of this man. Bare justice to the periodical press of Paris required it, for during many years he was the only regular member of their body to whom the praise of first-rate talent and unimpeached integrity could be awarded without exciting a general murmur of dissent. This account of him, moreover, includes that of one of the most remarkable of the French journals, the *National*; for its importance ceased upon his death, and it has ever since been conducted by writers of little talent, literary reputation or authority—with the exception of M. Emile Souvestre, the author of *Riche et Pauvre*, one of the best of the modern novels. Its principles are republican. In this line it had to compete with *La Tribune* under Armand Marrast and Cavaignac. Marrast, though far inferior to Carrel, was a writer of spirit and ability, but republicanism had only a very short run in Paris, and *La Tribune* is no more. The leading ultra-democratic journal at present is *Le Bon Sens*, but it is in bad odour, and has a limited circulation.

Their connection with the preceding topic has led us to mention the republican papers in this place. So far as precedence depends upon influence and general respectability, the *Journal des Débats* is undoubtedly entitled to stand first. The proprietors are still the same who tore it from the clutches of Napoleon—M. Bertin de Vaux, long time deputy, and now peer

of France, and M. Bertin l'aîné, who might easily obtain the same distinction if he chose. He is nominally the director of the paper, but the duties are discharged by his son. Though both are men of sense and talent, they never write; nor, to the best of our information, does any member of the family, but they do not deserve less praise or enjoy less consideration on that account. When an attempt was made to depreciate Queen Elizabeth on the ground that all the great actions and wise policy of her reign were attributable to her ministers, it was answered (and it is to be hoped that some time or other the same defence may be made for Queen Victoria) that the selection of good ministers was the best possible proof of her superiority. Tried by this criterion, the Bertins will rank very high, for the writers to whom the conduct of their paper has been intrusted have amply justified their confidence and done honour to their discernment. The principal political contributors are M. Saint-Marc Girardin, M. de Sacy, and M. Michel Chevalier.

M. Girardin is councillor of the University, professor of literature at the Sorbonne, and was for some years a member of the Chamber. He is the author of a good work on Germany (*Notices sur l'Allemagne*), and writes in a pleasing, light, lively style, with uniform good temper and good sense.

M. de Sacy is the son of the celebrated orientalist of that name. He is a quiet, steady, unpretending writer; less varied and vivacious, but more discreet, connected, and consistent, than M. Girardin.

M. Chevalier is the author of an excellent work on America, well worthy to be placed alongside of M. de Tocqueville's, though nothing can well differ more widely than their plans. When the *Globe* was bought up by the Saint-Simoniens he was its editor; and he is still tainted with some of the least blamable of their doctrines.

Other well-known contributors are or have been: M. Villemain, peer and man of letters; M. de Bourqueney, secretary to the London embassy; the Abbé Feletz; M. Le Clerc, dean of the faculty of letters; M. Loeve-Weimar; and M. Cuvelier-Fleury, the tutor of one of Louis Philippe's sons. It is also understood that ready-made articles sometimes arrive from the Tuileries, and are inserted without alteration. The proprietors were originally pure royalists; nothing short

* It may not be generally known that there are politicians and newspapers who bring the same charge against Mr. Coroner Wakley and Mr. Joseph Hume.

of a regular, legitimate, right-divine sort of monarch would satisfy them. Their opinions have been undergoing changes ever since the restoration, and they are now, to all appearance, quite satisfied with a king by the blessing of the barricades.

The literary department has always been well supported; and at present we are by no means certain that the paper is not indebted for the better half of its celebrity to its good fortune in securing the services of M. Jules Janin, the most popular of living *feuilletonistes*, a host, an epoch, a dynasty, a *puissance*, in himself. Is there a breakfast-table at Paris which does not hail with eagerness the Monday number of the Journal, in which alone his weekly criticism is to be found? Is there an actor, dancer, singer, or playwright, who does not tremble at his nod? Is there a cultivated man in Europe who cannot read with pleasure, long after the occasion has gone by, this reckless, thoughtless, wild, wandering, discursive, gay, good-humoured, fertile, fanciful, and sensible contributor—this *enfant gâté d'un monde qu'il gâte*? It is not fair to judge him by his romances. He cannot write a book: he wants continuity; he wants the power of adhering doggedly to an idea, a system, a doctrine, or a plot. Like a child who quits the path to pick flowers or chase a butterfly, he is eternally wandering off into fresh trains of associations, but comes back loaded with so many pretty things, that we lose all inclination to find fault. Take, for example, a few passages from his necrological notice of a flower-seller:—

‘Vous avez laissé mourir, moi absent, une des plus aimables femmes dont le commerce parisien pouvait à bon droit s'enorgueillir, Mme. Prevost, la marchande de fleurs du Palais-Royal. . . .

‘Cette femme avait été très-belle, et, rien qu'à la voir cachée dans ses dentelles, on devinait sans peine que l'amour avait passé par là. Son regard était fin, mais voilé; son sourire était doux et calme, mais elle souriait rarement. Toute sa vie elle avait eu une grande passion pour les fleurs; non-seulement elle les cultivait avec un succès sans égal, mais encore pas une main mortelle ne savait nuancer les couleurs avec plus d'art et plus de goût. Elle faisait un bouquet avec autant de passion que Cardaillac le bijoutier quand il montait un de ses chefs-d'œuvre; puis, son bouquet fait, elle le mettait en réserve, attendant une femme assez belle pour le porter; et, si cette femme n'arrivait pas le même jour, Mme. Prevost gardait son bouquet pour elle-même, et elle était heureuse. Aux femmes qui passaient et qui achetaient un bouquet par hasard, elle donnait des bouquets faits au hasard; au mari qui achetait un bouquet pour sa femme, comme il eût acheté une poupée pour sa fille, Mme. Prevost donnait un bouquet tel quel elle savait si

bien que ce bouquet ne serait regardé ni par celui qui le donnait ni par celle qui le devait porter! Elle avait des bouquets pour tous les âges, pour toutes les positions de la vie; elle voyait d'un coup d'œil quelle était la fleur qu'il fallait employer pour sauver un pauvre cœur qui allait se perdre, pour ranimer un amour qui faiblissait. Elle était indulgente pour les uns, sévère pour les autres, impitoyable pour le séducteur, bienveillante pour l'ami timide. Elle disait qu'elle n'était jamais si heureuse que lorsqu'elle tressait une couronne virginale. Que de jeunes femmes elle a sauvées qui ne se sont pas doutées de la fin qui les sauvait! que de Lovelaces arrêtés dans leur triomphe qui en sont encore à se demander: *Comment donc celle-là m'a-t-elle échappée!*

‘Un jour que j'étais seul dans l'arrière-boutique, je trouvai sous ma main un petit livre à couverture verte, qui avait l'air d'un livre de comptes. J'ouvris machinalement ce livre; et quel fut mon effroi quand je me vis tombé tout en plein au beau milieu de l'histoire la plus cachée du monde parisien! Terrible histoire! touchante histoire! trahisons, mensonges, perfidies; mais aussi dévouement, passion, fidélité. Dans ce livre Mme. Prevost écrivait elle-même, jour par jour, comme on fait dans un livre de commerce, les noms de tous ceux qui achetaient des fleurs chez elle en lui disant:—Faites les porter chez Mme. *** rue ***.—Tel était ce livre. Ici le nom d'un homme; plus loin, et tout en face du nom de cet homme, était écrit le nom d'une femme et sa demeure. Et pourtant savez-vous? jamais un roman de M. de Balzac lui-même, même dans les beaux jours de M. de Balzac, quand il coupait avec tant de verve et de bonheur le regain de son esprit, n'a présenté un intérêt pareil à celui de tous ces noms en présence! Oui, un homme qui envoie d'abord un simple bouquet de violettes à cette femme qui l'accepte; plus tard la violette devient une rose; chaque jour ajoute d'abord une fleur à cet envoi de l'amour; puis bientôt chaque jour arrache une fleur, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin le nom de cet homme ne soit plus accolé au nom de cette femme. Et si vous saviez combien peu elles durent, ces grandes passions éternelles comme la rose!

‘Et quel livre, ce compte des amours parisiens ainsi tenu en partie double! Lisons encore, lisons toujours. Aujourd'hui ce même homme a cessé d'envoyer un souvenir à cette même femme; mais regardez plus haut, à l'autre page: au moment où le bouquet de cet homme allait en s'amoindrisant, un autre bouquet s'avancait sur l'horizon vers cette même femme; et ainsi vous pouvez suivre l'amour parisien dans ces sentiers ténébreux et fleuris. Et chose étrange! que de noms, qui se tiennent par un lien de fleurs, dont vous n'auriez pas cru que la rencontre fût même possible! que de chaînes tour à tour brisées, renouées, rompues! que de bouquets renvoyés et rendus! quel pêle-mêle bizarre, étrange, incroyable! que d'histoires galantes qui se croisent! que de dates funestes!—Voilà donc le bouquet que portait cette femme le jour où son amant fut tué en duel! et ce bouquet n'était pas même celui de cet amant!—Voilà donc d'où venait la fleur que vous portiez dans vos cheveux, Coralie! et vous disiez que vous l'aviez cueillie dans la serre de votre père!—Louise, pauvre enfant! Je comprends à cette heure pourquoi cette fleur desséchée au chevet de son lit, au pied du Christ.—Ah! juste ciel! en voici une qui a reçu d'abord une rose, puis une fleur d'orange pour aller à l'autel. Heureuse celle-là! heureuse entre toutes! . . . O l'horreur! maintenant c'est une couronne d'immortelles que le jeune époux vient de jeter sur la tombe de sa femme!—Tel était ce livre terrible.’
—*Les Catacombes*, tom. pp. 267-282.

What an exquisite train of associations is here suggested ! What feeling, poetry, and truth ! Would any one doubt that there had been such a woman and such a book ? Yet it is all sheer fancy. The shop or stall in question was a dark, dingy little hole, half hidden behind a pillar : the flowers looked worthy of the place ; and Madame Prevost herself is not to be named in the same day with a little *bouquetière* in Covent-Garden. In fact, he writes best about nothing ; and his papers may too frequently be compared to a bottle of the late Charles Wright's champagne, which frisks, foams, and sparkles, titillates the palate and enlivens the spirits, if you drink it off the moment it is uncorked ; but subsides into a thin, sugary, insipid kind of beverage, if you let it stand awhile with the view of passing an opinion on its quality. Besides his Monday criticisms, he scatters his articles about pretty freely, without much regard to political opinion or principle ; and, unless he is much belied, he has even been known to boast of answering his own articles in the *Quotidienne*, by way of frolic, in the *Constitutionnel*.

The *Constitutionnel*, a few years ago, counted more than twenty thousand subscribers. This was when the writers before mentioned were engaged in it, and waging a fierce war against the Jesuits and the court. It has sensibly declined since 1830, and it had become the fashion to say that 'on se désabonnait au *Constitutionnel*.' But, as the occasional organ of M. Dupin aîné, it has retained no inconsiderable degree of importance ; and during the Molé ministry the public attention was attracted to it by frequent contributions from M. Thiers.

Le Courier Français fought side by side with the *Constitutionnel* against the monarchy of the restoration. Since the Revolution it has leant towards the Dupont de l'Eure and Odillon Barrot party or parties ; and the latter has the credit of writing in it occasionally. M. Guizot has also been confidently named as a contributor. The editor, in its best days, was M. Chastelain, an honest, though heavy, writer. Since his death its leading articles have been supplied by M. Foucher, who has improved upon his predecessor.

The royalist or legitimist party are much divided in opinion. The two principal divisions are represented by *La Ga-*

zette de France and *La Quotidienne*. The chief support of the *Quotidienne*, until within these few months, was M. Michaud, the academician, and author of the History of the Crusades ; a man ill fitted for the defender of a cause whose main dependence should be faith. In allusion to the use they were making of the church in the contest, he laughingly said, ' *Nous tirons par les fenêtres de la sacristie* ;' and the remark is no bad illustration of his character. He was supposed to be assisted with advice or contributions by MM. Berryer, Laurentie, the Duc de Valmy, and the Visconte Lostanges. The general tone of the paper is careless, mocking, and cavalier, with a marked affectation of the French gentleman of the ancient régime.

The *Gazette de France* is the direct opposite of all this. Deep devotion, profound respect, steadiness of purpose, and a strict regard for the decencies (with the small exception of veracity), are its characteristics : nor amongst its merits or demerits must we forget its zealous adoption of one material portion of the Jesuit creed—the maxim, that the end justifies the means. At least we cannot give the conductors entire credit for believing all their own fictions, or for being themselves the dupe of all the political speculations they put forth. Their version of the past history of France seems to be, that the old monarchy, actually and practically, secured an equality of rights for all classes—(if they had contented themselves with saying that it attained nearly as many of the true objects of government as the present, the doctrine would not have been devoid of plausibility)—and they anticipate future history, by assuring their readers that this source of prosperity will be very speedily restored. Nor is the advent of Henry V. postponed indefinitely, or to a period when no one is likely to retain any recollection of the prophecy. In this respect they resemble Cobbett, who long outlived the period when he was to perish, like another Guatimozin, on a gridiron. The restoration is confidently fixed for to-morrow, or next week, or Monday fortnight (positively the last time of restoring) ; and when the prediction fails, they assert, that, by all the rules of predietion, it ought not to have failed ; just as the French were beaten, though by all the rules of war they ought not to have been beaten ;

at Waterloo. They are warm advocates of universal suffrage, probably on Coleridge's principle, that reverence for ancient forms and institutions is now confined to the lower classes. The principal writer is the Abbé (formerly Baron) de Genoude. His maligners assert that when he left his native place his appellation was *Genou*, and that he has placed a *de* on both sides to make it doubly acceptable to the aristocracy, or they give another turn to the insinuation, 'Il a mis à son genou deux charnières (hinges) pour mieux le fléchir.' The most marked occasion on which he is said to have bent the knee was during the ministry of M. Villele, who, by way of re-payment, we presume, has recently emerged from his retirement to write letters on finance in the *Gazette*. M. de Genoude is reputed extremely rich. We have heard his income estimated at not less than seventy or eighty thousand francs a-year, and we can believe it; for the legitimist nobles are both wealthy and generous.

They still cling to many habits and prejudices injurious to their cause; they are bad canvassers, and they live too much within a clique; but their houses and purses are freely opened to their friends; and funds are never wanting to maintain their hold upon the press. For this reason the sale of the legitimist journals is an unsafe criterion of their circulation, since every member of the party makes a point of subscribing, and, perhaps, any given copy is seldom read beyond a family.

Le Monde, formerly (about 1837) edited by the celebrated Abbé de la Menais, with the assistance of the equally celebrated Georges Sand, is no more. *La Paix* has also been given up, though M. Guizot was understood to be a contributor. *Le Commerce*, a paper founded at the restoration, and respectable from its information and consistency, is now the organ of M. Mauguin, the celebrated orator and advocate, who makes use of it to advance his own peculiar views in politics, as well as to defend certain colonial interests intrusted to his care. *Le Temps*, founded by M. Jacques Coste, the hero of the barricades, and for many years very skilfully conducted by him, has been bought by or for M. Conil, deputy and colonial delegate, who uses it much as M. Mauguin uses *Le Commerce*.

We now come to a paper which has effected a revolution in journalism, *La Presse*, established in July, 1836, at half

the price (forty francs a-year) of other papers of the same class. The projector was M. Emile de Girardin, a gentleman whose precise position and character it is no easy matter to describe, for few men have been more unceremoniously calumniated, and, after being many years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he has been recently declared ineligible on the ground that he could not prove himself to be a Frenchman. The difficulty, it seems, hinged on the peculiar circumstances of his birth, which he has managed to turn (as he manages to turn most things) to account, by relating them in an agreeable little book, entitled *Emile*. He is a natural son of the Comte de Girardin, grand huntsman to Charles X., and has won his way against considerable disadvantages with a gallantry which it is impossible to help admiring. He is perfectly unrivalled in that species of sagacity which divines at a glance the capabilities of a new project of speculation; and, perhaps the true secret of his extreme unpopularity is the jealousy felt by other adventurers at his success. He started *Le Voleur*, a paper made up of borrowed articles, pushed it into circulation, and then sold it on advantageous terms. He started *La Mode*, and disposed of it in the same manner. He took the lead in establishing *Le Panthéon Littéraire* (a collection of classical writers) under distinguished patronage, and is said to have made an equally good thing of that. Such was now the confidence placed in his tact, that, when he announced the project of a forty franc journal, the sum of 700,000 francs (28,000*l.*) was forthwith subscribed and placed at his disposal; and notwithstanding the combined attempts of the competitors, whom he thus undersold and half ruined, to put him down, it is far from clear that this undertaking will not prove as prosperous as the rest. Soon after the establishment of his journal, he became engaged in a controversy with Carrel. It led to a duel, in which Carrel was killed. Frenchmen—who in some respects are not above half civilized—regard disputes of this kind much in the same light as Sir Lucius O'Trigger: 'It's a very pretty quarrel as it stands.' They never dream of explanations, and have frequently no better object in fighting than to show that they are not afraid. Four or five years ago, the ultras of both sides seemed seriously intent on carrying the Bobadil plan of extermination into effect. 'We would

challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them! challenge twenty more; kill them! twenty more; kill them, too! and so on.' This duel, therefore, was rather M. de Girardin's misfortune than his fault. By way of compensation he had the good luck to marry the beautiful and accomplished Delphine Gay, the daughter of the celebrated Sophie Gay, through whom he gained a legitimate footing in society. Yet such was the prejudice excited against him by the death of Carrel, and the establishment of his newspaper; such is the influence of the press, when combined for any given object, good or evil; such the overwhelming power of popular clamour, passion, or caprice, in France, that M. Girardin was driven almost by acclamation, from the Chamber, for not being able to produce strict documentary evidence of a fact of which no moral doubt was ever entertained by any one.

The journal participates of the character of the founder; it is clever and amusing enough, but by no means remarkable for steadiness or consistency. At the present moment it is understood to be the organ of the king, a very different thing from being the organ of his government. The chief contributor is M. Granier de Cassagnac, a bold, dashing, paradoxical, ready writer, by whom the political paper is most frequently supplied. The literary department is rich in celebrated names, some of Dumas and Balzac's romances having appeared piecemeal in the columns of *La Presse*. But the contributions of Madame de Girardin, under the signature of the Viscomte de Launay, form the grand attraction to subscribers; and nothing can be happier or more alluring than the manner in which her weekly summary of literary, musical, artistical, fashionable, and social gossip is dished up. Her comedy, which we shall presently have occasion to examine in detail, was written to vindicate her husband, and retaliate on his calumniators.

Le Siècle, started in opposition to *La Presse* on the under-selling principle, is one of the most zealous supporters of an extension of the elective franchise, and circulates widely. It is supposed to be under the control of M. Odilon Barrot, whose views it advocates; but the political articles are written by M. Chambolle, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who derives no slight importance from the gene-

ral belief that he forms a medium of communication or connecting link between M. Odilon Barrot and M. Thiers. The literary portion of the paper forms a strange contrast with the political; the one, like M. Odilon Barrot's speeches, breathing a pure, stern, uncompromising morality, the other exhibiting the most culpable laxity and indifference. We have heard the conductors compared, in this respect, to certain pious householders who preserve the strictest regard to decency in the upper portion of the house occupied by their own families, but make no scruple of adding largely to their revenue by letting out the lower stories to persons of equivocal reputation, at a high rent. It is stated by M. Sainte Beuve, in his curious article on *La Littérature Industrielle*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September, 1839, that the literary contributors to the *Siècle* act in the same capacity in the *Charivari*, which may account in some measure for the objectionable tone of their lucubrations.* A writer is not likely to learn manners or morals in such a school.

This brings us to a class of newspapers of which the *Charivari*† may now be considered as the chief—a class reflecting little credit to the country, notwithstanding their cleverness. Their business is to laugh at everybody, and turn everything into ridicule. If a celebrated man has a foible or defect, mental or physical, they point it out; if a celebrated woman has been suspected of a *faux pas*, they dwell upon it. Woe to the advocate who professes a fondness for rural amusements, and shame upon the deputy who squints! Nor do they confine themselves to words—

* *Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*—

and their most biting insinuations are illustrated by caricatures. The real or fancied resemblance of Louis Philippe's head to a pear was the discovery of Philipon, one of the illustrators of the *Charivari*, and gave the king more real annoyance than the attacks upon his life. Go where he would, this unlucky print haunted him; and it is thought that the famous laws of September, which extended to caricatures, were owing full as much to the pear as to Fieschi.

* The history of their connection is given by M. Alphonse Peyrat in the first number of his *Personnalités*.

† i. e., marrow-bones and clearers. An unpopular person is treated with a *charivari*.

The *Figaro*, the first in point of time, earned its reputation fairly and honestly enough by laughing at the Jesuits. After the Revolution of July, it changed its tone, became a supporter of the established order of things, and has ever since been sensibly declining, though M. Alphonse Karr undertook the management for a time.

The *Charivari* was founded by M. Desnoyers, a clever writer of vaudevilles and melodramas. It professes to be edited by *trois hommes d'état*, namely MM. Desnoyers, Altaroche, and Cler. Most of the other wits of Paris contribute occasionally; and MM. Philpon and Grenville are the illustrators. The general tendency is democratic, but great care is taken not to offend the legitimist party, who subscribe to the paper for the sake of the jokes against the king. The *Charivari* was also the first to expose and condemn the treachery of Maroto, and is consequently in high favour with the Carlists. *Le Corsaire*, and several others, belong to the same category as the *Figaro* and the *Charivari*.

To estimate the effects of these papers, we must weigh well their precise object, and bear constantly in mind the peculiar character of the people amongst whom they circulate. Ridicule has been called the test of truth, and so it may be in the hands of writers (like the Rev. Sydney Smith) who use it only as the clencher of an argument; but in the hands of persons who get their living by it, the case is widely different, and we are quite sure that in the present state of the public mind of Paris, all that is great, good, pure, true, and holy, may be—we much fear has been already—lowered, soiled, perverted, and desecrated by means of it. Some of our Sunday newspapers are bad enough in all conscience, but these are excluded from all decent houses, and even the shop-boys and milliners' apprentices, who form their chief purchasers, must be disturbed by doubts as to the authenticity of the absurd accounts there set before them of the sayings and doings of their betters. At Paris, on the contrary, every body reads the *Charivari*, and the contributors walk about apparently no more ashamed of their vocation than Dr. Lawrence of the *Rolliad*, Lord Palmerston of the *New Whig Guide*, or Mr. Canning of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Even this sort of notoriety does not satisfy some of them; and it has recently become the practice to publish monthly

pamphlets, entirely made up of the same materials as the *Charivari*, in the names of the authors. Of this description are *Les Guepes* of Alphonse Karr, *Les Papillons Noirs* of the bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix) and *Les Personnalités* of Alphonse Peyrat. We cannot say much for the wit of these productions; but we recommend them to the attention of those who think that the worst evils of the press are produced by its anonymous character.

The only evening papers of note are *Le Moniteur Parisien*, lately an organ of the government; and *Le Messager*, the property of M. le Comte Walewski, the son of Napoleon by a celebrated Polish beauty, whose personal advantages, along with a million or so of francs bestowed by the emperor, have been inherited by the count. He is a popular member of the best Parisian circles, and has lately written a comedy to describe their manners, and (*on dit*) to bring forward an actress named Anais. The piece, entitled *L'Ecole du Monde*, was not quite so successful at the public representation at the Théâtre Français, as at the private readings in the salons of the initiated, and Janin cut it up without ceremony. An injudicious friend of the author's, who volunteered a reply, insinuated that the habits of high life were beyond the jurisdiction of the pit, and that the play would have fared better had the critic been duly propitiated by a few preliminary attentions. The rejoinder was in Janin's happiest manner. He triumphantly vindicates the competency of the public, turns off the personalities with goodhumoured raillery, and handles the pretensions of the count's coterie, the modern *Précieuses Ridicules*, in a style which must have made them the laughter of Paris for a week. There was some talk of a duel, but in the next number Janin candidly assured the public that he was still alive and merry.

The Bonapartist party—*i. e.*, the adherents of Prince Louis Napoleon—have lately set up a newspaper entitled *Le Capitole*, under the management of M. Durand, formerly editor of the *Frankfort Gazette*, but they make few proselytes, and have little to depend upon but the chapter of accidents, which, it must be admitted, bids fair to prove a varied and important chapter in France. The Russian interest is also said to be represented in this paper!

Balzac relates, that when Blucher and Sacken reached the heights which over-

look Paris, the latter exultingly doomed it to destruction. 'It will suit our purpose better to let it alone,' said Blucher; 'that great cancer will be the ruin of France.' The remark is not quite in keeping with what has been recorded of the gallant veteran's capacity, but, whoever made it, it is founded on truth; for the public opinion of the provincial towns is a mere echo or reflection of the metropolis. It follows that the provincial press exercises comparatively little influence, and we know of only two writers who have risen into consideration by its means—M. Anselme Petetin and M. Henri Fonfrede.

M. Petetin was the principal writer in the *Précurseur de Lyons*. His style wanted polish, but his reasonings were full of vigour, and he honestly sought rather to discover a remedy for the evils which agitated Lyons during the commercial crisis, than to aggravate them in order to profit by the opportunity, as most of his Parisian brethren would have done. He has since retired from the press, and devoted himself exclusively to his profession, the bar.

M. Fonfrede, the son of the well-known Girondist, won his early laurels in *Le Mémorial*, of Bordeaux. He is a man of simple habits, residing on the Garonne at a small farm near the city, which he visits two or three times a-week in his boat, enjoying his favourite amusement of fishing by the way. His popularity knew no bounds for some years after the Revolution of July, which he materially aided in Bordeaux; and, like many men of local reputation, he was led into the fatal mistake of supposing that he could achieve similar honours in the capital. He came to Paris about 1837, and enlisted as a contributor in *Le Journal de Paris*, a doctrinaire print, edited by M. Jules Le Chevalier. But he was transplanted too late: his provincial modes of thought and expression had become inveterate: the fiery eagerness with which he advocated moderation verged upon the ludicrous; and after a short time he concluded his Parisian campaign by quarrelling with M. Guizot, whom he recklessly assailed in a pamphlet. He then bade a long adieu to Paris, and returned to edit *Le Courrier de Bordeaux*. But a man who has been tried and found wanting in the capital is no longer the wonder of his townspeople; and M. Fonfrede was suspected of having been faithless to the democratic cause. He was, therefore,

saluted on his arrival, not with acclamations or illuminations, but a *charivari*. However, he has no reason to be ashamed of his unpopularity, for he might have made himself as popular as ever by pandering to the prejudices of the mass; and, with a little more tact and coolness, he would still rank high amongst the best journalists in France. His pamphlet, *Du Gouvernement du Roi et des Limites Constitutionnelles*, has been much read, and possesses great merit.

Not long since M. de Lamartine contributed some political articles to a journal of his own province (Macon), which created a great sensation throughout France; but this is attributable to his peculiar character and position. The high moral tone he has uniformly sustained, the practical though enthusiastic nature of his philosophy, the solid foundation of reason and logic which underlies his most imaginative flights, and the undeviating rectitude of his motives, have procured for him an extent of personal and individual weight, wholly unprecedented in one who is not aiming at power, and is more likely to frustrate the objects of any given party than to forward them.

It has hitherto been found impracticable to maintain a French review on the plan of the best English reviews. The sole solution that we have ever been able to obtain of the phenomenon is, that opinions and parties change too often, and that the nation is too volatile to wait a quarter of a year for anybody. The experiment was fairly tried by M. Guizot and the Duc de Broglie in 1829, when they established the *Revue Française*, in which their political, critical, and philosophical doctrines were developed and applied with remarkable ability; but it did not last long, and the late attempt to revive it has received little encouragement. The *Revue Trimestrielle* was also well conducted, but soon ceased. We hear, however, that it is about to be revived under high auspices.

The best of the so-called reviews are the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*. They are composed much in the same manner as our magazines; and although masterly pieces of criticism are often to be found in them, these, being invariably signed, are necessarily regarded merely as the opinions of an individual, and exercise no influence beyond what is derivable from the name. During the Molé ministry, when the whole energies of the press were taxed to the uttermost,

both these reviews took part in the contest, and were both said to have accepted gratifications of some sort; but accusations of this kind are rife, and deservedly carry little weight.

In the case of the political prints of Paris, a deposit (*cautionnement*) of about 100,000 francs is required, which is the reason why they bear a small proportion to the rest. It appears that the leading papers have not reduced their prices in imitation of *La Presse*; but almost all of them have been obliged to increase their bulk, which has equally reduced their profits. The stamp on each newspaper is a sou; the cost of distribution about a quarter of a sou. The O. P. papers are sold at about four sous a copy; *La Presse* and *Le Siècle* at little more than two; and no great space is ordinarily allotted for advertisements. Compute the interest on capital, the remuneration to writers, the cost of management, the cost of printing, &c., and it will be seen that the regular returns of most of the Paris newspapers are utterly inadequate to their support.

These are plain statistical facts. Before attempting to draw conclusions, we have a few general observations to add to them. Their order is not material; for if called upon, in each instance, to explain whether the circumstance or state of things to which we call attention, be cause or effect, we should frequently have no better answer to give than that given by a celebrated personage, when asked whether the sun went round the earth or the earth round the sun,—‘Sometimes one, and sometimes the other!’

In England, the editors are always the principal and often the sole writers: the occupation absorbs the greater part of their time, and compels most of them to turn day into night. They consequently mix very little in society: the vocation is adopted by few, if any, who can live without it; and your dull cit, pert lawyer, or unidea’d dandy, turns up his nose at a ‘gentleman of the press,’—probably his equal or his superior in birth, education, and intelligence. In France, the editor or *rédauteur en chef*, generally confines himself to the arrangement of the paper. The writers, political as well as literary, are generally very numerous. In fact, everybody who can write, does write; and a young Frenchman used to be as proud of having written an effective article for a journal as a young Englishman of having made an effective speech in parliament.

In France, the principal editor of a first class paper is considered entitled to about 30,000 francs (1200*l.*) a year. Contributors are paid at the rate of from 30 to 50 centimes (from 3*d.* to 5*d.*) a line, and all therefore are *penny-a-liners* alike. In the *Journal des Débats* the ordinary remuneration for a leading article is from 100 to 150 francs; and Janin’s appointments as theatrical critic (including a cabriolet) amount to little less than 15,000 francs a year. Few English editors receive 1000*l.* a year, and the price of occasional articles is said to be low. The chief expenses of the best English newspapers are, we believe, incurred in paying reporters and procuring information, to secure which on momentous occasions their outlay is quite munificent.

In England, the newspapers do little more than embody public opinion: in France, they dictate it. In England, the leading or (as Canning was fond of pronouncing the word) *leading* article is the least attractive part: in France, the most so. In England, all topics of interest are discussed at public meetings or dinners: in France, almost the sole arena of discussion, when the Chambers are not sitting, is the press. Half an English newspaper, during the recess, is filled with prosy speeches by common-place people: the peroration of De Lamartine’s splendid address to the Slave Emancipation Society is the only specimen of popular (not parliamentary) eloquence that the French newspapers have reported for months.

Within the last ten years the French newspapers have effected a revolution, and repeatedly overthrown ministries. The only instance in which our most influential newspapers have combined for any given object within the same period, was to prevent the passing of the Poor Law Act—and they failed; the minority in the House of Commons, where their influence was necessarily most felt, being nineteen.

In France a politician may make himself known through his journal, and, when the time has come for the adoption of his principles, step from it into place; in England, there is not a single instance of a journalist acquiring office by services performed in that capacity.

In England, a newspaper is essentially the subject-matter of a commercial speculation; in France, until very recently, it was essentially the voice of a party or an organ of opinion. In England, a newspaper is like old banking business or an estate,

Nothing is so difficult to establish, and nothing so difficult to break down, as a good advertising connection, which is the test. When the *Courier* was at the lowest ebb in point of subscribers ten or twelve years ago, it was valued at more than 30,000*l.*; and half a million would be a low estimate for *The Times*. In France, no paper is worth many years' purchase; and the loss of a popular writer might prove fatal to the best. In England, therefore, the whole secret service money at the disposal of a government would be hardly sufficient to secure one of the second rates; and the bare notion of buying up or bribing 'the thunderer,' is preposterous. In France, on the contrary, it would be easy for a government to buy up a paper, establish one, or silence one by giving the editor a place; and the hydra-head quality of the species is, perhaps, the only reason why this system of tactics is not more frequently pursued.

The best thing that can be said of the French political writers is, that they generally preserve a certain decency of tone in their disputes. The worst thing that can be said of the English is, that their language is too frequently enriched with epithets borrowed from the vocabulary of piscatory females and Mr. O'Connell, who would otherwise enjoy a monopoly.

What is here said applies to the political portion of the press. So far as the critical department is concerned the comparison is decidedly unfavourable to France. The spirit of *camaraderie*, so amusingly illustrated in M. Scribe's comedy, is, perhaps, equally active in both countries: as Sir Godfrey Kneller acutely observed, 'one hand can do nothing for itself, but two hands can rub one another;' and when a sect or school get possession of a journal, they do rub away at one another with a vengeance. To say the truth, we know no better mode of getting out of the dilemma in which the necessity of reviewing a contributor's book places us, than that recommended by a late editor of celebrity—to put it into the hands of another contributor in the same *genre*, an intimate friend, if possible; in which case, he was wont to say, it was quite superfluous to enjoin candour.

Incredible as it may appear, we have also heard it stated very confidently that English authors and actors who give dinners are treated with greater indulgence

by certain critics than those who do not. But it has never been said that any critical journal in England, with the slightest pretensions to respectability, was in the habit of levying black-mail, in the Rob Roy fashion, upon writers or artists of any kind; and it is alleged, on high authority, that the majority of the French critical journals are principally supported from such a source. For example, there is a current anecdote to the effect that when the celebrated singer Nourrit died, the editor of one of the musical reviews waited on his successor, Duprez, and, with a profusion of compliments and apologies, intimated to him that Nourrit had invariably allowed 2000 francs a-year to the review. Duprez, taken rather aback, expressed his readiness to allow half that sum. '*Bien, monsieur,*' said the editor, with a shrug, '*mais, parole d'honneur, j'y perds mille francs.*'

But it would take a book to illustrate this system of exaction; and a book has actually been written for the express purpose by a man thoroughly well qualified, by habits and information, to expose it in all its modifications. Balzac's *Grand Homme de Province à Paris* presents a graphic delineation, a living breathing image, of talent perverted, taste vitiated, sensibility crushed, energy frittered away, generosity hardened into selfishness, and virtue gangrened into vice, by the ordinary, every-day life of journalism; and it strikes us that a brief outline of the hero's career will be the most satisfactory mode of conveying a vivid impression of the state of things by which so much mischief has been wrought.

Lucien Chardon, a young man of great personal attractions, and cleverness enough to be taken for a genius—as Fielding says Joseph Andrews might have been taken for a lord—by those who never saw one, contracts a *liaison* of the Platonic order with the great lady of his native place (Madame de Bargeton, née Louise de Négrepelisse), and they arrive in Paris together, she to become a leader of the fashionable world, and he to glitter as a star of the first water in the literary. They very soon experience the truth of the maxim with which James I. was wont to chase the country gentlemen from his court,—'Ships which look big in a river, look very little when at sea;' and the first effect of the change of scene is to dissipate their common illusion as to one another. The provincial goddess subsides into a very ordinary mortal alongside

of the De Noailles and De Grammonts, whilst the 'mute inglorious' Victor Hugo or Lamartine pales his ineffectual light before the actual bearers of these appellatives. Nay, his very good looks vanish for want of the magic stamp of fashion; and the lady, taking the initiative, summarily dismisses him for a battered, shattered beau of fifty, M. le Baron du Chalet, who, without rhyme or reason, is in vogue. Lucien sinks into the lowest state of destitution; his historical novel, the 'Archer of Charles IX.,' is declared a mere drug; his collection of sonnets is received like Parson Adams' sermons by the booksellers; and he even applies for work at the office of a newspaper in vain. He is received, not by the *rédacteur-en-chef*, M. Finot, but by one Girardeau, an old soldier, who seems to fill the place of fighting editor, and this dialogue takes place:—

'Gir. Finot est mon neveu, le seul de la famille qui m'ait adouci ma position. Aussi quiconque cherche querelle à Finot, trouve-t-il le vieux Girardeau, capitaine aux grenadiers, parti simple soldat, Sambre-et-Meuse, cinq ans maître d'armes au premier de tirailleurs, armée d'Italie! Une, deux! et le plaignant serait à l'ombre, ajouta-t-il en faisant le geste de se fendre. Or donc, mon petit, nous avons différents corps dans les rédacteurs. Il y a le rédacteur qui rédige et qui a sa solde, le rédacteur qui rédige et qui n'a rien, ce que nous appelons un volontaire; enfin, le rédacteur qui ne rédige rien et qui n'est pas le plus bête—il ne fait pas de fautes, celui-là, il se donne les gants d'être un homme d'esprit, il appartient au journal, il nous paye à dîner, il flâne dans les théâtres, il est très-heureux. Que voulez-vous être?

'L. Chard. Mais rédacteur travaillant bien et partant bien payé.

'Gir. Vous voilà comme tous les conscrits qui veulent être maréchaux de France!—vol. i. p. 93.

Still Lucien struggles on manfully, cheered by the exhortations and example of a set of young men, who are resolved on winning their way to fame and fortune by honest industry, when, in an evil hour, he becomes acquainted with one of the minor critics, who undertakes to make him free of the corporation.

This worthy is obliged to sell the new publications sent in to be reviewed, to pay for the dinner he is about to give Lucien. At the risk of exposing some of the secrets of the craft, we must give the explanation which ensues:—

'—Et vos articles, dit Lucien en roulant vers le Palais-Royal.

'Bah! vous ne savez pas comment cela se bécote. Quant au Voyage en Egypte, j'ai ouvert le livre et lu des endroits ça et là sans le couper, j'y ai découvert onze fautes de français. Je ferai une colonne en disant que si l'auteur a appris le langage des can-

ards gravés sur les cailloux égyptiens appelés des obélisques, il ne connaît pas sa langue, et je le lui prouverai. Je dirai qu'au lieu de nous parler d'histoire naturelle et d'antiquités, il aurait dû ne s'occuper que de l'avenir de l'Egypte, du progrès de la civilisation, des moyens de rallier l'Egypte à la France, qui, après l'avoir conquise et perdue, peut se l'attacher encore par l'ascendant moral. Là-dessus tartine patriotique, le tout entrelardé de tirades sur Marseille, sur le Levant, sur notre commerce.

'—Mais s'il avait fait cela, que diriez-vous?

'—Hé bien, je dirais qu'au lieu de nous ennuyer de politique, il aurait dû s'occuper de l'art, nous peindre le pays sous son côté pittoresque et territorial.'—*Id.* vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

After dinner they repair first to the shop of the then emperor of the book-selling world of Paris, Dauriat, probably intended for *Ladvocat*, who, after ruining himself by his speculations, had interested enough with his authors to induce them to try and set him up again by the famous *Livre des Cent-et-Un*. He is here represented in the heyday of prosperity; his shop crowded with wits, deputies, authors, and artists, who are keeping up an unrelenting fire of repartees, whilst the great man himself floats about like a leviathan:—

'On n'entre ici qu'avec une réputation faite! Devenez célèbre, et vous y trouverez des flots d'or. Voilà trois grands hommes de ma façon, j'ai fait trois ingrats! Nathan parle de six mille francs pour la seconde édition de son livre, qui m'a coûté trois mille francs d'articles et ne m'a pas rapporté mille francs. Les deux articles de Blondet, je les ai payés mille francs et un dîner de cinq cents francs.'

'Je ne suis pas ici pour être le marchepied des gloires à venir, mais pour gagner de l'argent et pour en donner aux hommes célèbres.'

This is certainly the correct commercial view of the question, let incipient poetasters groan over the declaration as they will. Lucien did groan over it, for it sealed the fate of his sonnets; but he saw this redoubtable bookseller bow down before a journalist; he heard him speak of the thousand franc articles of Blondet (Janin), and he hurries off to the theatre, bent on producing such articles without delay. Fortune favours him; the regular critic is absent without leave; and Lucien, who has fallen in love with the principal actress, is allowed to undertake the criticism of the piece. It is dashed off whilst supper is getting ready, and makes a sensation, which is the first step towards making a fortune in France. The actress rewards him with herself and her establishment; and the editor eagerly enrolls him amongst the contributors. At the first meeting of his brethren, they are at a loss for subjects:—

— Messieurs, si nous prétions des ridicules aux hommes vertueux de la droite ?

— Commençons une série de portraits des orateurs ministériels, dit Hector Merlin.

— Fais cela, mon petit, dit Lousteau, tu les connais, ils sont de ton parti, tu pourras satisfaire quelques haines intestines.

They laugh at his reluctance to praising a book one day and abusing it the next, and his mistress ridicules his prudery :—

— Fais de la critique, dit Coralie, amuse-toi ! Est-ce que je ne suis pas ce soir en andalouse, demain ne me mettrai-je pas en bohémienne, un autre jour en homme ? Fais comme moi ! Donne-leur des grimaces pour leur argent, et vivons heureux.—vol. ii. p. 81.

After laying aside all his scruples, however, his gains prove inadequate to his expenses, living, as he now does, in the gayest Parisian sets ; but on this point, too, his friends have comfort in store for him.

— Quand le soir, à souper, Lucien un peu triste expliquait sa position à ses amis les viveurs, ils noyaient ses scrupules dans des flots de vin de Champagne, glacé de plaisanteries. Les dettes ! Il n'y a pas d'homme fort sans dettes ! Les dettes représentent des besoins satisfaits, des vices exigeants. Un homme ne parvient que pressé par la main de fer de la Nécessité.

— Aux grands hommes, le mont-de-piété reconnaissant ! lui criait Blondet.

— Tout vouloir, c'est tout devoir ! criait Bixiou.

— Non, tout devoir, c'est avoir eu tout ! répondait des Lupeaulx.—vol. ii. pp. 142, 143.

This is almost as good as Lord Alvanley's description of a man who 'muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills ;' or Lord Orford's definition of timber, 'an excrescence on the face of the earth placed there by Providence for the payment of debts ;' or Pelham's argument, that it was respectable to be arrested, because it showed that the party once had credit. Aphorisms of this sort generally lead to the same conclusion, and our hero is now on the very brink of a catastrophe. True, 'le petit journal rendait des services inappréciables à Lucien et à Coralie en maintenant le tailleur, la marchande de modes et la couturière, qui tous tremblaient de mécontenter un journaliste capable de tympaniser leurs établissements ;' the other creditors are not to be kept off, and Coralie's furniture is seized. Four thousand francs are imperatively required ; he can raise only the tenth part of that sum.

— Je vais toujours lui porter cet argent.

— Autre sottise ! Tu n'apaiseras rien avec quatre cents francs, il faut en avoir quatre mille.

Gardons de quoi nous griser en cas de perte, et joue !

— Le conseil est bon, dit le grand inconnu.

He plays, gets drunk, and returns to his mistress without a sou.

— Tu as bien fait, mon ange, lui dit l'actrice en le serrant dans ses bras.

In this extremity he closes with an offer to conduct a royalist paper against his own original party (the liberal), and falls into a trap laid for him by his first mistress and the rival who has supplanted him. They delude him with visionary expectations of favours from the lady and the court, until he is fatally committed, and then persuade the minister that a calumnious article in one of the opposition papers is from his pen. Both parties now repudiate him, and the critics combine to write down Coralie, who, after presenting a really beautiful picture of female devotedness, sinks under the repeated mortifications heaped upon her, and dies. Lucien, forced into a duel with an early friend, severely wounded, and reduced to the very verge of starvation, quits Paris in the hope of being able to reach his native town on foot. About the same time, the great provincial lady gives her hand to the old beau, Du Chatelet, who is made a prefect for the successful conduct of the intrigue. The concluding situation is inimitable :—

— La nuit surprit Lucien dans les plaines du Poitou. Il était résolu à bivouaquer, quand, au fond d'un ravin, il aperçut une calèche montant une côte. A l'insu du postillon, des voyageurs et d'un valet de chambre placé sur le siège, il put se blottir derrière entre deux paquets où il s'endormit en se plaçant de manière à pouvoir résister aux secousses.

— Au matin, il fut réveillé par le soleil qui lui frappait les yeux, et par un bruit de voix. Il était à Manale au milieu d'un cercle de curieux et de postillons. Il se vit couvert de poussière, il comprit qu'il devait être l'objet d'une accusation, il sauta sur ses pieds, et allait parler, quand deux voyageurs, sortis de la calèche, lui coupèrent la parole : il voyait le nouveau préfet de la Charente, le comte du Chatelet et sa femme, Louise de Négrepelisse.—vol. ii. p. 245.

Madame de Girardin's comedy is based upon the same views, and enforces much the same moral, but the interest is more general, and a far greater effect has consequently been produced.

The opening scene represents an elegant apartment in the suite occupied by M. Pulchard, *gérant* of a new journal, *La Vérité*, the first number of which is to appear on the morrow. He is giving a dinner to the contributors, with the exception of the

chief, M. Martel, thus described in the list of *dramatis personæ*, 'tournure élégante, tenue négligée, l'air moqueur et dédaigneux, manières d'homme distingué qui vit en mauvaise compagnie.' The partner of his bed and board, unluckily without a legitimate title to the character, is Cornélie, 'danseuse coryphée à l'opéra—l'air maussade et prude, touraure de femme maigre qui se croit bien faite, manières de sotte qui se croit charmante.' This fascinating creature keeps the editor in complete subjection, and it is with difficulty that he has stolen away to see how matters are going on at M. Pluchard's. The festival is at its height when he enters the drawing-room. Voices are heard from behind, singing:—

'O journal vertueux ! je bois à ta santé !
Vive La Vérité !

PLUSIEURS VOIX EN CHŒUR.

Vive La Vérité !
[On entend des rires.]

Ah ! ah !

PREMIER LAQUAIS, préparant le service du café.
Les entends-tu ? peste, ils ne sont pas tristes !

DEUXIÈME LAQUAIS, allumant les candélabres.
Les bons enfans, ma foi, j'aime les journalistes !
Ça mange bien, ça rit, ça chante des couplets,
Et puis ça boit, ça boit ! Hein !

PREMIER LAQUAIS.

Comme des Anglais.

M. Martel desires that they may not be interrupted, and is presently joined by M. Guilbert, the banker who is to furnish the capital:—

'Dans ce nouveau journal je prens un intérêt ;
Mais ma position—mon gendre au ministère—
Vous comprenez—

MARTEL.

Très-bien.

GUILBERT.

J'agis avec mystère.

Par moi vous obtiendrez plus d'un renseignement ;
Mais vous en userez vous-même prudemment,
D'une indiscretion on chercherait la source,
Et je ne pourrais plus—

MARTEL, à part.

Spéculer à la Bourse.

Some slight embarrassment is occasioned by the worthy banker's declaration in favour of strict decency and regularity of conduct on the part of all persons engaged, but the editor manages to get rid of him before the main body of writers appear on the stage. They rush in at last, a motley group in various stages of intoxication, accompanied by Edgar de Norval, the intended husband of the banker's youngest daughter, who, it

seems, has joined the party in entire ignorance of its object.

The proofs of their articles are brought in and distributed amongst them whilst they are in this state, and the revel is about to recommence, when Martel is called away by a peremptory message from his danseuse. The first act closes with the following just and natural reflections from Edgar:—

'EDGAR, les regardant.

'Voilà donc ce pouvoir que l'on nomme journal !
Royauté collective, absolu tribunal :
Un jugeur sans talent, fabricant d'ironie,
Qui tue avec des mots un homme de génie ;
Un viveur enragé—s'engraissant de la mort ;
Un fou—qui met en feu l'Europe et qui s'endort ;
Un poète manqué, grande âme paresseuse,
Que se fait, sans amour, gérant d'une danseuse—
Tous gens sans bonne foi, l'un par l'autre trahis !
Ce sont là tes meneurs, ô mon pauvre pays !—
p. 47.

In Act the second, the editor, after a few reflections on his own wasted talents, sits down in earnest to the composition of his leading article :

'Mettons-nous franchement contre le ministère,
Soyons durs, disons-lui qu'il est sans caractère,
Qu'il subit sans courage une invisible loi,
Qu'il se laisse mener basement—par le roi ;
Oui, commençons ainsi : "L'homme d'état résiste
Au monarque, et pour lui la fermeté—"
CORNELIE, dans la coulisse ; elle crie,
Baptiste !

MARTEL.

Ah ! mon Dieu, la voici—déjà—je suis perdu !—
—p. 53.

The dancer comes to complain of an article against herself, which had escaped the editor's notice. The banker rushes in, to state that a paragraph against railroads has lost him 12,000 francs ; and is not to be appeased even by the promise, readily given, of a positive contradiction the next day.

'GUILBERT.

'Tout s'explique ; vraiment, je ne m'étonne plus,

* This sort of point is no novelty:—

'FAG, solus.

'So ! Sir Anthony trims my master—he is afraid to reply to his father, and vents his spleen upon poor Fag ! Where one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another who happens to come in the way, shows the worst of temper, the—

'Enter ERRAND BOY.

'Boy. Mr. Fag ! Mr. Fag ! your master calls you.

'FAG. Well, you little dirty puppy, you needn't bawl so—the meanest disposition, the—

'Boy. Quick ! Quick, Mr. Fag.

'FAG. Quick ! Quick ! you impudent jackanapes ! am I to be commanded by you, too, you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—(Kicks him off.)—The Rivals.

Messieurs, si vos écoris le soir sont mal relus ;
Et si l'on trouve tant de prose vertueuse
Dans vos articles faits aux pieds d'une danseuse !'
p. 69.

Pluchard follows, to announce that a famous painter, whom they have been running down, is furious ; and the editor, unprovided with matter, and almost maddened by these successive interruptions, hastily sanctions the insertion of a paragraph, in which, under the transparent veil of feigned names, it is insinuated that Madame Guilbert had married her daughter Valentine to her own lover, with a view to the more convenient continuation of the intrigue. The Act concludes with a scene bordering on the extravagant, in which authors, publishers, milliners, performers, and quacks of every kind besiege the editor for puffs.

Act the third seems specially intended to put bankers on their guard against such enterprises. Guilbert's wife, daughter, and intended son-in-law, Edgar, assail him by turns with the agreeable intelligence, that his known connection with the journal has brought his son-in-law, the minister, into suspicion with his colleagues.

GUILBERT.

• Moi je vais m'expliquer avec le Président,
Et renier très-haut cet article impudent.

MADAME GUILBERT.

Et moi de mon côté je cours, à l'instant même,
Chez sa femme—

GUILBERT.

• Non pas ; chez la femme qu'il aime ;
C'est plus adroit—Tâchez de la voir par hasard.'
p. 103.

The play henceforth assumes a graver tone and deeper interest. Edgar is sympathising with Valentine on her husband's probable disgrace :—

• Je regretterais peu ces honneurs qu'on m'envie ;
Dans mes affections j'ai mis toute ma vie ;
Et loin de m'effrayer, j'attends avec plaisir
Un revers qui permet de s'aimer à loisir.
Dans les pompeux salons de ce beau ministère
Je ne vois presque plus mon mari ni ma mère.
Le pouvoir les enivre, ils ne pensent qu'à lui.
Ils en ont tout l'honneur, moi j'en ai tout l'ennui.

Vous ignorez cet horrible devoir,
Ce supplice flatteur qu'on nomme recevoir !
Le premier jour j'ai cru que j'en deviendrais folle.
Je ne pouvais trouver une seule parole.
Et puis je me perdais dans tous ces députés.
A dîner, j'en avais d'affreux à mes côtés :
Les deux plus laids.

EDGAR.

Sans doute, et c'est l'usage en France.
A table vous devez donner la préférence
Toujours au plus infirme, au plus grave, au plus
vieux.

VALENTINE.

Oui, c'est de très-bon goût, mais c'est très-ennuy-
eux.

Je n'aime pas non plus ces brillantes coquettes
Qui de leur protégé se faisant interprètes,
Viennent à mon mari glisser des billets doux.
J'ai peur : une audience est presque un rendez-
vous.'—

Edgar begs her to use her influence to get Morin, the painter, employed to paint the cupola of the new church : Valentine replies :—

• J'ai donné ce travail, je vous le dis tout bas,
Les journaux criaient trop, on ne l'osera pas !'

Pretty nearly the same principle has been adopted in England since the accession of the Whigs to office. The question no longer turns on the merits of the measure or the individual, but on what newspapers may say or constituencies may think ; except, indeed, when an incompetent colleague is to be shelved. An influential person connected with the present government, when requested to use his influence to get a trifling pension for a woman of genius, replied that it was impossible to do any thing, unless her case was brought forward by the press. This, we frankly admit, happened subsequently to the grant of five-sixths of the small fund set apart for the reward of literary merit, to a worn-out political partisan, for the laudable purpose of inducing his co-operation in a job.

The painter himself enters soon afterwards, and arrives at a curious conclusion regarding our craft :—

• Leurs jugemens cruels me poursuivent partout.
Je les entends sans cesse—Ah ! l'Euménide an-
tique
N'était point le remords—non—c'était la critique.'

Valentine comforts him as well as she can, and declares her own perfect insensibility to attacks from such a quarter. He leaves her, and to fill up the interval before going to a party, she takes up the newspaper :—

• Que faire en attendant—Lisons—*La Vérité*,
C'est ce nouveau journal que protégeait mon
père—

Qui vient de renverser ce pauvre ministère.

[Elle parcourt le journal.]

Voyons donc—quel pathos ! Passons au feuilleton.
Il est d'Edouard Martel, homme d'esprit, dit-on.
C'est par la poésie et la gaieté qu'il brille.

[Elle lit]

• *Le Ministre et l'Amant, ou la Mère et la Fille.*'

Ce titre est singulier, et je ne sais pourquoi
Ces seuls mots dans mon cœur ont jeté de l'effroi !

[Elle lit.]

• Madame de Lorville aimait à la folie,
Comme on aime à trente ans, quand on n'est plus
jolie,

Un préfet—qui rêvait chambre et conseil d'état,
Comme on rêve à trente ans, quand on est ma-
giestrat.

De la dame en crédit l'adresse peu commune
 Servit habilement sa rapide fortune.
 Mais un soir le mari, trouvant un billet doux,
 S'endormit inquiet—et s'éveilla jaloux.
 Il sentit le besoin, pour rassurer son âme,
 De chasser au plus tôt ses soupçons—ou sa femme !
 Mais elle, sans pâlir, lut le brûlant écri.
 A quoi serviraît d'être femme d'esprit,
 Si l'on ne savait point, par instinct ou par rose,
 Trouver pour un grand crime une innocente ex-
 cuse ?

Brof, elle répondit sans le moindre embarras
 Que ce billet d'amour ne la regardait pas,
 Qu'il était—pour sa fille, et qu'il fallait très-vite
 Au ministre amoureux accorder la petite.
 Le père fut crédule,—et très-honnêtement
 La mère a marié sa fille à son amant ;
 Et l'enfant fut vendu sans trop de résistance.
 Tous trois mènent en paix une grande existence.
 Ils s'aiment à loisir, et le monde enchanté
 Bénit de leur amour l'heureuse trinité !
 Oh ! le méchant article ! Oh ! je suis indignée !
 Dans ce honteux portrait ma mère est désignée.
 Un ministre—un ancien préfet—c'est évident.
 Quel mensonge odieux !—ma mère !—Cependant—
 Je crois me rappeler—Oh ! non, c'est impossible—
 A l'instant je grondais Morin d'être accessible
 Aux propos des journaux, et voilà que j'y crois—
 Mon mari !—tous le jours il venait autrefois
 Chez ma mère—Grand Dieu ! quelle lumière af-
 freuse !

[Elle reprend le journal.]

Oui—cette histoire—c'est—la mienne ! Ah ! mal-
 heureuse !
 Cet homme est mon mari—Cette épouse sans foi—
 C'est ma mère—et l'enfant qu'on a vendu—c'est
 moi !—pp. 139-141.

The manner in which the painful con-
 viction is confirmed is painted with con-
 siderable skill :

'Le prestige a cessé,
 Et mes yeux sont ouverts ; j'ai lu dans le passé.
 Je me suis rappelé bien des choses obscures
 Qui s'expliquent enfin par autant d'impostures ;
 Des égards que d'abord je n'avais pas compris,
 Sacrifices menteurs dont je connais le prix.
 Je me suis rappelé bien des discours étranges,
 De tendresse et de haine incroyables mélanges.
 Ah ! Je me suis surtout rappelé l'heureux jour
 Où ma mère, joyeuse et triste tout à tour,
 Nous maria—Mon Dieu !—nous étions à l'église,
 A l'autel ; près de moi ma mère était assise.
 Tout à coup—en sanglots je l'entends éclater—
 Elle s'évanouit—il fallut l'emporter !
 Oh ! je me sens mourir.'—pp. 143, 144.

The mother's explanation is also very
 well. She confesses an early unreturned
 passion for her son-in-law, but takes Hea-
 ven to witness, that, from the first mo-
 ment of his attachment to the daughter,
 she had never nourished a culpable feel-
 ing regarding him. Valentine is satisfied
 —more easily, perhaps, than most French-
 women similarly situated would have
 been—and they agree to lay the whole
 blame of their temporary disagreement
 upon the journalists :—

'Hommes sans foi, démons inspirés par l'envie !—
 Ah je ne veux plus lire un journal de ma vie.'

The last Act is almost exclusively de-
 voted to the painter, who throws himself
 out of a window and breaks his neck. On
 the announcement of this event, there is a
 regular chorus of reprobation ; Martel,
 ashamed of the vocation, offers the jour-
 nal for sale, and Edgar becomes the pur-
 chaser upon the spot. His motives for this
 strange resolution are explained in the
 concluding dialogue :—

'Oui, pour guérir un mal
 Il faut l'étudier. Je descends dans la lice ;
 Pour vaincre les journaux je me fais leur complice.'

According to the general understand-
 ing in Paris, M. Edgar de Norval is M.
 Emile de Girardin, the husband of the
 authoress ; Morin, the painter, is Gros ;
 and the story of *Le Ministre et l'Amant*,
 is the hardly justifiable revival of an old
 calumny against M. Thiers and Madame
 Dosne.

This comedy was read by the author-
 ess to a select circle assembled at her
 house for the express purpose, on the
 12th November last. All the journalists
 of note were present, and appeared to suf-
 fer with Christian fortitude, except Janin,
 who, at the end of the second act, could
 contain himself no longer, and loudly ex-
 claimed against the improbability of the
 supposition that journals ever were, or
 ever could be, composed over punch and
 broiled bones, amidst intoxication and re-
 velry. She replied by citing the example
 of Becquet, currently believed to have
 written the celebrated article, beginning
 '*Malheureux roi ! Malheureuse France !*'
 under the inspiration of wine. Janin re-
 torted that he wrote it one Sunday morn-
 ing fasting, and it was probably fortunate
 for the tempers of both, that the necessity
 of proceeding with the business of the
 evening put an end to the altercation.

To this controversy, we are evidently
 indebted for one of Janin's most amusing
 compositions, a reply to the popular
 charges against the journalists, in the
 shape of a letter to Madame de Girardin.†
 We find in this letter, very strikingly ex-
 pressed, most of the topics we were about
 to urge ourselves, and our main object,
 therefore, will probably be best attained
 by quoting a few passages in point.

The company was composed of the
 wits, the poets, the critics, the orators,

* This article appeared in the *Journal des Dé-
 bats*, on the accession of the Polignac ministry in
 1830, and had a grand effect.

† Published in the weekly journal, *L'Artiste*,
 November 17th, 1839.

the beauties, the fashionables of the day:—

« Déjà chacun de nous était à sa place ; sur les premiers sièges des femmes parées, quelques-unes fort belles, quelques autres fort intelligentes, ce qui vaut presque autant. On peut dire de ces femmes ce que je disais tout à l'heure des hommes de lettres qui étaient chez vous, il y en avait de toutes les conditions : les heureuses et les sages qui jouissent de l'esprit tout fait ; les méquises et les rieuses, agaçants et vivaces feuilletons du salon, plus redoutables et plus redoutés mille fois que tous les nôtres, des feuilletons en chair et en os, qui montrent leurs épaules rebondies, et dont le sarcasme est toujours accompagné d'un fin sourire. Il y avait de ces femmes qui regardent tout sans rien comprendre, et qui pourtant se sont bien amusées quand elles ont deviné enfin, non pas la comédie que vous lisiez, mais celle qui se passait dans la salle. . . . Il y avait même des grands seigneurs, des noms inscrits dans notre histoire et portés avec honneur ; mais cependant, je vous assure, mon beau confrère, que c'était justement devant ceux-là qu'il fallait s'abstenir de verser l'injure sur notre profession. Songez que ces hommes qui ont perdu tous leurs privilèges, sur lesquels l'égalité a passé son niveau de fer, ne nous pardonneront jamais, à nous autres écrivains, de nous être placés devant leur soleil. Songez donc qu'aujourd'hui ce sont les poètes, les romanciers, les auteurs dramatiques, les journalistes en renom, qui ont les titres, les blasons, les couronnes. Ce sont ceux-là qu'on regarde avec empressement quand ils entrent ; ceux-là dont le laquais prononce le nom avec orgueil quand il annonce. Faites entrer en même temps un *Créqui* et *M. de Chateaubriand*, et vous verrez de quel côté se tourneront tout d'abord toutes les têtes et tous les cœurs. Annoncez *M. le duc de Montmorency* et *M. de Balzac*, on regardera *M. de Balzac*. Et quand cette supériorité de l'esprit est ainsi constatée ; quand cette défaite de l'aristocratie est acceptée par tous, même par les vaincus ; quand les ducs, les marquis, les comtes, et les vicomtes font place à l'écrivain qui passe, vous allez lire devant ces mêmes gentilshommes, imprudente que vous êtes, une comédie où vos confrères de la lutte périodique sont traités sans réserve et sans respect ! Allons donc ! comprenez mieux votre dignité et la nôtre. Rions de nous, si vous voulez, mais en famille. Disons-nous nos dures vérités s'il le faut, mais tête à tête. Qui que nous soyons, poètes ou journalistes, enfants de la même famille, ne saluons pas notre nid, ne nous donnons pas en spectacle aux descendants de ces mêmes maisons principales dans lesquelles nous n'aurions pas été reçus il y a cent ans, et qui s'estiment heureux de venir chez nous aujourd'hui. »

This, at the first blush, certainly looks more like an argument founded on expediency than on truth ; but he directly goes on to show that if journalists had been the only listeners, a passing smile of incredulity would have been the utmost effect the first two acts would have produced. Repeating his denial of the imputation against Becquet, he triumphantly refutes a vulgar fallacy on this subject, and exposes a glaring inconsistency in the plot:—

« Non, vous le savez mieux que personne, le vin

n'a jamais été inspirateur ; les chansonniers eux-mêmes, quand ils célèbrent Bacchus et l'Amour, les célèbrent à tête reposée, à jeun, le matin ; il n'y a pas une chanson de table qui ait été composée à table. . . . Otez donc, je vous prie, de votre comédie, ces ignobles bols de punch dont la flamme projette une ombre si triste sur votre esprit ! Otez cette odeur nauséabonde de viandes et de truffes, ce bruit de verres qu'on brise et d'assiettes qu'on se jette à la tête ! Les épreuves de ces messieurs sont les biens malvenues sur cette nappe tachée de vin ; on n'écrit pas un journal de quolibets, ainsi vautré sur des canapés souillés par l'indigestion ; à plus forte raison, un journal qui doit changer le ministère le lendemain et tout bouleverser quand il parle. »

He passes, and we gladly pass with him, to the scene in which she introduces the family of *M. Thiers*.

« A ce propos, je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire, mon confrère, que cet homme est l'honneur de la presse de ce temps-ci ; il en est la manifestation la plus évidente, la plus puissante. *Le jour où cet homme se nomma lui-même président du conseil, ce jour-là, la presse Française gagna sa bataille d'Austerlitz*. Autant que moi, vous savez la portée de cet orateur tout-puissant, vous savez la facilité de ce rare génie, et comment il a su se mettre au niveau des positions les plus difficiles ; vous savez aussi de quelles horribles et étranges calomnies la vie de cet homme a été entourée, et de quelles affreuses morsures la presse a stigmatisé ce noble enfant de sa création. Mais ce que vous semblez ne pas savoir, Madame, c'est que l'intelligence de cet homme dont vous prenez la défense, l'a préservé du désespoir que vous lui supposez ; c'est que la connaissance profonde de la presse Parisienne, de cette force capricieuse dont il était sorti, lui a donné le courage de supporter toutes ses injustices et tous ses caprices. »—p. 186.

His courage and constancy have had their reward ; he retains his proud position as the most skilful, and one of the three or four most influential statesmen in France ; he is again president of the council, and instead of trying to justify the imputations against his integrity by facts, the more intelligent of his countrymen are now rather eager to suggest plausible modes of accounting for them. The best answer to the charge of corruption is to be found in his circumstances, which are far from affluent ; and, on a nice analysis, it seems almost exclusively attributable to the light tone in which he himself is wont to discuss questions of morality. The part of his private history alluded to by Madame de Girardin is soon told. *M. Thiers* was an old friend of the *Dosne* family ; he obtained an appointment worth about 4000*l.* a-year for *M. Dosne*, and soon afterwards married his daughter, a pretty and pleasing woman, to whom he is warmly attached. All the rest is mere inference ; but why is the resulting mischief to be made a charge against the press?—

— 'Par le ciel! la langue Française est assez bien faite, et vous la maniez assez bien, pour que vous sachiez à n'en pas douter la force des expressions, la valeur des termes. Un journaliste est un journaliste, comme un procureur du roi est un procureur du roi; un pamphlet est un pamphlet, comme un mensonge est un mensonge. Eh! mon Dieu! eh! depuis quand ces lâchetés anonymes ont-elles besoin d'être imprimées pour porter coup? Supposez que les journaux ne soient pas inventés, et par une main inconnue, faites écrire à cette jeune femme les affreuses révélations que ce journal imprime, vous aurez le même résultat, votre drame sera le même, aussi touchant, aussi terrible. De grâce, si vous voulez être juste et dans le vrai, intitulez votre drame, *La Lettre Anonyme*! De quel droit intitulez-vous *L'Ecole des Journalistes*?'

Still more conclusive is the answer to the accusation founded on the death of the painter, the supposed man of genius who dies because his daily allowance of public flattery is withdrawn. The same sort of twaddle was levelled against the conductors of this Review when they had the misfortune to criticise a sickly poet, who died soon afterwards, apparently for the express purpose of dishonouring us; and we find from a recent publication that Shelley, who, as a real man of genius, ought to have known better, actually went the length of drawing up a remonstrance to the late Mr. Gifford; in which, frankly admitting the justice of the censure, he says,—

'Poor Keats was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, which, I am persuaded, was not written with any intention of producing the effect to which it has at least greatly contributed, of embittering his existence and inducing a disease from which there are now but faint hopes of his recovery.'

It required no great stretch of candour to become persuaded that the article was not written with any intention of damaging Mr. John Keats' lungs or stomach; and we fairly own that, if, in any given case, it could be clearly proved to us that a sentence of condemnation against a book would be a sentence of death against the writer, we might be weak enough to let him live. But how can we anticipate such contingencies? how are editors or reviewers to become acquainted with all the bodily ailments and susceptibilities of the authors subjected to the ordeal? Must we, like the directors of an insurance office, refer our intended victims to a medical board for examination? or, adopting the wise precautions

of our ancestors in cases of physical torture, send the proofs to be read over in the presence of Sir B. Brodie or Mr. Lister, who, thumb on pulse, might indicate the passages which are too much for human nature to endure? The only information we have at present is derived from the portraits it has become the fashion to prefix by way of frontispiece; but these are generally so smirking and ringleted, so redolent of self-satisfaction and conceit, that we are apt to consider it a duty to infuse an additional spice of severity, in the hope of bringing down the originals to a proper state of mind for authorship. In short, we have no sympathy for your pretended men of genius who die under the lash of a critic. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. It may disturb a young man's rest to find that the partial judgment of friends is not confirmed by the impartial portion of the press; and it is quite consistent with medical experience that a pungent article should operate on an inexperienced author like a fright. But what right has any man to aspire to rank amongst the magnates of intellect—to walk in glory with the Byrons and Wordsworths of the present age, the Miltons and Spensers of the past—if he is too delicate to endure the rough questioning of his contemporaries, if he cannot even support the heat of the furnace by which the truth and purity of his own metal are to be tried?

It is unfair, then, to accuse the press of an undue tendency to nip infant genius in the bud—still more unfair to accuse it, as Madame de Girardin had done, of wantonly precipitating matured genius from its pedestal. But we cannot do better than leave M. Gros to the handling of Janin:—

'Celui-là, dites-vous, le plus grand peintre de son temps, l'historien le plus énergique et le plus passionné de la gloire impériale, un homme qui connaissait à lui seul les soldats de la grande armée aussi bien que l'empereur Napoléon en personne; celui-là, il est mort vaincu, écrasé, insulté, assassiné par le journal; voilà ce que vous dites, et pour prouver votre assertion, à la place de ce grand génie qui devait être si puissant et si fort, qui portait sa palette comme Murat portait son armure, vous nous montrez un vieillard imbécile, un niais qui pleure sur sa gloire éclipée, une imagination aux abois; cet homme s'en va de côté et d'autre en criant contre les journaux, comme si le journal c'était la gloire, comme si le journal pouvait ranimer les imaginations épuisées, comme s'il pouvait rendre la vie au cœur, le feu au regard, l'activité à la pensée! En ce cas là, les journaux seraient plus puissants que le bon Dieu lui-même.'

'Quel! vous nous faites une comédie pour nous prouver qu'il ne faut pas cesser de louer les artistes avant leur mort! Mais avez-vous bien pensé à

* Essays, Letters from Abroad, &c., by P. B. Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 1840. She admits that Mr. Shelley never forwarded his remonstrance to Mr. Gifford.

toute l'extension que pouvait prendre votre paradoxe ? Vous chassez de l'art et du monde la seule chose qui les protège encore quelque peu, la vérité des masses. Allez donc dire, en effet, à la voix qui s'est perdue à chanter : Chante encore ! Allez dire au visage couvert de rides et de cheveux blancs : Viens à nous, couronné de fleurs ! Allez dire au prince de Condé retombé dans l'enfance : *Conduis-nous à la bataille !* Dites à Pascal, qui est fou : *Achève ton grand livre sur la Vérité de la Religion !* C'en est fait ; souffler à perdre haleine sur toutes ces vieillesse impuissantes, vouloir ranimer toutes ces poussières des gloires oubliées, autant vaudrait aller à minuit vous promener toute blanche et pensive, comme un fantôme, dans le cimetière du Père-Lachaise, et dire à tous les grands génies, à toutes les beautés ineffables, à tous les rares talents que contient ce petit coin de terre : *Levez-vous et suivez moi !*

M. Gros, pour me servir de votre exemple, car c'est lui dont vous nous faites l'histoire dans votre second drame, qu'avait-il donc à reprocher à la France ? La France l'avait fait célèbre entre tous, elle l'avait rendu riche comme un prince, honoré plus qu'un prince ; il avait une armée d'élèves qui lui faisaient cortège quand il passait ; il avait obtenu tous les honneurs de l'Empire et de la Restauration ; l'empereur l'avait fait officier de ses ordres pour avoir peint ses batailles ; pour la coupole de Sainte-Geneviève, le roi de France l'avait créé baron. Chacun donnait à cet artiste ce qu'il pouvait donner : la fortune, la renommée, les cordons, les titres. Certes, si l'on peut payer le génie, celui-là était payé. Cependant, que fait M. Gros ? Il obéit à la condition humaine, il devient vieux. Une fois là, au lieu de se tenir enfermé dans sa gloire comme son illustre ami, le baron Gérard, et quand il pouvait jouir en paix, comme Gérard, de sa célébrité, de son opulence, des amitiés qui l'entouraient ; quand il n'avait qu'à se montrer pour être salué jusqu'à terre, voilà cet imprudent qui veut courir de nouveau les hasards du Salon, qui fait un Hercule, qui s'amuse à faire portrait de M. le médecin Clot-Bey, moitié Français et moitié Egyptien ! Que vouliez-vous que fît le public, ainsi attaqué jusque dans le Louvre ?—p.188.

M. Gros did not throw himself out of a window, but he retired into the country, took a house in an unhealthy situation, and died of disappointed vanity and bad air. Still we say with Janin—

'Soyez-en sûre, les journaux n'ont fait mourir personne ; bien plus, ils n'ont pas tué une seule gloire ; car ils ne viennent qu'après le bon sens public. Eh ! que diable ! quoi qu'on fasse, quoi qu'on dise, un bon vers est un bon vers ! un bon tableau, un bon tableau ! un honnête homme, un honnête homme ! Si l'opinion publique était tout à fait à la merci de ces jugements en l'air qui vous attristent, il faudrait désespérer de la société humaine. Qu'il y ait des injustices dans l'opinion, nul n'en doute. L'injustice se glisse partout dans les institutions des hommes ; mais parce que Calas a été juridiquement assassiné, serait-ce bien là une raison pour abolir tous les juges, tous les tribunaux de la France ? Enfin, il y a encore cette raison à donner, c'est que la publicité est une des conditions indispensables de la liberté constitutionnelle. Vous aurez beau faire, rien ne pourra vous soustraire aux doubles débats de la tribune et du journal.'

Janin is quite right. In the present state of things, it is idle to rail at jour-

nalism ; we have taken it for better and for worse ; and when Balzac calls it *le peuple en folie*, he furnishes the most conclusive reply to all he himself or Madame de Girardin can say against it. The voice of the people may be the voice of God when they rise as one man on some grand occasion for the just and necessary vindication of their rights, but it is difficult to recognise the divine origin when we hear nothing but the Babel-like hubbub of selfishness, corruption and intrigue. Paris, during the last ten years, has been the very hotbed of vanity, the Utopia of charlatanism, the true land of promise to the adventurer. So many and strange have been the changes ; so captivating are the examples of the few who have enriched themselves by lucky speculations or fought their way to fame and fortune by the pen ; so unstable is the government ; and so restless, wavering, indulgent to pretension, destitute of fixed rules, and regardless of moral weight or position, is society—that it would be a downright miracle if the periodical press, necessarily recruited from the cleverest, vainest, most excitable and aspiring part of the population, did not copy some of the bad habits and adopt a few of the bad practices in vogue. Gentlemen who have their fortune to make now generally begin by spending one ; most of the rising generation are living beyond their means, and *la Jeune France* depend upon their pens to supply any fresh extravagance, as the Viennese dames are said to depend upon their *beaux yeux* to furnish any extra article of the toilette. 'Given a nation of knaves and fools—to form a wise, virtuous, and religious community,' was the problem proposed by a cynic friend of ours to a Benthamite. 'Given a capital where public morality is a by-word—to produce a body of journalists superior to undue influence of every kind,' is the problem proposed by Madame de Girardin and M. de Balzac to their contemporaries. There is meanness, profligacy, venality, and falsehood, as there is courage, honour, disinterestedness, and truth, in the country ; and there is precisely the same mixture of good and evil, of all that most dignifies with all that most degrades human nature, in the newspapers. How, indeed, can they fail to present a fair reflection of the national character in France ?—where there is no false standard of social rank, no silly, tinsel, vulgar criterion of gentility, to destroy the balance—where the

position of the journalist, whether dancing on the surface or grovelling in the mud, is determined by his own specific gravity, instead of his being sunk to the bottom with a plummet round his neck.

We have already alluded to the rooted prejudices existing on the subject in this country. It is our painful duty to add, that they have received the sanction of very high authority. We happen to know that distinguished statesmen, at no very distant epoch, have declared that any regular connection, past or present, with a newspaper, must be regarded as a fatal bar to promotion in the higher departments of the state: We happen to know, moreover, that when this resolution of theirs was incidentally mentioned to Prince Metternich, he inquired, with a look of wonder, if they were mad. He might well ask the question. There is, certainly, a traditional remark of Mr. Canning to the purport that no effective service could be rendered out of parliament; but the remark (if the Anti-jacobin ever made it, which we doubt) is inapplicable to times like the present, when the chief care of the bulk of our representatives is to divine the opinions of their constituents. A single writer capable of showing up the errors of an opposing party, and giving clear plausible expositions of the policy of his own, does more to advance their real interests than any twenty members taken at random; and if it were asked who had best executed Lord Stanley's memorable threat, 'Step by step, measure by measure, failure after failure, we will watch and we will check, and we will control the government,' we should say without hesitation, not Colonel Sibthorp, nor Mr. Liddell, nor Sir Robert Peel, nor Lord Stanley himself, but the *Morning Post*, the *Herald*, the *Standard*, and the *Times*.

Inefficiency, therefore, cannot be the real ground. Those who raise or rely on such objections obviously partake the prejudice, or they are actuated by a paltry fear of public opinion founded on it. In either case, the prejudice is the root of the evil; and a greater evil it would be no easy matter to conceive than any doctrine, aphorism, or resolution tending, directly or indirectly, to degrade the class who supply the entire mental aliment of the larger half of the community. This view of the matter has been confirmed by one great statesman at all events—a man always remarkable for his superiority to narrow notions of expediency. Lord

Lyndhurst expressed himself thus at the last anniversary of the Newspaper Printers' Benevolent Society, held in July, 1839:—

'It had become the duty of every man sensible of the power of this engine, to do his utmost for the purpose of adding to the respectability of those who directed it, who ought to be sought rather than avoided as associates, and treated with the courtesy and respect to which their character and attainments entitled them. The press had by degrees become an important profession; and to those who supposed that only a moderate share of ability was requisite for it, he would say, *Try your hands*; and if such a person did attempt to write a leading article, he would afterwards entertain juster notions on the subject.'

The required talent, however, is beyond dispute. Let fops and fools sneer as they will, the writer who is daily read by thousands must have a consciousness of his power; and the capacity of bringing widely-scattered information into one lucid focus—of drawing just results from well-selected data—of arranging, amplifying, compressing, illustrating a succession of important topics—all on the spur of the occasion, without a moment's stay to think, to examine, to refer—this surely argues a high degree of intellectual cultivation—this surely constitutes a just title to a fair share of the rewards or honours at the disposal of a government.

A good example has been set by the Whigs, two or three of whose noble leaders, as we formerly remarked, have been uniformly actuated by a real respect for intellectual excellence, while others have at least had the discretion to desire the credit of such views. Lord Palmerston remains Secretary for Foreign Affairs, despite of his alleged contributions to the *Globe*; and several persons of inferior rank, even more extensively connected with the London papers, have received lucrative appointments from government within the last few years. To be sure, what has been done in this way is not much, but it is something to establish the principle—to let men of acquirement know that they may adopt the readiest and often most effective mode of communicating with the public without compromising their prospects or losing caste in society. In fact, our immediate demands are extremely humble, as we seek merely to get rid of a factitious state of public feeling, and place newspapers in this respect on the same footing as other periodical works, in which it has never been deemed dangerous or derogatory to write.

ART. V.—*A Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c., of Shakspeare's Tempest*. By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London. 8vo. 1840.

If there was any one play of Shakspeare's which we might reasonably have hoped to enjoy in peace, without molestation from the commentators, that play was *The Tempest*. It appeared to us that the author had told all that could be known, or that it was necessary to know; that the text was so generally free from corruption as to be sufficiently clear even to the most ordinary reader, and to afford very few opportunities for the editor to display his cumbersome ingenuity in perplexing the difficulties which the ignorance of the printer's devil had originated; and that, in a work of so purely imaginative a character—of which scene, fable, persons, were all alike the creations of the fancy—there could not by any accident be discovered the slightest ground on which an historical discussion or an antiquarian argument could be raised. But we were deceived. We, the humble adorers of the genius of Shakspeare, who are content to forget ourselves in the enchanting visions of his poetry, and to enrich our minds by gleanings something from the boundless treasures of his wisdom, can very little divine what inventions that parasitic race of writers are capable of, who, without talent to produce any original work of their own, are always on the look-out for an occasion of hitching on their lucubrations in the form of notes, or hints, or suggestions, or inquiries, or illustrations, or disquisitions to the productions of authors of eternal name. Without power of motion in themselves, they collect in bunches, and fasten themselves like barnacles to the bottom of the vessel, which is scudding along briskly before the gale; and they never seem to encounter any difficulty in making good their hold. The Rev. Joseph Hunter is one of this class of literati. He has taken *The Tempest* for his subject: and in his hands, and according to his peculiar mode of treatment, a most fruitful subject it has proved. Where one, whose mind was less incapable of entering into the poetry of Shakspeare, would have found nothing to write about; he, on the contrary, by supposing one thing, by denying another, by suggesting a third, by arguing upon each, and by adducing authorities from a parcel of old volumes in support

of his views upon all, has been enabled to concoct an octavo volume of some 200 pages, which a mysterious personage who rejoices in the signature of Gulielmus, and the device, badge, or cognizance of a fish—whether a shark or a gudgeon, we are not skilled enough in ichthyology to determine—has had the temerity to publish, and which several elderly gentlemen, fellow-antiquarians of Mr. Hunter, and co-frequenters of Mr. Thomas Rodd's shop, have been kind enough to purchase at the rate of about 14s. a copy.

As a very limited impression of this volume has been published—the erudite gentleman having condescended to add the prestige of rarity to its intrinsic attractions—it is our intention to give our readers a brief account of the most interesting portions of its contents.

The first point which the Rev. Joseph Hunter undertakes to discuss is the locality of *The Tempest*. The island, he assures us, was not Bermuda. This head he argues upon at very considerable length—why, we cannot very well understand, except, to be sure, that all such unnecessary discussions constitute the peculiar delight of all such authors. The only island in the whole world which Shakspeare expressly informs us Prospero's island *was not*, is the island of Bermuda. Ariel tells Prospero that he had disposed the king's ship 'in the deep nook' from which his master had once called him up 'at midnight, to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes.' Now, as we do not suppose our readers are of so very stupid a description as those whom Mr. Hunter seems to anticipate from his Disquisition, we shall not go into any lengthened argument to prove to them that, if Ariel was sent from Prospero's island to the island of Bermuda, the island he was sent to could not be the island he was sent from. Again, though Shakspeare does not particularise any island; for he was much too great a poet to fix the locality of a story of such high fancy, and knew that the sublime of beauty, as well as of terror, is to be found in the vague and the undefined—yet he has still given us to understand that the island was somewhere in the Mediterranean. The storm which dispersed the fleet of the king of Naples was the affair of a few minutes; and, at the same time that the king's ship is safely harboured in 'a deep nook' of the enchanted island, Ariel informs us that the other vessels, from whose company that ship had only just been

separated, are 'upon the Mediterranean flote.' It is pretty certain, therefore, that it was in the Mediterranean that the storm occurred, and that the sea, on which the fleet was dispersed, must also have been the sea of which the waters flowed into the nook of Prospero's island where the king's ship was anchored. All this appears to us sufficiently plain from the text of the play itself. Indeed, we never met with any commentator who entertained a different opinion. To be sure, Mr. Thomas Moore, in inditing a poetical epistle to Lord Strangford, thoughtlessly scribbled something in a note at the bottom of his page about Bermuda, and Shakspeare, and Ariel; but we are convinced that he is the first and the last person of any authority on such a subject who ever could, after a moment's consideration, have confounded the island of Prospero with an island in the Atlantic. That such is the case is acknowledged by Mr. Hunter himself. 'I must add,' he says, 'for on this point the commentators appear to have been misunderstood—that no editor of *Shakspeare* has ever gone so far as to represent the island of Bermuda as actually the scene of the play, but only as having suggested the idea of a stormy, deserted, and enchanted island.' But nevertheless, as Bermuda is an island, and the events dramatised in *The Tempest* took place on an island, he thought that somebody or other might, hereafter, be so acute as to identify them, and has therefore considered it no waste of time to favour the literary world with an anticipative refutation of so sagacious a supposition.

Having, after the manner of *Tom Thumb the Great*, who is reported to have made all the giants he slew, most triumphantly refuted an erroneous conjecture respecting the locality of *The Tempest*, which, as he admits, nobody was ever known to have been guilty of, Mr. Hunter proceeds to inform us of the great discovery which forms the main argument of his 'Disquisition.' He has told us where the events of the drama did not occur; he now undertakes to inform us where they *did* take place. But this is a discovery so great, that Mr. Hunter's modesty will not allow him to assume the merit of it. 'I am bound to acknowledge,' he says, 'and I do so with great pleasure, that I received many years ago the first suggestion from one whose intimate acquaintance with books and their contents is well known to all who have the pleasure of his acquaint-

ance—I mean Mr. Rodd, the very ingenious, liberal, and respectable bookseller, in Great Newport-street.' (p. 32.) From the great discovery thus made some years ago by Mr. Thomas Rodd, the bookseller, and subsequently set forth by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, the antiquarian, we learn that the scene of *The Tempest* is—where do you suppose? The island of Lampedusa!—Lampedusa! And why?—Oh! it lay between Algiers and Naples, and the fleet of Alonzo must inevitably have passed it. But this is only one of the cogent arguments which Mr. Hunter has to advance in confirmation of Mr. Rodd's hypothesis. In Lampedusa a hermit always lived; and had not Shakspeare's island a magician living in it? Lampedusa was believed to be haunted; and was not Shakspeare's island inhabited by spirits? At Lampedusa, according to Coronelli, 'repose and quiet are banished by formidable apparitions;' and was not Shakspeare's island full of 'sounds and sweet airs, that charm the sense, and hurt not?' In Lampedusa, 'the nights are disturbed,' says Crusius, 'with spectres and frightful dreams, which do fatally affright with death-like terrors whosoever doth remain there so much as one night;' and does not Caliban tell us that in Shakspeare's island, the dreams created by the melody of 'a thousand twanging instruments,' were so exquisitely beautiful that, 'when he waked, he cried to sleep again?'—Why, here are proofs!—And on just such proofs as these—proofs quite as rational, and almost as conclusive, as those alleged by Pompey Bum, in 'Measure for Measure,' in defence of the respectability of Mr. Froth—we are to believe, hereafter, that the scene of Prospero's exile and enchantments was an island 120 miles S. of Sicily, 70 W.S.W. of Malta, and 61 distant from the coast of Barbary, long. 12° 24' E., lat. 35° 40' N.!!! Besides, 'in its dimensions,' Mr. Hunter assures us, 'Lampedusa is what we may imagine Prospero's island to have been, in a circuit thirteen miles and a half.' (p. 19.) In its 'dimensions such as we might have imagined Prospero's island to have been!' Why, what man in his poetic senses ever thought anything about the length, and breadth, and circumference of Prospero's island? But we should have 'imagined it to be thirteen miles and a half in circuit!' Why, what can the imagination have to do with land-measuring?

But the author has another argument

It is a *clencher*. And we feel assured that, however much our readers may be at first astonished by it, they will on reflection feel and acknowledge its force. Mr. Hunter has made a shrewd guess that Prospero did not merely live by his wits, as a conjuror, but that he supported himself and his daughter by following a very reputable, though not a very distinguished, calling. And, as we read that it was one of Caliban's daily tasks to bring in wood; as Ferdinand was employed in piling up logs; and as, in so warm a climate, such a quantity of fuel could never have been required for the home consumption of so small a family, it is concluded that the ex-Duke of Milan was a hewer and dealer in fagots; that he kept a sort of charcoal and firewood store; and that, in fact, he took advantage of the well timbered state of the island of Lampedusa to open that trade in fagots with Malta which has been continued down to the present day. In justice to this ingenious divine, we consider ourselves bound to cite the passage at length:—

'There is a coincidence, which would be very extraordinary if it were merely accidental, between the chief occupation of Caliban and the labour imposed upon Ferdinand, on the one hand, and something which we find belonging to Lampedusa, on the other. Caliban's employment is collecting firewood. It may be but for the use of Prospero. But Ferdinand is employed in piling up thousands of logs of wood. This is not like the invention of a poet working at his own free pleasure. I should seek for an archetype, had I not already found one in the fact that *Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa*.

'That the logs piled up by Ferdinand were destined to this and no other use, is apparent from what Miranda says, "*When this burns,*" &c. p. 30.

And it really is a fact that a book is gravely composed by a gentleman who can spell, and who writes *Reverend* before his name, and *F. S. A.* after it, stuffed with such arguments as these, for the purpose of annihilating that sense of the vague and undetermined, which Shakspeare had left floating like a halo of unearthly light over his work, and through which the imagination of every reader of *The Tempest*—free and unconfined—surveys the scenery of the enchanted island, drawn in fairer forms, and painted in far livelier and more glowing colours, than any reality could present him with, even among the lovely islands of the Mediterranean. We detest this system of finding out in poetry what everything means, and what everything is derived from, and what every thing alludes to. Why, there was a gentleman, a

little time ago, who, in a letter to some magazine or other, pretended to inform us what the '*one thing*' was which Sycorax did, and on account of which she was banished from her country, instead of being killed, as '*her mischiefs and sorceries terrible*' had deserved. She was spared, he tells us, by the home-office at Algiers, on account of her being *enceinte* with Caliban!—A very ingenious conjecture certainly; but we feel assured that no such thought ever entered the mind of Shakspeare. He knew not what that '*one thing*' was, nor did he ever give his imagination the trouble of ascertaining it. He wanted it for the purpose of his play, as an excuse for saving a wretch who, according to the laws and the opinions of his age, was guilty of death; and he left it *a deed without a name*, not to be known by any for ever but Hell, and Night, and Setebos.

But to return to the '*Disquisition*.' If Messrs. Hunter and Rodd are determined to fix down Shakspeare's island to a station on the map, why do they not also undertake the execution of the same task for Swift and Cervantes? It would be an office well worthy of their talent and their acquirements. Let Mr. Rodd discover for us the geographical position of Laputa; and let Mr. Hunter devote his leisure-hours to the diligent perusal of every globe and chart within his reach, till he is enabled to inform us between what parallels we are to look for the Island of Barataria. But, if we are to be told which of all the islands in the world was the scene of Prospero's banishment, why are we not also to be enlightened on the history and chronology of his story, as well as its geography? In what year did Prospero return and re-assume his dukedom in Milan? This is a curious speculation. It must have been after 1522, in which year Bermuda was discovered, for Prospero speaks of that island. It must have been before 1616, for in that year Shakspeare died. In what part of those ninety-four years was there a reigning Duke of Milan of the name of Prospero? Then, again, whom did he succeed?—who succeeded him?—in what wars was he engaged?—whom did he marry?—was he a Conservative or a Liberal prince?—when did he die?—where was he buried?—how many children had he? Is the present King of Naples descended from Ferdinand and Miranda? All these are points of quite as great interest, quite as open to discussion, and quite as capable of a satisfactory

elucidation, as the point which Messrs. Rodd and Hunter have undertaken to settle, in ascertaining the scene of Prospero's exile and Miranda's love. As to its being Lampedusa, we know that it was not. We have the very best poetical authority for refusing our assent to such a supposition. According to the agreeable ballad which Mr. Collier has so fortunately recovered—and which, though there may be some reasons for entertaining a contrary opinion, we are inclined to believe anterior to the play, and to have afforded the groundwork of the plot—we are informed that no sooner had the ship sailed away with Prospero and his gallant company, than

'From that day forth the isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen.
Some say 'tis buried deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
Above its savage, rocky shores,
Nor ere is known to sleep'

This account, however, though like the truth, is not exactly it. The island exists no longer, but its end was not so. Everybody who has any acquaintance, however superficial, with such matters, is perfectly aware of the actual destiny of Shakspeare's enchanted island, though they are not so fortunate as to have any documents in black letter to cite in support of their faith. The facts are these. The island was called into existence by a far more potent magician than even Prospero; and, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' it melted away into thin air, leaving 'no rack behind,' with a deep and solemn sound of funereal music, on the twenty-third of April, in the year sixteen hundred and sixteen, the day when that mighty master died. After the departure of Prospero and Miranda, it was never visited again by any human creature. The unearthly inhabitants possessed it altogether till the hour of its dissolution. They were then variously dispersed. Caliban, clinging to one of the largest logs which Ferdinand had so industriously piled up, but which had never been 'burnt,' was floated on it in safety to the coast of Algiers. There the name of Sycorax was not yet forgotten; and, having traced out his family, and proved his consanguinity, he found an asylum in the cavern of his maternal uncle, a very learned wizard, and the arch-priest of his 'dam's god, Setebos.'

Ariel, with all his subtle company—the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves, clapping their tiny hands, and singing 'Where the bee sucks,' in

sweetest melody and fullest chorus—fitted away, delighted to meet the spirit of the great magician from whose fancy they had derived their life and being, and to pour forth their gratulations around him as he ascended on his upward way to regions more bright, and pure, and ethereal, than any to which they, even 'in their pride of flight,' could venture to aspire. Since that happy hour, they have all dwelt in harmony together, in one of the fairest and most secluded valleys of Araby the blest. We know the spot; but, for worlds, we would not be wicked enough to deliver them over, in their merry innocence, to the tender mercies of the commentators. Were we to let fall the slightest hint of the position of their melodious home, we are well aware that Mr. Hunter or Mr. Rodd, or both those gentlemen together, would start off to Rotherhithe to-morrow morning, and engage a steam-hoy, and go paddling away in a cloud of thick black smoke in the pursuit of them; and, having reached the spot, they would, without the least sense of compunction, gather the sweetest blossoms that Ariel ever sucked his honey from, and crush them between the leaves of their *hortus siccus*; they would hunt down the innocent spirits themselves; they would scare them with unearthly sounds; they would shake their grizzled locks at them; they would catch them with bird-limed twigs, and butterfly-nets; run pins through their delicate bodies; fix them to the bottoms of glazed boxes, and bear them away in triumph to be deposited as curiosities among the natural history shelves of the British Museum.

So much for the scene of 'The Tempest.' We now proceed to the consideration of that part of the 'Disquisition' which relates to the origin of the play. It is generally supposed, by Malone and the elder commentators, that, in composing this exquisite poem, Shakspeare had the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the reefs of Bermuda in his mind. Mr. Hunter, whose view of the date of the play is inconsistent with such an hypothesis, is, necessarily, of a contrary opinion. We think Mr. Hunter is wrong, and are rather inclined to agree with Malone. Though we do not believe the greatest poet of this, or perhaps of any other nation, to have been so grossly ignorant as Dr. Farmer tried to prove, nor so wretchedly stupid and destitute of ideas, as all the commentators suppose him to have

been:—though we conceive that, after having existed some forty and odd years in the world, he might have invented such incidents as a storm and a shipwreck, without having them put into his head by the account of the hurricane in which Sir George Somers' vessel was lost; and that, as he was born, and lived, and died in an island—had possibly seen the Isle of Wight, or heard of the Isle of Man—his faculties might very easily have been capable of this effect of picturing to himself an island, without having read anything about Bermuda:—though we think that Shakspeare might have had no difficulty in imagining the island, the storm, and the shipwreck of his play, without any of those suggestive aids which are pointed out by the commentators, we still consider it very probable that he really had read *Stithe's History of Virginia* before *The Tempest* was written, and had not quite forgotten its contents when employed in the composition of the play. There is one circumstance related by Stithe which seems to have afforded our great dramatist a hint for the employment of his comic characters. The assumption of royal authority by Stephano, and the scenes between him and Trinculo and Caliban, may, we think, have been suggested by the following passage.* When Sir George Somers left the Island of Bermuda in the year 1609—

'Christopher Carter, Edward Waters, and Edward Chard remained behind. Sir George's vessel being once out of sight, these three lords and sole inhabitants of all these islands began to erect their little commonwealth with equal power and brotherly regency, building a house, preparing the ground, planting their corn and such seeds and fruits as they had, and providing other necessaries and conveniences. Then, making search among the crannies and corners of those craggy rocks, what the ocean from the world's creation had thrown up among them, besides divers small pieces, they happened upon the largest block of ambergris that had ever been seen or heard of in one lump. It weighed fourscore pounds, and is said, itself alone, besides the others, to have been worth nine or ten thousand pounds. And now, being rich, they grew so rioty and ambitious, that these three forlorn men, above two thousand miles from their native country, and with little probability of ever seeing it again, fell out for the superiority and rule; and then competition and quarrel grew so high, that Chard and Waters, being of the greatest spirit, had appointed to decide the matter in the field; but Carter wisely stopped their arms, choosing rather to bear with such troublesome rivals than, by being rid of them, to live alone.'—*Stithe's Virginia*, p. 120.

It is just possible that Shakspeare might have had this passage in his recol-

lection when distributing the scenes of the comic portion of his drama. And, if such was the case, it affords a strong corroboration to Malone's notion of his having derived some of the other circumstances from Stithe's account of the shipwreck of Somers, as given in the same volume.

Mr. Hunter, on the other hand, supposes that Shakspeare was indebted for the idea and the details of his shipwreck to Sir John Harrington's translation of the storm in the 41st canto of Ariosto. This opinion he proceeds to establish on the testimony of certain coincidences of expression which he conceives himself to have discovered, which he thinks are too marked to be accounted for on the supposition of their being merely accidental, and which consequently he attributes to imitation. We will submit *all* the lines in which he supposes such a correspondence to exist to the inspection of our readers, and leave them to decide whether the evidence they afford is sufficient to sustain a case of literary petty larceny against Shakspeare.

'SHAKSPEARE.—Put the wild waters in this roar
allay them.

Harrington.—Allay the waters when they do
highest toss.

SHAKSPEARE.—The cry did knock against my
very heart.

Harrington.—'Twas lamentable then to hear
their cries.

SHAKSPEARE.—Blessedly hup hither.

Harrington.—And call it a good and blessed
storm.

SHAKSPEARE.—Waters with berries in it.

Harrington.—But eating berries, drinking waters
clear.

SHAKSPEARE.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if
room enough.

Harrington.—To steer out roomer, or to keep
aloof.

SHAKSPEARE.—His bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept.

Harrington.—But still above the waters kept his
head.

After hunting through the entire play of 'The Tempest,' and almost one hundred and fifty lines of Ariosto, in search of coincidences of thought and language, these are all that Mr. Hunter has been able to produce; and we hardly understand how it is possible for two men writing on a similar subject to have exhibited fewer instances of similarity in expression. The last case of parallelism is the strongest. But both poets had to describe a man, who in a shipwreck saved himself from drowning; and, as the commonest way of effecting so desirable an object is 'by keeping the head above

* This coincidence was pointed out to us by Washington Irving.

water,' was it so very unlikely that they should both of them have availed themselves of the phrase? On the authority of such coincidences as these, we could show that Shakspeare must have diligently studied and servilely copied Dryden's Translation of the Storm in the first book of the *Æneid*; but, as Shakspeare was dead at least fifteen years before Dryden was born, we apprehend our labour would be in vain, and that, with such strong circumstantial evidence of *alibi* in his favour, even Mr. Hunter would hardly charge even Shakspeare with having been guilty of plagiarism in such a case.

With regard to the origin of the plot of 'The Tempest,'—though Collins told Thomas Warton that he had read a novel with the same story, and Mr. Boswell relates that a friend of his once met with an Italian romance which agreed with Collins's description—Mr. Hunter states that it 'is for the present a Shakspearian mystery.' And he even feels himself bound to 'confess,'—though he has written and printed an octavo volume on the subject,—'that little which is important has presented itself in the course of his researches.'—p. 106.

But the discovery, which has baffled the researches of Mr. Hunter, fell accidentally in the way of Mr. Collier. Some few years since that gentleman obtained possession of an old MS. volume, which appears to have been the album of some ballad fancier of the time of the Commonwealth. Several of the ballads in the book the public are familiarly acquainted with; but there are others which are not known to exist out of this collection. Among the latter is one which contains all the main particulars of the plot of 'The Tempest.' As the ballad is in itself a very pleasing poem; as it is curious from its coincidence with one of Shakspeare's most beautiful productions, and as only sixty copies of it have been printed by Mr. Collier, we consider ourselves as doing a service to the public by reprinting it entire.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

'In Arragon there live a king
Who had a daughter sweete as spring,
A little playfull childe.
He lovde his studie and his booke;
The toyles of state he could not brooke,
Of temper still and milde.

He left them to his brother's care,
Who soone usurp'd the throne unware,
And turn'd his brother forth.
The studious king Geraldo hight,
His daughter Ida, deare as sight
To him who knew her worth.

The brother, who usurp'd the throne,
Was by the name Benormo knowne,
Of cruell hart and bolde:
He turn'd his niece and brother forth
To wander east, west, south, and north,
All in the winter colde.

Long time he journey'd up and downe,
The head all bare that wore a crowne,
And Ida in his hand,
Till that they reach'd the broad sea-side,
Where marchant ships at anchor ride,
From many a distant land.

Imbarking, then, in one of these,
They were, by force of windes and seas,
Driven wide for many a mile;
Till at the last they shelter found,
The maister and his men all drown'd,
In the enchanted Isle.

Geraldo and his daughter faire,
The onelie two that landed there,
Were save'd by myracle;
And, sooth to say, in dangerous houre,
He had some more than human powre,
As seemeth by what befell.

He brought with him a magicke booke,
Whereon his eye did oft times looke,
That wrought him wonders great.
A magicke staffe he had alsoe,
That angrie fiendes compell'd to goe
To doe his bidding straight.

The spirites of the earth and aire,
Unseene, yet fleeing every where,
To cross him could not chuse.
All this by studie he had gain'd
While he in Arragon remain'd
But never thought to use.

When landed on th' enchanted Isle
His little Ida's morning smile
Made him forget his woe:
And thus within a caverne dreare
They livde for many a yeare ifere,
For heaven had will'd it soe.

His black lockes turn'd all silver gray,
But ever time he wore away,
To teach his childe intent;
And as she into beautie grew,
In knowledge she advanced to
As wise as innocent.

Most lovelie was she to beholde;
Her haire was like to sunn litt golde,
And blue as heaven her eye.
When she was in her fiftenth yeere
Her daintie form was like the deere,
Sportfull with majestic.

The demons who the land had held,
By might of magicke he expell'd
Save such as he did neede;
And servants of the ayre he kept
To watch o'er Ida when she slept,
Or on swift message speede.

And all this while in Arragon
Benormo reignde, who had a son
Now growne to man's estate:
His sire in all things most unlike,
Of courage tried, but slow to strike,
Not turning love to hate.

Alfonso was the prince's name.
 It chanc'd, post haste, a message came
 Just then to Arragon,
 From Sicilie to son and sire,
 Which did their presence soon desire
 To see Sicilia's son

Fast tyed in the nuptiale band
 To Naples daughter's lovelie hand,
 And they to goe consent.
 So in a galley on a day
 To Sicilie they tooke their way,
 Thither to saile intent.

Geraldo by his magicke art
 Knew even the hour of their depart
 For distant Sicilie :
 He knew also that they must passe
 Neare to the isle whereon he was,
 And that revenge was nie.

He callde his spirites of the aire,
 Commanding them a storme prepare
 To cast them on that shore.
 The gallant barke came sailing on
 With silken sailes from Arragon,
 And many a gilded ore.

But gilded ore and silken saile
 Might not against the storm prevaile :
 The windes blew hie and loude.
 The sailes were rent, the ores were broke,
 The ship was split by lightning stroke
 That burst from angrie cloude.

But such Geraldo's powre that day,
 That though the ship was cast away,
 Of all the crew not one,
 Not even the ship-boy, then was drown'd,
 And old Benormo on drie ground
 Imbraede his dearest son.

About the isle they wandered long,
 For still some spirite led them wrong,
 Till they were wearie growne ;
 Then came to old Geraldo's cell,
 Where he and lovelie Ida dwell ;
 Though seeme, they were not knowne.

Much marvell'd they in such a place
 To see an Eremit's wringled face ;
 More at the maid they start :
 And soone as did Alfonso see
 Ida so beautifull, but hee
 Felt love within his hart.

Benormo heard with grief and shame
 Geraldo call him by his name,
 His brother's voyes well knowne.
 Upon his aged knees he fell,
 And wept that ere he did rebell
 Against his brother's throne.

Brother, he cried, forgive my crime :
 I sweare, since that u(n)happie time,
 I have not tasted peace.
 Returne and take againe your crowne,
 Which at your feete I will lay down,
 And see our jarres surcease.

" Never," Geraldo said, " will I
 Ascend that seat of sovereignty ;
 But I all wrongs forgett.
 I have a daughter, you a son,
 And they shall raigne o'er Arragon,
 And on my throne be sett.

My head is all to old to beare
 The weight of crowne, and kingdome's care ;
 Peace in my books I find.
 Gold crownes beecome not silver lockes,
 Like sunbeams upon whitend rockes,
 They mocke the tranquill minde.

Benormo, worne with cares of state,
 Which worldlie sorrows aye create,
 Sawe the advice was good.
 The tide of love betwixt the paire,
 Alfonso young and Ida faire,
 Had suddaine reacht the flood.

A galley, too, that was sent out
 From Sicilie, in fear and doubt,
 As having heard the wracke,
 Arrived at the enchanted isle,
 And took them all in little while.
 Unto Massina backe.

But ere his leave Geraldo tooke
 Of the strange isle, he burnt his booke,
 And broke his magicke wand.
 His arte forbid, he aye forswore
 Never to deale in magicke more
 The while the earth should stand.

From that date forth the isle has beene
 By wandering sailors never seene,
 Some say 'tis buried deepe
 Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
 Above its savage rockie shores,
 Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

In Sicilie the paire was wed,
 To Arragon there after sped,
 With fathers who them blessed.
 Alfonso rulde for many a yeare ;
 His people lovde him farre and neare,
 But Ida lovde him best.

We consider this as having formed the groundwork of 'The Tempest,' because, in the first place, there are many circumstances in the play, which, we think, the author of the ballad would never have failed to take advantage of, had he been the later writer ; and because, in the second place, though the unpopularity of Spain and the Spaniards in the early part of James the First's reign, when 'The Tempest' was produced, affords something like a reason for Shakespeare's representing his dramatis personæ as Italians, rather than Spaniards, as they are in the ballad, there could be no reason at all for the author of the ballad introducing such a change, supposing him to have been versifying the story from the play. The only argument against the priority of the ballad to the drama, is its being of a somewhat more modern style of composition. This objection has very little, if any, weight at all with us. Every ballad, in the course of recital and transcription, imperceptibly assumes somewhat of the tone and language of the time, and will

always appear to be of an age corresponding with the date of its earliest existing copy. It is possible, however, that both Shakspeare and the balladist were indebted to a common Spanish original.

From the source of the plot of this play we now proceed to consider the date of it. Malone regards "The Tempest" as one of the very last of Shakspeare's works, and assigns the composition of it to the year 1611. Mr. Chalmers dates it still later, and considers it to have been written in the year 1613. Mr. Hunter, who rejoices in singularity on all points, has a fancy that it was, on the contrary, rather a youthful production of the author, and written as early as the year 1596. But why? Francis Meres, in a tract called 'Paladis Tamia,' which was published in 1598, give a catalogue of the plays which Shakspeare had then written. Among them he mentions one called 'Love's Labours Won;' and, as no play with that title now exists among the works of our great dramatist, Mr. Hunter assumes that this must have been a second, but dropped, title of 'The Tempest;' that the task imposed upon Ferdinand—the piling up logs of wood, which, as we have seen, were intended for sale at the Malta market—constituted the 'Labours of Love;' and that those 'Labours' were 'won' in obtaining the hand of Miranda. 'Of the existing plays,' says Mr. Hunter, 'there is only "The Tempest" to which it (the title in question) can be supposed to belong; and, so long as it suits so well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost.*' Whether any play has or has not been lost cannot be determined. We certainly do not perceive the improbability of such a circumstance. Plays of Shakspeare have been lost. Among the manuscripts which Mr. Warburton was so idle as to entrust to the care of his cook, and she used in lighting his fire with, were two plays ascribed to him; one entitled 'Duke Humphrey,' and another, of which no name is given. Who knows but that may have been 'Love's Labours Won?' But why should Mr. Hunter think it improbable that a play of Shakspeare's should be lost? Surely, in the troubled times of the fanatical and anti-theatrical

generation which succeeded him, it was much more probable that, unless published immediately after his death, any work of our immortal dramatist's should be destroyed than preserved. But, however that may be, we cannot for a single moment admit the supposition that 'The Tempest' is the play indicated by Meres under the title of 'Love's Labours Won.' What peril, or pain, or difficulty is there in piling up a few, or even some thousands of logs of wood, in the constant presence of one's mistress, under the cheering beams of her smiles, and the encouragement of her sympathy, to render such a task worthy of the name of a *labour of love*?—Why, declined into the vale of years as we are; and we are no less than 131 numbers, and almost 5000 articles of age—we would most gladly enter upon such a service this moment, and continue it till doomsday, under such circumstances:—ay, we would do all that and more, to obtain a single favourable regard of those mild eyes which we so love to look upon, and from which we can never win a smile. And so thought Ferdinand. His employment was no *labour* to him. What is his own account of the matter? His young-hearted sentiments on this occasion were very different, we find, from the opinions entertained by the Reverend Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. He says,

'This, my mean task,
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures.'

Oh! no.—'The Tempest' can never be identified with 'Love's Labours Won.' There is *love* enough—delightful, young, pure, innocent, self-devoted love—but there are no *labours* of consequence sufficient to justify the title. But is it quite certain there ever was such a play? May not 'Love's Labours Won' be the second part of the title of 'Love's Labours Lost?' The passage in Meres, where the names immediately follow each other, would seem to countenance such a conjecture; and the story of the comedy would most fully bear it out. In it 'Love's Labours'—comic labours—are both *lost* and *won*: *lost*, because they led to a year of penance; and *won*, because at the end of that year, they were to receive their reward. We have not much to urge in favour of this guess of our's—except that it is entirely original; but, nevertheless, we are quite prepared to defend it against

*. Disquisition, p. 77.

all gainsayers, with six arguments to every one of our opponents; and engaging that every one of the six shall be as stout as the strongest of Mr. Hunter's.

The ground derived from this fancied application of a second title to the play being cut from beneath his feet, the learned author of the 'Disquisition' has no argument on which to rest his supposition of its early date. Every argument, on the contrary, is against him, and in favour, not only of the later date of Malone, but the latest date of Chalmers. For instance, there is a speech of Gonzalo's taken, almost verbatim, from Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, a work which was not published till 1603. This circumstance would go far to prove that the play could not have been written, as Mr. Hunter supposes, in 1596. And if Shakspeare derived, as we conceive, any hint from the passage we have cited from 'Stithe's History of Virginia,' it could not have been written till after 1612, when the story was brought to England by Captain Matthew Somers. But the fact is, we know almost to a moral certainty that 'The Tempest' was, if not the last, one of the very last, of Shakspeare's productions. We are informed by Mr. Vertue's MSS. that this comedy 'was acted by Heming and the rest of the king's company before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.' The Prince Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth were married in February, 1613; and is it not highly probable that this poem, which relates to the loves of a young prince and princess, and introduces a pageant of spirits to crown them with—

'Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,—

was expressly composed as a part of the splendid festivities of their royal nuptials?

We have now performed our duty towards Mr. Hunter. There is only one good suggestion which we are aware of in his work, and that we will not deprive him of the credit of. It relates to the restoration of a reading which the modern editors have corrupted. In the folio of 1623, which is the first edition of 'The Tempest,' the reading is

'In the line grove that weather fends our cell.'

The word *line*, which is the old word for *linden*, in all the modern editions has been changed to *lime*. This signifies little, as

far as the above passage is concerned; but the alteration has a subsequent effect; it tends to mar the picturesque representation of the last part of the fourth act. When *Prospero* desires *Ariel* to hang the glittering apparel which was to delude *Stephano* and *Trinculo* from their purpose 'on this line,' in modern times a cord is always stretched across the stage to hang the garments on; whereas it is evident that the *line* spoken of by *Prospero* is one of the trees of 'the line-grove' which grew around his cell.

At parting we have one short word of admonition to offer to that class of gentlemen who discharge themselves of their indefatigable idleness by writing little books on their various little quirks or quiddities about Shakspeare. Mr. Hunter thinks (p. 120) that the names of all those persons 'should be gathered together, and some account given of them.' For whose instruction, or for what object, he does not condescend to inform us. And they all conceive, each individual for himself and fellows, that, having had their peculiar fancies about some unimportant point in or about our great poet's works, such as that *Lampedusa* is *Prospero's Island*, or that *The Tempest* is '*Love's Labour's Won*,' they are fairly entitled, by courtesy of literature, to assume to themselves the epithet of *ingenious* ever after. Now, the fact which we would earnestly impress upon their attention is, that there is no such decided proof of the want of ingenuity, and of the presence of actual dullness, as that afforded by an elaborate work on so unimportant a subject. Such a publication, instead of being an evidence of man's *ingenuity*, is, on the contrary, a damning witness to the extreme sluggishness and unfrequent action of his inventive faculties. He who is really deserving the hackneyed and much-abused epithet of *ingenious*, finds, when reading about Shakspeare, so many new, plausible, but inconsistent fancies of this kind suggest themselves, that he learns to distrust them all, from his own immediate experience of the contradictory nature of the several equally probable conjectures which follow and refute each other in rapid succession in his mind. And the only persons who ever think such shadows of sufficient consequence to give themselves any trouble about them are those amiable Roddists who consider themselves rich if they have but one idea occur to them in a twelve-month, who live upon that idea, who harp upon it in their common

talk, who digest it with their lonely meal, who chew the cud of it as they take their salutary walks abroad, who seem to meet with authorities to support it in every volume they open, who dream of nothing else, and who can get no restful sleep at night till they have been safely delivered of it in the shape of a pamphlet.

ART. VI.—1. *Speech of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Exeter on Socialism.* London. 1840.

2. *Weekly Tales and Tracts. Under the Sanction of the Lord Bishop of Ripon.* Edited by the Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. London. 1839—40.

We do not think any man of a serious temper can look back upon the course of events in this country during the last ten years, without tracing, through all the gathering evils, with which it has been crowded, a mysterious providential hand, which seems to be preparing good for us, little as we have deserved it. For the future historian of England, it will afford indeed a melancholy page, full of corrupt principles, of weak concessions, of violent changes, and of convulsions, which threaten to end in bloodshed at home, and dismemberment of empire abroad. But yet there are consolatory features. A power, which we cannot see, has been reviving at the same time a spirit to cope with, if not to avert, these coming ills—a spirit to recognise and reverence truth, to practise and inculcate obedience, to breathe a new life into our dead forms, and decayed belief. It has raised up, one by one, conjunctures and dangers, which have developed new truths, or rather have recalled the old. It has staved off, again and again, some of the most fatal blows aimed at the constitution of the Church; and has opened the eyes of men to the mistakes of modern self-guided reformers, as much as to the necessity of reform. But of all these providential circumstances to be humbly and gratefully acknowledged, none appear, humanly speaking, so likely to do good, as the permission given to two new curses to rise up for a time among us, and to startle us into sober reflection—Socialism and Chartism. They have been permitted to arise before their time, while there are yet truths and hearts in the country capable of facing them—

and they have risen in a plain intelligible shape, against which no soft words, or sophistries will induce the English nation to close their eyes. They are the natural and necessary développments—Chartism of Whig principles, Socialism of Dissent. They are, in fact, nothing but Whiggism and Dissent pushed to their legitimate consequences. Of Chartism we do not intend to speak; but the Socialist system has been so recently brought before the legislature by the Bishop of Exeter, to whom the Church and the country are deeply indebted for his exposure of its enormities, assuredly not before it was required, that we cannot be charged with needlessly drawing public attention to a loathsome subject, if we make some observations upon it.

As no little complaint has been made of misrepresentation, it should be understood, purposely encouraged, by using more moderate language in one set of publications, and leaving the same principles, in their gross and violent form, to be advocated by the missionaries of the society as individuals,—it will be best to begin with a brief abstract of the last *manifesto* produced in answer to the Bishop of Exeter's accusation:—and we shall, *in limine*, give the Section 'Principles' in the very words of Mr. Owen.

'The following are the fundamental principles of this society:—

'That man is a being formed to have a compound character: first, as he is organized at birth, before he has received any direct impressions from external objects; and, second, as he is subsequently made to become, by the influence of external objects upon his organization, especially by the action of experienced man or society on infant or inexperienced man.

'That all man's feelings are formed for him, by external objects acting upon his organization, and its reaction.

'That all his convictions are formed for him by the action of external objects upon his organization, and its reaction.

'That his will, or decision to act, is formed for him by the convictions or feelings separately, or by the convictions and feelings unitedly, which have been formed for him by the action of external circumstances upon his organization.

'That man is so organized as to act in accordance with his convictions or his feelings, whichever may be the strongest at the moment of action, or to act in obedience to these convictions and feelings when united, and which nature and society combined have caused him to receive.

'The whole character of man, physical, intellectual, and moral, is formed for him.

'It is therefore evident that man has not been created to be a responsible being, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but that he is left to experience the necessary effects of his conduct, which teach all in the best possible manner—through the sensations of pain and pleasure—the means of in

crossing happiness; and through this knowledge, adult man, or society, may effect the greatest improvement in the character and condition of infant man, and of the human race.

'A knowledge of the unerring and unchanging laws of nature, derived from accurate and extended observation of the works of the great creating power of the Universe, and the PRACTICE OF CHARITY for the feelings, convictions, and conduct of all men, consequent upon such knowledge, constitute the Rational Religion.

'All members of this society shall have equal right to express their opinions respecting the Supreme Power of the Universe, and to worship it under any form, or in any manner, agreeable to their consciences, not interfering with equal rights in others.'

I. The holders of these 'principles' propose then, in the first place, as a novel invention, to found a Catholic Society, embracing men of all countries and colours—but with the addition of this real novelty, that it is to include all men alike, good or bad—without professing to make, or allow, the slightest distinction between one and the other—thus carrying out fully the principles of toleration and non-distinction, under which we are now happily living.

II. They promise to make all men, without exception, good, happy, and rich—good, without any temptation to exercise goodness—happy, without any pain or want, to give zest to enjoyment, and rich, without any poverty by which to measure riches.

III. They intend to abolish from henceforth all rods, gaols, gibbets, judges, turnkeys, soldiers, constables and policemen. They will make all men do, as they think right, by talking, and talking only. And as the present system of government is full of evil, they will reform it by establishing another, conducted on the same principle, namely, that the proper office of a government is to allow its subjects to govern themselves.

IV. As this wonderful improvement will at first require agitation, but an agitation after the most approved fashion of the nineteenth century, purely moral, without any mixture of the physical, they contemplate establishing a church, with districts for dioceses—a congress for synods—Mr. Owen for their pope—paid missionaries at 30s. a-week for clergymen—lectures at mechanics' institutes for sermons—halls of science for churches—tea-drinkings, masquerades, and qua-

drilles for the solemnities of worship—the material world as their God—and blasphemous threepenny tracts for prayer books and bibles.

V. They will found schools, so admirably managed, that the masters shall teach nothing but what is true; the children do only what they are bid; and where especially they will learn at once, intelligibly and distinctly, the grand truth, which the new government schools only obscurely intimate, that all religions are alike a farce.*

VI. And here is the great blot, which, we trust, they will find some means of correcting. This society will have taxes, loans, poor-laws, hospitals, benefit clubs, a national, or rather social debt, with pensions, salaried officers, benevolences, as in the olden times—a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, we have no doubt, abundance of Mr. Humes. But as this part of the system is no new discovery, although the projectors, by the gravity of its announcement, seem to imagine that it is, we need not dwell on it at length.

VII. As they have also discovered that Manchester wares, and Sheffield cutlery, and Birmingham dolls are of little use without something to eat, they propose to cultivate the ground by means of farmers, who will raise corn in exchange for manufactures. A very brilliant thought—but which in the country where we are writing has been practised for many centuries; and which also sounds strange from the abolitionists of corn laws.

VIII. But their grandest discovery is still to come. From this time forward all likings and dislikings, praise and blame, punishments and rewards, are to be banished from this happy world—likewise all words implying will, choice, duty, liberty, virtue, vice, preference, deliberation, command, freedom, power, activity—and especially the pronouns *I*, and *thou*, with the whole race of active

* See 'Constitution and Laws of the Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists,' Cleave, London; Hobson, Leeds; Heywood, Manchester; Guest, Birmingham.

* We are rejoiced to see the principle of religious non-intervention in *omnium gatherum* schools brought to its proper termination so soon, in a fact stated by Lord Teignmouth in the House of Commons:—'In the schools attached to the establishment of Mr. —, the children were found ready enough to answer questions on all subjects except religion. An appeal being made to Mr. —, he replied that there were children of Socialists in the school, and they objected to the introduction of the New Testament! Admirable Socialists! but more admirable schoolmaster! And still more admirable founder of such a school on such a plan!'—*Times Newspaper*, March 6th, 1840.

verbs—all of which it is ascertained, have been introduced into society by a fundamental mistake—and man has no more right to use or receive them, than the cloth has, which the tailor cuts into a coat, or the tin, which the tinman moulds into the cover of a kettle.

IX. When this has been done, and it has been agreed that no man has the slightest power to form his own character, or right to pronounce any opinion as to the character of his neighbours, still less to interfere with its formation, we are all to set ourselves diligently to work to cure every one around us of the horrible follies and evil propensities, in which they are now wallowing; and to mould their character—after a pattern of our own.

X. The rational religion consists in chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, &c., and in loving all men alike, whether we like them or not. This love, however, is not to imply any effort to do them good, should we think our religion better than their own; with the exception, indeed, of the Committee, who will have unlimited authority to proselytise.

XI. There is to be nothing so gross as unregulated marriage; only a power of divorce without any limits specified.

Now, we have no intention of 'shrieking,' as a modern writer terms it, over this singular specimen of the enlightenment of our manufacturing population, and of the nineteenth century. Society has seldom been visited with those periodical fits of lunacy, which break out in rebellions and murders, without previously betraying similar symptoms of disease. But as symptoms of disease—of a very deep seated disease—we do think these absurdities require to be seriously noticed; and therefore we shall ask our readers not to turn away at once in laughter, but to examine quietly into the history of this system, which would be ludicrous and harmless, if it did not embrace, and carry out to their natural issues, errors from which few minds in this day are wholly free.

Its original root is a real practical evil. It commences evidently with a keen perception of the misery and degradation, to which a large portion of the population of this country has been reduced by our manufacturing system. We pass over the strange contradiction, that it is the same manufacturing population, thus sunk in distress by their own powerlessness, or ignorance, or folly, to which po-

litical economists point as the great source of our prosperity—to which political reformers would delegate the privilege of government—and which, with the very confession in its mouth of utter incompetency to provide for itself, is now desirous to undertake the foundation of a *new moral world*: and, what is more interesting to ourselves, the reformation of this great empire. But men will attempt in despair, what they would shudder at in their sober senses. It is in despair that the Birmingham mechanics are following Mr. Owen's delusions. They are starving. They have children starving around them. They have either no bread for to-day, or none for to-morrow, or nothing to hope for in any continuance of the present system; and therefore they clamour for another.

This wretched state has been brought about by three causes. First, by the reduction of wages, in many cases to the minimum of subsistence. And this reduction itself has been effected, not merely by the natural competition of labour in a superabundant population, where machinery and capital enable the master manufacturer to control the workmen; but in this country, by the influx of Irish labourers, who, having been injured at home to an existence of semi-starvation, can sell their labour at a price far lower than the English workmen. In fact, by a singular retribution, England at this moment is gradually sliding, from this cause, into the same state with Ireland; and Irish paupers are taking possession of the very vitals of our towns, to the degradation, and, ultimately, to the destruction of the English mechanics.

But besides the low rate of wages, there is also to be taken into account their fluctuation—a fluctuation produced necessarily by the unlimited competition of selfishness and avarice in a *boundless free-trade market*, which is perpetually shifting its field, and contracting or extending its demands, without warning, on every change of dynasty, of political relations, of social habits, or of internal commercial speculations. This competition, aided by the powers of machinery, and encouraged by the superior cheapness of manufacturing on a large scale, necessarily causes continual overproduction. Every glut of the market is followed by a paralysis—every paralysis by a return to excessive production. Add to this the shifting nature of the manufacturing processes themselves—how a

single alteration of machinery, the discovery of a new locality, even the diversion of a road or a canal, may dry up at once an old channel, and open new, leaving for a time the old population lying like boulder-stones in the course which a torrent has taken; or, like Tadmor and Palmyra in the desert, to show only where trade once passed—and we can understand the utter impossibility of providing, by any fiscal regulations, against a constant fluctuation in the price of labour. We are supposing now that the average is above—it may be far above the minimum of subsistence; and that prudent and economical habits might regulate the rate of living accordingly. But we must know little or nothing of human nature to suppose that prudent and economical habits can ever grow up in such a state of things. Prudence is the result of regularity of habit, and regularity of habit a natural effect of regularity of circumstances. When men are accustomed to see themselves suddenly provided for by circumstances, not at their command—to be plunged from affluence into poverty at a moment's warning—when no calculation will enable them to ensure a certain subsistence for the morrow—and yet again and again, though all provision has been neglected, the subsistence comes of itself—scarcely any power upon earth can prevent them from becoming wasteful in their abundance, and sanguine in their poverty. These two habits are imprudence; and from imprudence comes misery, and from misery impatience, profligacy, desperation, and crime.

But we must go still farther. We said that no human power could create habits of regular prudence in such a state of things. But what if no power is exerted? What if these unhappy men are left to themselves, without any eye to watch, any hand to control them; the only authority which they recognise being a taskmaster, whom they serve for his gain—who counts nothing but the hours of their labour, and the yards of cotton which they produce—whose existence as a manufacturer depends on his making the maximum of profit on the minimum of wages, and even on their degraded condition, without which he cannot command them—who cannot afford to be generous—who is bound to them by no local or hereditary relations—who can cast them off in a moment, as a floating population unattached to the soil—who can have no religious association with them, because religion cannot enter into the estimate of an animal machine for

spinning silk or hammering iron—who has no right to interfere with their domestic habits, to take an interest in their comforts, because their homes are not his property—who cannot visit or relieve them, crowded as they are densely in narrow lanes, and packed in floors of houses—who can know nothing of their character, because he can see nothing but their hands and feet—who cannot afford to give them time either for instruction or recreation, because every minute has its price, and every farthing of price is an item in the necessary profit?

In this condition of affairs, when every day, from the increase of competition and the state of the continent, the crises are becoming more frequent and the remedy more desperate, a man, not, perhaps, without benevolence, but conceited and uninstructed (for this is the character stamped on all Mr. Owen's writings), imagines a plan for breaking up the present manufacturing system; in which object we most cordially concur with him. For, with all its show and glitter, and accumulation of capital in the hands of the masters, it never can act without generating more than an equivalent of want and vice in the persons of the workmen. He proposes that the workmen, instead of hiring out their labour, and enabling the master to reap the profits, should form themselves into a community, and work for themselves.

Now this plan may be contemplated under two forms. If it is intended to form a joint-stock company, so that all the members should share in the dividends on the capital, and thus improve upon the present system only by appropriating to themselves the profits of the master, it is evident that those profits, however large for a single individual, will be but a drop of water when divisible among such numbers. As a joint-stock company, moreover, they will be exposed to the same competition as individual manufacturers, and with the same result of fluctuation, so long as the present extent of market continues, but without the same power of improving opportunities, of speculating boldly but cautiously—in one word, of acquiring profit. We say nothing of the difficulty of providing an adequate capital, or of regulating wages. No change is made, in fact, but that, which is no improvement, the substitution in the manufacturing system of democracies for monarchies; and therefore the whole scheme must fall to the ground.

But Mr. Owen's plan seems to contemplate also something very different. He proposes rather to destroy the principle of acquisitiveness, to abandon all commercial speculation, and only to form communities, in which individuals should contribute their various talents to make up one perfect society, provided with all necessities for common wants, very much as Plato conceives the formation of his polity. The shoemaker is to make shoes, the cotton-spinner to make handkerchiefs, the miller to grind corn, and from the whole combined is to arise a perfect man. It is needless to say that the idea, in theory, is as old as the first speculation on the nature of human society; and in practice, whether regular or irregular, is coeval with the creation of man. But this plan, it is evident, cannot be effected so long as individual covetousness is allowed to exist. If individuals are permitted to accumulate, competition is necessarily introduced; with competition comes reduction of wages, and with reduction of wages the original misery of the labourer. Mr. Owen, therefore, proposes to exclude competition altogether. Grand conception! The only difficulty is, to accomplish it. How will you eradicate from the human mind the root of covetousness, the instinct of appropriation and desire? Mr. Owen is totally silent. He seems to think it possible; talks of a state when prudence and education will show its evils, and therefore abolish it: but beyond this he does not go. Strange that an infidel should have stumbled at the very threshold of his system on the same maxim with Christianity—that he should proclaim, in almost the very words of the Bible, that 'the love of money is the root of all evil;' and yet that he should have rejected the aid which Christianity promises in order to extirpate the evil, by a spiritual influence controlling the heart, as well as by a spiritual Society maintaining a high standard of morals! Strange also (were he not a very ignorant man) that he should overlook the fact, that the first irregularities of Christians were committed, if not under a clear perception of the same truths, as he in the nineteenth century has, for the first time, as he supposes, discovered, at least under a deep moral feeling, which pointed out truth, even where the head did not discern it. The monastic communities, with their vow of poverty, were, in their temporal relations, nothing but Mr. Owen's societies; supporting themselves by their com-

mon labour and common capital, but with the principle of acquisitiveness, which Mr. Owen cannot touch, confined by the most solemn obligations; their habits formed, not as he would form them, to luxury, but to self-denial; their self-denial sanctioned and rendered honourable by devotion; and, what is the strangest omission in Mr. Owen's plan, a rigid, inflexible discipline maintained over them every hour, so that the slightest act of appropriation was vigilantly watched and severely punished. The very clothes of the monks were common. As Plato proposes for his Phylaces, they not only took their meals together, but no one was allowed to fasten his door, or to lock up any thing in his cell; even the plucking an apple in the garden without the leave of the superior was an act of disobedience. Men smile at such notions now, but Mr. Owen, with his horror of *property*—his conviction that it forms one, as he terms it, of the *Trinity of human curses**—will admire the wisdom of the monks. He will allow that, if infringed in one act, the whole principle of appropriation would creep in, and, therefore, that the most rigid superintendence was wise and necessary. And he might, perhaps, be prevailed on to acknowledge, that the Monks, with the Church to support them, and something like historical testimony, however weak he may deem it, to authorise their expectation of some superhuman assistance in controlling the evil passions of men, had logically more grounds for their plan than the individual Mr. Owen, with no one but his starving mechanics to applaud his anticipations of a coming millennium, in which all property shall have vanished from the earth, and all poverty with it.

For this, perhaps, is one of his strangest hallucinations. To abolish property is

* I now declare to you, and to the world, that man up to this hour has been, in all parts of the earth, a slave to a Trinity, the most monstrous that could be combined, to inflict mental and physical evil upon his whole race. I refer to private or individual property—absurd and irrational systems of religion—and marriage, founded on individual property—combined with some one of these irrational systems of religion. It is difficult to say which of these GRAND SOURCES OF ALL CRIME ought to be placed first or last, for they are so intimately interlinked and woven together by time that they cannot be separated without being destroyed; each one is necessary to the support of the other two. This formidable Trinity, compounded of ignorance, superstition, and hypocrisy, is the only demon or Devil that ever has, or, most likely, ever will torment the human race.—*Owen's Declaration of Mental Independence.*

feasible. It has often been attempted, and sometimes, for a season, succeeded. But to abolish *property*, and retain *wealth*—to prohibit covetousness, and yet encourage luxury—to make the multiplication of the means of enjoyment a crime, while the multiplication of enjoyment itself is the very end of his system—and to expect that this singular balance of opposite tendencies will be maintained, not by the strong arm of superior power, but by the voluntary agency of voluntary members of a joint-stock society, is really too bold a theory, we should have supposed, even for the unhappy and ignorant mechanics for whom he is writing. And yet this is the fundamental axiom—the corner stone of a system, which boasts to overthrow all difficulties—to have no connection with any mysteries—to say nothing but what is intelligible to all men, and founded on habitual experience.

Unhappily, this absurd theory—melancholy as it is to think on the sad state of the population among whom he ventures to broach it—is the only part of his speculations on which it is possible to mention him, even in the comparatively mild terms of an uninstructed enthusiast; and it was this alone which Mr. Southey, and Mr. Wilberforce, and other men of high character, contemplated, when they spoke, in former days, of his benevolence and respectability. He has seen, and, we hope, felt deeply for, an evil which is, and will be, a curse to this country; and he has imagined a silly scheme for its removal, which, however, is not more silly than the scheme of abolishing the corn laws, or increasing the suffrage, or giving vote by ballot, or many other projects of modern date, for remedying the same evil—an evil which never can be remedied, so long as our manufactories exist under a high pressure of covetous free-trade competition.

But the political economy of this scheme is coupled with certain ethical and religious speculations; and, like an ulcer in a body generally diseased, they deserve to be inspected—they indicate something far worse than either depravity or hallucination in the mind of one individual.

Mr. Owen is an Eudæmonist—that is, he belongs to a school, or, rather, we should say, to a generation, which, following the fashion of several generations before it, makes all goodness, all action, and all knowledge referable, not to a positive law emanating either me-

diately or immediately from a superior Divine authority, but to human enjoyment—to what they call happiness. On this principle, Mr. Owen has taken his stand; and he has followed it out—correctly, we think, most correctly—with a courage and perseverance far superior to any of his predecessors, into its legitimate and necessary consequences. His conclusions, indeed, are so accurate, that we must warn from any conflict with him—from any contempt or sarcasm, or any attempt to convert him—every eudæmonist in the nation—every political economist, who measures the prosperity of his country by the amount of the excise and customs—every moralist who makes the exercise of the intellect, or the indulgence of the affections, or the pursuit of an end, or the pleasures of the sense, or power, or honour, or any gratification whatever, in the body or in the mind, the supreme end and rule of man—and every religionist, also, who makes devotion an enjoyment, and religion easy, and a future life the motive of piety, forgetting the express declaration respecting a 'strait gate and a narrow way.' Not one of these but must be foiled, if he engages in battle with the poor infidel, who has taken the same ground with themselves, but has understood it better.

For if our own happiness, that is, the happiness either of ourselves or of the species, be the sole object and rule of man, he needs no other. If any other rule is to be referred to, to guide us in our pursuit, then this rule, and not our happiness, is our ultimate law; and this law could have no validity except as the dictate of a supreme authority over man; and that supreme authority is God: and thus, obedience to God, and not benevolence to man, either to ourselves or to others, is the *criterion* of our duty, and the essence of our perfection. But this would little suit the enlightened eudæmonist, who, by his first maxim, necessarily excludes the idea of a divine revelation. He, therefore, takes his stand with his own dim telescope to make a survey of human happiness, and his own poor hands and feet, without a guide, to carry him in the pursuit. And when he starts on his course, and tumbles into this ditch, and befools himself in that quagmire, and now breaks his head against an unseen wall, and now is run over and trodden on by the more rapid pursuers in the same chase, and still more frequently knocks down and mutilates the parties,

for whose benefit he is racing—quiet spectators look on with amazement, and pity and praise him for his zeal, whatever be his blunders, as a benevolent and amiable enthusiast, with a good heart, but rather heated head;—instead of calling him, as they ought, and as the Scriptures call him, an infidel or a fool, for walking in the sight of his own eyes, when his Creator has expressly forbidden it.

In this race Mr. Owen is supremely energetic. Few have been more so since the days of the French Revolution. His only law being his own notion of his own happiness, and of the happiness of other people, of both which he naturally forms pretty much the same conception—he asserts, with undoubted consistency, that he has as much right to his own views of happiness, as any other man has to his; a claim which no eudæmonist can dispute, without allowing an authority in man to dictate to his fellow man on his nearest and dearest interests, and to dictate, as mere man, with common human frailties and human fallibilities, without any divine assistance.

Mr. Owen, therefore, is fully at liberty to adopt his own views; and his own views will seem very sensible, and what philosophers in the present day call sound and practical. There is not a taint of mysticism about them. He seems to think, as far as we can discover, that when a man has a good coat upon his shoulders, and a joint of meat upon his spit, and a good fire to warm him, and a good house to keep out the weather, and pretty sights to please his eye, and agreeable sounds to soothe his ear, and the wants of the touch and the nostrils properly provided for, like the other senses, then man is a happy animal, and may lie down in his sty content. And Mr. Owen has a large, a very large number of supporters in this ennobling theory, who yet would little like to be ranged under his banners. If enjoyment in any shape is the end of our life, and the rule of our conduct, why the pleasure of the body is more easily obtained than that of the mind, and is liable to fewer disappointments, and is assuredly more poignant; and if properly and prudently husbanded, as Mr. Owen earnestly recommends, why it will last for a considerable time, and bring perhaps in this world few disagreeable results; and so Mr. Owen will carry with him not only the whole Epicurean herd, but all the grave, respectable political economists, who make the wealth or

the weal of a nation to consist in its exports and imports—those exports and imports being only so many indulgences for man's flesh and blood.

Having arrived safely thus far, and fixed his end, he then claims an undoubted right (and all the expediency gentlemen, either moral or political, must receive him among them, whether they like it or not, just as fine ladies in muslin dresses would welcome a chimney-sweeper)—he claims an undoubted right to form his own judgment as to the means necessary and proper for obtaining his end. In selecting them, indeed, he is bold, and in prosecuting them vigorous, but not to any degree which is not logically defensible on the expediency principle.

One of the first of these is—not the abolition of marriage; no wise or moral man would dream of recommending 'a promiscuous intercourse like beasts; but marriage is one of the trinity of curses—property and religion being the two others, which hang like a blight upon the world. What can be more miserable than an ill-assorted union? What more hard than the prohibition of consorting as we choose—joining when we choose—and separating as we choose? Milton (oh, what a lesson it is to see the sophistries and follies of such men, clothed as they have hitherto been by the delusion of a name, now brought out and exposed to shame!)—Milton in this point was a socialist; and they reprint a number of his works. And they follow Milton's steps, perhaps with rather a greater plenitude of licence, but nothing which any logician can refuse, in petitioning for an unlimited power of separation—whether it is to be daily or hourly, they do not say; but, of course, no objection can be raised on the score of frequency. Whatever is necessary for man's *happiness* is right; and who can be happy if prevented from withdrawing, whenever he may wish, from a disagreeable companion?

We wish particularly that it should be observed, that these new ideas respecting marriage follow close upon the New Marriage Act. They are, indeed, very intimately connected.

But the permanence of the marriage tie is not the only 'curse' in the present system of domestic life. Children are generally troublesome. When persons are poor and starving they are peculiarly so; and life is not a blessing either to themselves or to their parents. And Mr.

Malthus has satisfactorily shown by countless figures, omitting only one (the power of a merciful Providence), that man multiplies and will multiply more rapidly than food, and therefore we must put some stop to this growth of population. It is interesting to remark how every foul sink of doctrine, which has been opened of late years in this country, all run together into this grand cloaca of Owenism. The present is a sewer avowedly drained off from the lucubrations of the Benthamites. Mr. Owen has not yet reached the acmé of wisdom on this subject; but we are sure that a little reflection will show him the mistake which he has made in stopping short of the plan which has been proposed and 'published for the instruction of the labourer, by one Marcus.' 'Charcoal vapour' (we quote from Mr. Carlyle, who had the book before him*) 'and other easy methods exist, by which all children of working people after the third, may be disposed of by painless extinction.' 'And beautiful cemeteries,' adds Marcus, 'with walks and flower-pots, may be provided at the public expense, for the reception of superfluous infants, and as consolatory promenades for their afflicted parents.'

We beg to assure the reader that the proposal is perfectly serious; and, more than this, we may assure them that it is almost innocence compared with what has been written and sanctioned by the man Owen himself, and his son, on this loathsome subject, and to which we dare not allude farther.

But one fact is curious: the infidel, to speak generally, has discovered two means, by which man may hope to escape from the catastrophe prophesied by political economists: they are, fasting and self-denial—a self-denial, however, which is not to exclude a gross sensuality. We thought that the Church long since—not looking to political economy, not afraid of perishing with famine under the eye of a merciful Creator, unless famine was sent on us for our sins, but obeying the law of the cross, and mortifying its earthly passions in order to fit itself for heaven—had anticipated, nineteen centuries ago, this modern discovery; had prescribed the same rules to her children, only leaving out the sensuality, and consecrating the marriage union with a mystery of purity and holiness. But we must proceed.

The man has discovered a third 'curse

besides property and marriage—it is *religion*; and we can well understand that it should be so. Religion—true, genuine religion—is of all things most opposed to dreams of epicurism, expediency, and licence. It sets up for the guide of man, not man himself, but law; stern, uncompromising law, for his reason as well as for his will. It speaks nothing of pleasure at first, but of pain and self-denial; that man must work before he rests; suffer before he is crowned; show, in the sight of heaven, that he can bear, and act, and be a hero and a martyr,—not merely that he can eat, and drink, and sleep, and fatten like a pig in his sty. And Religion has her truths—her fixed, indisputable truths—her message and commission from heaven, countersigned and attested—and she cannot slur over errors, or think light of blasphemies, or bear that men should walk on in ignorance and folly, without raising her protest, drawing her lines of exclusion, censuring, warning, condemning, and punishing. It is the task laid on her by God. The very office of the Church is to hold up the light of truth in the world; to save it from being blown out by every wind of fancy; to bring it constantly and firmly before the eyes of all men, that those who will see, may see. If bad men have gone beyond this, and made religion the mask of cruelty, religion is as much to be censured for it, as justice would be, if a judge gave a corrupt judgment and declared it law.

But all this illiberality, this condemnation of others for not thinking as we do ourselves, is to be banished from the New World. Unhappily the author of the New World, like others of the same school, does not set so good an example as we might hope from his profession—'Moral monsters,' 'robbers and murderers,' 'cruel and irrational creatures,' 'persons fit only for the cells of our terrestrial lunatic asylums,' 'the curses of mankind,' 'intellectual hypocrites,' which are the least uncomplimentary terms applied to all, who happen to differ from Mr. Owen's notions; surely these indicate something like the old leaven of illiberality. But then, Mr. Owen knows full well what liberality and toleration really mean. And he speaks the language of the day. It means, opening one's door, when a thief asks for admission; throwing down one's arms when a murderer is threatening an attack—giving without taking—submitting without resisting—

* Chartism, by T. Carlyle, p. 111.

and all this, when under a solemn injunction to give nothing, and yield nothing, because, what we are placed to guard is not our own. But Mr. Owen is quite safe. All the haters of positive doctrines, all the lax sentimental religionists, who have made charity, not truth, their worship, and would sacrifice God himself for peace and quietness, have spoken, as he has spoken, for the last two hundred years; and they will all fall into the procession of absurdities, with which he hopes to be inducted into the throne of a New Moral World.

Still there is a difficulty to be surmounted. With all our laxity of principles—hollow as the ground is, on which every branch of sectarians have been resting their belief—the great mass of the British nation still do call themselves Christians—still profess their faith in the different creeds, which they each make for themselves, and all declare to be found, clearly and palpably written, in the pages of Scriptures. Till this prejudice be overthrown, a system which denies Christianity, which denies all religion,* must be liable to illiberal censures.

The very judicious course taken in removing this difficulty cannot be pointed out better than in the words of a very eminent man, an eye-witness:—

'In private,' he says, 'I find their course to be this. A socialist calls perhaps on a young man just leaving our Sunday school; he falls into conversation about the Church, admits that an *Establishment* is useful for many purposes, but insinuates objections urged by *dissenters*; and so he leaves him. After calling again a few times, he brings his friend over to *general Protestantism*; against *general Protestantism* he brings the *Romish* objections; at last he insinuates the objections against Christianity altogether; and, speaking of the *Bible*, affirms that the Socialists have a great regard for the *Bible*—"that is, for the *moral* parts, excluding, of course, the *immoral*." These are the words often used, and then begins the attack on the *Bible*.'

The attack on the *Bible* is carried on, as may be seen in their tracts, and in the republication of Volney, and Voltaire's, and Payne's exploded blasphemies, by the aid of physical science—by geology, chemistry, geometry, astronomy, and other modern onomies and ologies brought to bear on the historical facts of the Scriptures, forgetting that those very sciences rest on the same basis of testi-

mony with Scripture itself, but testimony a million times weaker. When the *Bible* has been disposed of, the course is plain; for not having as yet any system of Mahometanism or Buddhism recognised by Parliament, and supported by grants from the Treasury, the unhappy beings who have been exposed to these attacks have no place of refuge from themselves but in the rational religion, of which Owen is the apostle, and halls of science the churches, and infanticide, in some shape or other, an article of its creed.

And now let us look back to Mr. Owen's allies—to those who, we are told, pave the way for him, and pave it smoothly. First and foremost, *Conservatism*; and by *Conservatism* we mean not loyalty and attachment to our old and sound institutions, both in Church and State—God forbid!—but the support of the Church merely as an establishment, as a civil functionary, not as an independent religious society founded by God himself. Secondly *Dissent*—dissent which attacks the Church, but hopes to leave religion untouched; which calls for liberty of conscience, meaning by liberty of conscience the right of every individual to hold and to promulgate his own fancies, whether true or false, without check or rebuke. Thirdly, *Popery*,—Popery with its strong and irrefragable arguments against the principles of dissent, and attested at every turn by the miseries of our distractions, and the destruction which they have wrought in society and in truth. Then *Ultra-Protestantism*, or a blind indiscriminate hatred of all that mixed system which is well called Roman Catholic—Catholic in its truths, Roman in its falsehoods—a hatred which condemns practices and tenets, not because they are novel interpolations of the Divine word, but because they do not accord with our notions of what is right or wrong, useful or pernicious, true or false. Then *morality*—the moral system of the day, which follows up the principle of Ultra-Protestantism, and makes its own conscience the standard of truth, and looks down calmly and contemptuously upon the combatants for theological dogmas, as they are called, without deigning to enter into 'questions of words, and names, and of your law.' Then follows *Biblical criticism*—the captious quibbling scepticism, coming in upon us from Germany like a flood; which, armed with the maxim of 'the *Bible* and the *Bible* alone,' strips it of all its defences, while nominally magnifying its authority,

* 'All the Mythology of the Ancients, and all the Religion of the Moderns, are mere fanciful notions of men.'—*Owen's Book of the New Moral World*, p. 46.

—which, instead of approaching it with a reverential and child-like spirit, and reading it as it lies open in the hands of the Church, under the guidance of her eye, and with the support of her testimony, snatches it from her, runs with it into a corner, doubts this point, disputes that, modifies another, is startled at a fourth, and tears out text after text, leaf after leaf, until nothing is left but the empty cover, and the word of God has vanished, as before from the mouth of the Church, so now from the written page—vanished altogether from the world. And, lastly *Physical Science*, in every age and country the great hand-maid of infidelity. Not as if the works of God were not also His word, though written in ciphers and hieroglyphics; or as if to know His works were not man's privilege and duty. But, when men will study God's works before they have learnt His nature—when they will bury themselves in the darkness of the brute material world, till the very sun, as they turn to look up, becomes black to their dazzled eye—when they will fix men's thoughts and hearts on what they taste, and see, and touch, and handle, so that all the world unseen becomes unreal and visionary—when they make their experience their teacher, instead of their assistant, distrust the power of the mind in generating truth, and call it a dead passive machine at the mercy of external impressions—and when they have traced the motions and the laws of matter till they can prophesy, and combine, and control them, worshipping it for its power, and yet governing it as a slave—then, indeed, physical science turns into an open foe of Christianity. It becomes idolatry. It raises up for man the same object of worship in Nature—precisely the same, as the person does, of whose more open blasphemies it is our pain to be now speaking.

These are the considerations which have induced us to notice him at present. By himself he would pass away like a Home, a Carlisle, or a Thoms, or any other wretched being, who has been permitted to disturb the peace of society. But he has friends and agents in every class of the community, from the highest to the lowest—in our expediency politicians, in our evangelical clergy, in our pious dissenters, in our German scholars, and literary and scientific societies—all unconsciously but zealously doing his work, and preparing the minds of the nation for imbibing his poisons. And

again we warn them all against attempting to battle with him openly, until they have provided other principles, and a sounder creed than they profess at present. Theirs are the premises—his is the conclusion; and a conclusion, which cannot be evaded by any subtlety of logic, or any horror at its atrocity.

But *such doctrines*, it will be urged in the vain hope of escape, *are contrary to the law of the land*. The Government has answered, No; the toleration system answers, No. There was a time when the doctrines of the Church were the law of the land. Then—when Protestantism was sufficient; for no one yet dreamed of a creed, which should go farther in modifying Catholic truths than the abjuration of Popery. Then came Christianity, anything which called itself Christianity. But Christianity has had its turn; and now comes Rational Religion, avowing, as its boast, the principle of rationalism from which all the rest proceeded. You cannot punish the blasphemies of Socialism without following it up by the condemnation of Dissent. If you allow Dissent, receive it into your legislature, admit it to your homes, treat it as an erroneous opinion, but an opinion for which man is not responsible to man, you cannot shut your doors against only another species of dissent, though the dissent is from the name of Christianity, as well as from its fundamental axiom of One Apostolic Catholic Church.

But *it is morally mischievous, destructive to the peace of society, not merely to the unity of religious belief!* We had thought, and every lax, easy religionist, who has ridiculed polemical controversies, has made the outcry also, that of all things which destroy the peace of society, religious dissension was the most formidable—the most to be repressed. But whatever be thought of this—moral or immoral—Socialism is safe from attack. Our hands are tied. We have laid down the principle, and acted on it for years, that blasphemy and sedition are not the proper subjects of legal condemnation—that to punish the circulation of them only promotes it; that we may trust to the good sense and wisdom of Englishmen to repudiate such absurdities. Let things alone, and all will come right. May we ask then, what is the use of a government? What need of laws, and courts of justice, if the grossest of crimes—treason against God and our country—are encouraged by the sight of punishment? If we are so sensible and so wise, what do

we want with rulers? But government has destroyed itself. It has abdicated its own functions. In flying from persecution it has sunk into indifference. It has abstained from punishment, till criminals are so hardy and so numerous, that punishment seems impossible. Even contempt can no longer be enforced. What the Attorney-General might shrink from producing before a jury, for fear, shall we say, of provoking opposition, or of uncloaking hideous vice—the bishops have been compelled to bring publicly before the House of Lords—to defile themselves and that assembly by details which we could not republish. And it is found that the wisdom and good sense of the English nation is in the condition in which all, who know the principles of the age, would expect to find them—at the lowest ebb—in a state, which is leaving at this moment a large portion of the population an easy, unyielding prey to the monstrosities of Socialism.

But *public opinion will correct it!* We answer that public opinion is itself corrupted. Public opinion can never sit as a stern inexorable judge, without a volume of positive and undisputed law to support its decisions; and this has been taken from its hand by the same sophistical process, which has rested religion on individual ratiocination, and morals on individual feeling. And public opinion feels this; it dares not speak. How few would venture to turn off their labourers, who become Socialists—would refuse to meet such men in society—would order them from their presence as self-convicted criminals—as loathsome objects—if they ventured to appear within their doors. No! public opinion is at this moment a coward—bullied (it is the only word to express the abjectness of its submission to every new absurdity)—bullied by sophisms and nicknames, not knowing the grounds of its own belief, and therefore distrusting itself, and incapable of condemning others. And even if it dared to condemn, Socialism is deaf, and before it ran the risk of incurring the stripes of shame, it put on a hard tough skin, through which no pain can pierce. Bentham, and the French materialists, whom they translate and publish, have provided them amply with this. Our opinions, they say, are not in our power: they are made for us by our brain—by nerves, blood, skin, bones, sun, air, water, beef, mutton, brandy, everything we touch, or see, or taste—they grow, like potatoes in the

ground; and as no potato can help being round or oblong, white or black, so no man's mind can resist the force which moulds it, and become other than it is made to become; and therefore all moral censure is unjust and criminal!

And here let us pause for a moment to warn any well-intentioned but not deeply-instructed antagonist against rashly venturing on the refutation of this metaphysical problem. Bishop Butler* has shown them already the only mode, in which the doctrine of necessity, and materialism as connected with necessity, can be safely met. It is by denying, not the minor premiss, 'that man's agency depends on organisation,' but the major, 'that he is therefore irresponsible,' that the argument, if argument is ever to be tolerated, must be conducted. It is one of the great mysteries of our being, that we are most intimately connected with an external creation, with the machines of our bodies as well as with the other detached parts of the material world. It is a mystery, involved essentially in the very fact of a creation—for a creation without laws to guide it, rendering it dependent on the Creator, is incomprehensible, perhaps impossible. And whatever be the degree of our dependence upon a material organization without us, there is evidence of it to some extent,—sufficient to embarrass the metaphysical discussion.

And why should we wish to escape from the fact, when Christianity itself, beyond any other system, has declared the close communion of mind and body, and made the resurrection of the body a very article of faith? But besides this, Socialism is not dealing with it blindly. It has at its back Locke and the sensualists, and Marat and the materialist philosophers of the French revolution; and materialist physicians and metaphysicians of our own times; and the Scotch school, who have been urging us so long to analyse our mental movements, just as we analyse the physical world; and, above all, it has the phrenologists, who have done Socialism admirable service, as a link-boy to a hangman's cart. Let it therefore be remembered that this question of external organisation and influence has nothing in the world to do with the real object, for which its advocates support it, the irresponsibility of man. As Butler admirably shows, human responsibility, whether right or wrong, just or unjust—of which

* Analogy, c. 6.

points, in our present defective knowledge, we cannot be competent judges—is a fact of experience. Whether or not it ought to co-exist with a dependence on external circumstances, we know that it does and will exist. We are punished, we are blamed, censured and rewarded, liked and disliked, hated and loved, are thought good or bad, and must take the consequences of such opinions of our characters, however those characters are formed. So long as society has power, they will punish a murderer, whether he is influenced by his brain or not. So long as we have heart and head, we shall like one man more than another; shall approve such actions, and disapprove such others; shall follow up our likings and dislikings by acts of kindness or severity. Till man is disembowelled of his affections, till the works of his mechanism are taken out of him, he must feel and must act upon a distinction between good and evil. And Mr. Owen himself, whatever are his hopes of the millennium, when either men's likings and dislikings of moral actions shall cease altogether, or shall cease to influence their actions, as now he declares they do, has not yet exhibited any specimen of this anticipated phenomenon. He does himself praise and dispraise in very strong language; and though he acknowledges that he ought not to follow up his sentiments by any overt act, he does meditate an entire destruction of the characters, and opinions, and moral practices, which he so strongly detests. That in so doing he will cause considerable pain and inconvenience to those who adhere to the *old moral world* in preference to the *new* cannot be doubted; that he will justify his conduct by referring to the evil character of his antagonists' proceedings is equally clear; and also, that he will consider himself perfectly at liberty to deal with them according to their actions. Whether such dealings will be just or not is a question into which he will not presume to enter. Mr. Owen himself declares they will be most unjust, for our actions to men ought in no way to be influenced by considerations of merit or demerit, good or evil: but that the dealings themselves will take place, we should be quite convinced, even without his repeated assertions that his whole system is founded with this object.

And here again it is singular to see how the infidel, in blaspheming Christian-

ity, is compelled to adopt the very system which he condemns, omitting only those portions which make it practicable. We had thought that the Almighty Author of Christianity had, 1800 years ago, come down upon the earth, proclaiming the same melancholy fact of man's subjection to an external power, which, by himself, he was unable to control—speaking of him as 'a captive,' as 'in prison,' as 'unable to get out,' as 'fast bound in misery and iron,' as 'the slave of his flesh, and of the prince of this world and of darkness.' It was not left for the nineteenth century to make such a discovery. No good or wise man ever lived, who did not feel and groan over his state of bondage here upon earth; and the very essence of vice is the omission of efforts to be free. But, of old, man also recognised within himself, not only his chains and fetters, but a spirit struggling to escape, an eye turned up to heaven, looking longingly for release; a voice crying for assistance, and catching at any sound which promised aid: this fact the new Folly has forgotten. Man is with it a slave, and a slave he is to remain, contentedly and inextricably—only society is to mould and form him anew, so as to prevent him from feeling his fetters. How society itself is ever to become emancipated from the influence of the old system—how the darkness in which we have been living could ever produce light, it is omitted to explain. If external impressions generate corresponding internal sensations, and those sensations again by necessity generate corresponding external acts, and these acts again generate more similar sensations, how in the world are we to escape from this never ending circle? By some singular good luck the poor vain old man who has been dreaming of a new world, imagines that he has escaped from the fatality; and, like Epicurus' atoms, has struck out of the tram-road to originate an entirely new course. His ignorance is only equal to his conceit. His lamentations over the present state of man, his desire of something better, a great part of the improvement, which he meditates, are nothing but the hackneyed principles, on which every scheme of philosophy, religion, and society has been instituted since the world began. The only parts which can claim to be novelties, are no novelties in Newgate or in Bedlam. Few fanatics have risen up either in religion or in politics, without promising a *new moral world*, though few have hitherto dreamed

of accomplishing it by such means as his, without it being necessary to commit them to the care either of a gaoler or a keeper. He is claiming by his own confession a miraculous power, a power to interrupt the course of necessity, to make, first, society and then man entirely different from what the laws of his nature must make him by the Socialist's own confession. And that such a power has been sent into the world, and is working in the world at this moment, Christians well know, and that the end will be in time a new moral world—a wholly new creation—where men will neither hate, nor covet, nor censure, nor punish, nor fear poverty, or famine, or sickness; when they shall have all things in common, and all things beyond the utmost abundance of their desires. But then neither will they be sensual, nor blasphemous, nor passive slaves of sense, nor criminals, nor atheists, nor selfish and self indulgent, nor vicious in any other form, which Mr. Owen hopes to reconcile with the bliss of his promised millennium.

There were unhappy heretics in the first centuries of the Church, who claimed the same power with him of establishing a New Moral World, but claimed it as messengers from heaven, as supernaturally inspired, wanting only one thing—credentials, in the shape of miracles, to attest their mission. Then came others, who would work the same wonder by an usurpation in the name of the Church. The founders of the religious orders were prophets of a New Moral World—all enemies to covetousness—all forbidders of marriage—all declared reformers of the existing evils of society. Then came a third body, the friars and the jesuits. They also would form a New Moral World; and some shadow of authority they possessed in the assumed supremacy of the Pope, to whom they professed to subject it. On them followed Anabaptists, and Brownists, and Fifth Monarchy men, and all the other enthusiasts who set to work to reform the Church, that is, to establish a New Moral World, without reference to precedent or law, as individual Christians only. But even they claimed divine illumination. And then we had politicians, with their new codes of laws and new theories of civil government, backed by the House of Commons and the headsman who decapitated their sovereign. And lastly came philosophers of science—men who would extirpate all

abuses from the face of the earth—and make their fellow-creatures virtuous and happy by knowledge—by mechanics' institutes, and penny magazines, and a board of education, and lectures at the London University—by teaching men that a cat is not a dog, that A is not B, that it takes so many inches to go round the earth, and so many more to go round the sun; that Romans once lived at Rome, and Greeks at Athens—that twenty and twenty make forty—that if you swallow arsenic, it will poison you—and if you plant acorns, they will certainly grow, and grow with their roots downwards and their boughs up in the air. These men had their miracles likewise—their steam-engines, and railways, and printing-presses, and calculating machines, and iron animals, which did man service, and made his clothes and ground his corn, like Homer's tripods. Such things they hailed as miracles, for the very reason that they were not miracles; that they were explicable by man's power to combine the laws of nature—while with the same mouth they denied the existence of any miracle whatever, which they could not by experience discover to be none at all.

And now, a fit conclusion! as if, having cast off the Church, and every semblance of a Church, and religion, and law, and statesmanship, and all philosophy but sense, one after the other, the human mind was now ready to believe any thing, however gross, there comes a man without any credentials whatever, with a denial of all authority, either original or delegated, boasting himself 'a passive machine in the hands of fate,' a selfish, interested, solitary, unsupported propagator of a system yet unheard of in the world, and holding out only four nostrums as a panacea for all the ills of life—atheism, divorce, infanticide, and the destruction of master manufacturers;—and hundreds are found to follow him—not miserable starving beggars, or gentlemen, whose organisation has developed itself in the shape of pickpockets or rioters, but what are called educated men—educated as the nineteenth century educates her children, to read and write—men who can translate French, and write grammatically, and quote the Bible—who have been head-clerks in counting-houses, teachers in Sunday schools, small surgeons, notaries public, middling shopkeepers, 'enlightened mechanics,' and even (it is a fact) persons who can afford

to subscribe thousands for the propagation of this new mania.

Surely in all this, if we wanted such an evidence—if the state of the country did not show it on all other sides alike—there is proof of a judicial blindness falling on an age which calls itself wise—whose sins are remaining on it, because, with thick darkness on its sight, it says that it can see. Surely if our hands are powerless to quell the nuisance—if we dare not touch it, lest its stench should break out further and poison the land—what must be our own weakness, and the surrounding corruption? What is to become of a nation whose faith is so sickly that blasphemy, in the most silly of forms, is likely to overthrow it? Where are the powers of government, if it cannot, or dare not, punish what it professes to believe a hideous crime? What has become of public opinion—of that voice, which legislatures and judges, and priests, and kings, are appointed to sound trumpet-tongued throughout the land, proclaiming truth and goodness to a people, if it cannot speak without ruining what it is appointed to guard? If a dead beetle, or any other noxious thing, is found in a nest of ants, they do not carelessly proceed with their work, as if, by letting it remain, they would not ultimately be poisoned. They carry it away piecemeal, cover it up, destroy it, and never rest till it is destroyed, by the instinct which God has given them. And in the midst of this great country there is an organised society for the propagation of blasphemy and atheism; of maxims which destroy the very moral existence of man, and of foulnesses which cannot be written of—and yet this offensive carrion is to remain among us untouched—and swell in its putrescence, poisoning and defiling all around it! Is it because it is no nuisance, and blasphemy no crime—or because Englishmen are so seared in conscience that they would revenge its punishment as persecution?

For this, let us remember, is the real character of the nuisance. As a politico-economical speculation, Socialism has always failed, and always must fail. It is absurd, but it is comparatively innocent. Anything, which would put an end to the flagitious corruptions of our present manufacturing system—which would extinguish covetousness—which would prevent the accumulation of capital in a few hands and distribute it among many—raising the mechanic from a mere

drudge to comfort and independence—would indeed be a boon to the world. No Christian quarrels with this end—he only wonders, first, that man in his senses should think to accomplish it by the agency of joint-stock societies, uncontrolled by a higher and better power than their own; and, secondly, that the Church itself is not forming plans for some such institution under her own eye. But this politico-economical character is only the mask, under which the Owen sect has enrolled and legalised itself in the eye of the statutes. Mr. Tidd Pratt, they boast, has inspected their rules, and announced that they contain nothing contrary to the law. Surely we may observe, by the by, this law* should be looked at. It was not of old the practice to allow societies to shoot up like mushrooms in the heart of the state, subject to no visitation, and especially with such objects as the following:—

'The object of this Society shall be to raise funds for mutual assistance, maintenance, and education, which funds shall be applied for the purchase or rental of land, whereon to erect suitable dwellings, and other buildings; wherein the members shall, by united labour, support each other, and arrange the powers of production, distribution, consumption, and education, so as to produce among the members feelings of pure charity and social affection for each other, and practically plant the standard of "peace and good will on earth," towards all men.'

—*Rules*, p. 11.

Where was the careless statesman who framed so lax a statute, under which a body of blasphemers, with nearly the very same watchword as that of the French Revolution, could enroll themselves in an organised form under the sanction of Mr. Tidd Pratt, and then defy the law?

'It was,' said the Bishop of Exeter, 'not merely an English society. No; it was an universal society. It professed its determination to extend itself all over the world; but at present he believed it had not gone beyond France. At this moment its influence was felt in England, perhaps he should rather say in the British isles, to a very great extent. According to its code, Great Britain was divided into fourteen principal districts. A congress met annually which assumed to itself a legislative power for directing the whole proceedings of the general body. The congress assembled, he believed, at different points in different years. Two delegates were sent from all the places where there were charter branches of the society, not amounting to less than sixty-one. There was besides an executive body—the Central Court. He did not know how often that met: but he believed it was in a constant state and capacity of meeting. That body superintended

the formation of associations throughout the land, and appointed missionaries to each of the fourteen districts into which the United Kingdom was divided by the society. There were no fewer than 350 towns regularly visited by those missionaries. Very small sums were individually contributed for their support. Twopence, threepence, and even less, was contributed by each member. But such was their number, that the subscription afforded those missionaries not less than 30s. per week, which, with other incidental advantages, made the situation a matter of importance to persons in their situation of life.—*Speech*, p. 3.

These missionaries attend public meetings of all kinds for the purpose of obtruding their views; 350 places are already exposed to their pollutions, and upwards of 100,000 members are reckoned among their hearers. Their blasphemies themselves have been already exposed in the Bishop of Exeter's Speech, and we may spare our readers the pain of quoting them; but the fundamental axiom which they put forth is the denial of a God, and of a future state, and this is stated broadly and nakedly, without equivocation, or any philosophical envelopment. In the case of lectures against their system, they anxiously promote discussion. They make regular reports of their progress, distribute an immense number of tracts, (our table at this moment is covered with them,) cheap, not ungrammatically written; some veiled in something like philosophical language, others putting forward blasphemy and infidelity in the grossest form. They are men conceited, pragmatical, and busy, who have had a half-and-half education, and some experience perhaps in organizing other local societies; the very class, let us remind the Church, who would have been made her most efficacious agents in disseminating truth among the poor, had they been taken up by a perfect Church system, and educated properly through a sound organization of middle schools; and one thing is especially to be observed, that, as they act as individuals, they are enabled to put forth the secret opinions of the society in the boldest shape, without compromising the society itself.

This propagation of blasphemy was no part of Mr. Owen's original proposition. It is an afterthought, but, like many other afterthoughts, it seems to have swallowed up the original intention. Mr. Owen commenced *only with excluding religion under the pretence of admitting all*. It was the fault which Mr. Southey found with him. And it would have been happy if that distinguished man had been induced, by such a deficiency, to abstain from any

panegyric on the person, of whose scheme it formed a feature. But when a man is to be condemned, or punished, and held up to scorn in the most efficacious way, we exclude him from society, we send him to Coventry. And so it is with the exclusion of positive religion from any place where, naturally and properly, it may hold a station. No blasphemy so effectually condemns it.

What, then, are the doctrines of this 'rational religion?' Atheism. Assuredly not. Atheism is as much an impossibility as the disbelief of one's own existence; for no man can be conscious that he exists himself without being conscious also that something else exists beyond him, to which he must conform himself—which is a power beyond and above him—and of which he will make his God. And yet Atheism is its profession, the material world being all the while its God:—

'We have been requested to state our opinion respecting that, at present, to us, mysterious Power, "which directs the atom, and controls the aggregate of nature."

"We reply, *That human knowledge is not sufficiently advanced to enable us to state upon this subject, more than probable conjectures, derived from those laws of nature which have been made known to us.*

'From these laws we deduce the following conjectures, as probable truths:

'1st. That an eternal, uncaused Existence has ever filled the universe, and is, therefore, omnipresent.

'2d. That this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent Existence possesses attributes to "direct the atom and control the aggregate of nature;" in other words, to govern the universe as it is governed.

'3d. That these attributes, being eternal and infinite, are incomprehensible to man.

'4th. That these eternal and infinite attributes are, probably, those laws of nature by which, at all times, in all places, the operations of the universe are incessantly continued.

'5th. That it is of no importance by what name men call this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent existence, because such names alter nothing, explain nothing; and man knows the forms and qualities of those existences around him only so far as his senses have been made to perceive them.

'6th. That, if this Power had desired to make the nature of its existence known to man, it would have enabled him to comprehend it without mystery or doubt.

'7th. That, as this knowledge has not yet been given to or acquired by man, it is not essential to his well-being and happiness.

'8th. That man is formed to be what he is by this Power; and that the object of his existence is the attainment of happiness.

'9th. That the Power which made man cannot ever, in the slightest iota, be changed in its eternal course, by the request or prayer of so small and insignificant a being as man is, when compared with the universe and its operations.

'10th. That all dissensions among men, on these mere speculative matters, are the greatest mistakes

that man has ever made, and are now the most formidable obstacles to his attainment of happiness—the ultimate object of his nature.

‘11th. That, for the convenience of discourse, it is necessary that some concise term should be adopted, by which to designate this eternal, uncaused, omnipresent Power; and that the term God is, perhaps, as unexceptionable for this purpose as any one word that can be employed; and it has the additional recommendation of general use in its favour.

‘12th. That, therefore, this eternal, uncaused, infinite, incomprehensible Power, will probably be called God in the Millennium.

‘The next question which has been asked is, What is the whole duty of man to this Power?

‘We reply, *That the whole duty of man is to attain the object of his existence; which is, to be happy himself, to make his fellow-beings happy, and to endeavour to make the existence of all that are formed to feel pleasure and pain, as delightful as his knowledge and power, and their nature, will admit.*

‘“What!” will the superstitious and irrational exclaim, “no compulsory, or state religion—no forms and ceremonies—no temples—no prayers—no gloom—no mortification of the flesh or spirit—no anger on account of religious differences—no religious persecution? What! friendship, and kindness, and charity for Jew and Gentile? What! nothing to be done by man for the glory of God, but to make himself and all other living beings as happy as possible? This is downright blasphemy and infidelity!”

‘Yes, this is what men trained according to the notions of the old immoral world think and say; it is the language of insanity and madness; and, as men have hitherto been trained to be insane or mad, it is natural for them thus to feel and express themselves.

‘But in the Millennium state, to produce happiness will be the only religion of man; and the worship of God will consist in the practice of active benevolence and useful industry; in the acquisition of knowledge, in uniformly speaking the language of truth, and in the expression of the joyous feelings which a life in accordance with nature and truth is sure to produce.

‘Thus will a religion be established which will offend no sensible man, be adopted first by the intelligent and rational of all sects, in all countries, and afterwards by the human race, when it shall become one nation and one people, having one language and one interest, and when Truth, or the “knowledge of the Lord, shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.”—*Robert Owen's New Moral World*, vol. ii. No. 5.

If the miserable man who wrote this trash knew anything of that mighty Nature, whose laws he dares to speak of, the very first thing which he would be compelled to recognise is, that he is placed from his birth in a covenant with it. Why will he not thrust his hand into the fire? Because the fire declares that, if he does, it will burn him. Why will he not attempt to walk upon the water? Because the water threatens to drown him. And yet the fire will warm, and the water will refresh him, if he will learn their nature and submit to their laws. Ay, and these stern inexorable elements, which can thus

destroy him in a moment—without whose ministering aid his life cannot subsist for a day—which, when he disobeys or neglects them, break loose to ravage cities and swallow up navies, are yet, to those who will obey them, who will recur to mediating powers which they submit to, as docile and as flexible as infants. Who shall dare to say that the Spirit, which made man, cannot be bent by prayers of man, when the hard and senseless matter, which He has placed against us like a rock, becomes yielding as water to the hand, when we have learned and conformed ourselves to the mediations which He has appointed? And what is the first thing which this poor worshipper of Nature will have to learn? A creed, a formula of faith, describing the laws of Nature, its attributes, its mysteries—for mysteries they must be before they have been reduced to his own personal experiences. And is this creed a short or easy one? No, it contains the whole code of every branch of physical science. And is it of little consequence? Will it bear to be trifled with? Will it be punctilious and scrupulous in exacting a most rigid conformity, even to an iota of the truth, under penalty of entire destruction? What does this rational religionist say to the damnatary clauses in that Athanasian creed of nature, according to which he believes, that a spark dropped in a powder-magazine—a mere spark, dropped carelessly, doubtfully, ignorantly, will explode it as well as a conflagration—by which a pin’s head of deviation from the right line will hurl a man over a precipice—by which a touch will spread a plague through a nation as well as universal contact? These creeds, therefore, are to be learned by him at his peril. And learned how? He answers, by experience. By experience! What will become of the child, who is to learn the suffocating law of water by running into it; and the universality of that law by running into it always!—who must not abstain from putting his finger into the candle, until after a valid number of experiments—who must taste and empty all the bottles in his mother’s medicine-chest, before he is convinced that they are poisons? Mr. Owen, of whose sanity the Bishop of Exeter may well doubt, and wish to doubt, founds all knowledge on experience; and experience, we think, will inform him, if nothing better has done so before, that it is wisest, and safest, and most usual, to learn our creeds of Nature from

the testimony of men—to begin with taking Newton's word for the movement of the planets—to consult Dr. Buckland when we are boring for coal—to go to Sir Henry Halford or Sir Astley Cooper if we require to know the mode by which a fever is to be quenched, or a bone set. Experience, we think, would tell him that testimony—the testimony of man—testimony, not so much to opinion, but to facts—is the very sheet-anchor of our existence, the guide of our actions, the record of the past, the light of the future, the criterion of truth, the foundation of belief. What right has Mr. Owen, or Mr. Anybody, to advise, or rebuke, or form plans, or propagate opinions, except on the validity of testimony? And therefore, when he stands before the Power of Nature, and asks how to discover its laws, the first warning of that Power is, that he look carefully to testimony—consult those who have studied it before, to whom it has revealed itself already. And where are they to be found? Has that same Power left him without such witnesses and guides? How came he to be born with parents? How is it that the very presence of a fellow-man is a warning to him, and a teacher? *Qui habet comitem, habet magistrum.* How is it that he is born into a state of society under kings, magistrates, legislators, and tutors, whose interest and duty it is to testify to him his own interest and duty? No, Nature has not left this need of man unprovided for. She has given him a cloud of witnesses to her material laws; founded a Church of science, as well as of religion, appointed a hierarchy, established a line of tradition through which we become acquainted with her physical truths. And what is the first truth which they witness? It is, that they have received from past generations—and they prove that it has been received by a concurrence of independent witnesses—a fact; a fact, as much a matter of experience to the senses as the gravitation of a stone or the flowing of water; a fact relating to that very Nature, of which it is our bounden interest to understand the whole constitution—which warns us in the most threatening accents not to omit the slightest iota in our judgment of its history and truths; not to make the least mistake in our conduct respecting it, for fear it should turn upon us and destroy us, and not to be guided in our judgment by the evidence of our senses only.

This fact is the following:—that, at a

certain period in the history of man, this fabric of the material world, which now stands before us as our stern and absolute master, beyond which we see no other, did fall down and worship a Being, whom by every act of submission it owned for itself, and pointed out to us, as its Lord and Master. Air and water, trees and animals, man and beast, spirit and matter, life and death, each and all acknowledged in Him that empire and claim to our allegiance, which, if paid to themselves, is idolatry. It is a fact in physical science. This testimony of Nature to the supremacy of Him, who sent us His Gospel, is as strong and as unerring—nay, infinitely stronger, and supported by infinitely better witnesses, than any the most simple facts of physical science on the knowledge of which our life depends, none of which have been maintained by thousands at the sacrifice of life—none formally embodied in the rituals and creeds of a Catholic Church—none handed down and accepted by generations after generations, as tried, certain, invariable, eternal truths. And if men choose to set such testimony aside, they must do it at their peril—just as, at the peril of their lives, they would swallow arsenic in defiance of their physician, or sit upon the valve of a steam-engine when warned that it would certainly explode.

And this brings us to the great question, how is this atrocious system to be combated? The first person to look to is the State—the Crown, whom the Bishop of Exeter most wisely admonished of its duty by reading the Queen's solemn pledge on her first entrance on the throne. These are times when it cannot be brought forward too publicly:—

Victoria Regina.—We, most seriously and religiously considering that it is an indispensable duty on us to be careful, *above all other things*, to preserve and advance the honour and service of Almighty God, and to discourage and suppress all vice, profaneness, debauchery, and immorality, which are so highly displeasing to God, so great a reproach to religion and government, and (by means of the frequent ill examples of the practices thereof) have so fatal a tendency to the corruption of our loving subjects, otherwise religiously and virtuously disposed, and which, if not timely remedied, may justly draw down the Divine vengeance on us and our kingdom; we also humbly acknowledging that we cannot expect the blessing and goodness of Almighty God (by whom Kings and Queens reign, and on whom we entirely rely) to make our reign happy and prosperous to ourselves and our people, without a religious observance of God's holy laws—to the intent, therefore, that religion, piety, and good manners may (according to our most hearty desire) flourish and increase under our administration and government, we have thought fit, by the

advice of our Privy Council, to issue this our royal Proclamation, and do hereby declare, &c.; and we do expect and require that all persons of honour, or in place of authority, will give good example by their own virtue and piety, and to their utmost contribute to the discountenancing persons of dissolute and debauched lives, &c.: and for the more effectual reforming all such persons, who, by reason of their dissolute lives and conversations, are a scandal to our kingdom, our further pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command all our judges, mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and all our other officers and ministers, both ecclesiastical and civil, and all other our subjects whom it may concern, to be very vigilant and strict in the discovery and the effectual prosecution and punishment of all persons who shall be guilty of excessive drinking, blasphemy, profane swearing and cursing, lewdness, profanation of the Lord's day, and other dissolute, immoral, or disorderly practices.*

Now, either this is a mere farce and mockery—or the blasphemies of the Socialists are not profane—or some great change has come over the principles of government since this proclamation was made;—without one or other of these alternatives the government cannot escape from prosecuting these wretched men. Their meetings are open, their tracts publicly dispersed, their books avowed. If there is any law in the land, or any power of enforcing it, here is the occasion. If this be omitted, what other crime shall we ever attempt to punish, the moment it has become common, and organised itself in a society? If a set of murderers had formed a congress at Birmingham, would the government prosecute them, or say, that to prosecute a murderer only encouraged murder, only brought him into notice? Yet murder is mainly injury to man—blasphemy is insult to God—and murder of the worst kind—of man's spirit as well as of his body.

Let it be remembered, that the great duty of a government is to assert its own principles; to put forth its own moral character; to warn its subjects against evil. When this has been done, the rest must be left to God. There may indeed be cases, in which it may be necessary to seem not to see an evil, and when, as not seeing, we compromise no principle by abstaining from punishing: the Bishop of Exeter well distinguished between cases of sedition and cases of blasphemy; in the former of which political considerations might at times be allowed to suspend prosecution. But an organised body, for the propagation of blasphemy, numbering 100,000 members, and 350 places within its reach, and 61 chartered societies in connection with it, is rather too

large an object to escape the eye even of the most somnolent of ministers:—the Bishop of Exeter did not drag the thing before them, until the public had been compelled to see it; and compelled to ask the question, whether or not the government of this country deemed blasphemy a crime punishable, and which they were resolved to punish, by the laws of the land. Let the answer be given boldly, and the blasphemy will soon disappear. Already the dread of prosecution has checked its openness.

But beside the supreme government much may be done by its representatives among the educated classes of society. A little tract, published, we see, at Romsey, is very short but very sensible:—

* *Mr. Trueman (walking in his garden) stops before the border where Tom Moore is digging.*

* *Mr. T.—How much do I owe you for wages, Tom?*

* *Tom.—'Tis just a week's, sir.*

* *Mr. T.—There!—Take your money.—Is it right?*

* *Tom.—Yes, sir!*

* *Mr. T.—Now, then, put down your tools, and go off my premises directly.*

* *Tom.—Why? What have I done, Sir, to be turned off in this way?*

* *Mr. T.—You have disobeyed my orders and advice, by going to hear the Socialists "discourse," both last Sunday and the Sunday before—that is what you have done.'*

Let us not hear of persecution. Persecution is a hard word, but punishment is not persecution; and vice must be punished, and ignorance warned, and truth proclaimed—and no way of doing this is so easy and effectual as the course recommended here with the lower orders, and a similar course, that of expulsion from society, with all others. They have set a mark upon themselves; it is our business to avoid them, lest we should be swallowed up in their condemnation.

If there are persons who, as not being connected with the Church, or not interested in the suppression of blasphemy as a matter of religion, are willing to overlook it, we recommend to them some other considerations more nearly affecting their pockets. Even Locke allows* that 'those are not at all to be tolerated who deny the being of God. Promises, covenants, and oaths, which are the bonds of human society, can have no hold upon an atheist. The taking away of God, though but even in thought, dissolves all.' We beg to ask

* 1st Letter on Toleration, p. 47.

them how they like the following application of the non-responsibility doctrine—and which has been publicly applied in the Socialist meetings even to the murderer of Lord Norbury, and to Messrs. Frost and Williams :—

'A "WORD IN SEASON" TO JURORS.

'[Under the present distressed circumstances of the operative classes, when the influences which surround them are of a nature to stimulate them to actions—conventionally named crimes—it seems peculiarly appropriate to republish the following paper; we recommend the reasoning it contains to the serious attention of all whose position may place them in the jury-box.—Ed.]

'OBJECTIONS to convict for offences having their origin in misgovernment and the vicious influences or arrangements which confessedly exist, but of which society, and those who administer the laws, are either ignorant or powerless to counteract and remove—convictions that lead to punishments which all experience proves inefficient to repress crime, or to reclaim criminals—presented to the Commissioners at the Old Bailey, November 27th, &c. &c. &c.

The following recommendation, quoted with the highest applause from Mr. Shelley's *Queen Mab*, and placed as an appendix to Mr. Robert Owen's *Lectures on Marriage*, may also deserve attention :—

'Chastity is a monkish and evangelical superstition; a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half of the human race to misery, that some few may monopolize according to law. A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.

'I conceive that, from the abolition of marriage, the fit and natural arrangement of sexual connection would result. I by no means assert that the intercourse would be promiscuous: on the contrary, it appears, from the relation of parent to child, that this union is generally of long duration, and marked above all others with generosity and self-devotion. But this is a subject which it is perhaps premature to discuss. That which will result from the abolition of marriage will be natural and right, because choice and change will be exempted from restraint.

'In fact, religion and morality, as they now stand, compose a practical code of misery and servitude: the genius of human happiness must tear every leaf from the accursed book of God ere man can read the inscription on his heart. How would

Morality, dressed up in stiff stays and finery, start from her own disgusting image, should she look in the mirror of nature?

The view encouraged of the middling classes in the minds of the lower orders is also not without instruction. As for kings and lords, they never can expect *these* to be others than tyrants and madmen;—but Mr. Owen's denunciation is more extensive—

'Thus, also, have the middle classes of society, in what are most erroneously called civilized countries, been made, by the existing classification, anything but rational beings.

'The professions, civil and military, the leading merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and tradesmen, are, one and all, systematically trained, by the objects and persons around them, to become deprived of every rational perception, and fit only to occupy one of the larger or smaller cells in our, at present, terrestrial lunatic asylums.

'It is indeed doubtful whether they have yet advanced so far as to admit their best and kindest friends to attempt their cure, without arousing all their angry or irrational feelings. For, hitherto, when their least mentally injured and most disinterested fellow-men have made, at great personal risk, some effort to convince them of some important error, and to show them a valuable truth, these comparatively wise men have uniformly experienced severe persecution, and many of them have suffered death, and some even under the most excruciating tortures.

'These so-called civil professions are real enemies, and most formidable ones too, to the human race. They destroy the minds and morals of all, and materially injure the health of all; they are, in fact, the cause of all the deception and hypocrisy which spoil the human character, and make the earth a pandemonium instead of a terrestrial paradise; a paradise which truth, with the progress already attained in the arts and sciences, would now soon form it to become. The irrationality of these professions will appear the more glaring, when it is called to mind that individuals are taken out of families to be trained to deceive and prey upon the other members of the family; for the priests, lawyers, and medical men, continually deceive and prey upon every other class in society, but especially upon the agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, traders and operatives, who they consider are trained to be their dupes, and are fair game, from whom to make their fortunes.'

But perhaps the following cover, repeated on many of their tracts, will supersede any farther hints. We only beg our readers to observe the medley :—

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We see that two self-constituted societies, called the City of London Mission, and the Christian Instruction Society, have taken, one of them the theatre of the London Mechanics' Institution, and the other a chapel near Red Lion Square, in which courses of lectures have been delivered on the subject, of Socialism. If these are merely lectures, not *discussions*—such as have been rashly undertaken in many parts of the manufacturing districts, to the great triumph and encouragement of the Socialists—the principal thing to be lamented is—that parties should have ventured on the task, who, by their own principles, must be defeated in it; for we observe they are almost exclusively Dissenters; and Owenism, we beg to assure them, is only a species of Dissent.

The lists of these lecturers and their chosen topics are before us; and we must confess ourselves entirely in the dark if they, one and all, mean anything but an appeal to the understanding, to the moral sentiments, to the personal inte-

rests, and the personal experience of each hearer, as the proper standard by which to measure divine truth, and right and wrong. If this be not the standard appealed to, what is it? Is it revealed law?

But the Dissenters must prove the fact of their revelation, and for this they must go to the witness, the historical witness of the church—for its witness not only to the simple fact, but to the definite form of the revelation itself: since a revelation not definite is a contradiction in terms. But throw themselves on this, and what becomes of dissent? If there be this positive witness, why secede from, and set it at naught? And, therefore, dissent dares not grapple with these blasphemies by bringing forward a positive, definite, external, revealed law; and its other standard the blasphemer will gladly accept, for it is the very foundation of his system. We do go by our reason, they will say, and we do not understand Christianity; and, therefore, we reject it. We do act according to our conscience,

and our conscience is shocked at nothing which promises to be useful. We do lay, with you, the greatest stress on morality, on charity, on the absurdity of fixed theological creeds, of established hierarchies. We consult, as you recommend, our own interests, and find it much more agreeable to make a paradise upon earth at once than to struggle on in fearful obedience with the prospect of heaven at a distance. We have read the Bible, as you recommend—the Bible, and the Bible alone—by ourselves;—not carelessly, for the innumerable inconsistencies which we produce in it show we have studied it deliberately. To you it seems inspired, to us not; and who will decide between us? We do agree with you, that marriage is not a rite which requires to be solemnly consecrated by God's appointed ministers: therefore, it is left to man's will—therefore we may do as we like with it, and we think it very inconvenient; and are logical and bold enough to remove the inconvenience without any prudery or false shame. You appeal to the misery of vice. We have no intention to be vicious. We mean to be prudent, and temperate, and amiable—to omit nothing from our catalogue of virtues but that one item of Christianity, on which item you yourselves evidently are quite in the dark, quarrelling with yourselves, and only agreeing in separating from a body, who have authority, which you want, for their belief, and in protesting against its receiving the assistance of the State to make your fellow-creatures Christians. Like you, we have a right to our opinions; and if any of you are now too prejudiced under circumstances to be reformed up to our point, the young, at least, will understand us, and appreciate our proposal for their happiness.

And to this there can be no answer.

But the Church has a very different ground. It must raise up more boldly than ever its historical testimony to the fact of a revelation, and to the definiteness of the revelation itself. Beyond this, it has no concern with minds without its pale. When it has given its witness publicly *'to what it has seen and heard'*, its task is done, and God will do the rest. For those within it, who acknowledge that testimony, and act upon it, it may pour out the whole abundance of its knowledge, to show the reasonableness, and wisdom, and benevolence, and usefulness of the system which, as coming from God, we are bound and glory to

receive, whether we can explain it or not. And we are rejoiced to see that one of the most valuable members whom the Church can boast, Dr. Hook—who is happily stationed at Leeds where the Socialists have fixed their head-quarters—is engaged with a body of his brother clergymen in composing and disseminating some very judicious tracts for this purpose. Few persons have done more for the Church than Dr. Hook; and his view of the mode in which the evil must be met, is worthy of his high reputation. But the very first lesson to be taught to churchmen is to listen to no suggestions, to read no books, to attend no meetings, to abstain from polluting themselves by any communication whatever with infidels and blasphemers. It is the rule laid down in the Church—by the Bible—by common prudence, which prohibits the indulgence of curiosity in tasting poisons, or the attacking an enemy rashly with weapons, which we do not know how to use; and, happily, in this case, there can be nothing to confuse its application, as when poor people are led away to dissenting chapels, under the notion that they only hear the same truths as in the Church. Punishment is the only form by which a Christian can recognise them, and punishment by the law of the land.

If to this the Church could add her own solemn Excommunication, it would be a movement of incalculable importance. Excommunication, even Locke confesses, is no persecution. It is a privilege essential to the very existence of a religious society, indeed of any society. There never was a case in which its reasonableness would be more intelligible, or its duty more obviously imperative. It would act as a solemn warning—convey the denunciations of the Church in a clear and indisputable form to every part of the country. It would remind men of the great truth, that the Church has within her power a fountain of spiritual blessings, which she can open and shut, which she herself trusts in unfeignedly, which she will not permit to be profaned, however others may scorn them. And the first step to make others recognise the existence of a privilege is to exert it ourselves. It would be an act of authority wholly independent of the State. It would also be an act of power, like a city surrounded by enemies, who had gone out and come in at their pleasure, at last rousing itself, and shutting its gates; and the moment the Church begins to show this pow-

er, it will find numbers to rejoice in it, and throw themselves under her protection. Socialism itself is a symptom of the craving now rising on all sides for the development of some realised society out of the present disorganised atoms of our civil and ecclesiastical ruins.

If in the present anomalous state of the law any temporal evil, such as outlawry, followed the excommunication, it would be necessary to clear this away, and let the spiritual punishment stand quite alone. The man, indeed, on whom it fell might laugh at it as a penalty for which he cared nothing; but the church itself would be invigorated and relieved, and animated for fresh exertions; and the clergy, especially, would be saved from one most painful and distressing situation, to which they are now exposed. There is nothing to prevent these blasphemers from bringing a dead body to the church, and compelling the clergyman by the law of the land to read the burial service over it. Even now there are numberless instances, in which the existing state of this law, and the suspension of the act of excommunication, press most anxiously on the minds of the clergy. But what would be the mockery, and triumph, and ridicule, the perplexity of ignorant Christians, the humiliation of the clergyman, the doubt thrown on the reality of all we hear uttered and professed by ministers of God in the most solemn of moments, if a man whose profession it has been to defame the Bible, to insult Christianity, to deny God, to mock at another life, may claim to have his remains accompanied to the grave with the same words of comfort and thanksgiving which are uttered over the body of a Christian! It is scarcely possible to imagine a circumstance which would inflict a more deadly blow on the character of the Church, and on the faith of its members. It may be hoped that the same Providence, which has already roused the heads of the Church to attack the nuisance in the legislature, will save it from this calamity under their own spiritual jurisdiction.

And yet, even if this be done, and if the law succeeds in repressing all overt acts of blasphemy, will the Church be satisfied? Will all be safe? No! most assuredly not! The Church never can be satisfied—religion, and virtue, and obedience, and loyalty never can be free from these outrages, again and again to be repeated, so long as things continue

in their present position. Socialism has not dropped from the clouds, but sprung out of the earth. It is the rank produce of a rank soil, uncultivated and full of poison.

How is it that our manufacturing towns, occupying, as they do, the very vitals of the country, are hot-beds of this profligacy and sedition? First, because they are full of poverty. But poverty will increase and multiply until either some legislative enactment, or the ruin, which sooner or later must fall on unbridled competition, or the growth of manufactures in foreign countries, shall have put limits to our present unbounded market and gambling speculations, and made demand regular, and wages adequate. You may destroy your corn-laws, and with them your agricultural population, and so purchase a short respite from ruin to the master—though none to the workmen—but competition will only advance so much more rapidly, the convulsions of trade become more frequent, the population more alarmingly corrupt. But, if the market is diminished, what is to become of the population created by the present demand? You must provide for them by colonization, both abroad and on our own waste lands. Still there is the influx of Irish labourers. Now there are poor-laws in Ireland, this ought to be stopped. Then rise up the national encumbrances. How is our debt to be paid if our manufactures are curtailed? We answer, that if our manufactures continue as they are, they will in a few years generate a sufficient power to sweep away at one explosion, not only a national debt, but a national constitution, a national religion, a national name. Any amount of debt may be tolerated, if the heart and mind of the people is sound and healthy. None will be safe, if corruption advances as at present.

But who then is to attempt to grapple with this dense mass of population, and throw this chaos into form and order? It must be the Church; without the Church, the State is powerless. It cannot teach, nor guide, nor watch over, nor infuse moral principles, nor communicate, what is greatest of all, that, without which all other things must fail, the supernatural power to resist evil, and work out good—without the church. And never had a Church to perform a task so grand or difficult. Oh, that she would raise herself up to fulfil it as she ought! Oh, that she would look the whole battle in the

face; measure it in its height and breadth; measure her own weakness first, and gather up her arms for the conflict; that, if she did not conquer, at least she might perish nobly. One thing she has provided in abundance, the written word; but bibles alone are powerless. The Socialists have bibles, read them, quote them, and even praise them, in defence of Atheism. Churches she is now adding, and with an energy, if not equal—or anything like equal—to the demand, yet full of comfort for the present, and hope for the future. But churches require preachers; and preachers will produce churches much more easily than churches will produce preachers. We want clergymen—a whole army of clergy, sufficient to act regularly, consistently, efficaciously, on the millions who are dependent upon them. What should we say to a Secretary of State, who proposed to keep the population of London in order by twenty or thirty policemen? What should we think of a schoolmaster who, single-handed, undertook the education of 1000 boys? And yet the moral police, the spiritual education, and in that all the other education of the English people, is in this condition. And why is it thus? Because the Church has no means of sending out more labourers—she is impoverished. And yet in some way or other this miserable blank must be supplied.

We want some bold and master hand to trace out the old outlines of our ecclesiastical polity—not those excrescences added on by Romanism, which only encumbered and pulled down by their own weight the original solid walls, but—all that really belonged to the old Catholic scheme of Christianity; and to lay the foundations anew, or raise a new building on their ruins. Of these the very first part required is a nursery for the clergy. At present we have none. The Universities give general education; and a very imperfect outline (for they cannot do more) of the rudiments of Theology. But we want seminaries, which shall create a body of men, who may be most useful in the Church without having been able to incur the necessary expenses of an University education. For these we must look to our Cathedrals, if the Providence which has hitherto postponed the deadly blow aimed at the Church through them, is continued to preserve them. The Bishops of Chichester, and Bath, and Wells, have already formed

plans of this kind: and the seminaries thus established may be judiciously fed, both from the national schools and the middle schools now forming under diocesan superintendence; so as to draw off from the inferior classes the most gifted and intelligent scholars, raise them to a highly respectable position in society, save them from becoming, as they now become, the half-instructed, half-witted agents of mischief, and bind the classes from which they are taken to the interests of religion, as the Irish poor are attached to their Romanist system, by opening to them an entrance into the highest spiritual offices, from which they are now generally excluded. In this diocesan-education plan, and in the germs of a clerical education-system lying dormant in our cathedral institutions, there are the rudiments of a grand design for rebuilding the walls of the Church, and let us pray that they may be fully developed.

But this is not all. Until we have opened our eyes to the great crying mistake in our present system, no multiplication of clergy will effect much. When the Duke of Wellington was resolved to stand the charge of the enemy's army, or to charge them himself, it was not his practice, we are sure, to spread his troops, soldier by soldier, with spaces of miles between each, over a whole country. No! he threw them into dense columns—into hollow squares; and we must form our clergy into dense columns and hollow squares. We must have colleges of clergy established throughout the land—not monasteries, let us remember—we want no vow of celibacy, no vow of poverty, no self-invented asceticism, no new excrescence in the Church exempted from the discipline of the Bishop;—all these were inventions of man, and they ended, as such inventions obtruded on the plans of God naturally would end, in the crimes of Popery and of the Reformation. But we do want, in our parochial system, collegiate bodies, which may give mutual support to the clergy, which may exhibit to the eyes of the people a permanent, living, moral power in the Church—not subject to the errors, and infirmities, and mutability of individuals—which shall grasp their minds as with a hand, not, as now, attempt it with a little finger, from which the thumb and other fingers have been mutilated. Such bodies, properly organised, would, in the first place, be the best and most appro-

appropriate provision for the additional parochial clergy. They would maintain them at the least expense; confer on them a respectability and dignity which would render them indifferent to smallness of income—enable them to continue their studies—to divide their labours—to bring under their immediate superintendence the many important operations which, to be well performed, must be carried on by the Church herself—such as educating the young, assisting the poor, contriving plans for bettering their condition, not wholly unlike Mr. Owen's, with the one exception of their being systematically religious; and providing refuges and occupations for the many of all classes, who now lie idle and unhappy about our country towns, and dissipated watering-places, with good feelings, and active minds, and small incomes—all ill-employed, but who, under proper training and instruction under such collegiate bodies, might form a most important part of the moral machinery of the Church. Not one of these ends can be accomplished till, as of old, our clergy are stationed in colleges. The Bishop of London, we are rejoiced to hear, has made the first step towards this grand restoration, by an establishment of the kind in one of the worst districts of the metropolis; and he deserves the gratitude of the Church for showing us such an example.

When this has been done, then we shall be able to attack, boldly and successfully, the real root of all this mischief—the self-will of man. Raise up legislators, or witnesses to the laws, whom the people will respect, and you may teach them to respect *law* itself; and until we all have learned, from the highest to the lowest, to respect *law*, Socialism, in some form or other—that is, discontent with the condition in which we live—contempt for the will, and the revelation, and institutions of God—vain, conceited schemes of reformation—mischievous associations for carrying them into practice—shameless defiances of appointments which shackle our self-indulgence—and irrational reasonings on mysteries beyond our reach—this, which is the spirit of Socialism, will continue to prevail among us; and its irruption upon religion, and morality, and society, in the gross naked form in which it has now been laid bare, will only be a question of time.

Lawlessness is our sin and our curse throughout the whole range of society—in our morals as in our politics—in our

philosophy as in religion—in our practice as in theory. We despise antiquity, abhor restraint, recognise no power beyond us, and in the mists of a vague speculation overlook all the limits and warnings, which God, and not mere experience, has raised up to be our guides. It was not so with those great men, to whom we owe our liberties and grandeur; it never was so with any man deserving the name of greatness, or wisdom, or goodness—for man is never great except in submission to law, never wise but when he distrusts himself, never good but when obedience triumphs over self-indulgence. Few things, indeed, so strike a thoughtful mind as the timid, cautious, superstitious delicacy, with which the best of past generations recognised the obligation of *law*. Even when to common eyes its lines were scarcely visible, they seemed to feel them—they moved about with caution, as certain blinded animals avoid by instinct the net spread before them. 'Our polity,' says Bracton,* 'is founded upon usage.' Our common law is governed by precedent; our religion established upon authority; our church system modelled after antiquity; our property perpetuated by inheritance; our government based upon succession; the dearest rights and liberties of Englishmen claimed not as new inventions, but as our ancient and undoubted birthright. We owed everything to our fathers, we trusted nothing to our will.† So men used to think; so they will think again, if Providence has yet in store for us the rescue of this country from destruction;—and they, who would aid in this great work, whether in resistance to Socialism or to any other nuisance, must here take their stand, and teach others to stand likewise. When schemes for man's improvement are imagined, they will test them by the statute-law of a past and adequate experience. When infidelity starts up, they will crush it with the historical fact of an indisputable definite revelation. When nature's laws are outraged, they will support them by the positive commands of God. They will not hope for any Millennium in the future, which is to begin by overturning the past and mocking the present.

* Cum autem fore in omnibus regionibus utantur legibus et jure scripto, sola Anglia usa est in suis finibus jure non scripto et consuetudine.—Bracton, lib. i. c. 1.

† See Burke, French Revolution, quarto edition, p. 57.

They will not be afraid of that prejudice of antiquity 'which makes a man's virtue his habit, and his duty a part of his nature.* They will not cut off that chain of association, which links them to the whole human race, to all that have been, and all that are to come, by a mutual responsibility and dependence—which gives them their partnership in society, not in the perishable atoms of the day, but in the one eternal system which holds all generations together—'a partnership in all science—a partnership in all art—a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection.† They will not act as if they were 'masters of their possession in the state—not cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the fabric of their society, hazarding to leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of an habitation, and teaching these successors as little to respect their contrivances as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers.‡ They will be quiet instead of restless, humble instead of ignorant, willing to learn, and cautious to teach; as tolerant of conscientious error as they are firm in condemning the error, and zealous in enlightening the conscience. They will never dream of 'beginning reformation by subversion'—of sacrificing justice to indulge benevolence—as if any benevolence could exist apart from order, and one man could possibly be benefited by the injury of another. They will venerate the doctrines of their religion and the constitution of their country; not as a bundle of statutes, worm-eaten and illegible, which any hand may cast behind the fire, or scrawl over with visionary projects; but as a body of imperishable truths above and beyond all temporary edicts—which were spoken by the mouth of God or written in the heart of man long before Englishmen existed; which, to the envy of the world, our forefathers embodied in their practice *because* they came from God; which they clung to in every Revolution, and chained down the State upon them—so that neither in war nor peace, nor in the usurpation of kings, nor superstitions of popes, nor popular madness, nor the downfall of dynasties, nor vicissitudes of fortunes, not even in the heat of successful resistance to oppression, did they let loose the polity of their country or the faith of their Church,

to be carried up recklessly into the air, and torn about by every wind of heaven. They will live by *law*—a law external to themselves; law over their consciences, law over their actions, law to temper their feelings, law to guide their belief. They will deem it neither shame nor hurt to a reasoning being, nothing perilous to man's welfare or derogatory to his freedom, to have that for a counsellor and rule, which is the rule of God himself; the golden chain, which holds creation in its place, by which the seas know their bounds, and the stars roll in their courses,

'And the eternal heavens are fresh and strong;'[•] which alone raises man from the earth, and gives energy to his acts, constancy to his will, immutability to his knowledge, safety to his weakness;—to recognise it in the humblest of its forms—as men of a holy nature knew God, who is the Author of law, even in the degradation of humanity—and as wisdom can trace it still as much in the whirling of a leaf as in the revolution of a planet;—to live with it gratefully, and humbly, as her 'whose seat is in the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world; to whom all things in heaven and earth do homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power, whom angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort, yet all with uniform consent, admire as the mother of their peace and joy.†

ART. VII.—*Primitia et Reliquia*. pp. 77.
London. 1840.

THIS is a very interesting little volume, which an elegant and *Ciceronian* dedication '*Viro eximio Henrico Brougham Amico suo dilectissimo*,' informs us is the production of Lord Wellesley. His lordship's reputation as a statesman is known to all the world: amongst his friends and contemporaries he was distinguished as an accomplished scholar; and his recently published dispatches, and, short as it is, that beautiful biographical sketch of Mr. Pitt, with which we were permitted to enrich a former number,‡ had proved him an eloquent master of English composition; but we were not,

* See Burke, French Revolution, quarto edition, p. 124.

† Ibid, p. 136.

‡ Ibid, p. 134.

• Wordsworth, Ode to Duty.

† Hooker, b. 1.

‡ Quarterly Review, vol. lvi.

before this publication, fully aware of the success with which he had cultivated in his youth, and has improved in his age, an exquisite taste in classical and English versification, and how high it might have been his lot—

—inter amabiles
Vatum ponere se choros—

if he had not been called to the graver duties of the Senate and the Cabinet—

'Lost, lost too soon, in yonder House or Hall—
There truant Wyndham every muse gave o'er;
There Talbot sank, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid Murray was our boast;
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!'

We hear and read every day grievous lamentations of the utter inadequacy—particularly for the *business of the world*—of the system of education pursued in our great schools; much virtuous indignation against *longs and shorts*; and a deal of *nonsense prose* against the futility of *nonsense verses*. We are not now going to enter into the details of that question; but the occasion obliges us to say that, if the tree is to be judged by its fruits—a test which is peculiarly applicable to schools—Eton, Westminster, Winchester, and Harrow—with all their enormities of *hexameters and pentameters, choriambics, and hypercatalectics*—have turned out such men—in *all the walks of life*—as no strictly utilitarian seminary has ever equalled, or we believe ever will. Let us take, for instance, that class of men to which Lord Wellesley belongs. What affairs of life can have less relation to *dactyls and spondees* than the duties of a practical statesman and the complex arts of governing mankind?—yet our greatest political leaders have ranked amongst our best scholars. To go no farther back than Mr. Pulteney—who is suggested to us by Pope's testimony—we know that he and his great antagonist, Sir Robert Walpole, two as *practical* men of the world as the world ever produced, were both scholars—Sir Robert a distinguished Etonian—Pulteney a Westminster—and so eminent that, on his removal to Christ Church, he was selected to pronounce the oration to Queen Anne on her visit to the university. At the close of twenty years of political struggle, in which they exhibited such an admirable variety and extent of practical knowledge, the last personal contest between the two great rivals—in the very crisis of their fate as public

men—was about the reading of a line in Horace. Walpole had concluded a brave vindication of himself and his quarter-of-a-century of administration by professing,—

'Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa'—

'Nulla pallescere culpa,' interrupted Pulteney; and while the House was dividing on the fate of the minister, a bet of a guinea was to decide the grammatical controversy. Hardinge,* the clerk of the House—a superior man of business, though a scholar—decided for Pulteney, who, when Walpole good-humouredly threw him the guinea, held it up, and exclaimed 'that it was the first public money he had touched for a long time,* and should be the last.'

We need hardly remind our readers of the *all-accomplished* Chesterfield, who deserves that designation at least as well as Bolingbroke himself, and who in after life ridiculed his own *early pedantry*, as he called it, without considering how much he might have owed to it. Their bold and able contemporary, Lord Granville, was a first-rate classical scholar—a patron of learning—who, if he had not been a patron, would have deserved to be patronised.† The great Lord Chatham has left us specimens of Latin and English verse; Lord North was an elegant scholar; Lord Grenville a profound one. Mr. Fox was a contributor to the *Musa Etonenses*, and understood Demosthenes even better than he imitated him, and in his retirement beat Gilbert Wakefield at his own weapons, in criticism and philology. Mr. Pitt was, in the opinion of an eminent Greek scholar, 'the best Greek scholar that he had ever conversed with;' and we suspect that Mr. Fox would have found him as powerful an antagonist on a text of the *Philippics*, as on the Regency question. We know not that any of his juvenile exercises have been preserved; but he con-

* The great-grandfather of Sir Henry Hardinge.

† He had been in office in the reign of George I.

‡ Swift records with his peculiar humour, the scholarship of Lord Granville—"His Excellency, the present Lord Lieutenant, was educated in the University of Oxford, [Christ Church College, to which he removed from Westminster,] from whence, with a singularity scarce to be justified, he carried away more Greek, Latin, and philosophy, than properly became a man of his rank; indeed, much more of each than most of those who are forced to live by their learning, will be at the unnecessary pains to load their heads with."—*Vindic. of Lord Cartaret, Swift's Works*, vii. 476.

tributed, we have reason to believe, some of the cleverest papers, both prose and verse, serious and comic, in the 'Antijacobin.' One unpublished specimen of his poetical taste we can vouch for. Strolling one day with a friend in the walks of Holwood, his companion happened to quote that noble stanza of one of the noblest odes of Horace (II. ii.) :—

'Virtus recludens immeritis mort
Cælum, negatā tentat iter viā,
Cætuque vulgares et ndam
Sperat humum fugiente penā :'

of which Mr. Pitt immediately extemporised this spirited paraphrase :—

'On wing sublime, through trackless paths she
soars;
And spurning vulgar haunts and earthly shores,
To those whom godlike deeds forbid to die,
Unbars the gates of immortality.'

Need we mention Windham, Canning, Peel, Lord Grey, Lord Holland, Lord Stanley, Lord Wellesley himself, and in short almost every man—dead or living—who for the last century has taken a distinguished and predominant part in the great business of the nation? There have been no doubt some, and not inconsiderable exceptions. Yet all are not exceptions that at first sight may appear so—Mr. Burke, for instance—who though a sound scholar and rich in all the varieties of erudition, was, *more patria*, but an indifferent prosodian. One remarkable example of this deficiency, and the readiness with which it was repaired and turned to account, though well known, is worth repeating. Mr. Burke, while impressing economy on the government, quoted a dictum of Cicero, which he mispronounced—*Magnum est vectigal parsimonia*—'ti-gal—Burke,' suggested Lord North audibly across the House. 'I thank the noble Lord,' resumed Mr. Burke, 'for his correction—which enables me to repeat with still more force and propriety that admirable maxim—*Magnum est vectigal parsimonia*.' Without giving too much importance to a false quantity, may we not speculate whether the utility and fame of Mr. Burke and other men of the same class, might not have been extended and heightened, if, instead of the somewhat irregular culture of Dublin or Edinburgh, their perhaps too luxuriant talents had received the more exact training of our English schools and Universities?

Whether, or how far, or by what means, the practice of classical composi-

tion may contribute to the result we have indicated, is a matter of curious speculation. Does it operate at all? May not the simple fact be that clever men, who do every thing well, will also make the best verses? That is the easiest solution, and true no doubt to a great degree; but not, we think, altogether. The nicer and more critical study of the ancient languages must at least produce the good effect of familiarising the young mind with examples of the purest taste—the most generous sentiments—the noblest achievements. It may also act beneficially by exercising the memory and ingenuity in matters, minute yet not trivial—just weighty enough to steady without overloading the youthful intellect: and may there not be something in the habit of judicious selection, nice adaptation, and careful construction essential to classical versification, which operates, as the rudiments of the exact sciences are admitted to do (and we might almost call *prosody* an *exact science*), by accustoming the mind to precision, discrimination, accuracy, and order? But however all this may be, we can only say that whenever *Hackney* and *Gower street* shall produce anything superior to the scholar-statesmen we have enumerated, or fifty others that might be named, we shall have less confidence in the beneficial tendency of the *Sapphic* and *Alcaic* processes of *Eton* and *Harrow*. But that desirable period is, we fancy—notwithstanding the rapid march of modern intellect—still far distant.

From these preliminary observations—much too cursory for a subject of so much interest and importance, but which are at least appropriate to our present task—we proceed to give our readers some specimens of the compositions of Lord Wellesley.

Where all are elegant, there is no difficulty but in selection; and as the general defect of modern Latin verses is that they are rather reminiscences than effusions, and conversant rather with ideal than real existence, we shall, in the few extracts which our limited space allows, make choice of—not perhaps the best examples of classical beauty, but—those which seem best to express the feelings of the individual.

The following ode, written at Eton in Lord Wellesley's seventeenth year, though liable to the objection, if indeed it be one, of personifying in '*Pudor*'

the double character of modesty and shame, is creditable at once to his poetical and his moral taste, and exhibits, as Cicero says of Drusus, 'in adolescente singularem severitatem':—

Αἰὶς αἰδίδιος καὶ θυλὴα.

ROM. II.

Dilecta cœli Progenies, Pudor !
Puro supremus quem Pater æthere
Demisit in terras, potentem
Ritâ vagos revocare mores

Ad sancta Recti limina ; at addere
Insanienti vincula Licentis,
Mentemque delicto paratam
In mediâ cœhibere culpâ ;

Secretus imo corde Nocentium
Curas, et acres exanctis metus,
Sœlosque fortivum sequaci
Exagitas facie cœtus ultor.

At innocenti gratior assides
Menti magister ; gaudet enim tum
Parere tutelm, vigetque
Voce tuâ stabilita Virtus.

Tu Castitati Te comitem admoves
Semper decorum ; non oriens aquas
Aurora fulgentes colorat
Splendidior, variumque cœlum,

Quam Tu perarras Virginum amabili
Genas rubentes luce Modestis,
Rosasque vivas per venusta
Ora seria, nitidumque collum.

Tu claustra avaræ dura aperis mantes ;
Fœdæque somnos rumpis Inertis ;
Tu cogis Imbellom frementes
Militis tolerare fluctus.

O nostra lenis pectore temperes !
Semperque præsens, et, precor, integrum
Fidus per infestas tueri
Illecebras vitiosorum ?—pp. 19, 20.

Still higher, we think, both in expression and feeling, are the following noble lyrics, written in *Advent* week of the same year :

Io ! triumphis et citharæ sono
Assurge, Vatum prisca domus Salem !
Murosque festina per omnes,
Lætificos iterare cantus ;

Rarus vetusto turrigerum caput
Honore crescet ; jam tibi regia
Pubesait arbor, jam decorum
Parturit rediviva fructum.

En ! consecrato Virginis alveo
Nascetur Hebrææ Unigenus Puer !
Es ! dia colorum Propago
Visit humum miseræque gentes !

Illum paternæ sedis ab ardua
Portâ per orbem Justitiæ et Fides
Sectantur, æternæque pulchros
Auræ Pan comitata gressus.

Veni ! futuris gloria sæculis
Cœlestis infans ! en tibi divites
Natura fructus, en beatas
Fandit opes Domino Deoque !

At ipse celsura ad sidera verticem
Attollit adventu Lebanon Tuo,
Nutuque rupes insolenti
Quassat, odoriferasque cedros.

Tuque O feracia Lux Asia Salem !
Reges, et Urbes, et Populos super
Feres, per extremos virorum
Voce Dei tua regna tractus ;

Surgas parenni fulgida lumine !
Tellusque, Cœlumque, et Mare, et Orbium
Vaneacet ordo ; sed manebit
Æthereæ sacra flamma Lucis.
pp. 36, 37.

The four last strophes are admirable. Such verses prove satisfactorily that Eton knew how to combine literature and religion ; and the graces of the mind with the higher duties and loftier aspirations of a Christian spirit ; and it is remarkable and gratifying, that these feelings, which dawn so brightly in Lord Wellesley's earliest productions, shine, with increased brilliancy in those of his middle age, and with confirmed splendour in his last. Twenty years later—just before his embarkation for India—he thus expresses his horror of the excesses of the French revolutionists :—

'At quæ Pestis atrox rapido se turbine vertit,
Cernis ibi, prisca mortum compage soluta ;
Procubuisse solo civilis fœdera vitæ,
Et quodcunque Fides, quodcunque habet, alma
verendi
Religio, Pietasque et Legum fræna sacrarum.'—
Reliquia, p. 1.

and builds his hope for England on the solid basis of order and religion :—

'Una etenim in mediis Gens intemerata ruinis
Liberate proba, et justo libramine rerum,
Securum faustis degit sub legibus ævum ;
Antiquosque colit mores, et jura Parentum
Ordine firma suo, sanoque intacta vigore,
Servat adhuc, hominumque fidem, curamque Deo-
rum.'—*Ib.* p. 2.

And more than thirty years later still, he amplifies and illustrates the same principles in the longest, and, in our humble judgment, decidedly the best of all those compositions—of which neither our classical nor our Christian readers would forgive us if we suppressed a line. The occasion was not, as is too often the case in modern Latinity, supposed for the sake of the verses—these verses were prompted by the happy occasion. It appears that Lord Wellesley, last summer, hired a villa near Windsor ; and this residence

led him to his earliest haunts in the beloved neighbourhood of Eton. There, a weeping willow on the banks of the Thames suggested the following lines:—

'SALIX BABYLONICA.

'THE WEEPING WILLOW.

'The first of this race of willow was introduced into England in the last century: it was brought from the banks of the Euphrates, near the ruins of Babylon, where this willow abounds. This is the willow on which the Israelites "hunged their harps" according to the Psalm 137,—"*super flumina Babylonis.*"—"How shall I sing the Lord's song in the land of a stranger?"'

*Pennis mesta comis, formosa deloris imago;
Quæ, fienti similis, pendet in amne Salix,
Euphratis nata in ripâ Babylonis sub altâ
Dicitur Hebræas sustinuisse lyras;
Cum, terrâ ignotâ, Proles Solymæa refugit
Divinum Patriæ, jussa movere melos;
Suspensique lyris, et luctu muta, scedebat,
In lacrymis memorans Te, veneranda Sion!
Te, dilecta Sion! frustra sacrata Jehovah,
Te, præsentî Aedes irradiata Deo!
Nunc pede barbarico, et manibus temerata profania,
Nunc erbata Tuis, et taciturna Domus!
At Tu, pulcherrima Salix, Thamesini littoris hospes,
Sis sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras;
Quæ cecidit Judæa, mones, captiva sub ira,
Victtricem stravit Quæ Babylona manus;
Inde, doceas, sacra et ritus servare Parentum,
Juraque, et antiquâ vi stabilire Fidem.
Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
Umbra Tua, et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenerque triumphos,
Sit, revocare tuos, dulcis Etona! dies.
Aspice Te, summas mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar.
Edidici Puer, et, jam primo in limine vitæ,
Ingenus verò laudis amaro vias.
O juncata Aoniûm lauro præcepta Salutaris
Æternæ! et Mûnis consociata Fides!
O felix Doctrina! et divinâ inasta luce!
Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo;
Incorrupta, precor, maneat, atque integra, neu te
Aura regat populi, neu novitatis amor.
Stat quoque præsea Domus; (neque enim manus
impia tangat;)
Floreat in mediis intemerata minis;
Det Patribus Patres, Populoque det inclita Cives,
Eloquiumque Foro, Jadiciumque decus,
Conciliisque animos, magnæque det ordine Genti
Immortalem altâ cum pietate Fidem.
Floreat, intactâ per postera secula famâ,
Cura diû Patriæ, Cura paternâ Dei.—*Reliquiæ*,
pp. 11-13.
*Fern Hill, Windsor, August 22, 1839.**

Of this admirable and interesting poem, Lord Wellesley has given a translation by his own hand, which though, perhaps, not of equal merit—at least of equal *terseness*—with the original, is so good, that both as a specimen of his English versification, and for the sake of our fair readers, but few of whom can have appreciated our former extracts, we venture to give it at length:—

'THE WEEPING WILLOW OF BABYLON.

Dishevelled, mournful, beauteous type of Grief,
That seem'st in tears to bend o'er Thames's tide,
And still to rue the day, when Babel's Chief,
High on Thy Parent stream enthroned in pride,

Beheld upon Thy melancholy boughs
The Harp unstrung of Israel's captive band,
When heart, and voice, and orisons, and vows
Refused the haughty Victor's stern command

To move great Sion's festal lay sublime,
To mingle heavenly strains of joy with tears,
To sing the Lord's song in a stranger's clime,
And chant the holy hymn to heathen ears.

Down by Euphrates' side They sat and wept,
In sorrow mute, but not to memory dead;
Oh Sion!—voice and harp in stillness slept,
But the pure mindful tear for Thee was shed;

To Thee, beloved Sion! vain were given
Blessing, and Honour, Wealth and Power—in
vain

The glorious present Majesty of Heaven
Irradiated Thy chosen holy Fane!

Fallen from Thy God, the heathen's barbarous hand
Despoils thy Temple, and thine Altar stains;
Rest of Her Children mourns the Parent Land,
And in Her dwellings death-like silence reigns.

Rise, sacred Tree! a monument to tell
How Vanity and Folly lead to Woe;
Under what wrath unfaithful Israel fell,
What mighty arm laid Babel's triumphs low.

Rise, sacred Tree! on Thames's gorgeous shore,
To warn the People, and to guard the Throne;
Teach them, their pure religion to adore,
And foreign Faiths, and Rites, and Pontifs dis-
own!

Teach them, that their Forefathers' noble race,
With Virtue, Liberty, and Truth combined,
And honest Zeal, and Piety, and Grace,
The Throne and Altar's strength have inter-
twined:

The lofty glories of the Land and Main,
The stream of industry, and Trade's proud course,
The Majesty of Empire to sustain,
God's Blessing on sound Faith is Britain's force.

Me, when Thy shade and Thames's meads and
flowers
Invite to soothe the cares of waning age,
May Memory bring to Me my long-past hours
To calm my soul, and troubled thoughts assuage!

Come, parent Eton! turn the stream of time
Back to Thy sacred fountain crowned with bays!
Recall my brightest, sweetest days of Prime!
When all was hope and triumph, joy and
praise.

Guided by Thee I raised my youthful sight
To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,
And hailed the beams of clear ethereal light
That brighten round the Greek and Roman
name.

O Blest Instruction! friend to generous youth!
Source of all good! you taught me to intertwine
The Muse's laurel with eternal truth,
And wake Her lyre to strains of Faith Divine.

Firm, incorrupt, as in life's dawning morn,
Nor swayed by novelty, nor public breath,
Teach me false censure, and false fame to scorn,
And guide my steps through honour's paths to death.

And Thou, Time-honoured Fabric, stand! A Tower
Impregnable, a bulwark of the state!
Untouched by visionary Folly's Power,
Above the Vain, and Ignorant, and Great!

The Mighty Race with cultured minds adorn,
And Piety, and Faith; congenial Pair!
And spread Thy gifts through Ages yet unborn,
Thy Country's Pride, and Heaven's parental
Care!"—pp. 14-17.

Lord Wellesley adds in a note, that '*a reform of Eton College, on the principles of the new system of education, has been menaced by high authority.*'—If Eton has not very much degenerated, Lord Wellesley's beautiful deprecation of the menaced reforms is a sufficient proof that they are supremely unnecessary.

Our last extract shall be his lordship's last production—also in Latin and English—in which, however, contrary to the opinion expressed on the last specimen, we rather prefer the translation to the original.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF MISS BROUGHAM, THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN. HER LIFE WAS A CONTINUAL ILLNESS; BUT HER SUFFERINGS WERE ALLEVIATED BY AN AMIALE, CHEERFUL, LIVELY, AND GAY TEMPER OF MIND, WHICH WAS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF CONSOLATION TO HERSELF, AND TO HER AFFLICTED PARENTS AND FAMILY.

Blanda Anima e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo
Inter Maternas heu! lacrymasque Patriæ,
Quas risu lenire Tuo jucunda solebas,
Et leviss, et proprii, vix memor Ipsa mali;
I pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus;
Et Tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies!

[Translated.]

Doomed to long suffering from your earliest years,
Amidst your parents' grief and pain, alone
Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears;
And in their agonies forgot your own;
Go, gentle Spirit! and among the Blest
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest."—pp. 18, 19.

These verses, like all that we have quoted, and indeed all that we have not, are elegant and amiable—creditable to the scholar and the man; but of all, our judgment assigns the palm to those on the *Salix Babylonica*, which would be remarkable for their elegance and spirit, their force and feeling, if written in the full vigour of youth, by one who made poetry his chief pursuit; but when it is recollected that they are the production of a statesman who has spent his life in such very different and absorbing occupa-

tions—who was the parliamentary companion of Mr. Pitt in his greatest struggles—who has been Governor-General of India (and such a Governor-General)—Ambassador to Spain, when Spain was to be raised from the dead—Secretary of State at home, and Lord-Lieutenant in 'still vexed' Ireland; and above all, that the piece is written in his *eightieth year*—it appears to us not merely one of the best productions of the *Musa Anglicana*, but a literary curiosity almost without parallel. It fully proves, we think, the happy accomplishment of the wishes expressed in the *votive* and very appropriate motto, which Lord Wellesley has prefixed to his volume:—

Valido mihi
Latoq̄ donec, et, precor, integrâ
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec CITHARA CARENTEM.
HOR. Ode xxxi, l. i.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China.* By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, of Trinity College, Cambridge, M.A.
2. *The Opium Crisis. A Letter addressed to Charles Elliott, Esq., Chief Superintendent of the British Trade with China.* By an American Merchant (King) resident at Canton.
3. *The Rupture with China, and its Causes, in a Letter to Lord Viscount Palmerston.* By a Resident in China.
4. *The Opium Question.* By Samuel Warren, Esq., F.R.S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
5. *Brief Observations respecting the pending Disputes with the Chinese, and a proposal for bringing them to a satisfactory Conciliation.*
6. *Some Pros and Cons of the Opium Question, with a few Suggestions regarding British Claims on China.*
7. *The Opium Question as between Nation and Nation.* By a Barrister-at-Law.
8. *Is the War with China a just one?* By H. Hamilton Lindsay, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service in China.
9. *The Chinese Vindicated, in Reply to S. Warren, Esq.* By Capt. T. H. Bullock, of H.H. the Nizam's Army.
10. *Correspondence relating to China. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1840.
11. *Additional Correspondence, do. do. do.*

THOUGH some of the publications, whose titles are here enumerated, may not be

considered of much importance, yet their number will serve to show that the subject they embrace is highly so. No. 1. Mr. Thelwall, true to his text, has heaped such a mass of 'iniquities' on the traders in opium, and on the cultivators of the poppy in India, as, if strictly true, would overwhelm the whole parties concerned with shame and remorse. He admits, however, that he knows nothing of either India or China—which indeed is proved by his book. The only pages of the least use are those appropriated to a collection of edicts and proclamations, printed at Canton, which throw considerable light on the motives of the recent proceedings on the part of the Chinese. The remainder of the *farrago libelli* is hashed up chiefly from the exaggerated statements collected, from hearsay only, by the Missionary Medhurst. 2. This is an ingenious, smart, but self-conceited, and, we suspect, not over honest letter of advice addressed to Captain Elliot, *after* the facts, as to what he should have done *before* them. 3. The 'Letter to Lord Palmerston, by a Resident in China,' gives a plain and correct statement of the present rupture, its causes, and probable effects. 4. The 'Opium Question,' by Mr. Warren, is a piece of pure special pleading, in favour of the traders, spun out to 130 closely-printed pages. The avowed object is to prove that smuggling into China was not criminal, and that the loss sustained by those who have practised it entitles them to indemnification by the *British public*. 5. The 'Brief Observations,' of 14 open-printed pages, contain a proposal to bring the disputes to a 'satisfactory conclusion,' by laying Canton in ashes, and marching to Peking! 6. These '*Pros and Cons*' run alternately through the whole pamphlet, neutralising each other in the most amusing manner. The author comes, however, at last to something like a decisive conclusion, which will be noticed as we proceed. 7. 'A Barrister-at-law,' we take to be a mere *nom de guerre*. The 'opium question' is not honestly discussed here, but treated with great levity, and mutilated: argument costs more trouble than assertion. His concluding paragraph gives him occasion to pass somewhat of a vulgar sneer at 'a certain Kilkenny Joe,' and 'the Melbourne clique;' but what either of them have to do with the matter we cannot discover, unless it be that the 'Barrister' supposes they are among those who may not be likely to sanction the guarantee of the Superin-

tendent at Canton. 8. Mr. H. Lindsay, from his late position in the factory of Canton, and his present connection with a mercantile house trading to China, is entitled to, and shall receive from us, much consideration; the more that he has had the manliness to come forward under his own name, and that his manner of writing indicates a well-bred gentleman. 9. The 'Chinese Vindicated' is not an ill-written tract—but it goes as far wrong on one side as Mr. Warren does on the other, and is not without a taint of cant, which one would hardly have expected in a servant of the Nizam.

We are fearful that the subject on which we are about to enter, and the events now passing in the distant empire of China, will prove more 'untoward' than the affair of Navarino was pronounced to be, and more disastrous in their immediate and remote consequences. A summary of the unhappy results, as far as known, amounts to nothing less than these:—the national honour compromised—British subjects insulted, imprisoned, mutilated, and even barbarously massacred—a flourishing commerce annihilated, and with it three or four millions of annual revenue lost to the state. We foresaw and stated, some years ago, in this journal (See Quar. Rev. No. C.), what would be the probable issue of depriving the East India Company of their exclusive privilege of trading to China, of substituting the *free trade* system, and encouraging an indiscriminate intercourse with that country. We were then fully aware that, sooner or later, that which has happened would come to pass; and as some of us have a local and personal knowledge of China and its inhabitants, we undertake our present task of examining the numerous documents claiming public attention, and of expressing our opinions on them, and on the subject generally, with less hesitation than we should otherwise have done.

It is hardly necessary to apprise the reader that opium, the extract from the poppy plant, is an article of almost universal use in Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Sumatra, Java, and the whole of the great Malayan archipelago—not merely as a drug, but as a source of consolation or of misery, as used sparingly or abused by excess; that it is also in very general use in India, more especially, we may almost say universally, among the Rajpoot race—and a fine race of men they are; we understand also that it is served out

as a ration to the Malay troops in Ceylon. In China, however, the use of opium would appear to have been known but little, if at all, in ancient times—nor indeed till a recent date—as it is still without a name in their own language, and called by a corruption of the common name in the East, *afuoyung*. It may, perhaps, have been introduced in the eighth or ninth century by the Arabians, who then had considerable traffic with China; but however that may be, down to a comparatively modern period it would seem to have been thought of only as a drug. By degrees, however, its exciting qualities, with a people whose almost only beverage is weak tea, or an unpleasant spirit distilled from rice or millet, seem to have proved too tempting; and as the dose after a short time requires to be repeated to keep up the stimulus, it is peculiarly the case with opium-eaters, that 'the increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on.' The importation, therefore, naturally kept pace with the increased demand—which certainly was not practically interfered with by repeated prohibitory edicts from Pekin—the earliest, that of the emperor Kia-king, in 1796. Mr. Davis, the last chief officer of the East India Company's factory, states it to have been as under:

Year.	Chests.		Dollars.	Sold: Dolls.
1821	4,628	average price	1,375	6,132,100
1825	9,621	"	723	6,955,983
1830	18,760	"	587	11,012,120
1832	23,670	"	648	15,338,160

The American merchant, Mr. King (*Opium Crisis*), states the progressive increase as follows:—

'The East India Company, whose manufacture had fluctuated between 3,000 and 5,000 chests through the first twenty-four years of Chinese interdiction (1800—1824), rose rapidly to 10,600 in 1833, and to near 17,000 in 1837!

'The Malwa product went on with even greater rapidity—from 1,600 chests in 1821, to upwards of 20,000 in 1837! The total profit and revenue accruing to the East India Company, on both descriptions, for that year, exceed 12,000,000 rupees.'—p. 5.

In 1838 it had acquired its maximum, but fell back, as the same author states, in 1839, to about 20,000 chests, which is something less than the quantity given up by Captain Elliott, and said to have been wantonly destroyed by the Pekin commissioner; the few hundred chests above this quantity appear to have been purchased by the superintendent, to keep faith with the commissioner Lin, by making up the amount originally given in.

It does not appear that, while the importation continued small, the Chinese government took much notice of their own prohibitory decrees, either as they affected their own subjects or the foreign merchants. The first edict of 1796 declared, that all who should be found smoking were to be bamboozed and pilloried, and that both smugglers and vendors should, on conviction, suffer a more severe punishment. Other edicts followed from time to time, and in 1833 an imperial decree was published to the following effect:—

'Let the buyers and smokers of opium be punished with one hundred blows, and condemned to wear the wooden collar for two months. Then, let them declare the seller's name, that he may be seized and punished; and, in default of his discovering the vendor, let the smoker be again punished with one hundred blows and three years' banishment, as being an accomplice. Let mandarins and their dependants who buy and smoke opium be punished one degree more severely than others; and let governors of provinces be required to give security that there are no opium-smokers under their jurisdiction; and let a joint memorial be sent in, representing the conduct of those officers who have connived at the practice.'—*Iniquities of the Opium Trade*, p. 121.

From this time down to the year 1836, there were issued from Pekin various decrees, interdicting the import of opium, under heightened penalties; but they were still either disregarded, or the practice connived at, or it was found impossible to carry them into effect. So early, however, as 1821, the governor of Canton, by energetic measures, had succeeded in expelling the opium ships from Whampo, an anchorage high up above the Bocca Tigris, (or Bogue, as usually called,) and about twelve miles from the factories. In consequence of this, the contrabandists formed a dépôt, or receiving ships, for the prohibited article, at Lintin, an island below the Bogue, and in the bay between Macao and the main land to the eastward; from whence, ever since that time, smuggling was carried on with Canton by means of clippers, or fast-sailing craft, and long row-boats.

It may be right to give a few extracts from the official documents above alluded to, not only to show that the traders in opium were fully forewarned of the consequences that were likely to happen, but also as a specimen of the manner in which the Chinese, in the upper ranks of society, express their thoughts and opinions, and which will prove, as appears to us, that we have been used to underrate their intellectual faculties. This has arisen

mainly from the general ignorance that prevails respecting their language, moral character, and domestic habits, in consequence of the restricted intercourse of Europeans, confined almost wholly to the people of Canton, whose morals may be suspected not to have received much improvement by their dealings with foreigners. It should be observed, that nothing could be more wretched, *till very lately*, than our translations of the state papers and official edicts published in the Gazette of Peking.

In 1836, *Huo-Nae-tse*, a Vice-President of the Sacrificial Court, calls the attention of the emperor to a long series of enactments concerning opium-smoking. He commences by stating, that the more severe the edicts have been made, the more had the evil increased.

'When any one,' he says, 'is long habituated to the inhaling it, it becomes necessary to resort to it at regular intervals, and the habit of using it being inveterate, is destructive of time, injurious to property, and yet dear to one even as life; of those who use it to great excess, the breath becomes feeble, the body wasted, the face sallow, the teeth black; the individuals clearly see the evil effects of it, yet cannot refrain.'—p. 46.

He adverts to the reign of Kia-king and Kien-lung, when opium paid a duty, and passed through the hands of the Hong merchants, in exchange for tea and other goods; 'but now,' he says, 'the prohibitions of government being so strict against it, none dare openly exchange goods for it; all secretly purchase it with money. . . . The foreign merchants have clandestinely sold opium for money, which has rendered it necessary for them to export foreign silver (that is, dollars): thus, foreign money has been going out of the country, while none comes into it.'

One of the arguments he makes use of, to induce the Emperor to return to the practice of imposing a duty and legalising the trade, is the impossibility of stopping the illegal importation. He also disclaims the vaunting affectation of the government officers, that China has no occasion for, despises, and would rather be without, foreign trade.

'Is it proposed entirely to cut off the foreign trade, and thus to remove the root, to dam up the source of the evil? The Celestial Dynasty would not, indeed, hesitate to relinquish the few millions of duties arising therefrom. But all the nations of the West have had a general market open to their ships for upwards of a thousand years, while the dealers in opium are the English alone; it would be wrong, for the sake of cutting off the English trade, to cut off that of all the other nations. Besides, the hundreds of thousands of people living on the sea-coast depend wholly on trade for their liveli-

hood; and how are they to be disposed of? Moreover, the barbarian ships, being on the high seas, can repair to any island that may be selected as an entrepôt, and the native sea-going vessels can meet them there; it is then impossible to cut off the trade. Of late years, the foreign vessels have visited all the ports of Fuhkeñ, Chekeäng, Keängnan, Shan-tung, even to Teentsin, and Mantchouria, for the purpose of selling opium. And although at once expelled by the local authorities, yet it is reported that the quantity sold by them was not small. Thus it appears that, though the commerce of Canton should be cut off, yet it will not be possible to prevent the clandestine introduction of merchandise.'—p. 49.

He notices the removal of the vessels to Lintin, and shows how well he is acquainted with all the usages and tricks of Canton.

'Here are constantly anchored seven or eight large ships, in which the opium is kept, and which are therefore called "receiving ships." At Canton there are brokers of the drug, who are called "mel-ters." These pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. There are carrying boats plying up and down the river, and these are vulgarly called "fast crabs" and "scrambling dragons." They are well armed with guns and other weapons, and are manned with some scores of desperadoes, who ply their oars as if they were wings to fly with. All the custom-houses and military posts which they pass are largely bribed. If they happen to encounter any of the armed cruising boats, they are so audacious as to resist, and slaughter and carnage ensue.'—p. 50.

He again urges that, as the closing their ports against commerce would not be expedient, and as the laws against the importation of opium are quite inoperative,

'the only method left is to resort to the former system, and to permit the barbarian merchants to import opium, paying duty thereon as a medicine, and to require that, after having passed the custom-house, it shall be delivered to the Hong merchants only in exchange for merchandise, and no money be paid for it. The barbarians, finding that the amount of duties to be paid on it is less than what is now spent in bribes, will also gladly comply therein. Foreign money should be placed on the same footing with *sycee* silver, and the exportation of it should be equally prohibited. Offenders when caught should be punished by the entire destruction of the opium they may have, and the confiscation of the money that may be found with them.'—p. 52.

He suggests, therefore, an enactment, that any officer, scholar, or soldier, found guilty of secretly smoking opium, shall be immediately dismissed from public employ, without being made liable to any other penalty. 'In this way,' he says, 'lenity will become, in fact, severity towards them. Lastly,' he adds, which is very remarkable, 'let no regard be paid to the purchase and use of opium on the part of the people generally! . . . If

any one should suggest a doubt, that to remove the existing prohibitions will detract from the dignity of the government, I would ask,' he says, 'if he is ignorant that the pleasures of the table and of the nuptial couch may also be indulged in, to the injury of health? Nor are the invigorating drugs, *footzee* and *wootew*, devoid of poisonous qualities, yet it has never been heard that any one of these has been interdicted.'—What these two drugs may be we have not been able to discover; but it is evident that Heu-Nae-tse thinks much less of the poisonous quality of opium than some of his countrymen and our own philanthropists do. He has much more consideration for the silver taken out of the country, than for the health of the people.

This memorial of Heu-Nae-tse, being laid before the emperor, was ordered to be transmitted to the governor and officers of Canton, without a single observation on the subject of legalising the trade, which the American author of the '*Opium Crisis*' construed as an 'ominous silence.' The provincial officers and the traders, however, were willing to consider this *silence* to imply *consent*; and, in consequence, a new stimulus was given to the culture of the poppy in India, and to its exportation, principally to Singapore and China. But these delusive hopes were soon doomed to be blasted. Towards the end of the same year, 1836, two other memorials were received at Canton, after having first been submitted to the emperor; 'wherein,' says Mr. King, 'the plan of the legalisationists was utterly and ably reprobated.' One of these memorials is in Mr. Thelwall's collection, who pronounces it to be 'a calm and deliberate view of the opium question, in which the welfare of the Chinese empire and people is concerned—the writer reasoning thereon like a politician, a philosopher, and a philanthropist.'

This was the work of *Tchoo-tsun*, a member of the Board of Rites and of the Council—and an able memorial it is; but entirely at variance with the views of Heu-Nae-tse. He commences by submitting that 'wherever an evil exists it should at once be removed; and that the laws should never be suffered to fall into desuetude.' Having accurately described what takes place, with regard to the opium trading, he strongly contends for the vigorous execution of the laws, and reprobates the change proposed by the other. He says:—

'It has been represented that advantage is taken of the laws against opium, by extortionate underlings and worthless vagrants to benefit themselves. Is it not known, then, that where the government enacts a law, there is necessarily an infraction of that law? And though the law should sometimes be relaxed, and become ineffectual, yet surely it should not on that account be abolished, any more than we would altogether cease to eat because of diseased stoppages of the throat. When have not prostitution, gambling, treason, robbery, and such like infractions of the laws, afforded occasions for underlings and vagrants to benefit themselves, and by falsehood and bribery to amass wealth? Of these there have been frequent instances, and, as any instance is discovered, punishment is inflicted. But none surely would contend that the law, because in such instances rendered ineffectual, should therefore be abrogated! The laws that forbid the people to do wrong may be likened to the dykes which prevent the overflowing of water. If any one, then, urging that dykes are very old, and therefore useless, we should have them thrown down, what words could express the consequences of the impetuous rush and all-destroying overflow! Yet the provincials, when discussing the subject of opium, being perplexed and bewildered by it, think that a prohibition, which does not utterly prohibit, is no better than one which does not at all prevent the importation of the drug. Day and night I have meditated on this, and can in truth see no wisdom in the opinion.'—*Thelwall*, pp. 68, 69. *and*

In speaking of the broad cloths and camlets and cotton goods brought to China by foreigners, he observes, 'these are in constant request, though the silk and cotton goods of China are not insufficient in quantity;' 'but,' he adds, 'all men prize what is strange, and undervalue what is in ordinary use.'

We learn from this minister that no laws had availed to prevent either the cultivation of the poppy plant, or the preparation of opium, in China itself. 'Of any of these provinces,' he says, 'except Yunnan, I do not presume to speak; but of that portion of the country I have it in my power to say, that the poppy is cultivated all over the hills and open campaign, and that the quantity of opium annually produced there cannot be less than several thousand chests. . . . The lack of silver in that province is, nevertheless, double to what it formerly was, and the cause is, that the consumers of the drug are very many, and that those who are choice and dainty, with regard to its quality, always prefer the foreign article.' He goes on to ask, 'if all the rich and fertile ground be used for planting the poppy, and if the people, hoping for a large profit therefrom, madly engage in its cultivation, where will flax and the mulberry-tree be cultivated, or wheat and rye be planted? To draw off in this way the waters of the great fountain requisite for the production of food and raiment,

and to lavish them upon the root whence calamity and disaster spring forth, is an error which may be compared to that of a physician, who, when treating a mere external disease, should drive it inwards to the heart and the centre of the body.' He concludes this part of his subject in the following words:—

'To sum up the matter,—the wide-spreading influence of opium, when regarded simply as injurious to property, is of inferior importance; but when regarded as hurtful to the people, it demands most anxious consideration: for in the people lies the very foundation of the empire. Property, it is true, is that on which the subsistence of the people depends. Yet a deficiency of it may be supplied, and an impoverished people improved; whereas it is beyond the power of any artificial means to save a people enervated by luxury.'—*Thalwall*, pp. 73. 74.

Hou-Nae-tse considered the people, in reference to the opium question, as not worth notice; implying, that the small quantity used by each could do them no harm; all his concern is about 'officers, scholars, and soldiers;' these, he thinks, by indulging to excess, would be apt to neglect their important duties, while the labouring poor can only afford to take it occasionally, as *laborum dulce lenimen*. Tchoo-tsun, on the contrary, has an eye to the enervating effects of two centuries of peace; and, admitting 'that it is now not practicable to put a sudden and entire stop to the commercial intercourse of foreigners,' thinks, nevertheless, 'the danger should be duly considered and provided against, the ports of the several provinces guarded with strictness, and some chastisement administered, as a warning and foretaste of what may be anticipated.' He distinguishes the English in particular, who, he says, 'are of the race of foreigners called *Hung-maow* (red-pates);' and has no doubt that 'in introducing opium their purpose has been to enfeeble the celestial empire.' And he warns the red-pates that—

'If they dare to continue in violent and outrageous opposition, and presume to pass over the allotted bounds, forbearance must then cease, and a thundering fire from our cannon must be opened upon them, to make them quake before the terror of our arms. In short, the principle on which the far-travelled strangers are to be cherished is this:—always, in the first instance, to employ reason as the weapon whereby to conquer them, and on no account to assume a violent and vehement deportment; but when it becomes necessary to resort to military force, then never to employ it in a weak and indecisive manner, lest those towards whom it is exercised should see no cause for fear or dread.'

He adds, that the instant effect of the

proposal to alter the law had been, 'that crafty thieves and villains on all hands began to raise their heads and open their eyes, gazing about and pointing the finger, under the notion that, when once these prohibitions are repealed, thenceforth and for ever they may regard themselves free from every restraint and from every cause of fear.'

Mr. King gives his testimony that in the interval, between the receipt of the two memorials, 'crafty thieves and villains had on all hands begun to raise their heads;' and abroad, he says, 'we know the cheer was sent up—a few more doses of the drug, and all is ours! the opium trade for ever!' This rejoicing, however, was but short-lived, as, before the close of October, a decree of the emperor was received at Canton, declaring the drug 'to have pervaded the country with its baneful influence,' commanding the provincial officers 'to apprehend the traitorous natives who sell opium, and all others concerned therein;' and at the same time giving strict orders for the expulsion of the importers from China. This expulsion, however, was not so easy to be effected; the fact was, the Hong merchants, during the year 1837, forbore to press the departure of the proscribed with their opium vessels. But the Canton government saw the necessity of doing something, in consequence of the orders from Peking, and the first step was the breaking up of the native communication between the Lintin depôt and the city, which took place in May, 1838. The importations, nevertheless, continued to increase, and many thousand chests were delivered at Whampoa, and several of them are stated to have found their way even into the foreign factories. The deliveries continued till September, 1838, exceeding in the five preceding months 10,000 chests, all in direct violation of the emperor's edict. About this time, however, many seizures and bloody collisions took place, and continued until the month of December, when one of the *English* adventurers, being detected in the act of smuggling opium into one of the factories, a general stoppage of trade was declared; one of the Hong merchants, implicated in the transaction, was sent down to wear the *cangue* (or wooden collar) round his neck at Whampoa, and the rest of this body employed themselves in devising a mode of ejectment for the detected foreigner, to save him and themselves from the peril that threatened them.

At the same time, it pleased the governor of Canton to try the effect of a public execution of a native opium dealer before the doors of the factories. A document from that officer to the Chamber of Commerce, in answer to their remonstrance, informed them, that the penalty of death, to which the culprit had subjected himself, was the result of the pernicious introduction of opium into Canton by foreigners; that the leading out of the criminal to the ground adjoining the foreign residences, was designed 'to strike observation, to arouse reflection, that the depraved portion of the foreign community might be deterred from pursuing their evil courses; for, it is added, 'those foreigners, though born and brought up beyond the pale of civilisation, have yet human hearts.' The American pamphleteer says:—

'This remarkable reply at once placed the fearful act in its right aspect. It was not a disrespect to flags—a public insult—it had no national bearing whatever. It was a holding up before the eyes of the introducers of opium one of the miserable partners of their trade, one of the wretched victims of their seductions. Awful as was the mode of appeal, it was yet a most moving appeal to what its director knew that barbarism could not extinguish—to human sympathies. It was while reading this humiliating paper that I resolved to interfere no more with the threatened executions. It was not for me, it was not for my nation, to remonstrate. It was for the opium importer to look on until his heart sickened, and his hands refused to continue the deadly importations. My sorrow should go with him if he were called to attend again on the scene of agony, but it should be the grief of indignation. My pity, my appeal for mercy, I would reserve for the mangled and dying victim.'—*Opium Crisis*, p. 11.12

It would be supposed from this pathetic paragraph that the writer and 'his nation' had no concern in the prohibited article. We certainly felt no disposition to give them the credit of abstinence from a trade, when anything was to be got by it; and Mr. Lindsay has confirmed us on this point:—

'I will here add a few words to correct a very prevalent impression, that the Americans have had but little to do with the opium trade: on the contrary, with one or two exceptions, every American house in China was engaged in the trade. There were American depôt ships at Lintin, and on the coast. One of the sixteen hostages detained was the head of a highly respectable American firm: in fact, both in the acts which originated the dispute, and the insults and outrages consequent thereon, our transatlantic brethren have had their full share.' *Lindsay*, p. 14.

The Chinese opium dealer, above mentioned, was strangled in the market-place, the foreign residents having succeeded in driving away the executioner from their

premises, together with the mob that attended him. But the viceroy was not to be thus defeated in his object; and two months afterwards another poor wretch was strangled on a cross in front of the factories. Intelligence was also received at Canton that Heu-Nae-tse, who had recommended a duty on opium, had been banished to the confines of Tartary, and degraded to the lowest rank—a further omen of what was approaching;—and thus ended 1838.

The year 1839 commenced by a fresh proclamation, warning the people that, 'in a few days a new and severe law will be put in force,' and ending with an appeal to 'the sons of China, no longer to take the substance of their native land, and give it to foreigners.' Mr. King, seeing the crisis approaching, warned the residents of the necessity of drawing a line between the licit and illicit trade; but 'his well-meant warnings,' he tells Captain Elliott, 'were disregarded; he was denied a hearing in the *Consoo-house*, in the Chamber of Commerce, and at the factories.' A second proclamation came out—a paper, says the same gentleman, full of meaning:—

'It spoke of the long duration of foreign intercourse; charged the hurtful traffic in opium on the lust of gain; taunted the residents with their favourite epithet, "honourable men;" and declared that the indignation of the Emperor was now aroused, his line taken, and his will waiting only to be carried into execution. Pursuing the same strain of mingled statement, warning, entreaty, and invective, it told of the preparations making to uproot the traffic; adverted to the apprehensions and the executions that had lately taken place; and asked, if while the people of the country are thus severely visited, the villany of the foreigner can escape an even-handed justice. "Most earnestly do we command you," said the authors of the proclamation, after a long preamble, "to turn from your vile courses, and send back to its country every one of the receiving ships now anchored in the outside waters."—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 13, 14.

This proclamation also notified the appointment of an Imperial Commissioner from Pekin—his hourly expected arrival—his strict orders and fixed purpose to eradicate the vice of opium-smoking,—and it closed with earnest and reiterated entreaties, that the foreigners would take the counsels offered, and thus escape more serious alternatives. Still the opium merchants, the ships, and the smuggling appear not to have undergone any change until March, when the Imperial Commissioner arrived; 'on the eve of his appearance,' says the American to Captain Elliott, 'the last of the small craft yielded to your instances, backed

by the Chamber of Commerce, and reluctantly left the river.' For the first week, this Commissioner confined himself to the making of inquiries, 'close and searching'; 'the officers were all surprised by the variety and minuteness of his information;' and it was given out that, by way of strengthening his resolution, the Emperor, on appointing him to his present situation, had declared with tears, that he could not meet his august father and grandfather after death, unless the vice of opium-smoking were abolished!

The first proclamation of Commissioner Lin declared all the opium, within the Chinese waters, forfeited to the government, allowing three days only for the submission of its holders, and also for the receipt of their pledges, that they would cease to introduce that article into the country; disobedience to these commands to be visited with stoppage of all trade, personal restraint, and even severer penalties. This proclamation was accompanied by another, addressed to the Hong merchants, in a tone of bitter upbraiding; making them responsible for the submission of the foreigners—and failing this, menacing one or more of their number with exemplary (*i. e.* probably *capital*) punishment.

Though these edicts fell like a thunderbolt on the general trading community, not a few affected to hold them cheap, as they had done others, and boldly pronounced the demand a mere *ruse*—a trick of the Commissioner to raise money. The American merchant, however, says he regarded them in a very different point of view. He says that strongly but vainly he advised Captain Elliott to act in concert with the Commissioner; to propose that the drug should be given up to his disposal, on his guarantee (as superintendent), that the opium should be re-conveyed to the places of its origin.

We doubt the wisdom or the policy of the latter part of this advice, the tendency of which must have been at once to identify the Queen's superintendent with the opium dealers. However, the three days having expired before any answer was given, and the Commissioner being highly irritated, the opium dealers began to be alarmed, and tried to buy off the danger as cheaply as possible, by offering 1036 chests of opium, as a sop to Cerberus, which Mr. King calls 'a compromise between generosity, pity, and calculation.' The Commissioner was

more enraged by this offer than before; he sent an invitation to Mr. Dent, whose name appears at the head of the dealers, to wait on him in the city; but Mr. Dent refused to go, as advised by the other dealers, unless with a safe-conduct under Lin's own seal. This, we should say, was highly impolitic, as, by personal communication, he might have succeeded in coming to some amicable adjustment; indeed the officers, who came from the Commissioner, said he only wished to see and admonish Mr. Dent;—the worst that could have befallen him was that which actually followed the refusal; personal restraint in the Commissioner's palace, instead of his own house, until some satisfactory pledge, or arrangement, could be agreed upon. This refusal, added to the well-intentioned but highly imprudent conduct of the English Superintendent, led to the immediate and fatal crisis of the opium transaction. The following allusion to this conduct is important; speaking of the refusal of Mr. Dent, the American merchant says to Captain Elliott,—

Escape had been guarded against by the measures of the previous day (the detention of ships, &c.) and additional guards were now posted. The Sabbath intervened (December 24;) and in deference to the foreigners' "worship day," proceedings were suspended. Early in the evening your arrival was announced; and, acting on the spur of the occasion, you proceeded immediately to the house of Mr. Dent, and removed him to your own roof, under your own protection. The departure of this gentleman from his own premises, while the truce was still pending, had no sooner taken place, than the idea of an escape spread through the native guards, officers, &c. It was hastily communicated to their superiors, and the reply came back to us, in the cry of "Kwan-chap," "Kwan-chap,"* ringing through the neighbourhood. The avenues to our residences were shut up; our native servants were ordered away; and a strong land and water guard enclosed us. I then read, for the first time, your official notice of March 23, issued at Macao, evidently under erroneous apprehensions. It was now backed by a further communication, in conformity with which you proceeded to ask passports for your countrymen, leaving it to them to continue at their own risk within the empire. This call lying unanswered, you issued a farther notice (6 A. M. 27th.) declaring your *durees*, and requiring all the British owned opium within the Chinese waters to be surrendered to you before the close of the day, "for her Majesty's service," holding yourself and the British government responsible for it, in order that it might be delivered up to the Chinese government. Such was the turn given by you to the opium crisis; nine hours after a leading opium holder had declared to me his full belief that the Commissioner was a rogue, and his whole demand a mere scheme to extort money!"—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 22, 23.

* Meaning, we believe, *Shut up, shut up.*

We certainly cannot help thinking that Captain Elliott would have acted a more prudent part, had he not gone to Canton at all at this moment of excitement; but asked for an audience, while at Macao; as he did go, it would have been politic, we think, to have demanded such an audience of the Commissioner, if not with the view 'to act in concert with him,' as the American advised, at least with the view of explaining to him, that the Superintendent had no authority whatever over smugglers—that his duties were connected only with the legal trade. Had he done this, instead of hastening to take the offensive part of releasing Mr. Dent, things might have taken a very different turn, even though he had unfortunately, to a certain degree, committed himself before he left Macao, by advising or sanctioning resistance on the part of the opium dealers. The Chinese knew this, for to the blessing of a *free press* there had been added that of a *free press* at Canton; and not a note passed from Captain Elliott but instantly found its way into one or other of the antagonist free prints of the place. The immediate and unfortunate result of Mr. Dent's release was some such demonstration on the part of Lin, that Captain Elliot issued an order, by which 20,283 chests of opium were required to be delivered to him, for her Majesty's service, to be by him surrendered to the Commissioner Lin; and to induce compliance in the opium dealers, he gave them a pledge that her Majesty's government, for whose service it was so delivered, would restore to them the full value of the article ceded; Captain Elliott, in short, making himself fully responsible as Superintendent under her Majesty's warrant. Captain Elliott has been very much censured for this surrender, and the pledge he gave to Commissioner Lin; but, before we condemn him, we should ascertain the position in which he stood. It is stated by the Superintendent's party that it was very similar to that of Gil Blas, when the bandit beggar asked his money with a carbine pointed at his head. Lin's weapons were, it is said, not less effective,—insult, starvation, imprisonment, and menace of death. The parliamentary papers have many remarkable omissions, to be sure; but here, in *limine*, we do not find in them any distinct trace of such extreme threats as are assumed in the reports we have alluded to. However, whatever Mr. Elliott's urging motive had been, the opium dealers, as may readily be supposed, were not averse to deliver up, on such a pledge, their cargoes, which, even under more favourable circumstances, might have remained a long time on their hands. Mr. Lindsay bears favourable testimony to the character of Captain Elliott: as a zealous and conscientious officer; but says, there can be no doubt that in his public acts he has committed great errors, and shown a want of firmness. We must add, that his letters and despatches are evidently those of a gentleman who could have had very little experience in the management of any business of importance; and, moreover, that the style he writes in is often utterly unintelligible to us—what then must it have been, with the additional flourishes of translation, to the Chinese authorities?

We know little of the circumstances which brought about Captain Elliott's connection with these Chinese affairs. He went out, it seems, with Lord Napier, when the blunder of appointing that unfortunate nobleman to supplant the supercargoes of the East India Company took place, and was made harbour-master at Canton. We need not recur to the unhappy administration of poor Lord Napier; but on his death Sir George Robinson succeeded to the chief post, and during the two years that this gentleman held it, his skill, temper, and caution produced most excellent effects: everything seemed to have returned much to the old channel, and we heard nothing of complaints, either on the part of English or Chinese. The British government, for some unexplained reason, thought fit to supersede Sir G. Robinson by Captain Elliott; and though he was, we have good reason to believe, strongly warned on the subject of opium and the opium dealers, it seems to be clear that he, almost from the beginning of his superintendency, got into relations of private intercourse with some of the chief parties engaged in the illicit traffic. This appears to have been the *origo mali*. If he could not put a stop to this trade, he ought to have done what he could to discountenance it; but step by step he was led into the snare that had been artfully set for him; and, after many vacillations, he is found, when at Macao, publicly warning the opium people that he could never interfere in their behalf, and then, on reaching Canton, immediately releasing, *brevi manu*, from duress, a trader particularly obnoxious to the

Commissioner,—at least Lin brands Dent as 'the greatest opium trader.'

For this act Mr. Elliott was himself, with others, put under restraint the very evening of his arrival, the 24th of March. On the 25th he writes to the Governor of Canton, claiming passports for all the English ships and people at Canton. In the reply of the same day the passports are refused, and the commands of the imperial Commissioner signified that the opium in the ships must be at once delivered up. On the 26th the Prefect of Canton transmits him an order from the Commissioner, laying on him the responsibility, if the surrender of the opium be not forthwith carried into effect, adding, 'if he have aught that he would say in the way of entreaty, he is permitted to make a clear statement thereof.' Another letter of the same date, from the Prefect, repeats the Commissioner's commands to the Superintendent, and says, the offence of 'contumacious resistance and opposition is turned away from Dent and fixed on Elliott;' but concludes with a promise that, if the opium were speedily given up, not only the Chinese servants would be restored, but entreaties would be laid before the Great Emperor 'that favours may be shown beyond the bounds of law.' Next morning, at daylight, (the 27th) Captain Elliott writes the following letter to the Commissioner:—

Canton, March 27th, 1839.

'Elliott, &c. has now had the honour to receive, for the first time, your Excellency's commands, bearing date the 26th day of March, issued by the pleasure of the Great Emperor, to deliver over into the hands of honourable officers to be appointed by your Excellency, all the opium in the hands of British subjects.

'Elliott must faithfully and completely fulfil these commands; and he has now respectfully to request that your Excellency will be pleased to indicate the point to which the ships of his nation, having opium on board, are to proceed, so that the whole may be delivered up.

'The faithful account of the same shall be transmitted as soon as it is ascertained.

(Signed) 'CHARLES ELLIOTT.'
(*Parliamentary Papers*, p. 373.)

Now, it appears to us quite plain that this most submissive letter must have been a reply to some communication late in the day of the 26th, which has been suppressed in the compilation of official papers. Why are we left in ignorance of what the Imperial Commissioners really threatened? We certainly shall not easily believe that the mere distress of two days, with a vague intimation that offenders of the laws were liable to

punishment, could have frightened Captain Elliott into this grand step!

It can scarcely be doubted that the Commissioner, on finding Dent had been released by the superintendent, thought himself justified in shutting up the superintendent in return. The American merchant more than hints at this. He says, 'When you came in a boat to Canton and wished to take Dent and abscond with him, preventive steps became necessary; for the same reason the native servants were removed also.' Mr. Elliott, however, says he was told by the merchants that these orders had been given in the morning of the day he arrived. Here, again, we desiderate conclusive details.

But to proceed. This summary mode of dealing with a handful of defenceless men, is stated by Mr. King to be, as it certainly was, 'very un-English;' but it is perfectly Chinese, and had often been practised on the factory servants of the East India Company, though not to such an extreme degree. We even find it at the earliest period of our intercourse with the Chinese, as in the instance of Captain Weddell, whose adventure is disinterred in the 'Letter to Viscount Palmerston.' In the year 1635, an association was formed for trading to India and China, under the patronage of Charles I., when Captain Weddell was sent out with four ships. In proceeding up the river of Canton, his boat was fired upon, in consequence of which he attacked a fort, landed a hundred men, and carried off forty-six guns, fired a house, and, having seized some junks, the Chinese, not much relishing so determined a character, made overtures for peace, and gave permission for his supercargoes to proceed and trade at Canton. From thence he received 'a patent for free trade, and liberty to fortify any place outside of the mouth of the river,' on the condition, however, that he gave up the guns which he had taken on board his ship, and intended to keep; but the Chinese, 'with their usual treachery and bad faith,' soon after arrested one of his supercargoes with the goods in his possession, placed him in confinement, and sent down fire-junks to burn Weddell's ships; and the two supercargoes at Canton 'were confined to their house, their domestics expelled, their fire quenched, victuals denied them, and a guard of soldiers set over them to prevent all access.' After this, Captain Weddell attacked sixteen men-of-war junks, burnt

five of them, dispersed the rest; burnt and destroyed several towns and villages, the inhabitants of which fled with their complaints to Canton; and this had the desired effect of bringing the officers of government to their senses; all sorts of apologies were made and indulgences granted to Captain Weddell. How very like all the first part of this story is to the recent proceedings of the Chinese!

The American merchant, in his letter to the Superintendent, wherein he, truly, if not kindly, reminds him over and over again of his vacillating conduct, says,—

'In the first place, you warned (December 18th) the British owners of small craft engaged in the opium traffic *within* the Bogue, that "Her Majesty's Government will in no way interpose, if the Chinese Government shall think fit to seize and confiscate the same;" whereas, on the issue of the decree of March 17th, confiscating the *material* of the same traffic *without* the Bogue, you charged the several commanders named in your notice, with "the duty of protecting" the same property. Again, in the former notice you declared, that "the forcible resisting of the Chinese officers, in the duty of searching and seizing, is a *lawless act*, liable to the penalties of forcible resistance opposed to officers of our own Government;" while in the latter, you directed "all ships of her Majesty's subjects, at the outward anchorages, to proceed to Hong Kong, and, *hoisting their national colours*, to be prepared to resist every act of aggression on the part of the Chinese Government."—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 34, 35.

In the same tone he tells Captain Elliott that his language, in a moment of excitement, 'has already gone far to involve two great nations in *causeless* hostilities.'—More wormwood:—

'I must be permitted to repeat that, if there were one principle of more importance than any other—a principle never to be contravened, never to be lost sight of in the progress of this question—it was the separation of the British flag, the British name, from all responsibility for the illicit commerce. What, then, must be our decision on a course of measures which, instead of accomplishing this grand end, has, within the period of two years, completely identified the two; exhibiting the British factory at Canton as the refuge of the opium-importer; her Majesty's sloop at Hong Kong as the armed defender of the drug after confiscation; and the British superintendent himself as its open assumer, its real controller, its forced transferrer, its public deliverer, to the extent of 20,283 chests; and all "in the name and for the service of her Majesty's Government?"—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 43, 44.

Had the admirable *Memorandum* on Chinese affairs, drawn up by the Duke of Wellington when last in office, in the beginning of 1835, been duly consulted and acted upon, how different would have been the present position of things!—In the spirit of that strikingly simple, clear, and comprehensive paper (*Correspond-*

ence, p. 51), it was undoubtedly Captain Elliott's duty to adhere to his first resolution, not to interfere in any way with the opium traders, and inform the Imperial Commissioner that his office was confined to the protection of the legitimate trade. The opium people might then have taken their own measures; as they were at that time under no restraint, and their ships in safety at Hong Kong, they might have remained there in defiance of Admiral Kwan and the whole force of the Chinese, and disposed of their *drug* along the coast, as it is well known other opium ships have been doing, and that to a great extent, since the violent measures of the Commissioner. This is the line they undoubtedly would have taken, had not the bait been too tempting to resist—an immediate market for the whole quantity—the purchaser her Majesty's Superintendent—the paymaster the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No wonder, then, that matters should have taken a different and a most unfortunate turn. The opium was delivered up, and deposited at a place within, and five or six miles above the Bogue—Mr. Johnstone, who held some situation under the Superintendent, acting as a landwaiter of the customs, and the latter as Collector, registering the daily account of the deliveries. This done, Commissioner Lin is said to have lost no time in making preparations for enjoying the triumph of witnessing in person the whole destroyed (it is alleged by a mixture of salt and lime), and then swept into the river. A letter of Mr. King, detailing these preparations, and the process of launching the drug into the water, has appeared in all the newspapers. But has Lin acted honestly in this proceeding? Did he really destroy the whole of this immense mass of opium? We ask the question, because the 'Resident in China' assigns some grounds for doubting it. None of the Chinese boatmen even were allowed to approach the place. The editor of the 'Canton Register' applied for permission to see the process, on the ground that foreigners, if excluded, would not believe the opium had been destroyed—but he was refused. The Commissioner's friend—Mr. King—we are told, and he alone, was allowed that favour. He went to the place one day, protected by the armed boats of two American ships of war, and was at once admitted. But the doubts of the 'Resident' are mainly founded on this:—The

emperor's edict for the destruction was promulgated at Canton on the 3d June; and a letter from the agent of Lloyd's, dated 25th June, states, 'The last of the opium is to be destroyed this day.' Now, the intervening period of twenty-two days, at 300 chests destroyed per day (the number stated to have been settled for the process), would give no more than 6600 chests, not one-third of the quantity delivered. Has LIN, too, become a smuggler of opium? Whatever may be the case, the crisis has passed: the sacrifice has been made—it did not satisfy the Chinese, but forthwith tempted them to new audacities—and the consequences are to follow.

The American letter-writer deprecates war, which, he says, would not be against the Chinese government, but the Chinese people. We were once of the same opinion. We indeed deemed the proceedings of the Imperial Commissioner to have been carried to an extremity which could admit of no justification, considering how long a legitimate commercial intercourse (valuable to both parties) had subsisted, and the great number of years that the opium trade had been tolerated, so far, at least, by the Peking government, that it had entirely overlooked its own decrees, both as regarded foreigners and Chinese. But, nevertheless, had matters remained as they were at the point to which we have brought them, and had the Commissioner Lin not proceeded to acts against British subjects still more outrageous than the violence by which he obtained possession of the opium, we should still have advocated a peaceable adjustment of the question; but this appears to be now impossible.

The question is, however, a very grave one. Notwithstanding all the irritating reflections to which these recent occurrences give rise in every English mind, we cannot get rid of a certain predilection in favour of China. We cannot divest ourselves of the recollection, that it is the oldest nation on the whole earth at present existing; one whose annals extend to at least 3000 years, brought down in a regular and uncontradicted history, in which we find an unbroken series of dynasties, ruling over a population exceeding that of any other empire in the world in numbers, yet *one*, unchangeable, to all appearance, unmixed. When, moreover, we find such a multitudinous population, possessed of the largest, most fertile, and best watered

country on the globe, intersected with numerous navigable rivers (two of the first magnitude), and their affluent streams; an internal navigation, unparalleled even in Europe, extending in one line 1200 miles, with a single portage, and connecting the northern capital with the great southern emporium of foreign trade;—when we find that this great mass of human beings are supplied with all the necessities of life, and most of the luxuries, without foreign aid; that they are living in a state of peaceful industry, governed by a code of laws peculiarly their own, and wholly unlike those of any other nation: using a written, original, and philosophically constructed language, which bears no affinity to any other, and of so high an antiquity that neither the records nor the memory of man run to the contrary;—when we find the arts almost all in a state of high advancement, and many of them of extreme beauty;—for example, their silks, satins, sculptures in wood, in ivory, and horn, such as those exquisitely-wrought ivory fans and horn lanterns, which we have not yet been able to imitate;—their porcelain vases, to the beauty and transparency of which none of the nations of Europe have yet attained;—when we reflect that the art of printing has been practised by them from time immemorial, and thousands upon thousands of volumes published on the various subjects of government, laws, morals, and religion (pagan as it is), on agriculture, gardening, and other domestic arts, together with the lighter kinds of reading, as novels, plays, and romances;—when, moreover, we find what is not to be found elsewhere in the whole Eastern world, this vast population living in houses of stone, or brick, or wood, neatly fitted up and furnished, the upper and middle ranks dressed in silks and satins, and the peasantry in cotton clothing—advantages, too, which their ancestors possessed when our own were rudely wrapped in the skins of animals; when we find them enjoying the luxury of lying in beds surrounded with curtains, sitting on chairs and sofas, and eating their meals off tables, while other orientals are still squatting on the ground;—when we consider these things, we confess ourselves unable to regard the Chinese without a feeling of respect; nor are we surprised that, to quote only one eye-witness, the Right Honourable Henry Ellis, after traversing the land from Peking to Canton, should say:—

'It is impossible to travel through the emperor

of China's dominions without feeling that he has the finest country within an imperial ringfence in the world.'

It seems to us absurd to contemplate such a nation, with such a history, and such a country, without far more respect than European writers are in the habit of expressing. Whatever defects we may see in the details of its government, still we must feel that there is some grand principle of good management at the bottom—something which no other nation has been able to match. And indeed we must take the liberty of remarking, that, in comparing the official Reports and other Chinese state documents, comprehended in the parliamentary folio now on our table, with *almost all* the specimens of English diplomacy bound up within the same blue cover, we are more and more disposed to pause about adopting the self-satisfied contemptuous tone of thinking and speaking as to China, which has been so much in fashion both in and out of Downing Street.

While on this part of the subject, we may here introduce an extract from a letter in our possession, written last summer at Canton by a gentleman wholly unconnected with trade.

'You will, of course, be acquainted long ere this can reach you with the desperate state of our affairs in China. I can scarce find words to describe the pass to which matters have been brought. The opium trade is the cause; but it does not end with the opium trade. It has also embarrassed seriously our *legal* trade, which is in such a position that I can see no medium course to re-open it, except by means of a successful war, or the most cringing and humiliating concessions. The former I deprecate, as we have a bad, a notoriously unjust, cause to build upon; and if circumstances compel us to the second, why then, the sooner the better, and let us put the best face upon matters that we can. Meantime the Americans, most luckily for them, not being politically mixed up with the opium trade, as we unfortunately are, are preparing to renew their commercial intercourse with the Chinese, as if nothing had happened; while all the British subjects are ordered out of Canton by the chief superintendent. The British ships and property are ordered by the same authority to remain outside; and any transactions for British accounts must pass, *pro tempore*, through the hands of the Americans. I cannot tell you how ashamed I feel of the state of affairs here. I am certainly averse to retrace our steps, and confess to the Chinese that all we have said and threatened before is just so much bullying and blustering, to which they need pay no attention; and yet to try the *voie de fait* and fail, would, I fear, be to have our flag banished from those seas, and the whole of the foreign trade to pass through the hands of the Americans, as took place at Japan some couple of hundred years ago, in the case of the Portuguese and Dutchmen.

'Again, with reference to the force required for the renewal of our intercourse with the Chinese on higher or more honourable grounds, little as the

English people know of the internal power of the country, they are about to enter the lists with three hundred millions of intelligent human beings, forming the mightiest nation upon earth; one not to be coerced by some sixteen hundred men, as Mr. Lindsay proposes. If the Chinese are determined, *as a nation*, to resist, then, I fear, the scale of warfare on which we must engage will be of such a magnitude as to be totally out of the power of the British empire to follow up; and yet of the two evils, since we have now crossed the Rubicon, since we have now drawn the sword and cast away the scabbard, I would rather fight it out manfully than bend our necks for the Chinese to set their feet upon; for, with all their good qualities, they are not magnanimous, and would show but little generosity towards a fallen foe.'

Thus far from Canton.

'Macao, 8th July.

'I had written the above at Canton some days previously, and have now come down here, leaving but *one* British subject behind me; but he lives with the Americans, and passes for one of them. The American ships are now at Whampo, in security. The British ships are lying at anchor at Hong-Kong; and in the event of any hostilities ensuing between our government and that of the United States, would all be easily captured by the two American ships-of-war at anchor here. Strange to say, in this important crisis we have no English vessel of war here! . . . The commissioner Lin is a very remarkable man, especially for a Chinese. He has frequently sent to me for information upon subjects of history, geography, coins, medals, the steam-engine, &c. &c., and seems to feel an interest in matters that the other mandarins affect to look upon with contempt.

'There is now in circulation here a very curious document, being no less than a letter from the imperial commissioner, the viceroy, and foyuen, to her majesty the Queen of England; but as they insisted on writing to her as their *equal*, Captain Elliott declines to forward it. It refers chiefly to the opium trade, praying that she will take steps to put it down. It is a very good and sensible letter; and with the exception of one or two expressions, respectful enough throughout. I am, &c.'

One of the expressions here alluded to is the address 'To the *barbarian* Queen Victoria.' We have shown elsewhere how wholly mistaken is this translation; and we are only surprised that Mr. Morrison did not take a lesson from his late father's 'Chinese and English Dictionary,' where he will find that, in the *eighteen* significations of the *character E*, the word *barbarian* is not included. Its general meaning is something *strange*, *foreign*; and the sense in the address is,

* The Duke of Wellington, in his memorandum of March, 1835, recommended two things: first, that the English authorities should most carefully abstain from mixing themselves up with the opium traders; and second, that, in order to enable them to transact their proper business with security and dignity, there should always be at hand 'a stout frigate' and a lesser vessel of war!

† Quarterly Review, No. 100.

simply, 'To the Foreign Queen Victoria. We do not see that anything would have been gained in courtesy had the usual name of *English* (*Hung-mou*) been adopted—nor yet that the Commissioner Lin would have been more accurate had he written, 'To the *red-haired* Queen Victoria.' Great offence was given to the late Lord Napier and his friends by his being styled, in some of the translations, the *Barbarian Eye*—meaning neither more nor less than the *foreign superintendent or overseer*; but we thought the blunder had been sufficiently exposed. Enough, however, for the present, of the Chinese; we shall know them better soon, and they us.

Among other questions of importance to which the opium crisis has given rise, is one of a financial nature,—Whether any, or what, or by whom, restitution is to be made for the value of the large amount of property delivered up on Captain Elliott's order, said to be about two millions and a half sterling;—that is to say, is the British government, or is the East India Company—in whose territory the greater part of the opium was produced, and through whose custom-houses it was sent to China—or are the opium dealers themselves to sustain that loss? This question, in our opinion, is not yet ripe for solution. The now unavoidable and immediate hostilities must first be brought to a point, before some of the most important practical data can be ascertained.

In the mean time the opium traders are using their best exertions to induce the British government to indemnify them for the whole amount of the loss. The government would, in our opinion, establish a most dangerous precedent by thus consenting to reward illegal transactions, on the promise or pledge of an authorised agent. If such an agent, the mere superintendent of trade, can bind the government to the payment of millions, what might not an ambassador, *chargé d'affaires*, or even secretary of legation do? The thing appears to us utterly inadmissible. The ablest advocate for the traders is Mr. Warren,* who argues the case as between a principal and his agent, and maintains that the former is responsible for the acts of the latter. That doctrine, however, in the broad view taken of it, cannot be sustained. The instructions to an agent,

we apprehend, are defined; and if any of his acts fall beyond the scope of his commission, the principal is not responsible. Suppose, for instance, an agent for the owner of a great estate on the west coast of Ireland, availing himself of the name, character, and credit of his principal, should be able to raise a large sum of money, ostensibly on his account, and embark with it for that happy land where runaway rogues can dwell in security and unmolested—will Mr. Warren maintain that the owner of the estate, whose name was made use of, is bound by the fraudulent act of his agent to replace the money? But Mr. Warren takes up another ground equally untenable: he asks, 'Can it be seriously suggested that the "*trade and commerce*," which Captain Elliott was sent to protect and promote, did not extend to the traffic in opium which was contraband?' In reply, we do 'seriously suggest' that the *trade and commerce* in question did not include opium.

Would any British minister so far stultify himself as to instruct, for instance, the superintendent, or chief of the commission, or by whatever title he may be called, to protect and promote *smuggling* at Canton, at the same time that he is instructing a consul 'to take special notice of all prohibitions, so that he may admonish all British subjects against carrying on an illicit commerce;' and, moreover, 'that he is diligently to attend to this part of his duty, in order to *prevent smuggling*?' But Mr. Warren will find, on referring to Captain Elliott's instructions, which we understand to be the same as those of the late Lord Napier, that they are not 'vague and obscure,' as he pronounces them to be, on this point; but that the mercantile interests, which these officers were sent to protect, are such and no other than, as expressed therein, 'the trade and commerce of our subjects in the peaceable prosecution of *all lawful enterprises*.' He will find, too, that Captain Elliott himself perfectly understood that his commission was thus limited; that it was not until the very day he signed the grand order that he ever compromised himself to the Chinese as having any concern in, or control over, the traders in opium. It is the sudden change of resolution as to this matter, which forms the most extraordinary point in the whole story as told in these Parliamentary documents.

* Mr. Warren is a barrister of the Inner Temple—and the author of the highly popular work called 'Diary of a late Physician.'

Another learned advocate, who calls himself 'a barrister at law,' has made a discovery we were not prepared for—he qualifies it, indeed, with an *if*, but we fear his *if*, in the present case, will be no peacemaker—he says, 'if the emperor gave his sanction to his authorities in Canton'—(which he never did, but the contrary)—'to permit the importation of opium, notwithstanding the law (of 1796), it was as much a repeal of the law, as if the formal revocation of it had actually taken place, and the punishing persons for the violation of it, is as unjust and cruel, as if it were an *ex post facto* law altogether.' Were this good law, what a number of our old statute-books might be committed to the flames! Choo-tsun argues the point much better. We agree with him that the non-execution of a law may happen from ignorance, indifference, or connivance, but that none of these can repeal the law or affect its validity.

We apprehend that Captain Elliott stood precisely in the same position with the late East India Company's supercargoes. These gentlemen, as well as the commanders of the East India ships, were strictly prohibited from having, directly or indirectly, any concern with the importation of opium; not from any abstract moral aversion to the drug, but simply *because* it had been declared contraband by the Peking government; and it will not be denied, that every government has a full right to declare what foreign articles may, and what shall not, be imported. But, say the advocates for the traders, the poppy is grown in the possessions of the East India Company, the drug is carefully prepared there for the China market, it passes through their custom-houses, and its destination is well known. What then? Do no smuggled goods for France, Spain, and the two Americas pass through our custom-houses, with a sufficient knowledge of their several destinations, and is any attempt made to stop them. Does France make any attempt to prevent her brandies, silks, or any other article from being smuggled into England? Or the Dutch their gins or sweet waters? Do any of the smugglers of these nations, or their governments, make any reclamation on ours for property lost, or vessels destroyed by our coast blockade or revenue cruisers? Certainly not; the smugglers and their employers take upon themselves all risks of their illegal enterprises, well knowing that no man can take advantage of his own wrong.

But it is alleged that the Indian ryots, or farmers, are compelled to cultivate the poppy, to the exclusion of other products. We doubt this very much. It is true, no doubt, that the Company have advanced money to help ryots engaged in this as well as in other branches of cultivation—the growth of rice, for instance, out of which *arrack* is made—but we cannot see that the persons who bought opium for the purposes of an illegal trade, and lost it in the course of their proceedings, have any legal claim of indemnity against the government of Bengal. The House of Commons, we are told, refused on one occasion to interfere with these internal territorial arrangements of the Company, and therefore the British nation is compromised! But we reject such inferences. Firstly, why should the House of Commons conclude that one of the most blessed of medical articles could only be grown in India with a view to immoral indulgences in China. So much for those who argue this whole question as if it were one of pure ethics. Secondly, for rational persons who look at matters of business with common sense, would it not have been rather hard on the East India Company, after stripping them of all the benefits derived from trade, and particularly that most lucrative branch of it with China, to dictate to them the manner in which they should raise a revenue from the cultivation of their land? Lord Sandon, we perceive, has been prevailed upon by a certain set or sect of persons to present a petition against the growth of opium in India. Among them are 'Quakers sly and Presbyterians sour,'—excellent people, but sometimes more busy than wise. Has the noble lord consulted his constituents of Liverpool?

Lastly, it has been said that the opium ships were not in China waters when the seizure was made. This plea cannot avail. Hong-Kong is close to the continent of China, in the bay of Macao, and as much in China as Spithead is in England.

But we must say a word or two more on a plea which has already been glanced at: we mean, the alleged encouragement given to the introduction of opium by the Chinese themselves. No doubt it has been winked at by inferior officers, as in other nations, where smuggled articles are generally sought after with avidity; it was this that made our coast blockades and coast guards necessary. 'Most men,' says Choo-tsun, 'prize what is strange;' and so we find it at most of our own great

ports. It is well known how eagerly, at the bathing-places on the coast, the ladies seek to gratify their desires in procuring *Brussels* lace; (frequently *de facto* English,) French gloves, silks, &c., through the means of some old woman, who is always at hand to wait on them, well stuffed with such like commodities. We all remember the carriage of the lady of a lord-chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench being stopped on the highway, the smuggled goods seized, and a penalty of 1000*l.* laid on the coach. If smugglers had not been encouraged along our shores why should we have to pay 400 commissioned officers of the navy and 4000 seamen, as a coast-guard against their illicit practices? This plea, then, of encouragement by the subaltern officers, while the government was denouncing the trade under severe penalties, will not we think, avail.

Mr. Lindsay, however, assures us, that 'during the peaceful and regular days'—that is, from 1821 to the time when the traders were forced to quit Whampoa—there was neither mystery nor secrecy in the mode of carrying on the traffic.

'At that time there must have been from thirty to forty fine Chinese boats, each pulling from thirty to fifty oars, employed in the trade. These boats plied up and down the river in open day, passing to and fro, in front of the forts and government cruisers, without any notice whatever being taken of them. In Canton, boating was a favourite diversion; and we had several first-rate six-oared London wherries, in which we used generally to go out for a pull about four in the afternoon, and many a race have we held with these large opium boats, which generally used to arrive at Canton about that hour. For the honour of London wherries, I must say that I never saw a fifty-oared boat which we could not beat. Several times, during the winter, certain large boats used to leave Canton bearing diverse foreign articles for the imperial palace. These boats carried the imperial flag, which privileged them against all search or examination; and thus each flotilla carried away several hundred chests of opium for sale and distribution in the various towns along the road, forming another valuable perquisite of office to some functionary.'—*Lindsay*, pp. 10, 11.

He goes on to tell a most strange story: it is neither more nor less than that, in 1836, when the proposal of Heu-nae-tse to legalise the opium trade was agitated in the cabinet at Peking, the trade was suddenly stopped, and the leading opium dealers thought it safe to burn their boats—but

'The viceroy of Canton was thus reduced to a serious dilemma as to how the opium trade should be conducted, and the mode he adopted to arrange the matter was strange indeed. He built four of the largest-sized boats, each pulling fifty oars, carrying his own flag, and with these he carried on the trade himself, through the agency of his own son.

This fact was so notorious that the whole of Canton was placarded with pasquinades in doggerel rhymes about the viceroy, his four boats, and his hopeful son. About the same period, for the first time in the history of the opium trade, foreigners commenced actually to carry on a smuggling trade themselves in European boats.'—*Lindsay*, p. 15.

If any one of less authority than Mr. Lindsay, who was on the spot, had stated this, we should scarcely have felt disposed to give it credit. But, with such an example before them, can it be surprising that all the inferior officers of the government became active smugglers of opium?—that they not only connived at, but participated in the profits of, the trade—their share of which, upon a moderate estimate, is stated by Mr. Lindsay at not less than '280,000*l.* annually;' this sum 'being divided between the viceroy, the hoppo, the admiral of the station, and their dependants?'

'There is a singular fact connected with a small fee or perquisite of a dollar per chest, which especially belonged to the admiral. It would appear that this sum had not been very regularly paid, so, in order to secure himself against being cheated by his own countrymen, his excellency, some years ago, sent a very civil message to the various depot ships at Lintin, requesting, as a special favour, that his perquisite might be collected on board the foreign ships, and paid over to him monthly, which had actually been done, so long as the regular trade lasted.'—*Lindsay*, p. 10.

Under all the circumstances of the case—the Superintendent's (however absurd) identification of himself with the opium traders—his order (however rash) for the surrender of the opium to him when it was placed securely in their ships, and utterly beyond the power of the Chinese—the encouragement given to the culture and manufacture of the drug by the East India Company—and the indifference as to its prohibition by the Chinese authorities, 'during the peaceful and regular days,' thereby encouraging its importation:—all these things being considered, we are not disposed to deny that a case, not of strict right and justice, but *ad misericordiam*, may be made out for the opium dealers;—especially if the report in the city should prove unfounded (of which we know nothing,) that the gains made by those concerned in the trade have been enormous;—that one gentleman boasts of having put in his pocket 180,000*l.*; and that one house has cleared not less than 400,000*l.*!

Some of their advocates suggest a partial remuneration for their losses; but the main question is, who is to advance the money? The '*Pro and Con*' gentleman finds no difficulty on this point. He de-

cides at once, and only once, while wavering between his two little *parts of speech*, as follows:—‘If the pagan semi-barbarians,’ as he calls the Chinese, ‘have really destroyed the drug, and are desirous of stopping the opium trade, through fears regarding the morals of their people, or the loss of their *sey-cee* silver, let us demand immediate payment, with interest, of only one half the value of the opium seized, at an average of seven years’ price; let our two governments pay one-fourth, and let those concerned bear the loss of the remaining fourth part; say, China pay fifty per cent., England and India twenty-five per cent., and the concerned lose twenty-five per cent.’ On this point of indemnification, we should once more say,—wait the issue of the contest with China; after which, and, perhaps, indeed before, the Chinese may not object, on a very slight pressure, to announce that their benevolent emperor, out of compassion for the ignorance of foreigners in the sublime and merciful laws of the ‘Central Flowery Land,’ and as an act of *charity* to the *starving* English, whose property has been so properly destroyed, to save the lives of millions of his beloved subjects, has ordered, &c. &c. A friend of ours, who, from long experience, knows the Chinese better, perhaps, than any other individual, has suggested to us the same notion, and that it will be done by four or five annual instalments, as was the general practice with regard to the debts of Hong merchants, whenever they became insolvent. By a juggle of this kind the government knows well how to indemnify itself, at the expense of future traders, by laying on additional imposts.

But the question of indemnification forms but a small portion of the evil:—a lucrative legal trade destroyed;—the merchants engaged in it in danger of being ruined;—a defalcation in the revenue of four millions;—these are the most important and serious results of the opium crisis. We are told, on the best authority,* that the extent of the China trade, separate and distinct from that of opium, was as follows, on an average of four years, from 1835 to 1838:—

Imports into Canton	£2,666,194
Exports from	3,825,744

£6,491,938;

that the amount in the year, from April, 1835, to March, 1836, was £8,844,044; and

* Report of the London East India and Chinese Association in 1840.

that the annual average quantity of *tea* imported in the four years above mentioned, was 37,827,774 pounds, producing to the exchequer an annual revenue amounting to 3,830,000*l*.

Compensation for these losses of trade and revenue is at this moment suspended, and placed in imminent peril. The deprivation of the article of tea alone would prove a public calamity of no slight importance. It is an article that affords a luxury to the rich, and a blessing to the poor. The moral effect of this beverage, as preventing recourse to stronger stimulants, is inestimable.

It is easy to say we shall get it through other channels; we are not so sure of that; for should our trade be cut off, the supply of tea itself in China will undoubtedly fail. Immense as is the empire in population, not a fourth part of the quantity of tea produced is consumed by the inhabitants; and if foreign export be cut off, the cultivation will, to a very great extent, be abandoned.

The Chinese now admit, and we believe for the first time, that the loss of foreign trade would be to them a great misfortune; but they have brought it upon themselves, and let them look to the recovery of it: and as to the prevention of opium, whether on account of its destructive quality, or as to its draining the country of its specie, it is their business, not ours. If, with a population of three or four hundred millions, they cannot afford a coast-guard sufficient to prevent its introduction, let them suffer the whole inconvenience—the loss of their *sey-cee* silver—and all those deplorable effects of smoking, which, however, we have reason to believe are greatly exaggerated—and that not so much by them as by us. We give very little credit to the following statement drawn from the Methodist missionary who collected it, with other tales, from an American house at Canton—none of whose partners, we venture to say, ever saw a Chinese smoking-shop:—

‘Opium is not only regularly introduced, but openly sold in all parts of China. Notwithstanding the prohibition, opium shops are as plentiful in some towns of China as gin-shops are in England. The sign of these receptacles is a bamboo screen hanging before the door, which is as certain an intimation there as the chequers are here that the slave of intemperance may be gratified. Into these shops all classes of persons continually flock, from the pampered official to the abject menial. No one makes a secret of the business or the practice; and though the officers of government are loud in denouncing the indulgence in public, they privately wink at what is patronised by their own example,

or subservient to their own interests.'—*Thelwall*, p. 123.

We fearlessly assert that this is not a true statement; it wears an absurdity on the very face of it. *Openly!* why, the poor Chinese that was strangled had only a little opium concealed in his back premises; and can it be supposed that, after its solemn denouncement on penalty of death, opium is *openly* sold, and that opium-shops are as plentiful as gin-shops in England? Opium, in fact, is *not* openly sold; opium-shops are *not* plentiful; and a bamboo screen is *not* the sign of these receptacles; such a screen may be seen hanging before the door of almost every poor peasant. If Mr. Thelwall, who seems to be courting a crusade against opium, is not satisfied with our denial, let him inquire of any or all of the gentlemen of Lord Macartney's and Lord Amherst's embassies, who traversed the country from Peking to Canton, through the very densest part of the population, and mixed with the people—let him ask any of those gentlemen, whether they ever saw one of these shops, 'into which all manner of persons continually flock?' Nay, let him ask Mr. Medhurst himself, who supplies him with a text-book, if he ever saw one? He traversed the whole coast of China, from Canton to the promontory of Shan-tung, landed at various places, visited cities and villages, found the people civil, sober, and quiet; talks of their tobacco pipes and pouches, but never once mentions the word opium. One gentleman of the Company's factory, hearing of one of these shops in Macao, visited it, and found three Chinese smoking. He tried a pipe himself, and the only effect it had on him was to make him very sick. Mr. Lindsay, indeed, says, 'the public smoking houses were open to all; and no one who has been in Canton can have failed observing opium pipes, with all the apparatus for smoking, publicly exhibited for sale, not only in shops, but by common hawkers in the streets.' But all this was in the 'peaceful and regular days,' when, he tells us, there was no mystery.

One would really suppose, from Mr. Thelwall's lamentations, that the whole population of China were opium-smokers. a drunken, depraved, and immoral set of beings, wholly absorbed in inhaling this deadly poison, destructive both of body and mind. Nothing can be more incorrect. It is stated by Sir John Barrow,*

who appears to have *walked* a great part of the way along the banks of the grand canal, that in the whole distance (about 1,200 miles) he did not see one man in a state of intoxication; and we believe that this smoking of opium is, in fact, a very confined and limited practice. The 'Resident in China' has made a calculation, the result of which is, that 40,000 chests a-year will just afford a daily whiff to no more than one person in 166, men, women, and children, out of a population of 350,000,000 inhabitants; that is to say, about 2,110,000 individuals would smoke opium, and the cost to each person would be something less than a penny a day.

If we must extend our sympathies to the other side of the globe, let them be, at least, in favour of our own subjects, in preference to those who have nothing in common with us, whose religion, morals, and habits are altogether at variance with our own, and whose natural protectors ought to be the authorities under whom they are governed. But there are among us a certain description of persons, whose sensitive feelings are ever ready to expand in proportion to the distance of the objects. To such philanthropists may we suggest a little compassion for the condition of our subjects in Assam, so painfully described by Mr. Bruce, the superintendent of the tea plantations:—

'I might here observe,' he says, 'that the British government would confer a blessing on the Assamese, and the new settlers, if immediate and active measures were taken to put down the cultivation of opium in Assam, and afterwards to stop its importation by levying high duties on opium land. If something of this kind is not done, and done quickly too, the thousands that are about to emigrate from the plains into Assam will soon be infected with the opium mania—that dreadful plague, which has depopulated this beautiful country, turned it into a land of wild beasts, with which it is overrun, and has degenerated the Assamese, from a fine race of people, to the most abject, servile, crafty, and demoralised race in India.'

'This vile drug has kept, and does now keep, down the population; the women have fewer children, compared with those of other countries, and the children seldom live to become old men, but in general die at manhood, very few old men being seen in this unfortunate country, in comparison with others. Few but those who have resided long in this unhappy country know the dreadful and immoral effects which the use of opium produces on the native. He will steal, sell his property, his children, the mother of his children, and, finally, commit murder for it. Would it not be the highest of blessings, if our humane and enlightened government would stop these evils by a single dash of the pen, and save Assam and all those who are about to emigrate into it as tea cultivators, from the dreadful results attendant on the habitual use of opium? We should in the end be richly rewarded by having a fine healthy race of men growing up for our plantations, to sell our forests, to

* *Travels in China.*

clear the land from jungle and wild beasts, and to plant and cultivate the luxuries of the world. This can never be effected by the enfeebled opium-eaters of Assam, who are more effeminate than women. I have dwelt thus long on the subject, thinking it one of great importance, as it will affect our future prospects in regard to tea; also from a wish to benefit this people, and save those who are coming here from catching the plague by our using timely measures of prevention.*

Now, we have already intimated our suspicion that the evils of opium are greatly exaggerated—we have very strong doubts whether they are worse than those of gin and whisky; but supposing the above picture to be not a gross caricature, surely our government has reason to be alarmed for things nearer home than the habits and health of the Celestials. The importation of opium into England is rapidly increasing;* the use of the drug is extending, especially in our manufacturing districts; and, we understand, many of the temperance societies are making up for their abstinence from gin by the use of opium. What will they do when tea is no longer to be had? They will, no doubt return to gin, or have recourse to opium. We cannot but think that a strict inquiry should take place as to what the effects of opium-taking really are; but that in the mean time no evidence is required as to the necessity of putting down the open, profligate, and unblushing manner in which those glaring buildings in the metropolis, known by the name of gin-palaces, are frequented. On this point we entirely concur with the writer of the 'Letter to Lord Palmerston.'

'Canton,' he says, 'is said to contain 800,000 to 1,000,000 of inhabitants; but I do not remember to have seen in its crowded thoroughfares the same debilitated frames, the flushed faces or squalid features, that constantly meet the eye in the streets of London, and traceable to the haunts of the gin-drinkers. They talk of the smoking shops, or opium dens—as some have been pleased to call them—of the Chinese, but they at any rate have the merit of retirement from the public eye. Here the petty gin-shop has swelled out its dimensions, and assumed all the splendour of a gorgeous palace, affronting the eye and ear of the sober and respectable passenger, with the disgusting appearance and language of the deluded beings that throng its portals. I remember the time when those who visited these, then more humble, resorts of the wretched and vicious, used to stop and look round to see if they were observed; but now all such precaution is abandoned; for in they go, both men and women,

ill dressed or well dressed, without shame or remorse.'—p. 6.

Most undoubtedly we have human depravity and human misery enough at home, not to trouble ourselves with the subjects of the emperor of China. The authorities of Canton, at least, have very little claim on our compassion or forbearance. We have frankly done them justice as to all the early series of transactions; but the baughty intractable violence of Commissioner Lin, in not being satisfied, as he had pledged himself he would be, with the great surrender of March—but trampling on the English Superintendent, who had but too far complied with his previous demands, in proceeding to tax Captain Elliott with a farther and apparently unlimited supervision of all who were, or were suspected of being, engaged in this opium trade—above all, the brutality of the Imperial Commissioner in expelling, *en masse*, our countrymen, who had neither offended him nor the laws of China, from Macao, where they were living under the protection of a friendly power—forcing men, women, and children, at twelve hours' notice, to flee to the ships already crowded, depriving them when there of all provisions, and preventing them by armed vessels from taking off those they had purchased from the willing natives—these are proceedings for which we suppose no Englishman but 'Captain T. H. Bullock, in the service of H. H. the Nizam,' would have the courage to demand applause. We are bound to admit that the parliamentary papers give but an obscure notion of the whole *res gestæ* subsequent to Captain Elliott's final abandonment of Canton; but still the outline seems to be one of unquestionable atrocity. There appears to have been something so vindictive in the conduct of this Commissioner Lin, in subjecting the victims of his persecution to all the horrors of dying by famine, that it is utterly impossible to imagine he can have been acting under, or sanctioned by, the orders of his government; and all this because the Superintendent very properly refused to give up an innocent person, who happened to have been one in a general scuffle of

* By a return made to the House of Commons in the year ending

5th January, 1839,	Imported, 95,839lbs. . . .	Consumed 31,204lbs.
Ditto 1840,	Ditto 196,246	Ditto 41,671

Increase 100,414

10,467

Pretty well for one year!

English, Americans, and Chinese on shore, in which one of the latter was unfortunately killed; but to point out any particular individual, who gave the fatal blow, was utterly impossible, and if possible, no Englishman would dare to give him up to certain destruction *without trial*. We will not accuse Lin of the diabolical act of murdering five innocent lascars, when carrying over an English gentleman of the name of Moss from Macao to the ships, of hacking or stabbing this gentleman, and, when in a state more dead than alive, of cutting off his ear and cramming it into his mouth. He could not be so far lost to every feeling of humanity as to give direct sanction to such fiendish doings; but he is strongly suspected of having ordered the seizure, and his inveterate conduct towards the English must have been quite enough to countenance the wretches who actually committed the enormity. But whether or not—taking into consideration the whole of this imperial commissioner's conduct—whether the extreme outrages committed had or had not his assent, he has done enough to make the interposition of the English crown inevitable.

And the truth is, that sooner or later the commercial intercourse of China, with the nations of Christendom must have been brought to some crisis of a nature enforcing the necessity of a very serious demonstration at least, on the part of one or more of the 'outside foreigners.' It is practically impossible for any nation to carry on a great and lucrative commerce with others, and yet refuse to enter into some species of diplomatic relation with them. The inconveniences of the want of such recognised relations may be endured for a season; but individual violences, on one side or the other, are sure, at some time or other, to bring the *reductio ad absurdum*; and now that the crisis has arrived in this case, our only prayer is that it may be made use of wisely.

We hear of troops being ordered to join the naval expedition from India. Will not Lord Auckland find enough for the services of his soldiers in that territory? We cannot imagine in what beneficial way land troops could be employed in the dispute with China: seamen and marines appear to us the proper description of force for that service. In every part of China the population is abundant; and though their soldiers are not in the best state of training and dis-

cipline, their numbers are so great, that near every city they will be found to swarm like a hive of bees; and like them, they can sting; nothing short of a whole army could be of any avail, or *safe*, in inland operations. Their troops may not be expert in the field, but, generally speaking, few people are more clever at expedients than the Chinese.

The general feeling of the British nation seems to be for war with the Chinese; ministers are for it; almost all the writers of the pamphlets we have recorded are for war—but differ as to the manner of prosecuting it. One would level the forts at the Bogue, and lay Canton in ashes; and, not satisfied with this, would march on to Peking (1200 miles). We hope, however, he knows the road somewhat better than a Mr. Walter Stevenson Davidson, who, when examined by a committee, proposed to march thither with 20,000 men, but admitted that he had no hints to offer for the details of such a movement. The present writer would not only 'march on to Peking, but conclude a commercial treaty in the imperial palace.' Nay, he tells us very briefly what might be the tenour of this treaty:—'You take my opium; I take your island in return, we are therefore quits; and henceforth, if you please, let us live in friendly communion and good fellowship. You cannot protect your *sea-board* against pirates and buccaneers—I can! So let us understand each other, and study to promote our mutual interest.'—(*Brief Observations*.) We have even seen a proposal for paying a visit to Peking in a first-rate man-of-war, though 100 miles inland. The 'Barrister-at-Law' would also 'penetrate to Peking,' and see what they were doing there. But none of them tells us how we are to reach that city, much less how we are to get back again. And as to 'seeing the emperor,' we must first cross the great wall, and penetrate not only to Peking, but into Tartary, for thither he would certainly betake himself. What (besides the emperor) the invaders would *not* find at Peking, we have stated elsewhere. They would, however, find, among other articles exposed for sale in almost every shop, in the four wide streets, what might somewhat surprise them, as many most splendidly-decorated coffins as would be sufficient to hold the whole of a more numerous party than will ever reach that capital. Some, again, are satisfied with blockading the whole coast

of the Eastern and Yellow Sea ; taking, sinking, or destroying every species of craft fallen in with, from the Gulf of Petchelee to Hainan, an extent of 1400 or 1500 miles, full of fine rivers, bays, and harbours, which would require more than half the navy of England efficiently to blockade. But almost every one calls out for the seizure and occupation of some island ; though, whether Amoy, or one of the Chusans, or Hong-Kong, Lantao, or Lintin, they seem not to agree.

We cannot say that we should reckon on much advantage from the possession of an island on the Chinese coast, whether seized or granted. In either case it could not fail to be a source of jealousy and dislike ; and instead of benefiting, would be more likely to damage, our commercial interests. Let us suppose one of those outside the Bocca Tigris ; what should we gain by our exclusion from the great mart of trade at Canton, while all other nations were on the spot taking the earliest advantage of the market—except the immense benefit of involving ourselves in perpetual broils with the natives, probably in frequent homicides ? Or, of what use would it be, if we were still to live in the Canton factory ? Those who talk of taking possession of Hainan or Formosa, islands nearly as large as Ireland, are not deserving of notice. If we could succeed in obtaining leave to establish a *factory* on the eastern coast,—at Amoy, for instance—in the neighbourhood of the tea districts, or on the great island of Chusan, as a depôt from whence a most extensive trade in silks and other valuable articles might be carried on with the wealthy city of Hong-cheu-foo, and the populous districts bordering on the Imperial Canal ; one or both of these would be worth contending for ; but neither these, nor any island, should be taken or held by compulsion. On this point we are glad to find that Mr. Lindsay concurs with us :—

‘ Many people are disposed to maintain that some insular possession on the coast of China is desirable, where we might carry on our trade under the protection of our own flag. I confess that in my mind I see great and serious objections to such a measure. Nothing would tend so much to degrade the imperial government before their own people as demanding such a concession ; and merely looking to our own interests, anything having such a tendency is most seriously to be deprecated. Our object in China is mere commercial intercourse, not territorial aggrandisement ; and I cannot help fearing, that if we once planted our flag and built a fort within the Chinese dominions, circumstances would

compel us to extend our limits, and our career of British India would be repeated in China.’—*Lindsay*, pp. 36, 37.

But Mr. Lindsay says, ‘ to prevent future quarrels, free access to the imperial court is the first and foremost point, which can *only be attained by the residence of an ambassador at Pekin.*’ Then we can venture to assure him, it never will be attained, but if it were possible, God help the unfortunate ambassador ! The indignities and insults he would constantly receive would soon drive him away. We have had one embassy too many already. The treatment which Van Braam and Lord Amherst met with—the one for a full compliance with the degrading demands of the Chinese court, the other for non-compliance—ought to be sufficient to deter any man of rank or character from accepting such an appointment. But the Russian mission, says Mr. Lindsay, is a precedent. We know, in modern times, of but one mission from Russia, which was accompanied by Mr. Charles Stuart (the present Lord Stuart de Rothesay). After a long and tedious journey through Siberia, and just as they were approaching the great wall, they were met by a deputation from the emperor of China, conveying more of condolence for their fatigues, than congratulation at their arrival in his dominions, and expressing his hearty wishes for their safe return—but anything rather than the remotest hint of a desire that they should extend their labours by proceeding to Pekin. Others, we perceive, talk of the Russian *legation* at Pekin : this too is a mistake. They have what they call a *college* there, where half-a-dozen youths are instructed in the Chinese language, for the mutual benefit of the two nations, in their commercial transactions at the great market of Kiatcha, near to which they are conterminous ; a permission granted so far back as in the time of the Empress Elizabeth, nearly one hundred years ago.

The American friend of Captain Elliott points out, very obligingly, various modes in which we may settle the Chinese.

‘ Finally, there are two powers in the hands of Great Britain, capable of being wielded for the subduing of the Chinese—the power of inflicting infinite harm, and the power of imparting infinite blessings. To recommend the latter means, is the object of this publication. If, however, all confidence in truth, in peaceful policy, is lost ; if resistance to rival aggrandisement can be reconciled with these remoter usurpations ; if it be consistent to uphold the Mohammedan power in Europe with

one hand, and to force changes on Asia, in the name of Christianity, with the other—seize the present occasion to make war on China: And, as there is no assignable stopping place between the assumption of arms, and a thorough reduction of the Chinese spirit and force, take measures accordingly. Find the way to the mouths of the “two rivers” by sea; and the way to Yunnan by land from India. Cut off the coasting trade, and destroy the canal approaches to the Imperial residences. Look out for some talented traitor; call him the sole representative of the old Ming family; set up his throne in the deserted courts of its ancient capital. Make free intercourse with the southern half of China the price of this “protection;” and on coming away, bring a reimbursement, and leave a subsidy. Superiority in arms and discipline may make all this easy. To render it more sure, let it appear, that Providence shall always wait in vain for western piety to give Christianity to the East, and that its angry ambition is the only means within its reach, I mean its only human instrumentality.—*Opium Crisis*, pp. 81, 82.

We are not disposed to agree with any of this gentleman's suggestions, least of all with the hint about encouraging the disaffected partisans, if there be any, of the old *Ming* dynasty, to put down the present government. England is not the nation to foment rebellion, and encourage revolution, in foreign states. Perish the tea, the opium, the silk, and the whole trade of China, rather than she should be concerned in such nefarious plans! Something, however, must be done; a solemn example is necessary, after the brutal and vindictive measures of the Chinese at Canton; and on that spot, too, where the English character has suffered insult, and the British flag has been dishonoured in what, certainly, appears to have been a foolish attack by a cutter, a pinnace, and a small armed vessel, on three large men-of-war junks, protected by a battery. Captain Elliott admits that he fired the first shot, ‘which was answered, both by them and the battery, with a spirit not at all unexpected by me; for I have already had experience that the Chinese are much underrated in that respect.’ After a fire of half an hour, the boats retreated from a want of ammunition. It would have been still worse, if there were truth in the story of the *Volage* having looked at these junks, and retired the follow morning because Captain Elliott had changed his mind in the course of the night. The *Volage* acted as she did, because it was felt to be wrong that deliberate hostilities should be committed by one of her Majesty's ships without direct authority from the government. Let us, however, put the most favourable construction on this affair; the Canton people will attach

to it the very worst, and call it cowardice. It is highly expedient, therefore, that those who have seen our disgrace, should be the first to feel our power.

Whatever is to be done, we trust will be effectual; that our demand upon them will be peremptory—the execution prompt. Active measures, and these alone, will make an impression on the Chinese authorities, and do away that slight and contempt of our power, which we have unfortunately allowed to spring up among them. Written correspondence, in the first instance, we are decidedly of opinion, should be avoided: their aim will be *delay*, and a reference to Peking would give them two months. Written discussion, once admitted, and they will assuredly beat us at it; no people on earth are such adepts at what is called, ‘passive resistance,’ as the Chinese. The two rivers, the one within and the other without Macao, (the eastern and western passages) ought to be immediately blockaded; but not, we trust, until a declaration of war, and a subsequent or simultaneous notification of blockade, according to ancient practice, shall have been promulgated; for why should we follow the lawless example of modern France? We mention this with a view to prevent cavil from neutral nations, who are at all times naturally annoyed, and extensively injured, by a blockade. The short blockade of two or three days of the Canton river by the *Volage* produced from twelve ‘free and independent’ citizens of the United States, the following remonstrance:—

‘To H. Smith, Esq., Captain of her Majesty's Ship *Volage*, Hong Kong Bay.

‘We beg leave most respectfully to present to you, and through you, to her Majesty's chief superintendent of trade in China, that the right of such a blockade cannot be recognised by the undersigned; and, if attempted to be carried into effect to their injury, or the injury of the American shipping and interests, will be considered by the undersigned, and by their countrymen, an infringement of their legal and just rights; it being contrary to the laws of nations, existing treaties, illegal, and without precedent.

‘We hereby enter our most solemn protest against such a blockade, as we understand, from report, is now proposed to be enforced. And we do hereby give notice, that we shall hold her Britannic Majesty and her government responsible in the fullest manner for whatever lives may be sacrificed, and other losses that may be sustained by American citizens, in consequence of said blockade and sudden proceedings of her Majesty's officers in China, and we shall further hold you personally and all persons acting under your authority, responsible for whatever lives may be lost or injury sustained, in person or property, by any American citizen.’

Nothing of this protest appears in the

papers laid before parliament ; but that such a blockade was illegal, must, we think, be admitted by all. No power, we believe, can legally institute a blockade except a *belligerent*, and we were not then at war with China. We may, perhaps, blockade the port of a foreign power, who has done us an injury, or on whom we have claims, without a declaration of war ; but under such a blockade, we have no right to prevent the free ingress and egress of the ships of a neutral power.

Supposing, however, that neither a blockade nor a declaration of war be adopted, but that the flag-ship should at once pass the Bocca Tigris, and proceed to the second bar, perhaps to Whampoa :—From thence the admiral would probably send a message to the governor, or commissioner, if he should still be there, to demand an interview, either on board the flag-ship or in the city—both of which we doubt not, would be refused. But the flag-ship, in passing the Bocca, it is probable, would be fired upon by the fort ; hence the commencement of hostilities. The fort would soon be silenced, taken possession of, and the blockade necessarily follow, and probably an order given to take, sink, or destroy, the whole of the shipping between the mouth of the river and the city, consisting of many hundreds—thousands, indeed, of one description or other. This proceeding may be deemed advisable, to prevent the enemy sinking them to impede the navigation of the river. A desire to communicate may at this point, perhaps, be signified by the Chinese authorities, and the answer might properly be, that the conditions must now be settled at Peking, and that a powerful squadron has already gone up the Eastern and Yellow Sea for that purpose.

A part of the squadron with the flag-ship will no doubt go into the Gulf of Petchele. The despatch of a peremptory demand of satisfaction from the emperor, sent by one of the mandarins at Takoo (close to the mouth of the Pei-ho) may be proper, accompanied probably with proposals for a treaty. This would not fail to occasion considerable alarm at Peking ; but any attempt to proceed thither, or, indeed, up to the great northern emporium, Tien-sing, would, we think, be attended with vast difficulty, and probable disaster. There are thousands of junks, barges, and various kinds of craft, the whole way from Ta-koo to Tien-sing, the distance being about eighty miles by the river, and from forty to fifty by land.

The barges either go under sail or are dragged by men, according as the wind suits or not ; but it is more than probable that the country around would be driven, and no trackers to be had. Admitting this, however, not to be the case, and that the party were suffered to reach Tien-sing with little molestation, they would find abundance of wealth, no doubt, in this immense city, which, according to Lord Macartney, extends along both banks of the river, as far as Milbank is from Limehouse, and is said to contain 700,000 inhabitants ; but the objects of plunder or confiscation would be of a bulky description : no precious metals or jewellery, no articles of great value and small compass. Indeed it may be considered a matter of doubt, whether the invading party would be able to bring anything away, even themselves ; for it can hardly be doubted that the troops, the militia, and the whole *posse comitatus*, would be called to the banks of the river, where thousands and tens of thousands would be assembled, and the river itself most easily rendered impassable, by the sinking of barges or junks, or whatever might effectually stop the navigation. Our opinion, then, most decidedly is, that any attempt of the kind would fail, the result be fatal, and defeat and disgrace certain.

The more we think on what has happened at Canton, the stronger is our conviction that the first and great blow must be struck *there* ; because it is there that insult, oppression, robbery, defeat, and disgrace have been sustained. Having struck this blow, which would soon be known at Peking, then proceed to the northward, and let the flag-ship, with part of the squadron, anchor before the mouth of the Pei-ho ; or, for the purpose of increasing the alarm, take possession of the Mia-tau islands in the gulf, where there is excellent anchorage. The very appearance of these ships would, no doubt, create such an alarm in the capital, as to induce the ministers of the imperial court to sue for peace. This would be infinitely more desirable than anything, in the way of treating, that could be effected with the officers of Canton ; for even supposing their intentions honourable (a most liberal supposition !), whatever one triennial governor might concede, his successor would be very likely to set aside. But if a treaty could be concluded, with the seal and signature of the emperor, it would bear the stamp of

law, and be considered in all parts of China valid and permanent. The concession of a just and reasonable indemnity for the past aggressions, and security for persons and property for the future, placing our commercial intercourse with China on an honourable and stable footing, might reasonably be expected from the imperial court, rather than the entertainment of any hope on its part from the continuance of the war.

Before making such a concession, however, it is a matter of course that the emperor should demand from England, what Lin would fain have extorted from Elliott—a solemn pledge that no more opium should ever be imported into China in English ships; and this we must say, is a pledge which would not and could not be given, because it would be impossible to redeem it. All we could promise would be, to discountenance its introduction, while it must be their business, not ours, to effect its prohibition. They should be made acquainted that we can have no control over the cargoes of ships from Manilla, Batavia, Singapore, and various parts of the eastern world, nor can we possess any power to prohibit such ships from attempting to smuggle opium into any of the numerous ports of a coast 1300 or 1400 miles in extent. Captain Elliott, however, has proposed a measure, which appears to be unobjectionable, that ‘unless the consignee and commander of every English vessel, on the day of arrival, hand in to the superintendent a solemn declaration, in Chinese and English, that she has brought no opium to China, has none on board, neither will receive any, she shall not be allowed to trade.’ This, we think, goes as far as can reasonably be required. All Lin had—all the Pekin government ever can have—a right to demand from us is, that our public officers shall neither give or claim protection of any sort, for the behoof of those who choose to prosecute an illegal traffic.

If the conceit and ignorance of the Chinese should induce them, notwithstanding what is likely to happen, to refuse all reasonable demands, in such case, undoubtedly, nothing would be left but to let loose our ships of war along the whole extent of the eastern coast, to take or destroy their coasting trade, and to threaten their towns and villages. But the force employed on such a service need only consist of two or three small frigates and as many sloops, which would be more than

equal to lay waste the whole face of the country from the Pei-ho to the Bocca Tigris. They must not, however, from mistaken humanity, or whatever other feeling, let any of the public ships of war escape, as those of Admiral Kwan's squadron were allowed to do. After sinking two (not five or six) out of thirty or thereabouts, and the destruction of four or five hundred men, by the *Volage* and *Hyacinth*, without a single man killed on our part, the letting the rest quietly escape may have been dictated by a generous and humane feeling, added to the consideration that these British vessels were only on the defensive; but the Chinese will give us no credit for any such feelings, and we shall see, by the next account, that this gallant admiral, who boasts his descent from the Chinese god of war, will claim a victory.*

It is scarcely possible to conceive the state of poverty that prevails on a great part of the coast; and the public buildings and works of defence, where there are any, are almost everywhere a mass of ruins. Medhurst, the missionary, who coasted downwards from the promontory of Shan-tung, thus describes one of the places at which he landed—adding, that many others were very similar to it:

‘We had now time to look around us and survey the town, which we found to have been originally surrounded with a mud wall, and provided with gateways, but now miserably out of repair. The ramparts were so low and so sloping that it was easy to walk up one side and down the other, while the portals were dilapidated and exposed. Only one fourth of the space within the walls was occupied by houses, many of which were in ruins. All things marked decay rather than improvement; and the place must have sadly deteriorated within the last century, as the Jesuits have marked it down in their map as an important military station. The same observation holds true of all parts of Shan-tung which we have seen.’

And yet this is one of the finest provinces, and adjacent to that of the capital.

With the exception, therefore, of the immense group of the Chusan Islands, into the midst of which flow two navigable rivers, the one leading to the city of Ningpo, a flourishing place, and the other to Hong-cheu-foo, one of the wealthiest cities in the empire, and excepting, also, Amoy, a town of considerable trade, there is no spot on that extensive coast that would be likely to tempt the hostility of a British man-of-war. Some of the

* We were right; a report has been sent to Pekin of Kwan's victory over two British ships of war.

writers talk of the numerous ships in the Yellow Sea, bearing tribute to Peking. This is a mistake; the valuable articles of *tribute*, as it is called—tea, silks, grain—are all conveyed to the several public depôts by the great internal navigation—the Imperial Canal. The coast trade is of a mean description: all the junks, with the exception of those conveying rice and salt to the northern provinces, being carried on by poor families, several of them living in separate departments of the same junk. There are the various kinds of fishing craft, in which myriads of poor people are employed along the whole line of the eastern coast; others, again, obtain a livelihood by a petty coasting trade from port to port. All these and the numerous villages along the sea-coast might most easily be swept away, and universal distress be inflicted on the unoffending natives; and to no good purpose, for this would make but little impression at Peking; it would be set forth in the Peking gazette, as the act of foreign pirates and robbers, whom his imperial majesty had ordered his admirals to drive away from the face of the ocean. But these extreme proceedings, we trust, will not happen. God forbid it should fall to the lot of British naval officers to carry into execution such severities, in order to avenge the local tyranny of a few menials of a despotic government!

We are quite aware that, to make the results of war efficient, a proportion of the inhabitants of the country, against which it is waged, must suffer; but in all cases, and especially with regard to China, whose people can offer little or no resistance, our efforts should, as much as possible, be directed to establishments and edifices of a public nature; if contributions are to be levied, it should be only on the wealthy and accessible cities of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, and Hong-cheu-foo. As steamers will probably be employed on the present occasion, they might ascend the two great rivers, the Whang-ho and the Yang-tse-kiang, to the points where they intersect the Grand Canal, and where, if destruction were the object, there are the means of inflicting the greatest possible degree of distress, both of a public and private nature, not only by intercepting all the supplies proceeding along that populous line, but by breaking down the banks, in consequence of which the whole adjacent country* for

many thousand square miles might be completely deluged. But in whatever way the circumstances of the war may compel the brave officers of our navy to act, we may be quite sure that their own sense and feeling will be '*parcere subjectis, debellare superbos*.'

We are not, however, by any means, clear as to the expediency of ascending either of these great rivers. Steamers would, undoubtedly, get up—though the currents are so rapid, that sailing craft would not be able to stem them; but the safe return even of steamers might be doubtful; the Chinese, as we have said, are a crafty people, and full of expedients, and little would be thought by them of blocking up the navigation by sinking a multitude of their huge junks, which are to be found in every creek and stream on the banks. The same observation indeed will apply to all the rivers; but the Peiho, which leads to the great emporium of Tien-sing, could be more easily blocked up than the others. Our caution not to hold the Chinese too cheap is not to be despised. The 8000 Tartar troops in the vicinity of the capital may be better than we are apt to fancy. We did not expect to find that, in the fort protecting the bay of Cooloon, there was mounted a thirty-two pounder gun; or that one of their junks should have fired a twelve-pound shot into the mast of the Hyacinth.

But of one thing we are quite certain—that whatever the issue of the 'crisis' may be—whatever concession we may obtain in the way of apology, indemnification, restoration, or even extension and enfranchisement of our legitimate trade—in short, whatever advantages we may gain by the contest,—and by prudent management we cannot fail to gain some—none of them will long avail us, if dependent on any agreement concluded with the Viceroy of Canton; on the contrary, all our exertions—all the expense of the armament—loss of time and delay—will produce no permanent effect, unless, as we have already said, we shall be able to obtain a solemn treaty, written in the two languages, and ratified under the seal and signature of the Emperor of China, confirming the future security of the lives and property of our mercantile subjects, employed in lawful enterprises, granting full permission to communicate freely and directly with the provincial authorities, and embracing all other points which it may be deemed necessary to secure in our future inter-

* Quarterly Review, No. C.

course with this great kingdom. The demand of such a treaty cannot well be resisted on the plea of want of precedent, for Russia obtained a treaty, signed at Peking, regulating the trade of the two nations at Kiatka and Mia-mia-chin; but even if there were no precedent in Chinese history, it is sufficient that the time has come when China can no longer be allowed, from whatever jealousy or haughtiness, to refuse to bind herself to something like the diplomatic *jus gentium*. And it is needless to conceal that, even in regard to the *status*, and *animus* too, of this empire, we and the other civilized nations of the world have excellent reason to keep in consideration the past and present course, tendency and extent of Russian influence and Russian intrigue.

ART. IX.—1. *Reports of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Printed Papers.* 1837-1840.

2. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel on the Question of Privilege*, 8th June, 1837.

3. *Remarks on the Report of a Select Committee of the late House of Commons on the Publication of Printed Papers.* 1837.

4. *Letter to Lord Langdale on the recent proceedings of the House of Commons on the subject of Privilege.* By Thomas Pemberton, Esq., M.P. Third Edition. 1840.

Good cases make bad precedents: when the *merits* of a particular question are very clear, mankind in general are not disposed to be critical as to its minute forms, nor jealous of its possible consequences. And it was probably under the influence of some such feeling, in the case of Stockdale and Hansard (where the *merits* were so decidedly against the plaintiff,) that the House of Commons was led to pass certain resolutions of a wider scope and more comprehensively penal character than they would probably have adopted if the *subject-matter* had been more questionable. Whether this was from mere natural impulse, or whether there was in any mind a latent desire to seize a favourable opportunity for extending the privileges of the democratic branch of the legislature, we cannot pre-

sume to form an opinion, except only that we may confidently assume that neither this latter object, nor any other constitutional change, ever entered into the imaginations of some of the most eminent persons who gave their approbation to those proceedings. Certain, however, it is, that these resolutions seem to involve some very alarming principles, and have in fact produced a conflict between law and privilege, of extreme difficulty, and even of considerable danger.

It may, perhaps, appear presumptuous in us to hope that our opinion can have any effect in accommodating a difference where the most eminent of our lawyers and statesmen seem to have failed; but as we have a strong impression that the real and fundamental principle of the case has been, if not overlooked, at least overlaid, in a vast quantity of extrinsic matter, and as we fancy that we see a mode of reconciling all—except, perhaps, the very extreme opinions—we feel it our duty to offer our humble attempt towards so desirable an object.

We shall begin by a short statement of the facts.

The great expense of printing the vast, and, in too great a proportion, useless, quantity of papers annually laid before parliament, induced Mr. Hume to suggest, and a select committee to adopt, so lately as the 13th August, 1835, the following resolution:—

“Resolved, that the Parliamentary Papers and Reports printed for the use of the House should be rendered accessible to the public by purchase, at the lowest price they can be furnished; and that a sufficient number of extra copies shall be printed for that purpose.”—*Pemberton*, pp. 10, 11.

And this was followed 13th March, 1836, by the following:—

“Resolved, that Messrs. Hansard, printers to the House, be appointed to conduct the sale.

“That, in order to render the Parliamentary Papers accessible to the public through the means of other booksellers, it is expedient that a discount of twelve and a half per cent. should be allowed to the trade who shall become purchasers.”—p. 11.

Now be it observed—a most important fact, and never to be lost sight of—that this promiscuous sale—under commercial forms, and for a mere economical object—was entirely NEW; and that therefore all antecedent precedents as to the publication and sale of parliamentary papers—however numerous and conclusive as to such modes of ‘sale and publication’ as formerly existed—can have no bearing on

an entirely novel practice introduced for entirely novel purposes. This our readers already see is the key-stone of the whole affair. We shall revert to it by and by in argument—at present we mention it only in the series of facts. Under this resolution a report made in pursuance of the provision of an Act of Parliament (5 and 6 Will. IV.) by certain ‘Inspectors of Prisons’ was offered for sale, in which report, after stating that improper books found their way into Newgate, it was added that amongst them was—

‘the ———, by ———, eighteen plates, published by Stockdale, 1827. This last,” they observed, “is a book of a most disgusting nature, and the plates are obscene and disgusting, in the extreme.”’—p. 7.

For this passage Mr. Stockdale—actuated, it seems, rather by a morbid love of notoriety than by any other motive—brought an action for libel against Messrs. Hansard. To this Messrs. Hansard put in a general plea of not guilty, by which the fact and nature of the publication were put in issue; and they also pleaded a justification, that the alleged libel was true.

This, however, they did in their own private capacity, and it does not appear that the House of Commons interfered, or thought they had any authority to interfere, to stop the action. This is a remarkable fact.

The Attorney-General happened to be counsel for Hansard—as he might have been for John Doe or Richard Roe—for it does not appear that he had any directions on the subject from the House of Commons; the question of whose jurisdiction was not in any way raised on the face of the pleadings; but, in his speech, Mr. Attorney unfortunately raised that question, by insisting, on the part of the defendants, that the publication was privileged on the ground of its having been sold by order of the House of Commons. On this Lord Denman told the jury—

‘It seems to me, gentlemen, that the only questions for you upon the general issue can be, first, whether the publication was by the defendants at all; and, secondly, whether it is a publication of a libel; because, on the third ground, namely, that this is a privileged publication, I am bound to say, as it comes before me as a question of law for my direction, that I entirely disagree from the law laid down by the learned counsel for the defendant. I am not aware of the existence in this country of any body whatever that can privilege any servant of theirs to publish libels of any individual. Whatever arrangements may be made between the House of Commons and any publisher in their employ, I am of opinion that the publisher who publishes that

in his public shop, and especially for money, which may be injurious, and possibly ruinous, to any one of the King’s subjects, must answer in a court of justice to that subject, if he challenge him for a libel.’—*Pemberton*, pp. 8, 9.

The jury, accordingly, found against Hansard on the first plea, or, in substance, that he had published a libel, but for him on the plea of justification: namely, that the matter was true; which prevented the recovery of any damages by the plaintiff.

It was now—and not till now, when the question had been allowed to come to a judicial decision—that the House of Commons interposed. The question raised by Mr. Attorney, and negatived by the Chief-Justice, was in terms so large as to involve the privilege of publishing defamatory matter against an individual, even in a case in which parliament should think it necessary for the public service specially to order such a publication—a case, be it observed, essentially distinct in public policy from that then before the court, of an accidental and incidental defamation published under a general resolution to sell commercially for profit every thing which might happen to be printed for the use of the house. It must, therefore, be admitted that the House was perfectly justifiable in determining to clear up the ambiguity, and to contend for the right of special, or even, if it pleased, of general sale: but it is to be regretted that it did not rather, according to many successful precedents, prefer to carry the matter forward in the legal course by writ of error, than to take the matter prematurely, as we think, into its own hands, and attempt to set aside the proceedings of the court by the high hand of its own authority; above all, we cannot hesitate to express our wonder that, when the House of Commons determined to proceed to extremities in the assertion of its privilege, it did not fairly and manfully go to the fountain-head of the opposition. The opinion of the Lord Chief-Justice—confirmed by a subsequent decision of the whole court—was and is to this moment not merely the real, but in fact the only direct, formal, and tangible denial of the privilege claimed. Neither Stockdale, nor the sheriffs, nor the inferior agents who have been since implicated in the affair, pretend to directly deny or affirm anything about the privileges of the House of Commons: they do things that the house pronounces, *ex post facto*, to be against their privileges, but these things, at the time the parties did them, they believed to be

according to the law of the land; and the first constitutional expounder of the laws of the land, the Court of Queen's Bench, has told them that they were right. It was the Court of Queen's Bench, and in a more particular manner the Lord Chief-Justice, who denied the privilege, and who even travelled a little beyond the actual case to enlarge, and corroborate, and solemnise that denial in the most emphatic manner. 'The direction,' said the Chief-Justice, 'of the House of Commons to Messrs. Hansard is no justification for him, nor for any other bookseller who publishes a parliamentary report containing a libel against any man.' Thus enlarging his decision beyond the present case;—and he gives his opinion—

'emphatically and distinctly; because I think, that if, upon the first opportunity that arose in a court of justice for questioning that point, it were left unsatisfactorily explained, the judge who sat there might be an accomplice in the destruction of the liberties of the country, and expose every individual who lives in it to a tyranny that no man ought to submit to.'—p. 9.

This is a denial of the privilege the 'most distinct and emphatic' that, we believe, was ever pronounced anywhere. But this real and sufficient cause and only justification of the subsequent alarm of the Commons was not, as in common sense it ought to have been, debated and decided between the Court of Queen's Bench and them; but after considerable delay they took a subsequent opportunity of turning round on some poor devils, printers and clerks, whose acts did not directly impugn the privilege, and whose submission would not have confirmed it—whatever these poor people might have been terrified or tortured* into doing, would not have obliterated or invalidated the judgment of Lord Denman, or the decision of the court. This appears to us the greatest and least excusable error the House of Commons has made, because it was undignified as well as unjust, and every way unfortunate, to attempt to intimidate ignorant and comparatively innocent underlings, rather than boldly and fairly to debate the right with the superior and only authority which had questioned it, and with whom alone a contest of so delicate a nature could be creditably conducted or *effectually con-*

cluded. A different course was unhappily adopted.

A select committee was appointed to consider the whole question, and in a very able and elaborate report of the 2d May, 1837, that committee embodied certain abstract propositions, much larger, as we have said, than the case required, and about which, both in their extent and application, we, in common with many others of infinitely greater authority, entertain very serious doubts:

'Your committee, having considered the subject of parliamentary privilege, and the jurisdiction of this house to determine the extent of its own privileges, submit, as their opinion, that by the law and usage of parliament, the House of Commons does possess an exclusive jurisdiction, and that it is a breach of its privileges to bring them into discussion before any other tribunal, directly or incidentally; and that such breach of privilege subjects the parties to punishment by this house.'—p. 12.

On this important proposition we must make two observations; *first*, that it asserts a right in the House, never, we believe, before contended for, of creating *new privileges*, which it should be as highly penal to question as any of its old, undoubted, and constitutional rights; this seems to us a very violent assumption, and one which, probably, the committee did not seriously mean to claim. And, *secondly*, that it was equally penal to bring *any* of the privileges of the House into discussion, *directly or indirectly*. Now, without stopping to show the absurdity of prohibiting '*any discussion, directly or indirectly*,' of questions of privilege, which could, *in natura rerum*, be neither established, nor defined, nor understood, without some such discussions—and in support of which the committee adduced an infinite number of discussions and decisions in the courts of law—exclusive, we say, of this absurdity, it contained one still greater; for, in the present case, the offender against this asserted privilege was—not Stockdale, nor the Chief Justice, but—Mr. Attorney General himself, who was the first to bring the question of privilege into discussion. Nor, if the committee had said, what they probably meant, '*an adverse discussion*,' would it have cured the absurdity; for he who takes before a court of justice the affirmative side of a discussion obliges the Court to discuss the *negative* as well as the *affirmative*, and to decide negatively if it feels itself bound in law and conscience to do so. Mr. Attorney was, therefore, in this point, the real culprit

* See the strange propositions of Lord Howick and the Solicitor-General for increasing the severity of coercion on Stockdale and Howard, when it was found that simple imprisonment was likely to fail.

The report then proceeds—

'That, by the law and privilege of Parliament, this House has the *sole and exclusive* jurisdiction to determine upon the *existence and extent of its privileges*; and that the institution or prosecution of any action, suit, or other proceeding, for the purpose of bringing them into discussion or decision, before any court or tribunal elsewhere than in Parliament, is a high breach of such privilege, and renders all parties concerned therein amenable to its just displeasure, and to the punishment consequent thereon.

'That for any court or tribunal to assume to decide upon matters of privilege, inconsistent with the determination of either House of Parliament thereon, is contrary to the law of Parliament, and is a breach and contempt of the privileges of Parliament.'—pp. 12, 13.

And *this* is stated in a report which produces and *relies upon* numerous cases (*Ashby and White, Burdett and Abbott*, for instance) in which the House had accepted, and appealed to, the judgments of the courts of law in questions of privilege—sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully—but in which it had, when unsuccessful, acquiesced in the adverse decision.

We really do not understand how the House could have agreed to resolutions so extravagant and contradictory. Mr. Pemberton, in his excellent pamphlet, seems to account for it by saying that they were passed unexpectedly in a very thin house. Passed, however, they were, to the great surprise of all thinking men out of doors, and particularly of the whole legal profession, with the single exception, we believe, of Mr. Serjeant Wilde (now Solicitor General) who is supposed to have had the chief hand in framing the report, which, able as we admit it to be, is peculiarly powerful in proving what nobody questioned, but rather deficient in establishing any of the substantial points on which its conclusions could be founded.

These resolutions, and the public opinion upon them, encouraged, it would seem, Mr. Stockdale to commence another action for a different emission of the Inspectors' report. Still the House attacked neither the judge, nor the party, nor the attorney, as, in pursuance of these recent resolutions, might have been expected; but, on the contrary, and *in the teeth of their resolution*, directed that Hansard should plead. He did plead; and on a solemn argument the whole court affirmed, in substance, the Chief-Justice's former opinion, and damages of £100 were awarded to Stockdale.

Here, again, the House made an extraordinary halt. They neither put their resolution in force, nor followed the more

obvious and prudent course of appealing by *writ of error* from the decision—they *paid the damages*: thus substantially stultifying all their own pretensions, and virtually admitting the legality of all Stockdale's proceedings.

Now occurred what is called *P. Lack's case*, and which has been too little and too superficially considered; for, though its relation to the Stockdale proceedings was only incidental, it illustrates very forcibly the *true principles* of the general question. The facts are these. A committee of the *House of Lords* had made, and that House had, *in its usual course*, ordered to be printed, a report on New Zealand, with an appendix of evidence, containing some defamatory matter against Mr. Polack. Did Mr. Polack dream of attacking the *House of Lords*?—not at all; but by-and-by the '*Times*' newspaper, deeming that the evidence might interest the public, reprinted it; and then Mr. Polack, seeing that he had an unprivileged commercial publication to deal with, brought an action against the '*Times*,' and recovered £100 damages. This was a hard case on the '*Times*;' but it marks very clearly the distinction—the legal and constitutional distinction—between the privileged and the unprivileged publication of a parliamentary document; and what followed marked it still more strongly.

The House of Lords thought it right to communicate its report to the House of Commons, who ordered it to be reprinted, and then, as a *matter of course*, under the resolution of 1835, Messrs. Hansard sold, in their public shop, at the price of 4s., that which, in the case of the '*Times*,' was pronounced a punishable libel. Can common sense imagine any possible distinction between the sale by Hansard and by the '*Times*?' No wonder, then, that Mr. Polack—fortified by his verdict—sanctioned by the opinion of the Queen's Bench in *Stockdale and Hansard*—and encouraged by the retrograde proceedings of the House of Commons itself, should have brought an action against Hansard for the *republication* of the libel. Hansard appealed to the House of Commons; and that House, which had so recently decided, in a precisely similar case, that Hansard *should plead*, were now pleased to decide that Hansard *should not plead*; but still, contrary to its recent pledges, took no measures whatsoever against the parties who brought, or the courts which entertained the action.

Polack's case, we know not why, here fell to the ground; but our readers see that, as far as it had gone, it corroborates our view of the obvious distinction between a privileged publication and a publication by commercial sale; and, though not farther prosecuted, it had incidentally a serious effect on the next step in the Stockdale case. For, encouraged, we presume, by this repeated *derection* of its resolutions, on the part of the House of Commons, and this *variation* from its former course of proceeding, Stockdale took advantage of the *recess* to bring a third action against Hansard.

The House not being sitting, Hansard had recourse to the Speaker, who took upon himself to act upon the view which the House had lately adopted in Polack's case, and directed Hansard not to plead. The Speaker had, it seems, forgotten, that, in spite of the proverbial delay of the law, an undefended cause progresses rapidly, and, in fact, Stockdale obtained a verdict of £600 by Hansard's default; and this amount was levied, in the usual course of law, by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, on the goods of Hansard, during the recess.

The House, on its re-assembling, now found itself driven into the most difficult strait of abandoning its resolutions, or of proceeding summarily against all the parties to the third suit: they adopted the latter course. Stockdale and his attorney* were committed, and the sheriffs, who refused to pay back to Hansard the money they had levied, and which by law they were bound to pay over to Stockdale, were committed also. The subsequent release of the sheriffs, on rather flimsy excuses, has no other effect on the great question at issue than to show, either that the House was not very firm in its position, or that it was reluctant to inflict a severe punishment on individuals for a matter in which they were officially and ministerially implicated, without any fault of theirs; Stockdale and his attorney, and even the attorney's son, a boy *under age*, and his clerk who was no more than the mere instrument of his master, still remaining in custody. But this has not prevented the bringing of fresh actions; nor can it, we fear, prevent the ultimate collision be-

tween the Queen's Bench and the House of Commons, unless the House will either consent to carry one of the causes to the *dernier ressort* (as had been done in Ashby and White, and in Burdett and Abbott,) or that there may be found some extrication from the difficulty by a legislative enactment. On this latter point we shall say a few words by and by; but let us previously look back to the rationale of these proceedings.

For near 150 years, ever since the establishment of the present constitution in 1688, the House of Commons has (with insignificant exceptions) continued to *sell* its *votes*, and occasionally other papers; and to print, and of course to distribute to its members, and, by its members, to the public, all other documents, according to its discretion; and, as far as we know, without any difficulty or question, till the present period. It is obvious that a mere usage that never has been questioned because perhaps it never was abused, would not be any conclusive argument that the abuse of it would be legal. But—as it is presumed that in this long course of time much defamatory matter must have been published, which would probably have been complained of or prosecuted, if any doubts of the legality of this kind of publication had been entertained—it may, on this presumption, be further presumed that the Houses of Parliament have a right, in the *bond fide* exercise of their proper functions, to print for their own use, and to distribute, and perhaps even to *sell** (sale being only a regulated distribution) matters which may happen to be defamatory of individuals, when in their judgment the public service may require it. It is not easy to controvert in the abstract the position of Lord Denman, that no man can be excluded from appealing to the law against an injury of this nature; yet, thinking that *salus populi* is *suprema lex*, and that the right of publication, as it was exercised by the Houses of Parliament up to 1836, is necessary to the due discharge of their high functions, we do not believe that the courts would have entertained any action for a libel published by their *advised* authority.

* The attorney was not committed in the first instance. On being brought up on the third action he expressed his regret, and was discharged the same night the sheriffs were committed; a few days afterwards he proceeded with the fourth action, and was thereupon finally committed.

* We treat the abstract right to sell thus dubiously, because we have in fact very great doubts about it; or, to speak more candidly, a strong leaning the other way (not deeming precedents of an unquestioned practice conclusive as to its being unquestionable); but, as our view of the subject applies to the special case under the resolution of August, 1835, we think it best not to complicate the question with the wider discussion.

It would indeed have been almost impossible to have brought any such action for a plaintiff to a favourable issue; for in the first place no paper, we believe, ever was sold without having *individually* received a special *imprimatur* and order for the *sale*, under the Speaker's own hand, which was not only a guarantee against the publication of improper matter, but was a certificate of the public expediency of publishing matter which might otherwise have appeared questionable; and as to the class of papers which were most liable to contain defamatory matter, their distribution amongst members, or even by members to their constituents, would, (when private malice could not be shown) have been, we incline to think, protected as a privileged communication; and in such a case, contrary to the full extent of Lord Denman's dictum, an individual, though he might be injured, would have no legal remedy. Suppose my Lord Chief Justice himself had occasion—as happens frequently to every judge—to express, in open court, a strong censure on the conduct of a party or of a witness, even though it were so far *extrajudicial* as to be a mere interlocutor, can it be alleged that such a person would have an action for defamation? We are satisfied that my Lord Chief Justice did not mean to go to that extent; and his words, 'any publisher who publishes in his public shop' (though somewhat embarrassed by the addition of 'especially for money') must have meant, 'any man who publishes commercially.' And though he subsequently added,—

'the fact of the House of Commons having directed Messrs. Hansard to publish all their Parliamentary Reports is no justification for them, or for any bookseller who publishes a Parliamentary Report containing a libel against any man,'—

yet we apprehend, by the introduction of the word '*all*,' that he had an eye to a *promiscuous* commercial publication; and that his Lordship would probably not have applied his doctrine to the case of a paper *specially* approved by the Speaker, and ordered to be distinctly published, or even sold (though that, we again repeat, may admit of more doubt), for some reason of public utility or policy. He would probably, we think, have said that he could not judge of the motives which so high an authority might have for such a publication, on the same principle that he refused to inquire into the nature of the contempt on which the House thought proper to commit Stockdale.

We believe a great deal of the error and confusion of this case has arisen from the legal technicality, that, in cases of libel, *sale* is no essential ingredient—the whole question being *publication*. This is incontrovertible in ordinary cases; but surely there is, in the common sense and understanding of mankind, a vast difference whether a paper be distributed *advisedly* by the supreme authority of a branch of the legislature for public purposes, or whether it be promiscuously sold as a matter of commercial dealing and pecuniary profit. One is *privilege*, the other is *trade*. We admit the right of the House of Commons to *privilege*, but we never before heard that it pretended to a right to *trade*; for we do not think that the few and cautious instances in which the house has heretofore allowed the *sale* of papers, can be, in principle or in practice, assimilated to the *wholesale* dealing which it has lately practised in *partnership* with Messrs. Hansard. But we may be asked where we would *draw the line*. We reply that we would draw no line at all. We would leave matters as they were before the unfortunate resolution of 1835; and, as we had gone on for 150 years without any serious difficulty, we think it probable that we should go on just as well for 150 years more; or if any difficulties should arise, the *onus* would then lie, as we think it does now, on the *innovators*.

And this leads us to another important consideration. Privilege is not to be created *pro re natâ*: it is founded in prescription, and confirmed by time. It is not a *modern gothic* of yesterday's lath and plaster: it is the old baronial fortress of our liberties, venerably ancient, and yet still adequate, by successive accommodations, to its proper purposes—but the most ungainly edifice in the world to turn into a *shop*. We may build a new House of Commons, but we must not erect new privileges. The House affects to stand on its *ancient* privileges: is that consistent with innovations? And will any man in his senses deny that the resolution of August, 1835, is an *innovation*? If we have been in this respect, and almost in this alone, a peaceable community for 150 years, and if we are now disturbed by the introduction of an innovation, what is the remedy? To call in other innovations to our help?—No; but to turn the original innovation out of doors.

But it may be said the spirit of the

times requires a greater publicity of parliamentary proceedings than formerly; and we are ourselves strong advocates for all necessary publicity—aye, and for more than is necessary. It may be doubted whether, in the ‘multitude of councilors there be wisdom,’ but still more, whether, in the multitude of papers, there be light, except indeed when—as happens to the greater share of the publications of the House of Commons—we burn them. We remember to have heard of a shrewd old minister of state, who, when papers were moved for on some ticklish point, cheerfully seconded the motion, and offered, on the part of the government, a great deal more than was demanded. ‘The mover shall have,’ he whispered his colleagues, ‘such a shower of papers that I defy him to see the object.’

But admitting the great advantage of publicity, was there not publicity enough in the years preceding August, 1835? Was not every interest abundantly supplied with information? And did not the press, in more convenient shapes than the lumbering folios of Messrs. Hansard, distribute all that the public was inquisitive about? But if that be not enough, let the House permit *everybody* to reprint and publish their papers; but let *everybody* do it as men of business, for their own profit, and at their own risk; and let them, and not the House of Commons, battle it with the Court of Queen’s Bench.

But this argument for publicity leads to another important consideration.

It is unnecessary to remind our readers that the House of Commons has always held that the publication of its proceedings was a high breach of privilege; nor shall we detail the steps by which this general prohibition was from time to time relaxed or evaded. Suffice it to say, that in the beginning of the last century the periodical journals were in the habit of giving a summary of the leading speeches in the most important debates, but with two symptoms of a conscious dread of the power of the House: the first, the flimsy device, designating the speakers’ names by their initial and final letters, as *L—d C—d* for Lord Chesterfield; *Sir R—t W—e* for Sir Robert Walpole, and so on: the second a precaution (which involved a principle), that the publication did not take place during the actual session, but was carefully reserved for the recess, when it was supposed that the power of the House was

in abeyance. But even with these precautions, reporting was thought a perilous calling; and indeed the publishing anything that gave offence to either House, or even to any individual member, was liable to very inquisitorial proceedings, and to very severe punishment. It seems to us at this distance of time hardly credible that Paul Whitehead’s poem, called ‘*Manners*,’ was considered a breach of the privilege of the House of Lords, and punished accordingly, and that the authors of what seem to us very fair and moderate ‘*Considerations on an Embargo on provisions*,’—which had been laid on by an *Order of the King in Council*, and not yet sanctioned by an act of parliament,—should have been punished by the House of Commons as a breach of privilege with exemplary, or, as it seems to us, revolting severity.

No wonder, then, that the ‘*Gentleman’s Magazine*’ (1737, p. 830) should plead, in extenuation of the defects of its reports, ‘the difficulty and sometimes danger of publishing speeches in P——t:’ an awful name, which it did not even venture to print at full length. But even these obsequious precautions were not sufficient. On the 13th April, 1738, Mr. Speaker Onslow himself *ex meri motu*, as far as appears, complained to the House that ‘the publishers of several news letters and papers had taken upon them to give accounts of the proceedings of the House,’ and thereupon it was voted, after debate—if debate it may be called, in which there was not one dissentient voice—‘that it is a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of, the privileges of this House to publish their debates, whether during the session or in the recess, and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against any offender.’—*Journals*.

In this discussion the principal men of both sides took a part—Mr. Winnington, Sir W. Yonge, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney—but the only doubt expressed by any one was, whether the authority of the House spread over the recess; the resolution, however, was so worded and voted *nem. con.* Mr. Pulteney, at that time the leading patriot, justified his concurrence in this vote by what appears to us the only true principle on which it can be founded, namely, that a right on the part of the public to be informed of their debates would imply a right of judgment on the conduct of members incompatible

with the real independence of the House of Commons. This seems to us sound constitutional doctrine; and though the terms of the resolution of 1738 are somewhat too pompous, the principle is one which, however it may be relaxed or evaded, has never been abandoned, and we doubt whether it could be absolutely repealed without subverting the constitutional character of the House of Commons. But we must observe how incompatible this principle is with the doctrine (urged by the ablest advocates of privilege in the case of Stockdale and Hansard), that the House has a right to authorise a publication, even though it should happen to be a libel on an individual, 'because the public has a right to know what its representatives are about.' The argument comes to this—the public has a right to know what its representatives are about—therefore it has a right to know what Mr. Stockdale, a printer, has been about, but it has not a right to know what the members of the House of Commons are about.

We notice this to show how repugnant both to precedent and reason is the supposed duty—as alleged in the present discussion—of informing the Public. But we deny the major. The Public has, strictly speaking, no constitutional right to know what either Mr. Stockdale or the members of parliament are about—the Constitution knows of no such body politic as the Public; and this is not our doctrine; it is the doctrine of the House of Commons itself; and is particularly enforced by the advocates of the new privilege, who state distinctly in their celebrated Report—

'that the Parliament—and of course the House of Commons, proportionably as a part of it—includes, in contemplation of law, the whole body of the people.'—*Report*, § 56.

How, then, is it, that if the Parliament has a right to prohibit the publication of its own debates, because it is itself the legal Public, it should *à contra* imagine some other and therefore illegal Public, to whom it claims a right of communicating the proceedings of third parties. How is it, that if—at this very day, in the very course of these privilege discussions—any member were unwarily to mention the publication of the debates in direct terms, he would be interrupted by a general outcry of 'order, order,' and would be obliged to blink the notorious fact under the veil and subterfuge of

alluding to 'some irregular channel by which these debates become known out of doors.' In fine, it seems to us quite anomalous to see the House of Commons stickling for a right to sell a libel on an individual, while it daily and hourly submits to what itself has pronounced a 'high indignity,' and 'a notorious breach of privilege.' It proves, at least, that there are occasions and persons on which, and against whom, they think it consistent with their duty and their dignity to moderate the extreme rigour of privilege, and we cannot but wish that they had been as indulgent to Stockdale and the sheriffs of London as they have habitually been to those wholesale 'offenders,' with whom they have solemnly pledged themselves to deal with the 'utmost severity,' and who laugh at their thunderbolt as at a burnt-out rocket.

So much for the argument derived from the necessity of publicity.

With regard to the mode in which the House of Commons enforces respect to its privileges, there are some important questions, upon which we are reluctant to enter, because they are very delicate, and have a much wider operation than their effect on this particular case. We mean that it has, in fact, no intrinsic means of exercising any external authority whatsoever. Their very clerks are appointed by the Crown; their serjeant-at-arms is the officer of the Crown; the mace, the type and only instrument of their authority, is the property of the Crown, returned into the jewel-office of the Tower at the end of every parliament, and reissued again from the Tower on the assembling a new parliament.* So that, in fact, the House of Commons has no external force whatsoever but through the instrumentality of the Crown; but this, as we have said, is a delicate matter, and does not affect one assertion of privilege more than another; it therefore does not belong to our present discussion; but when the resolutions of the House asserted that they will not permit, in any case, directly or indirectly, their privileges to be so much as discussed in a court of law, was it considered what would have happened if unfortunately there had been a *life lost* in the attempt to execute their orders; if the sheriff had defended himself from what he might consider an illegal arrest, by running the serjeant-at-arms through the body; or if

* See Hatsell, vol. ii. p. 249.

the serjeant-at-arms had killed the sheriff while resisting the speaker's order; or if in any struggle of the kind a life had been lost, can it be supposed that the legality of the speaker's warrant, and of course the whole question of privilege between the House and the sheriffs, would not have been carried into a court of law, and that the question of privilege would not have been inevitably discussed in a court of law in the most solemn and fearful manner! Who, therefore, can doubt that the privileges of parliament must ultimately, and in the last resort be determinable by the courts of law? We do not see what answer can be made to this argument, particularly when we find that every page of the Committee's Report adduces, in support of its claims, the authority of the decisions of the courts in Westminster Hall; and when we recollect that it is the first principle of our constitution, that there is nothing above the law, and that no man's liberty shall be suspended, except by, as *Magna Charta* pronounces, '*judicium parium aut lex terræ*,'—the verdict of a jury or the law of the land.

These are serious considerations. But the pressing question now is, how we are to extricate ourselves from these complicated difficulties without, on the one hand, overthrowing the laws of the land, or, on the other, impairing the just privileges of the House of Commons—our privileges—the privileges of the nation at large—confided to our representatives for our service, and which therefore ought to be and are as precious to us as they can be to our temporary trustees?

The government proposes to do so by an act of parliament; and in the difficulties in which we are now placed, we confess that we are disposed to admit the *not* to be one which nothing but some species of legislation can cut.

But, before we examine this new feature of the case, let us be permitted to recapitulate our view of what has passed.

1°. We think that the sweeping resolution of the House, that it has an irresponsible and uncontrollable power of making privileges for itself, and of punishing without limit or appeal any breach of them (for such is the effect of the resolution), was an unconstitutional, untenable, and unfortunate step, and of a much more alarming nature than any error, or even injustice, which might have been committed in dealing with the *individual* case.

2°. We believe, that in this particular instance, the House is endeavouring to push a *legal, necessary, and indisputable* privilege to an illegal, unnecessary, and indefensible *extent*, not really necessary to the due discharge of its own proper functions—a condition which is essential to every constitutional claim of privilege; and we are convinced that the day is not far distant when the claim of protecting the *commercial* publication of what the law deems to be a *libel*, will be read of with as much wonder as we now read of those '*ancient and undoubted*' cases in which it was held to be a breach of privilege of parliament to shoot a member's rabbits, or to swear a child to a member's footman.

3°. We think that the House of Commons in its elaborate reports, and in its ingenious speeches, is endeavouring to spread the protection of a long series of *ancient* precedents over an entirely *modern* practice—a practice of no more ancient or respectable date than Mr. Hume's economical resolution of August, 1835, that *all* its printed papers, *indiscriminately*, should be sold to the public, to help to defray the expenses of printing what they wanted for their own use:—by which peddling in waste paper, it is notorious that all the mischief has been produced. This is an entire novelty, to which, therefore, none of the antecedent precedents can apply. We have admitted that the House has long sold its Votes; and, occasionally, individual papers, printed under its authority, have been sold, though not *by them*; but every sheet of the *Votes* has always been specially perused and allowed by the Speaker, and the individual papers which have been sold were so for a *special object*, and had received an individual *imprimatur* in each case. This is far different from the *promiscuous* sale of *everything*, without selection, and for no special object, but simply as a mercantile speculation, and with the mercantile *expedient* 'of making an allowance of twelve and a half per cent. to the TRADE'—a proceeding, as we have said, without a colour of precedent, and by which, as Lord Brougham has expressed and explained it in a homely but just and energetic phrase,

'the House of Commons is called upon to resist the judges of the land, and to break its laws by opening a shop for libels.'—*Hist. Sketches*, vol. i. p. 37.

There were, we humbly think, two clear and safe courses, either of which

the House of Commons might have adopted with prudence and with dignity. When they had once accepted the wager of law, they should have gone on with the cause to the *dernier ressort*. It looks like a kind of *mala fides* to appeal to law, with a secret resolution, if the law should be against them, to settle the matter in their own favour, by force. But in the present state of the case this course is, we suppose, no longer possible.

But there was still another course, which even now would be we think the best solution of the difficulty—First ;—It was quite right to satisfy Stockdale's acquired damages, because, worthless as his case is on the merits, he had obtained (through the default of the House) a full legal judgment ; but there, we admit, it has become necessary to stop him ; and, as many other notoriously litigious and vexatious actions have been commenced for the same substantial offence (however technically varied), no man in England would have been dissatisfied that—on the sacred principle of *non bis in idem*—Mr. Hansard should have had a bill of INDEMNITY for all that is passed. Bills of indemnity are constitutional in their spirit and of frequent occurrence, and therefore this would be no innovation either in principle or practice ; and would be perfectly defensible on the merits as well as on the exigency : but, at the same time, the House of Commons should, by repealing Mr. Hume's resolution, have stopped the source of future mischief, and shut up the 'libel shop.' Had this been done, the House of Commons would not have lost one jot of their real and constitutional privilege,—which is, we repeat, as dear to us as it can be to them—and they would have relieved themselves from this partnership in paper-selling with Mr. Hansard, which is paltry when the papers are innocuous, but which may, as we see, become exceedingly embarrassing when, by accident or negligence, anything defamatory to individuals happens to be printed.

The result of the proceeding which we thus venture to suggest would be to leave the House of Commons in precisely the same state in which it stood before the commencement of this unhappy litigation ; and what can any advocate for privilege desire more ?

If it be replied that the House of Commons will forfeit any dignity by rescinding its resolutions, we venture very confidently to deny it. In the first place, we

will observe that technically they are the resolutions of former parliaments, which, if they have not been renewed—we do not learn that they have—in the present parliament, are in fact expired ; but, however that may be, is there any degradation in retracing a false step ? Even the King's writs are capable of being cancelled by an *improvidè emanavit*. Is the dignity of the House impaired because it did not adhere to its resolutions in the celebrated case of Ashby and White ; or because it has successively abandoned its once asserted privileges in such cases as the following ?—

'Bringing actions against members,—proceeding in Chancery against them,—delivering declarations in ejectment,—driving away their cattle,—digging their coals,—cutting their woods,—breaking down their fences,—ploughing up their lands,—killing their rabbits,—fishing in their ponds,—breaking open their gates, and driving over their fields,—distraint upon their lands,—taking goods which they had previously distrained,—erecting buildings on their wastes,—distraint upon their tenants,—and arresting or suing their servants.'—*Pemberton*, p. 92.

Or these still more absurd pretensions :—

'Picking a member's pocket, and delivering an exorbitant bill of costs, were held breaches of privilege ; whilst, on the other hand, Dr. Steward's servant, who had unluckily been "committed to prison for getting a woman with child," claimed, and was allowed his privilege.'—*Ib.*

All these privileges have been successively claimed and abandoned ; and is the House of Commons less respected or respectable for having acquiesced in the denial given by the courts of law to those extravagant assumptions ?

Such are the grounds on which, when we commenced this article, we had anticipated that this difficult question might be arranged ; but while we are writing, a bill has passed the House of Commons, which, though not precisely what we have thus ventured to suggest, does so far fulfil our views as to give an indemnity to all the parties concerned, and, at the same time, virtually to abandon the claim of exclusive authority in this matter, which, as we before stated, seemed to us the most objectionable part of the proceedings of the House of Commons.

When we find that Sir William Follett, Sir Edward Sugden, and Mr. Pemberton, who were all opposed to the extreme measures taken by the House, have expressed *their assent*, and when we find also that Lord Howick and Mr. Solicitor

Wilde, the principal authors and advocates of those extreme measures, have recorded *their opposition* to the bill. We will not venture to raise any objection to the details of a proposition, whose general principle is thus doubly recommended, and whose effect, we trust and believe, will be to settle this complicated and alarming question more completely, and with a greater concurrence of opinion than could probably have been obtained by any other course. We wish, therefore that the bill may pass; and we do not think that any dispassionate and thinking man will venture on the responsibility of defeating such a measure, unless he should be able to offer in its stead some more clear, effectual, and acceptable mode of settling the difficulty. We, certainly, in the actual state of the case, and in the present temper of men's minds, see none; and therefore hail with satisfaction the prospect which it affords of a final and satisfactory arrangement.

There is one clause in the bill on which some difference arose in the House of Commons amongst those who were friendly to its general provisions. We mean that which abates certain actions of trespass brought against the Serjeant-at-Arms and his agents for their proceedings in the execution of the Speaker's warrants. With all submission to the learned and honourable gentlemen who made and supported that objection, we think that this clause is not merely *necessary*, which would be saying enough, but it is clearly defensible on principle; for it is, in fact, no more than an indemnity which the House of Commons owes to its servants, against what it considers, as we also do, vexatious litigation—and owes, not merely in *good faith*, but in *policy*; for without that essential clause we do not see how the great object which we all have in view—the *final settlement* of the whole question—can possibly be obtained.

These are our views, directed exclusively to the legal and constitutional bearings of the question; but we beg leave to protest against being implicated in certain *political* opinions and considerations which appear to have recently grown out of it.

Much surprise, and some disapprobation, have been expressed at the part taken by several of the most eminent Conservatives in these proceedings; and some over-zealous partisans, who took little notice of the original questions, have, of late, lamented the letting slip so

good an opportunity of turning out the Whigs. To these, and all similar suggestions, we beg leave to state our entire dissent. The question is a *legal*, and should not be made a *party* question, and least of all by those who hold Conservative opinions. We cannot too often nor too earnestly repeat what has been over and over again stated, as the sentiments of the great body of the Conservatives of England, and especially of their parliamentary leaders—that, though they may have been juggled *out* of power, they will never descend to be juggled *in*. They will not enter the palace by a back-door, and still less by a broken window: they will come, when they do come, on leading principles of public policy, not by courting incongruous combinations, fomenting petty squabbles, or availing themselves of accidental embarrassments. Office is to them not even a secondary consideration: their first is the *country*—the next their *character*—and they who would not purchase place by concessions to Mr. Leader or Mr. Grote, will certainly not filch it by the meaner hands of Mr. Stockdale or Mr. Pearce.

But, in truth, the principle of the Conservative party is, as its name imports, the maintenance of the ancient constitution of the realm and of all the powers and privileges with which the wisdom of our ancestors has, for the public good, invested constituted authority. They may differ as to the extent to which a particular privilege may be *legally* claimed or *prudently* pushed; but *prima facie* the impulse of their principles would be to support alike the privileges of parliament and the prerogative of the Crown. We have sufficiently shown that we—*nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*—do not agree in all Sir Robert Peel's opinions; but it would be blindness, or bad faith, to deny that, considering the futility of Stockdale's original case, and under the interpretation which many of the most eminent lawyers (however differing on other points) concurred in giving to the precedents of publication and sale, his conclusions, if not right, were at least rational, and were supported with a candour, ability, and temper of which the annals of parliament afford no higher example. The distinction between a decided right and a practice, uninterrupted because unquestioned, and unquestioned because inoffensively exercised, was never, we believe, or at most very faintly, suggested;—nor the still more important

difference between the kinds of publication and sale, as they existed before and since the resolution of August, 1835—the terms, and of course the legal import of the terms, appearing to be the same, while, in fact, there was a latent, but, as we have endeavoured to show, most essential distinction between them.

Let us be allowed to add, as history will do, when it comes to treat of these transactions, that in a case in any degree dubious it was reasonably to be expected that *He*—the foremost man in the House of Commons—who had attained that first place in the first senate of the world by a union of great qualities, which would be best described by the combined traits of Mr. Burke's beautiful eulogies of George Grenville and Charles Townsend—it was, we say, to be expected—and it was right—that, in a balance of difficulties, the mind of such a man should pre-

ponderate in favour of that assembly of which he is the child, the ornament and the oracle. We do not say that his decision is unquestionable—far from it—but we will say, that his bias towards the privileges of the House of Commons was honourable, natural, inevitable—and the more noble, as it happened to be at variance with a large portion of his political alliance, and of his private friendships. It may have postponed his advent to power—we do not think it has—but if it were so, we confess we should rejoice that, by a fortunate error, he has saved the great Conservative party from the imputation, the disgrace, the eventual ruin, of having *quibbled* themselves into the government by a point of law. When the Conservatives shall mount to the Capitol in *triumph*, it must be for a *victory*—and not for a skirmish!

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ART. I.—*Rafael von Urbino und sein Vater Giovanni Santi.* Von J. D. Passavant: in zwey Theilen, mit vierzehn Abbildungen. Leipzig. 1839.

FOR more than two centuries every account of the life and labours of Raphael may be said to have been derived, with little material alteration, from Vasari. It would be unjust to so pleasing a narrator to attribute this solely to the indolence of the writers who succeeded him; indeed modern critics, without excusing the occasional inaccuracies of the Florentine Biographer, have acknowledged that his just and artist-like criticisms, and the naïveté and interest of his details, as far as they go, could scarcely be improved. It was, in short, chiefly owing to Vasari's well-earned reputation that the task of revising, and, what was far more difficult, of completing the valuable outlines he had left, was so long—unfortunately too long—deferred. Of the more voluminous accounts of the Italian painters which have appeared within the present century, the greater part, however embellished by the lively description of works of art, or illustrated by the connection with general history, can scarcely be said to have contributed any additional facts. To this class belong the lives of Raphael by Duppy, Braun, and Quatremère de Quincy;—the Italian translation of the last, overwhelmed as it is with notes, not always remarkable for their importance or correctness, may nevertheless be considered the fullest memoir that had appeared prior to the far superior work of Passavant.

The credit of instituting a new kind of
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research in the history of art, as opposed to the habit of copying Vasari, is perhaps due in the first instance to Pungileoni. The first volume of his *Life of Correggio*, published in 1817, proved that it was still possible to wrest from the mouldering records of convents and similar archives a few important facts and chronological data, with which, as safe links, other materials might be connected. The same writer was equally fortunate in his patient researches at Urbino respecting Giovanni Santi, the father of Raphael, and respecting the great painter himself; but conscious, perhaps, that his *Life of Correggio* had failed to unite a comprehensive spirit of criticism with more historic accuracy, he contented himself with giving the latter results of his investigations in two small pamphlets, as materials for future historians.

Of the writers on art on this side the Alps, the first who followed the example of Pungileoni in original research, while he far surpassed the Italian in philosophic criticism, was Von Rumohr. In the two first volumes of his '*Italienische Forschungen*,' after briefly tracing the vicissitudes of art in the dark ages, this writer gives the history of several painters of the Florentine, Sienese, and Umbrian schools. His sources were original documents and the testimonies of early writers employed to verify or correct the accounts of Vasari; his descriptions and criticisms were fresh from the works themselves in every case where this was possible. Thus a scrupulous spirit of investigation, combined with the views of an enlightened historian and not unskilful connoisseur at once distinguished Rumohr from most of the writers on these subjects who appeared

about the same time; of the two opposite qualifications of patient research and a generalising, philosophic treatment of materials thus acquired, it must, however, be admitted that the latter is ever active—with or without sufficient data. The third volume was devoted to Raphael and his contemporaries, but the account is brief, and the method this author had followed with such pains in his former volumes, he wanted either leisure or inclination to pursue. We shall have occasion, however, to show, that even in this portion he still appears to advantage in his occasional enlightened remarks on the works of Raphael.

The same spirit of accurate research, the same conscientious principle as to actual inspection, a still more practised eye, and a still more artist-like feeling, are united in Passavant with a more cautious indulgence of particular opinions and impressions. In philosophic criticism he is, perhaps, inferior to Rumohr; his laborious and well-arranged book might be rendered still more complete and accurate even in its facts, but on the whole it may safely be said that no production of the kind has approached it for copiousness and originality of information. The second volume will be found eminently useful, and, with very little correction, may serve as a model for future compilations of the kind; it consists of a catalogue of all Raphael's works, first arranged chronologically with reference to the periods of their production. The description of each work, with an indication of the gallery or collection, if known, where it exists, is followed by a list of the drawings or preparatory studies for the composition; these are described in like manner: then follows an enumeration of all the engravings and known copies. A second catalogue contains a list of such works as are known only from description, and of others falsely ascribed to Raphael, or which were only executed by his scholars and imitators from his designs. The justness of the grounds on which the author inserts many a highly-prized possession in this category will naturally be challenged by those interested in the decision. A third catalogue is devoted to the *drawings* alone, arranged according to the countries where the various collections exist. The old engravings after Raphael are also enumerated together;—and lastly, all the works attributed to the master are classed according to their subjects, as an index to both volumes. The biography itself, which is thus comparatively a small part of the work, occupies about half the first volume, the rest being composed of incidental memoirs, documents, and extracts. By far the most

valuable portion is that relating to the earlier history and productions of Raphael, a subject on which conjecture had too long usurped the place of any attempt at chronological accuracy.

A circumstance that at once forces itself on our notice, and which we here find treated with the attention it deserves for the first time, is the importance of Urbino, both in a political and social point of view, at the period when Raphael began his career. The resources and renown of this little dukedom, improved and upheld by Federigo da Montefeltro, remained ultimately unimpaired in the hands of his successor Guidubaldo: the state, in short, was represented, and its warlike population led to the field by hereditary sovereigns, before Florence had learned to yield even to temporary sway. That a Tuscan writer on art should be silent on the past glories of a neighbouring state is quite natural; but it seems unaccountable that so many biographers, in following Vasari, should have overlooked the remarkable circumstances by which Raphael was surrounded in his youth—circumstances which must not only have had an influence on his taste, but which brought him in contact with the most celebrated men of his age, many of whom afterwards served him, at least with the communication of their learning, when he was employed at the court of Rome.

This inattention is the more surprising since we find that, in speaking of other painters, natives of Urbino, the glories of the Athens of Umbria, as it was called, were not forgotten. Thus Bellori, in his *Life of Baroccio*, whose descent he traces from a sculptor of that name at the court of Federigo Feltrio, Duke of Urbino, who in his days was the light of Italy in the arts of peace and in arms, among his other noble works, built a most magnificent palace on the rugged situation in which Urbino is placed. This structure had the reputation of being the finest that Italy had seen up to that time. Not only did the duke enrich it with tasteful and appropriate ornaments, but enhanced its splendour by a collection of antique marble and bronze statues, and choice pictures, and with vast expense got together a great number of most excellent and rare books, &c. This description is evidently copied from the opening of Castiglione's '*Cortegiano*,' where the expression respecting the collection of statues (*un'infinità di statue antiche di marmo e di bronzo*) is still stronger. Among the omissions with which Passavant must be charged, we must reckon his not having endeavoured to trace these specimens of antique sculpture, which probably in the end

migrated with the ducal library to Rome, and may now be in the Vatican. It would be desirable to know what they were; for although Raphael was never remarkable for a servile imitation of the antique, we find that he sometimes adopted his subjects, and often improved his drapery and his forms, from such examples.

The influence of classic monuments of art has been too much overlooked, generally, in the early history of painting. In modern times we are accustomed to consider a direct imitation of sculpture as the evidence of such an influence: in the infancy and gradual development of art, the effect was much less pronounced but not the less real. Those who, like the Germans, are in the habit of drawing a strong line of demarcation between the classic and Christian taste, are too apt to neglect the consideration of this question, and, except in decided instances, like Mantegna, of the adoption of antique forms, appear to think that Italian art was as independent in its infancy as it was in its perfection. We shall not now stay to examine this subject further, but merely remark that, although Rome was ultimately the centre of the classic taste, almost every Italian city preceded it in forming collections of antique sculpture. The examples at Pisa from which the early sculptors of that city caught their first inspiration, the school of Squarcione at Padua, the garden of the Medici at Florence, and the gallery of Urbino, were all exercising their influence before the treasures of the Roman territory were exhumed. Poggio Bracciolini, who had himself employed agents to import specimens of sculpture from the Levant to Florence, could only count six statues in Rome towards the middle of the fifteenth century.

That the account above quoted relating to Urbino was not exaggerated, is abundantly evident from the corroborating testimonies of local historians, and, we may add, from the architecture of the palaces of Urbino and Gubbio, considered with reference to its age. Perhaps the most interesting of the historians just alluded to is the father of Raphael, Giovanni Santi, who, in a MS. poem preserved in the Vatican, consisting of twenty-three books in terza rima, celebrates the martial and peaceful virtues of the Duke Federigo. The chronicle is so far complete that it ends with the death of its hero in 1492 (the year before Raphael was born), and is dedicated to his son and successor Guidubaldo I. In the dedication Giovanni Santi speaks of having been early induced to embrace 'the admirable art of painting, the difficulty of which,' he says, 'added to domestic cares, would be a burden even for

the shoulders of Atlas.' From the expression 'I am not ashamed to be called a professor of this noble art,' coupled with the evidence of no inconsiderable possessions, it may be inferred that Giovanni yielded to a strong inclination for the pursuit, having other sufficient means of subsistence.

The military exploits and public life of the Duke Federigo are the subjects of histories almost as copious as the rhymes in question; but some domestic details lose nothing from appearing in a poetical dress, especially as the poet seems to write better when he trusts least to imagination. The death of the accomplished Countess Battista,* at the age of twenty-six, is among the most touching of his descriptions. This lady, whose acquirements merited the praises of Bernardo Tasso, had pronounced an extempore Latin address, at the age of twenty, to Pope Pius II., and the princeps and ambassadors who were with him in Milan, when the learned pontiff, with probably as much truth as gallantry, declared that he was unable to reply to her with equal eloquence. On hearing of her dangerous illness, her husband left the command of the Florentine army, and arrived only to see her expire. The poet describes her embracing her lord for the last time, her causing their infant son Guidubaldo to be placed in his father's arms, while the bystanders melted in tears, and concludes—

'Chiuso quel santo, onesto e grave ciglio,
Rendendo l' alma al ciel divotamente,
Libera e sciolta dal mondan periglio.'

The chronicle of Giovanni Santi is in no respect more important than in his occasional allusions to the painters, sculptors, and architects of his time in Urbino and elsewhere in Italy. These notices, corroborated by the testimony of other historians, by the documents brought to light by Pungileoni, and still more by his own researches on the spot, have enabled Passavant to give a sufficiently full account of the artists who constantly or occasionally exercised their talents at Urbino during Raphael's youth, and of others whose works, done at earlier periods, were accessible to him in and near his native city.

We cannot accompany the historian far in these researches, and must follow his own example in expressing our reluctance to acquiesce in eulogies, where we have not had opportunities of judging for ourselves.

* Passavant is wrong in calling her Duchess; the title of Duke was conferred on Count Federigo by Sixtus IV. in 1474, (two years after the death of Battista,) on the marriage of the Pope's nephew, Giovanni della Rovere, with Giovanna, daughter of Federigo.

Luciano Lauranna, the architect of the palaces of Urbino and Gubbio, undoubtedly deserves to have his name recorded. The style of these buildings resembles, in its tasteful imitation of the antique, that of Leon Battista Alberti, and may thus not have been without its influence on Raphael and his townsman Bramante. Francesco di Giorgio, of Siena, to whom the design of the Urbino palace is erroneously ascribed by Vasari, seems to have been employed in the fortifications, and in some works of ornamental sculpture, which still adorn the interior and exterior of the palace. In these decorative works, Ambrogio Baroccio, the ancestor of the painter, assisted, and merited the praises of Giovanni Santi, for the taste and spirit of his architectural foliage. The walls of many of the apartments were painted with frescoes, which have long disappeared. Baldi, in his *Descrizione del Palazzo ducale d'Urbino*, speaks of a room, annexed to the library, which contained portraits of celebrated men of all ages: these have perished; but one of Raphael's early sketch-books, preserved in the academy at Venice, contains drawings of this description, probably done from the representations in question. Even the panelling was here and there of a costly kind: it appears to have been the work of Maestro Giacomo, of Florence, who wrought in *terzia*, (inlaid wood,) a mode of imitation which Vasari includes among the arts of design, and in which original and fine compositions were sometimes, perhaps we should say, thrown away. The curious specimens still existing in both the palaces alluded to may have been the work of this artist. The English traveller who paces the grand apartments, (some of which, in the Gubbio edifice, are now filled with silk-ooms!) recognises among these inlaid ornaments the insignia of the Order of the Garter, a distinction conferred on more than one sovereign of Urbino, and of which the Montefeltri were justly proud.

The history of the painters of Urbino and its neighbourhood might be traced to a much earlier date, from the specimens still existing. These, for the most part, possess but little interest; but we cannot omit the name, though nothing but the name remains, of the Oderigi, mentioned by Dante, (*Purg.* c. 11.) An appropriate inscription marks the house in Gubbio, where the poet for a time resided, and where, it is said, he composed part of his great work.* It was in this place he

became acquainted with Oderigi, the missal painter; to which circumstance alone, probably, the artist owed his immortality.

To come at once to the painters whose merit was sufficient to attract the attention, or influence the style of the best of their successors, we find that Gentile da Fabriano painted occasionally at and near Urbino, as well as at Rome and other places. A Madonna and Child, from his pencil, won the admiration of Michael Angelo himself, who, according to Vasari, used to say that Gentile had a hand like his name. Paolo Uccello, celebrated for his skill in perspective—and celebrated for the colossal equestrian figure of the English *condottiere*, Hawkwood, which he painted on the walls of the cathedral at Florence—appears among the painters who left specimens of their talents in Urbino; his works, indeed, are no longer to be found there, but the recorded payments, dated 1463, are sufficient proofs. Giovanni Santi, alluding to the wonders of perspective done in his time, observes—

‘Et si perfettamente hogi riluce,
Che como sorge la virtù visiva
Perfectamente in disegno redue.
Et benchè el fin di lei l’huom si non trova,
Pur è dela pictura membro intero
E invention del nostro secul nova.’

A curious picture by Giorgio Andreoli, erroneously ascribed to Bramante, is preserved in the church of Sta. Chiara. It represents an architectural composition in perspective: the round building with Corinthian pilasters, which forms the chief object, appears to have been a favourite perspective lesson with the artists of the time and neighbourhood, and occurs, variously modified, in the works of Perugino and Raphael. A very similar design was afterwards introduced in the architectural decoration of a theatre at Urbino, when the first regular Italian comedy, the *Calandra* of Cardinal Bibiena, was represented there in 1513, (and not as Tiraboschi supposes, in 1508.) These decorations, the work of Girolamo Genga, a fellow scholar of Raphael with Perugino, are minutely described in one of Castiglione's letters.

Pietro della Francesca, one of the most accomplished painters of his time, deserves more especial attention. He was the guest of Giovanni Santi, in Urbino, in 1469. His portraits of the Duke (then Count) Federigo, and his consort Battista Sforza, forming a dyptich, are now in the gallery at Florence. A single specimen only of his talents remains at Urbino; but in his native city,

* The rage in Italy for putting up *lapidi*, to commemorate all kinds of events, has been sometimes ridiculed; but we observe, in passing, that none would object to see such a practice somewhat more prevalent than it is in England. Associations

which all must cherish are gradually lost from the neglect of this. Many a house in the older streets of London well deserves such memorials.

Borgo S. Sepolchro, many of his works are still extant. At Arezzo, in the church of S. Francesco, Pietro painted 'the History of the Cross;' and, among other subjects, 'the Vision of Constantine.' 'In this,' says Vasari, 'an angel, foreshortened, descends head downwards, with the sign of Victory, to Constantine, who sleeps in his tent, guarded by some armed figures, dimly seen, while the light from the angel, which is managed with great skill, illumines the tent, the figures in armour, and the surrounding objects. Pietro,' he continues, 'thus taught the importance of copying effects from nature, and contriving them originally—indeed, he did this himself so successfully, that he was the means of other more modern masters following in the same track, and attaining the great excellence which we have witnessed in our own times.' The defeat of Maxentius was also among these subjects; and Vasari, after praising the picturesque effect of certain portions, goes on to describe the flight and submersion of Maxentius, 'where a group of horses, foreshortened, is so admirably managed, that, considering the time when the work was done, it must be admitted to be surpassingly well.' He speaks also of some figures skillfully designed in regard to anatomy, 'so little known at the time.' The remains of these frescoes, badly retouched, are still to be seen at Arezzo. The sketch for a portion of 'the Vision of Constantine' is in the Lawrence collection, and when published by Otley, was ascribed to Giorgione—a remarkable confirmation of the truth of Vasari's praises. Pietra della Francesca and Bramantino da Milano had painted some frescoes in the Vatican. These, Vasari informs us, were destroyed, to make way for Raphael's 'Deliverance of Peter,' and the 'Miracle of Bolsena.' What Pietro's subject was, it may now be impossible to learn; but it was probably one of those striking effects of *chiaro-scuro*, of which he seems to have given the first examples; it appears to have occupied the place where the 'Deliverance of Peter' now is. The coincidence between his treatment of such subjects, (as described by Vasari above, in the 'Vision of Constantine,') and the remarkable effect of light and shade in Raphael's 'Deliverance of Peter,' is, perhaps, more than accidental, and Passavant might safely have ventured to allude to it. Lastly, this master was skilled, above all his contemporaries, in perspective and geometry; and Vasari goes so far as to say, 'the most important information that exists on such subjects is derived from him.' His MSS. were deposited in the ducal library at Urbino, and some of them are now in the possession of the Ma-

rini family at Borgo S. Sepolchro. The most distinguished contemporary painters of Romagna and Umbria are said to have studied under Pietro della Francesca. Among these, Melozzo da Forlì and Luca Signorelli confirm such a tradition by their works more than Pietro Perugino. The name of Melozzo da Forlì, of whom Giovanni Santi speaks in terms of regard, is associated with an epoch in the art, from his having first attempted that kind of foreshortening when figures are supposed to be seen above the eye, (*di sotto in sù*;) and in this respect he is to be considered the precursor of Correggio. Vasari, speaking of a work of this nature by him, 'the Ascension,' formerly in the church of the SS. Apostoli at Rome, says, 'the figures of Christ and the angels seemed to pierce the roof.' This artist appears to have been employed in a villa of the sovereigns of Urbino. Of the celebrated Luca Signorelli it is unnecessary to say more than that Michael Angelo did not disdain to borrow from his original and well-studied groups at Orvieto.

In the prominent characteristics of these painters we may trace a more decided connection with the style of Andrea Mantegna than with any Florentine example; and as some corroboration of this it may be mentioned, that Giovanni Santi places Mantegna at the head of the painters of his time:—

'Perchè de tuetti i membri de tale arte
Lo integro e chiaro corpo lui possede
Più che huom de Italia o dele externe parta.'

The poet concludes a long eulogy on the same artist, by repeating that

'in ciò (la pittura) tien lo impero.'

The physical elements of the art had, in fact, made great progress in the hands of the artists above mentioned. Perspective and geometry introduced a taste for architecture; and the same love of perspective, in its application to form, led to foreshortening and to depth in composition: with these, *chiaro-scuro* necessarily advanced. Instances are quoted, in which some, like Luca Signorelli, approached the modern* richness in colour; but for a decided progress in this respect, and still more for expression, and a very marked religious feeling, we should rather look to another group of painters in the same neighbourhood, most of them somewhat later in date, with Pietro Perugino at their head.

The period when Pietro della Francesca, and the artists named with him, produced

* 'The modern manner' is Vasari's term for the perfection of the art in the hands of Raphael, Titian, and their contemporaries.

their principal works, was soon after the middle of the fifteenth century. Several were employed at Rome by Pope Nicholas V., about 1455; but Signorelli and Perugino were painting in the Vatican much later. The artists in question had been the wonder of their age, yet many of their productions were swept away to make room for the frescoes of Raphael, and afterwards for 'the Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo. Thus, in Venice, the *Pietro Martire* of Titian supplanted the same subject at the same altar by Jacobello del Fiore. Signorelli and Pietro Perugino were, it appears, in Rome when a fresco by the former was destroyed, because a young man of five-and-twenty could far surpass it. The venerable artists might have witnessed this without a painful humiliation: they had the consciousness of having themselves improved on the works of their predecessors, and of having enabled Raphael himself to reach the perfection it was not in the nature of things they should attain.

For the works of Giovanni Santi, those who are curious to trace the few that remain will find ample details in Pungileoni and Passavant. We merely observe, that the picture, which was always supposed to represent the family of the artist, with the infant Raphael kneeling by his mother's side, is unfortunately proved to be an *ex voto* of another person, whose portrait, with those of his family, Giovanni has introduced.

Federigo da Montefeltro's great love for the arts was in no respect more conspicuous than in his being one of the first of the Italian princes to possess a work by Van Eyck, and to employ one of that celebrated painter's scholars, Justus van Ghent, on a considerable work in Urbino. The picture in question—a scripture subject, treated in a somewhat fantastic manner—still exists in the church of S. Agata, at Urbino. In the back-ground the painter has introduced the Duke Federigo, with two of his suite (one being the painter's portrait), and a Venetian, Caterino Zeno, who was at that time at the court of Urbino, as ambassador from Persia. The picture is painted in oil; the date 1474. Other works by the same artist have disappeared. Passavant traces the influence of this early Flemish style in some Italian works of the same time and place; but Justus appears to have kept his secret of oil-painting to himself; at all events, the older Italian painters continued to work in distemper. This circumstance may have produced a misunderstanding between the Flemish painter and Giovanni Santi, and may account for the omission of the name of Justus in Giovanni's catalogue

of the celebrated artists of his time. On the other hand, the poet makes honourable mention of Van Eyck under the name of 'il gran Joannes.' A passage in which he asserts the powers of imitation, as generally developed in the fifteenth century, also seems to have reference to the style of the early Flemish masters:—

'Chi serra (sarà) quel che possi el chiar colore
Lucido e trasparente de un rubino
Contrafar mai, o el suo vago splendore?
Chi è quel che possi el sol in sul mattino
Dipingere mai, o un spechiar del' aoque
Cum fronde e fior vicini allor (al lor) confino?
Qual mai si eccellente al mondo nacque
Che un bianco giglio facci, o fresca rosa
Cum quel bel pur che a natura piacque?
*El paragon se trova: ove ogni cosa
Vinta riman,' &c.*

The peculiar characteristics of the school of Umbria, represented chiefly by Pietro Perugino, have been ably defined by Rumohr; but in order to take a just view of this subject, we must first refer to the earlier state of Italian art, and to the causes of its first ramifications. The ancient Christian modes of representation, the technical methods of the middle ages, and the usual range of subjects had been in a great measure set aside by Giotto, whose fame and example decided the tendency of the Florentine school for more than a century. With a feeling for richness of composition and dramatic interest, he had rejected or modified the formal but sometimes awe-inspiring types of the older painters. The subjects derived from the legends of modern saints, and especially S. Francesco d'Assisi, were preferred by this most original artist and his followers, less perhaps from a devotional feeling, than from the opportunities such scenes afforded for variety in composition, and for the direct imitation of nature. In Siena, on the other hand, and again in Romagna and elsewhere, the attachment to the ancient types remained in a great measure unchanged; and if modern saints were as frequently represented, the religious feeling which suggested their introduction into altar-pieces was paramount to any aim of art. At the same time, each progressive improvement in imitation was by slow degrees engrafted on the traditional types. Among the individual talents that had a share in promoting this tendency in the Umbrian school, Taddeo and Domenico Bartoli, of Siena, may be especially mentioned. Traces of their influence, both in general treatment and in the religious feeling alluded to, are to be met with in Assisi. In the mechanical imitation of Giotto, which so long characterised the Florentine school, no remarkable example of this religious spirit appeared

till Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, a Dominican monk, afterwards beatified, poured forth a quantity of works, in which the exquisite purity and sanctity of the expressions still excite the liveliest admiration. One of the most remarkable of his paintings represents the coronation of the Virgin. She is surrounded by angels and saints, 'so well portrayed,' says Vasari, 'so varied in mien and in the airs of the heads, that one has incredible delight in gazing on them; nay, the spectator feels that those blessed spirits, assuming them to appear in human shape, could not look otherwise in heaven than as they are here represented.' This picture, which appears to have gained the painter the surname of *Angelico*,* is now in the Louvre; it hangs in one of the rooms where the drawings are placed. The upper portion only is in good preservation. Schorn, in his notes to Vasari, says that the late Mr. Otley had a similar picture: it is probably an early copy; but even as such it would be an interesting acquisition for the National Gallery. Two reputed scholars of this artist, Centile da Fabriano and Benozzo Gozzoli, painted at Perugia and its neighbourhood. In Florence itself, however, the example can hardly be said to have been followed with effect; Masaccio, who had, to a certain extent, a similar feeling, died young, and was outlived by Fiesole himself; a long interval elapsed before Fra Bartolommeo appeared, and the constantly increasing taste for classic antiquity—a taste carried so far by some men of letters as to induce a *disgust* for sacred subjects—was with difficulty stemmed even by that painter. The works of Angelico, spread early in the fifteenth century throughout central Italy, are, on the other hand, to be included among the inspiring causes of the devotional tendency of the Umbrian painters. One other, and by no means the least of these influences, was the neighbourhood of Assisi, the shrine of St. Francis himself. The church of Assisi is the arena where the early Italian painters contended for fame, and where the vestiges of their works are still to be seen. The history of St. Francis, as affording subjects for the pencil, mainly contributed, as we have seen, to form the outward character of some Italian schools from the first. But the influence of the peculiar religious spirit which emanated from this centre was still more important as regards its connection

with art:—it suggested a subdued humility of demeanour, contrasting in a fascinating manner with a certain fervour of expression, a soul-felt, unearthly longing, the origin or type of which is to be sought in the legendary visions of the saint. The following passage in Vasari, relating to Raphael's figure of St. Francis in the picture of 'the Madonna di Foligno,' is applicable to many representations of the saint by earlier painters: it will hardly bear translating:—'Nè mancò Raffaello fare il medesimo nella figura di S. Francesco, il quale, ginocchioni in terra—guarda in alto la nostra Donna, ardendo di carità, nell' affetto della pittura, la quale nel lineamento e nel colorito mostra che e' si strugge di affezione, pigliando conforto e vita dal guardo della bellezza di Lei e del Figliuolo.'

The characteristics above described will be found to present the greatest possible contrast to the principle of ancient or classic art. Instead of action and form we have inward life. The general distinction is well pointed out by Fuseli, when he observes, 'the heroism of the Christian and his majesty were internal, and powerful or exquisite forms allied him no longer exclusively to his God.' But the nature of the art itself is unchangeable, and however modified by the influence of a spiritual religion, must still assert its qualities, if it is to maintain a separate character and aim, as compared with other modes of expression. This was gradually felt, and in the end the desired combination was attained in perfection by Raphael. Angelico da Fiesole may be considered the representative of the *Christian* painters who underrated the physical elements of the art; and the productions of some of his imitators, no longer informed by his sincerity and intenseness of feeling, have little to recommend them. Vasari, after praising, as we have seen, the works of this extraordinary painter, makes the following judicious observation:—'I would not that any one should deceive himself, mistaking awkwardness and want of skill in works of art for a devout character, and on the other hand confounding the beautiful and true with the indelicate.'

The painters who were most remarkable for the qualities we have been describing, united with considerable power of colour, were Nicolo Alunno of Foligno, Pietro Vannucci, called Perugino, Andrea Luigi of Assisi, and Bernardino Pinturicchio. The first-named is the earliest of the four in whom the impulse alluded to is remarkable, and although but little anterior to the rest, from the dryer style of his works, and from having only painted in distemper, he may

* Vasari, speaking of the manners of this holy personage, who refused the archbishopric of Florence, says, with his usual naïveté, 'he was never seen out of temper with the monks of his convent; a most remarkable circumstance (*grandissima cosa*) which to me seems almost incredible.'

be considered the link between the practice of the older painters and the comparatively rich and glowing manner of Perugino. His latest production has the date of 1499. Vasari's account of Andrea Luigi, called L'Ingegno, is very contradictory in itself; but it may be safely assumed that this painter assisted Perugino in his works in the Sistine chapel, about 1480. Passavant is the first who has pointed out specimens of this artist's productions: one is at Assisi, in its original place; others are at Rome and Orvieto. Bernardino di Betto, called Pinturicchio, of Perugia, was the oldest scholar of Perugino, and was with him when Raphael first studied under the same painter. With regard to Pinturicchio and his master, it is to be observed that many of their later performances scarcely give an idea of the powerful and touching expressions which are so striking in their earlier works. Specimens of this finer manner of Pinturicchio are to be seen at Perugia in the gallery of the academy, at S. Severino, and in Rome. Schorn, in the notes to his translation of Vasari, classes with the best an Assumption, in the church of Monte Oliveto, at Naples. Perugino is seen to advantage in Florence, the celebrated picture formerly in Sta. Chiara being now in the Palazzo Pitti. Having been always exposed to the sun in its original place it is now somewhat faded, but Vasari speaks of the beauty of the colouring as new in the art when the work appeared; and in describing the subject—the disciples and others mourning over the dead Saviour—says, 'the Marys, *having stopped weeping*, look on the dead with wonder and love.' In order to do justice to this invention, it is necessary to remember the violent contortions and grimaces of the earlier painters in similar subjects. Other fine specimens of the artist are at Lyons, Perugia, and Rome. Many of the scholars of Perugino who witnessed the astonishing progress of Raphael, ended in adopting his manner, to the total neglect of that of their common teacher. One consequence of this imitation, as might naturally be expected, was the adoption of many Raphaellesque compositions, and a certain approximation to the manner, and sometimes to the higher excellences, of their fellow-scholar. Of these painters it will be sufficient to mention the names of Giovanni called Lo Spagna, Girolamo, Genga, and Domenico Alfani.

From the foregoing sketch it will be gathered that this school had less of the severer elements of the art, less anatomical science, and boldness in design, than was apparent in Luca Signorelli, and the mas-

ters who resembled and preceded him. A similar distinction is observable in Florence (although, as before observed, the religious tendency was there short-lived), if we compare the successors of Angelico da Fiesole with Verocchio. This artist, whose works were chiefly in sculpture, invites our attention to a class of designers, many of whom resembled him in treating both arts: if sculpture suffered by such a connection, painting undoubtedly gained by it, and to this plastic influence, the thorough study of anatomy, and the employment of *chiaroscuro* as conducive to roundness, are greatly to be attributed. The latter quality was already aimed at by Masaccio early in the fifteenth century, and both attained perfection, as regards their application to form, in the hands of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

The fact, alluded to by Giovanni Santi, that Perugino and Leonardo da Vinci were intimate friends ('*Due giovin par d'etate e par d'amori*') is the only circumstance that corroborates Vasari's assertion respecting the education of Perugino with Verocchio, Leonardo's master; for there is not the slightest evidence of such a connection in the style of the Umbrian master. It would be easier to believe that Perugino's earlier works in Florence may not have been without their effect on Leonardo, whose sweetness of expression is sometimes as remarkable as his accuracy and energy of form. Michael Angelo alone never seems to have felt or acknowledged the merit, such as it was, of this placid and expressive school, at least in the instance of those painters with whom he had personal intercourse. His contemptuous treatment of Francia in Bologna, and of Perugino in Florence, is well known; the quarrel with Perugino, which, according to Vasari, was a bitter one, could not but excite unfavourable prejudices towards Michael Angelo in the mind of Raphael, who always retained the warmest attachment to his early teacher.

The life of Raphael divides itself into three periods. The first, to the age of twenty-one (1504), was chiefly passed between Urbino and Perugia, where at an early age he was placed with Pietro Vannucci. This period includes his occasional occupations in some of the towns of the Apennines, a visit to his native place, a short stay in Florence, and perhaps a glance at Siena. In the second period, Florence was his head-quarters till 1508, in the autumn of which year we find him already occupied in Rome. The third period comprehends his residence in Rome,

where, with the exception of a visit to Florence in 1516, he remained till his death, in 1520.

The years of his education, on which his future habits of mind and general taste so much depended, may be said to have been first investigated by Pungileoni and Rumohr, and now more accurately, but still in some respects imperfectly, by Passavant. Raphael had lost both his parents before he was twelve years old; a maternal uncle, whom in one of his letters he styles '*carissimo quanto padre*,' watched over him with affectionate interest, and it is supposed that a year or two only at most elapsed before he was placed with Perugino. That his education as a painter had begun even under Giovanni Santi, there can be no doubt; but the specimens which are shown in Urbino as his boyish attempts, all prove, on examination, to be without the slightest pretensions to authenticity. Of the painters from whom he may have had some additional instruction before he was placed with Perugino, Timoteo Viti, who seems to have been most attached to him, may have had most influence. This painter had left the school of Francia, in Bologna, and returned to Urbino, his native city, in 1495.* A head of a boy, in the Borghese gallery, in Rome, is supposed on good grounds to be the portrait of Raphael, done by Timoteo at this time. If he taught the great artist, he was in a few years his scholar's scholar, for he followed his young friend to Rome, and there painted under his direction.

Meanwhile, the works by earlier masters, in and near Urbino, which we have before adverted to, were probably not without their influence. Raphael had visited some of the neighbouring towns; and if the impressions of so early an age are to be reckoned as important, he may have seen the works of Angelico da Fiesole at Forano, near Osimo, and those of Gentile da Fabriano at Val di Sasso. That the style of Giovanni Santi himself had left permanent traces is unquestionable. A certain peculiarity in the colouring of some of Raphael's works, even at an advanced period, is quite distinct from Perugino's manner, or from any subsequent influence. A flesh-colour, with white lights and red half-tints, is often observable in the works of Giovanni, particularly in the altar-piece of Sta. Croce at Fano. With regard

to first impressions, again, it is worthy of mention that Venturini, who, while in Florence, had taught Michael Angelo the rudiments of the Latin language, published a Latin grammar, the first complete work that had appeared of the kind, in Urbino, in 1494. Hence it is within the limits of possibility that Raphael, even as a boy, may have heard of the growing fame of Michael Angelo.

In the choice of a master, the opinions of Giovanni Santi were doubtless remembered and attended to. In the interesting allusions to the painters of the time in the poem before referred to, Perugino is mentioned with the best—but his reputation had greatly risen subsequently. Shortly after Giovanni's death, Pietro's fame was at its height; it had been confirmed by the altar-piece still in the church of La Calza, in Florence, the Dead Christ now in the Pitti palace, and the Ascension done for S. Pietro in Perugia, and now in the museum at Lyons. With Perugino, therefore, the interesting young painter was placed; and although there has been no possibility hitherto of fixing the precise period, the series of his undoubted works begins before 1500; that is, before he was seventeen. His first productions consist of direct copies from Perugino, and of original portions in Perugino's pictures. The earliest known work is a copy from a subject of his master's, representing the Infant Christ and St. John embracing: it is in Perugia, in the sacristy of the church of S. Pietro. Many of his earliest drawings are in the sketch-book preserved in the academy at Venice.

Before Raphael revisited Urbino, in 1499, on account of domestic affairs, the fortunes of the Duke Guidubaldo had suffered a reverse; the papal army which he had commanded, having been defeated, and he himself taken prisoner chiefly through the prowess of Vitellozzo Vitelli, lord of the diminutive territory of Città di Castello. The Duchess Elizabetta Gonzaga had parted with her jewels, and the faithful liegemen of Urbino, with devoted liberality, had contributed their utmost to effect their sovereign's ransom. At the period of Raphael's visit, the Duke was suffering from a more permanent evil, *the gout*, which, according to Castiglione, had afflicted him from the age of twenty. The hostilities with Vitellozzo Vitelli are adroitly suppressed by Passavant; for in the following year Città di Castello was the theatre of Raphael's first occupations on his own account. It is, however, to be remembered that these *condottieri* wars were seldom the cause of lasting animosity; and if the very soldiers

* Malvasia, in his account of the Bolognese painters, gives the following extract from Francis's Journal, dated 1495:—'On the 4th of April, my dear Timoteo (Viti) quitted me. God grant him all happiness and prosperity!' It is to be observed that Francis is closely allied, by the character of his works, to the Umbrian school.

could fight on any side, accordingly as they were paid, the artists might claim the privilege of exercising their talents with the same sublime indifference to politics; a liberal understanding, not always recognised, we are sorry to say, by the Whig and Tory Mæcenases of more modern times. The above consideration seems to have been too much overlooked by the author when he elsewhere contends that, in Federigo's time, it was impossible Leon Battista Alberti could have been employed as the architect of the ducal palace, *because* he was previously in the service of Sigismondo Malatesta, the foe of Urbino.

In this visit to his native place, Raphael, owing to his extreme youth, and perhaps the state of his sovereign's health and fortune, does not appear to have been noticed by the court. Some of his first works, done soon after at Città di Castello, are still preserved; but the well-known Crucifixion was, a few years since, in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, and if it is gone where that collection was destined—to Ajaccio, in Corsica—it can scarcely be numbered among the accessible relics of the master. Passavant gives a representation of it among some engravings, which form a rather inconvenient folio appendix to his octavo text. The description of the earliest works of Raphael, from 1500 to 1504, is among the most interesting portions of his biography: the original drawings and sketches of some are still preserved; and several of these are in the Lawrence collection. Many of the pictures were altar-pieces of considerable dimensions; as, for instance, the Crucifixion, before mentioned; the Adoration of the Magi, now in the Berlin Museum;* the Coronation of the Virgin, now in the Vatican; and the Coronation of St. Nicholas of Tolentino; which last disappeared from the Vatican during the occupation of Rome by the French and has not since been heard of. Of the smaller works of this period, the most charming specimens are the Staffa Madonna, still in Perugia; the celebrated Spozalizio, or Marriage of the Virgin, now at Milan, and well known by Longhi's beautiful engraving; the Christ, with the Sleeping Disciples, in Prince Gabrielli's possession, in Rome; and the composition called the Vision of a Warrior. The last named, one of the few pictures of this class in England, was, together with the original drawing, in the collection of Sir Mark Sykes.†

* This picture was bought, within the last twenty years, for 6000 Roman crowns.

† The price paid by Sir M. S. to Mr. Otley was 470*l.*

The extraordinary talents of Raphael had already received the homage of his fellow-scholars, and, from the superiority of the portions which he painted in Perugino's pictures, must have been acknowledged and valued by his master. The grace and fertility of his invention at the age of twenty had already induced some of the older painters with whom he associated to apply to him for designs, and for assistance in various ways. This was especially the case with Pinturicchio, who, having been commissioned by Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini to paint a series of frescoes in the Libreria of the Duomo at Siena, requested Raphael to make the designs. Some of these drawings are still in existence; and the Sienese love to encourage the belief, founded on a vague statement in Vasari, that Raphael prepared the cartoons and painted on the frescoes as well. For this there are no sufficient grounds; on the contrary, the tasteless alterations from the original designs prove that the frescoes could not even have been executed under Raphael's eye. Rumohr had already adduced strong proofs on this subject, and they are more confirmed by Passavant. Indeed a very sufficient reason might of itself be found in the number of works done by Raphael elsewhere about the same time. At the period when Pinturicchio's work began, the Coronation of the Virgin was in progress; and without staying to consider the sufficient *alibi* thus established, it is not to be supposed that an artist fit to undertake such commissions on his own account would work under an inferior, though older painter, in a subordinate capacity. Raphael's assistance in the designs had been asked and liberally given: his assistance in the execution could not even have been desired; for in such a case the whole work would no longer have been Pinturicchio's. At the same time it is probable that Raphael saw Pinturicchio's work when it was completed: the evidence of his having visited Siena is to be found in his sketch-book, preserved in Venice. In it is a drawing from an antique group of the Graces, which stands in the very room where the frescoes in question are painted. This drawing appears to have suggested the little picture of the Graces, done a few years afterwards, and which is now in England.

After the completion of the Spozalizio, done in 1504 for Città di Castello, Raphael re-visited his native place. Urbino had suffered painful vicissitudes since he had left it. The Duke Guidubaldo had been compelled to abandon his capital, and live an exile in the north of Italy, owing to the treachery of Cesare Borgia, the too celebrat-

ed son of Alexander VI., and, to use the words of Bembo—'omnis humani divinique juris contemptor et perturbator.' But this humiliation was short-lived: no sooner was the news of the pope's death known (August, 1503) than the cry of 'Feltro! Feltro!' resounded through Urbino; the citizens flew to arms; the troops and partisans of Borgia were expelled; and in the same month Guidubaldo returned amid the acclamations of his subjects. The succeeding pontiff, Pius III., the same Piccolomini before mentioned, died after a reign of twenty-six days, and in the elevation of Giuliano della Rovere (Julius II.) the fortunes of Montefeltro were fully established. The heir to the sovereignty of Urbino was at once nephew to the pope and to Guidubaldo, the duke's sister Giovanna having married Giovanni della Rovere in the time of Sixtus IV. Hence the most friendly relations subsisted between Urbino and Rome.

It was soon after these occurrences that Raphael, at the age of twenty-one, repaired to his native city, having been so circumstanced that the chiefs of the territories where his talents had been so well appreciated had all been in the pay of Cesare Borgia. To this disagreeable state of things the biographer shuts his eyes, and so, it appears, did Guidubaldo; for the great artist was now noticed and employed by his own sovereign. The Christ with the Sleeping Disciples, before mentioned, was the largest of three small pictures done for the duke at this time. At this period Raphael became acquainted with some of those distinguished persons who were afterwards so useful to him. Such intercourse had its natural effect in improving and enlarging his taste; and it is probable that the description of the works of art in Florence, and particularly of some recent and highly celebrated productions of Leonardo da Vinci, increased his desire to see these excellent examples with his own eyes. His eagerness soon became irresistible; and the Duchess of Sora, Giovanna della Rovere, gave him a letter of recommendation* to the Gonfaloniere Soderini; a letter, by the way, which seems to have produced no effect whatever. Raphael first saw Florence in the autumn of 1504.

Vasari makes Raphael leave the frescoes of Pinturicchio in Siena for Florence, on hearing of the fame of Michael Angelo's cartoons of Pisa, as well as of Leonardo's Battle of the Standard. In addition to what has been already stated, it will now appear

that the works done in Perugia, Città di Castello, and Urbino, in 1503-4, sufficiently prove the impossibility of Raphael's immediate co-operation with Pinturicchio. But the inaccuracy of Vasari's statement is proved by another circumstance: the Duchess of Sora's letter is dated October 1, 1504. Michael Angelo's cartoon was not done and shown till 1506.

The works of Leonardo were thus the chief objects of Raphael's curiosity, and soon became, to a certain extent, the objects of his imitation. The friendship between Perugino and Leonardo, already adverted to, undoubtedly had its influence; indeed it is possible that Raphael may have seen and known Leonardo in Perugia, in 1502, or the beginning of 1503; the Florentine artist having repaired thither about that time, at the instance of Borgia, to inspect the fortifications. But the favourite objects of study among the younger artists in Florence were Masaccio's works in the Chiesa del Carmine. Vasari, in his life of Masaccio, gives an interesting catalogue of the painters, including Michael Angelo, who were in the habit of copying from these compositions, so remarkable for general truth of imitation, for a broad style of drapery, and the massing of light and shade; qualities in which Masaccio had far surpassed his predecessors, and in which, as Vasari observes, he led the way to what was emphatically called *the modern manner*.

The imitation of Masaccio, and the other painters, Lippi and Masolino, whose works are in the same place, is apparent, as is well known, in some of Raphael's latest works in Rome, namely, the Cartoons; and, as he probably referred to studies done in Florence, it is somewhat extraordinary that, among his numerous drawings still extant, none of these studies appear to have been preserved. The most direct proofs of this kind, of his imitation of Leonardo da Vinci, on the other hand, are still to be met with: one is in the Lawrence collection, others are in the sketch book in the Venetian academy. The Madonna and Child, called the Madonna del Gran Duca, now in the Pitti palace, and the Holy Family, called the Madonna del Duca di Terranuova, now in Naples, were done during Raphael's first short stay in Florence. The works he had undertaken in Perugia, however, soon required his presence, and early in 1505 he was again there. An altarpiece, representing a Holy Family and several Saints, was now completed for the nuns of St. Anthony: it had probably been begun some time before, since some portions of it resemble his earlier works—while others, the female saints for instance, show the in-

* This document is restored to its true reading by Passavant. Owing to the blunders of copyists it had been a source of important chronological errors.

fluence of his Florentine studies. The picture was surmounted by a semicircle, with additional figures; while the *predella* was composed of five small pictures. It may here be necessary to observe, that an altar-piece was not completed when one large composition was done; a smaller painting, sometimes rectangular, sometimes, as in the instance just mentioned, semi-circular, and generally representing the persons of the Trinity, finished the work above. Frequently a frame painted with arabesques and single figures was preferred to a gilt copper ornament of the kind; and in almost every instance, the step (*gradino*, *predella*) on the top of the altar was adorned in front with small compositions corresponding in their extent with the width of the great picture. The *predella* pictures, as may be supposed, were in general slightly painted.

With regard to the picture above mentioned, the two principal portions are in Naples; the five *predella* subjects, consisting of three compositions and two single figures, are all in England. The two figures, St. Francis and St. Anthony of Padua, are in the gallery at Dulwich; the other three are respectively in the possession of Mr. Samuel Rogers, Mr. Miles, of Leigh Court, and Mr. White, of Barron Hill. This may serve as a specimen of the kind of research with which Passavant's history of Raphael's works is undertaken. Another picture, which deserves to be particularly mentioned, is the altar-piece done for the Ansidei family, to adorn their chapel in the church of the Serviti at Perugia. This work, so interesting from the period when it was done (1505), is now at Blenheim castle. Of the three *predella* pictures one only remains; this, representing the preaching of John the Baptist, and in which the imitation of Masaccio is very evident, is in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne. In the same year Raphael painted his first fresco, that, namely, in the church of the Camaldoles, at Perugia. In composition it resembles the upper part of the Dispute of the Sacrament, as it is called, afterwards painted in Rome: with regard to this resemblance, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the arrangement was in the first instance adopted by Raphael from earlier masters; it appears, for example, in Angelico da Fiesole. The increased breadth of manner which is observable in this work may partly have been owing to the larger execution so indispensable in fresco, but Passavant attributes the improvement also in a great measure to the study of Masaccio.

A commission for an altar-piece for the nuns of Monte Luce, near Perugia, exhibits Raphael in a new light. The ladies were

desirous that 'the best painter' should be employed, and a council of laymen and churchmen decided, according to a document bearing date December, 1505, that 'the Master Rafael, of Urbino,' then twenty-two years of age, was the fittest to undertake the work. However honourable this commission was, the impatience of Raphael to revisit Florence was so extreme that, after having made a finished drawing, which shows his first idea of the subject (the Coronation of the Virgin), without proceeding further, he again set out for the Tuscan capital. The drawing in question is in the Lawrence collection. Eleven years afterwards, when Raphael was in Rome, the contract was renewed, and he bound himself to deliver the picture finished in a year. He again, however, was prevented by his overwhelming occupations; and the picture, but just begun before his death, was finished by his scholars, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni. It is now in the Vatican. Raphael received thirty gold ducats in advance in 1505; but, to make amends, he afterwards, in the zenith of his fame, proposed to paint the picture for less than the poor nuns were ready to give. In his second stay in Florence the change in Raphael's style is very evident: the works done soon after his arrival, and which mark the transition, are not among the least interesting. Of two Holy Families presented to the accomplished Taddeo Taddei, in gratitude for the hospitality and kindness the artist had experienced from him, one, in a circular form, is in the gallery of Lord Francis Egerton;* original studies for the same picture are in the Lawrence collection. Vasari observes that the larger manner which Raphael acquired in Florence is beginning to be apparent in the pictures done for Taddei, while the influence of his education with Perugino is yet traceable: this remark is quite applicable to the work just mentioned. Some of his earliest portraits, such as those of Angelo and Maddalena Doni, in the Pitti palace, were done at this time.

Hitherto we have omitted to state the proofs of Raphael's movements and stay in different places, because they admit of no question whatever. We have now, however, to examine a statement of Passavant's, in which, though we are disposed to agree with him, the evidence is not so incontrovertible as in the other cases. The one relates to Raphael's visit to Rome following are the

Rome he

personally known to him: he might have been favourably prepossessed towards the Bolognese artist from the first, by the accounts of that painter's scholar, Timoteo Viti, but, as he speaks of the sacred character of Francia's Madonnas, it is probable that he had had opportunities of seeing several such works at Bologna at the same time when he became acquainted with the artist himself. In the next place it is certain that Raphael painted an Adoration of the Shepherds for Giovanni Bentivoglio, who held the supreme sway in Bologna till the autumn of 1506, when he was expelled by Julius II. An interesting proof of the friendship between Raphael and Francia exists again in a picture now, according to Passavant, in the possession of Mr. Allen Gilmore: the design, the biographer observes, unquestionably resembles the taste of Raphael, while the execution is as certainly that of Francia. Traces of similar co-operation in a work of Lorenzo Costa, a scholar of Francia, may also be adduced to confirm the supposition that Raphael was in Bologna at the period in question, namely, the earlier part of 1506. In the summer of the same year he was again at Urbino, and had now an opportunity of seeing that court in all its splendour. As he did several small works, including portraits, for his sovereign on this occasion, it is probable that he remained till the autumn, when Julius II., with twenty-two cardinals and a very numerous suite, passed three days at Urbino on his way to Bologna; and the acquaintance between the discerning pontiff and the future painter of the Vatican may have begun on this occasion. The portraits of the Duke and Duchess, and a drawing of Pietro Bembo, done at this period, are lost; of two small Holy Families, one is at St. Petersburg—the other is recognised by Passavant in a Madonna and Child, now in the Marquis Aguado's gallery at Paris; but we confess the style of that work seems to us to belong to an earlier period. The picture of the Graces before mentioned is more probably of this time; this specimen was purchased by the late Lord Dudley from Sir Thomas Lawrence. A picture of St. George and the Dragon was sent by Duke Guidubaldo as a present to King Henry VII. of England. It was taken to this country in the autumn of 1506, with other gifts, by Count Castiglione, who acted as proxy for his sovereign to complete the ceremonies of installing the Duke a knight of the garter—(the blue riband had been sent, when an embassy from England waited on Pope Julius on his accession);—and perhaps a smaller picture of St. George

done by Raphael when at Urbino, in 1504, was also a compliment to this country. The last-mentioned picture is in the Louvre; the larger composition is now in the gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg; and thus a work of the great artist, expressly destined for a king of England, has been suffered to leave the country.

The pretensions of Urbino about this time to rank high as a school of taste, learning and polished manners, have been already adverted to; and Passavant attaches due importance to the influence of such circumstances on a mind like Raphael's. The Duke Guidubaldo, who, notwithstanding some reverses, displayed on many occasions the military talents of his father, had a more cultivated mind than his predecessor. His lady, Elizabetta Gonzaga, of Mantua, scarcely inferior to Battista Sforza in graver acquirements, was celebrated beyond the high-born dames of her age for the grace and dignity of her manners, and was as eminently remarkable for the purity of her mind as for her extraordinary beauty.*

* 'Cujus eximia virtute, moribus et pæne divinâ pulchritudine, maritus ab omnibus felicissimus et beatissimus habebatur.' *Balthassar Castilionius ad sacratissimum Britannia Regem Henricum De Guidubaldo Urbini Duce.* Foro Sempronii, 1513. Two years after her marriage, according to Bembo, her husband, 'mærens dolensque uxori aperit putare se magicis impediri, quo minus virum illi ostendere sese potuit, se miserum ac porro infelicissimum nuncupat. Mulier, quæ multo ante id quod erat rata, nihil apud virum quæsta unquam fuerat, nulum ulli mortalium verbum de ea se fecerat, tum illum solata hilari vultu orat, sustineat feratque fortunæ injuriam. Quod ad se attinet bono animo jubet esse; nihil sese minus eum amare, aut in posterum amaturam affirmat: quem quidem domo pudicitie suæ florem ad illum attulerit, eum se usque ad rogum perlaturam. Utque dicit, etiam facit.' Perhaps no praises ever bestowed on woman can be compared, both for eloquence and sincerity, with those contained in Bembo's little volume (*De Guido Ubaldo, &c.*, Romæ, 1548), composed, as the writer tells us, when the duchess had lost her beauty through sorrow and misfortune. That her fame was long remembered in England we can hardly doubt—and not improbably Shakespeare may have taken from Bembo's portraiture a hint for his Miranda, e.g.:—

'Itaque multas sæpe fœminas vidi, audivi etiam esse plures, quæ certarum omnino virtutum, optimarum quidem illarum atque clarissimarum, sed tamen perpaucarum, splendore illustrarentur: in quâ vero omnes collectæ conjunctæque virtutes conspicerentur, hæc una exiitit; cujus omnino parem atque similem, aut etiam inferiorem paulo, non modo non vidi ullam, sed ea ubi cæset etiam non audivi quidem.'

—'for several virtues

Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.'

Under her auspices the court of Urbino attained that celebrity as the centre of all that was refined and distinguished, which has been perpetuated in the 'Cortegiano' of Castiglione. This nobleman, who stood in relation to Raphael much as Sir Kenelm Digby afterwards did to Vandyck, makes Urbino the scene of his discussions on the manners of an accomplished cavalier; and perhaps he is not less celebrated as Raphael's friend than as the author of the work in question. That the interlocutors of the Cortegiano were really present at the court of Urbino, and that such a dialogue was held at the close of 1506, we learn from the author himself; but we cannot suppose, with Passavant, that the expressions given to these personages are to be considered as strictly belonging to the period, and as such to be taken as historical materials. Castiglione distinctly says that he was in England when the discussion took place; that he composed his book some years afterwards, and that he altered it considerably before it was printed, long after Raphael's death. Hence a comparison between Raphael and Michael Angelo, which is introduced, is by no means to be referred to the supposed date of the dialogues, but, like many other circumstances, is to be understood as suggested by later occurrences. As a proof of this, a picture by Raphael is alluded to, which was done long after he was established in Rome.

The real interest and importance of the essay, as connected with the manners of the period, is, on the other hand, quite overlooked by Passavant, who prefers quoting a long Platonic revery which Castiglione puts into the mouth of Bembo. It would, perhaps, have been more to the purpose if the biographer had descended to minor matters: it would have thrown more light on certain notions of beauty prevalent at the time, if he had taken notice of the remark that the Italian ladies were in the habit of removing the hairs of their eyebrows and forehead (l. 1;) thus accounting for the almost invisible arch over the eyes of Raphael's Madonnas, as well as for their singularly high foreheads. It would have in some degree explained the grave character of the Italian schools, with the single exception of Florence, if he had alluded to the observation of one of these Chesterfields on the propriety of constantly maintaining a dignified deportment (l. 1.) Elsewhere it is observed 'that the manners of the Spaniards suit the Italians better than those of the French; for the sedateness and gravity, which are peculiar to the former, appear to be much fitter for us than the vivacity of the latter,' (l. 2.) Ladies, it is remarked, seldom show their teeth; and we

may add that scarcely any examples are to be met with in the paintings of the age where this evidence of gaiety is observable; a direct prohibition, with regard to laughing, occurs in Ludovico Dolce's 'Dialogo dell' Instituto delle Donne':—'Fugga sopra tutto il riso in tutti i luoghi, e nelle occasioni più tosto lo accenni che ne dimostri effetto';—and is most literally attended to in all Venetian pictures, in which, whatever is the subject, and whatever the figures are doing, the most imperturbable calmness of expression is observable. The heavy eyelid, the 'santo, onesto e grave ciglio,' which Giovanni Santi attributes to Battista Sforza, is again a universal characteristic of the pictures of the time, and is exaggerated by the religious painters, particularly Francia and Perugino, from whom it was adopted by Raphael in his early works. The exception which the manners of Florence at this time formed to the rest of Italy is alluded to historically by various writers, and is attributed partly to political circumstances, partly to that classic, or almost pagan mania, for which the Tuscan capital was remarkable at the close of the fifteenth century. Rumohr, with his usual acuteness, observes a certain gay, cheerful character in Raphael's Madonnas, done after he was in Florence: it may be said to distinguish them, not only from his earlier, but from his later productions. The source of these dimpled expressions, which had a peculiar charm applied to sacred subjects, although it thus reduced them to mere domestic scenes, was unquestionably Leonardo da Vinci; and among the first works by that original painter which Raphael saw on first visiting Florence, was the smiling portrait of Mona Lisa, now in the Louvre, and the cartoon of the Holy Family, now in the Royal Academy in London.

On Raphael's return to Florence, at the close of 1506, he saw, for the first time, Michael Angelo's celebrated cartoon of Pisa; and a closer study of anatomy and form is soon after apparent in his own works. To the next year and half (for in September, 1508, we find him already occupied in Rome) belongs some of his most interesting pictures of Madonnas, Saints, and Holy Families. We have only space to refer to a very few. The larger of Lord Cowper's Madonnas is to be classed among the works of this period; the smaller appears to have been painted somewhat earlier. The celebrated 'Belle Jardinière,' now in the Louvre, is supposed to be the picture which Vasari says was left with the blue drapery unfinished, and was completed by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. Many a copy, with a due want of harmony in the blue drapery, has been

brought to light, from time to time, as the picture alluded to by Vasari, but the seal of Raphael's genius has been still acknowledged to be most unequivocal in the Paris picture. The original cartoon, in an injured state, is in the possession of Lord Leicester. The St. Catherine, in the National Gallery, has an interest from the light, rapid manner in which it appears to have been painted.* Slight as it is, several careful studies for it exist; a cartoon of the same size is in the Louvre; a sketch for the head is in the Lawrence collection, and a small drawing for the whole figure is in that of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth.

The most elaborate and studied picture belonging to this period is 'the Entombment of Christ,' now in the Borghese palace at Rome. The commission was given by Atalanta Baglioni, soon after Giovanni Paolo Baglioni had regained possession of Perugia, (1507.) The cartoon was completed in Florence, in the presence of the works of Michael Angelo and Leonardo; the picture, according to Vasari, was done in Perugia. Of the accompaniments of this work, an upper portion is still in the church of S. Francesco, in that city; the small pictures of the predella are in the Vatican. The studies for this altar-piece that still exist are an interesting proof of the efforts made by Raphael to tread in the steps of the great designers then in Florence. Nine drawings of different arrangements for the subject, or particular portions, are in the Lawrence collection. Another, still differently composed, is in the possession of Mr. Rogers, and seven or eight more exist in various collections on the continent. In one of those in the Lawrence series the skeleton is drawn within the outline.

It will have been seen that in several instances, and we might add very many others, the drawings by Raphael, for well-known pictures, are in the Lawrence collection. A few of these only, it appears, have been purchased by the Prince of Orange; we fervently hope, that before it is too late, the remainder will be preserved for this country. No outlay of money for such purposes, we are persuaded, could be more wisely appropriated; and, without even considering the certain good which in the end would result to the arts, we ventured to think it a narrow economy to deny a rational enjoyment to the constantly increasing class of persons who take an interest in such studies. The example of Paris shows that a selection of these

works might be shown in a certain number of frames, and changed for others from time to time. Should the biography now before us be translated, as we trust it will, a *catalogue raisonné* of all these works will be at once ready for every hand; the number of those who can relish them will be thus greatly increased; and after all, association is the spell by which not only art, but nature herself, becomes lastingly attractive.

In April, 1508, the Pope's nephew, Francesco Maria della Rovere, succeeded to the sovereignty of Urbino on the death of Guidubaldo, and Raphael, writing to Urbino soon after, desired his uncle to procure him a recommendation from the young Duke to the Gonfaloniere Soderini, who was about to have a room in the Palazzo Vecchio painted. From what followed, however, it may be concluded, that both the Duke and the Pope himself preferred securing the talents of so great a painter for Rome, for in the summer, or early in the autumn of the same year, Raphael left Florence in haste; his letter to Francia, dated from Rome in September, speaks of his overwhelming affairs there, as if he had been already some time regularly at work. Besides the *Giardiniera*, the *Madonna del Baldachino*, and other works left unfinished in Florence, we may here mention a large picture, representing the *Madonna and various Saints*, lately in the possession of Mr. Solly, (and if still to be obtained, why not in the National Gallery?) Many of these works were completed by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.

The biographers of Raphael have often indulged in conjectures as to the immediate cause of his invitation to Rome. Bramante, the Duke of Urbino, and the Duchess of Sora, may all have been instrumental; but Rumohr very justly observes, that as Julius II. had begun his vast plans in architecture and sculpture, and had already assembled several painters round him, nothing was more natural than that he should, of his own accord, invite Raphael, now acknowledged to be second to none, to assist in carrying his projects into effect.

Whatever may have been Raphael's enthusiasm for his art, his mind received an impulse unfelt before, under the influence of the vigorous and enterprising Julius. That Pontiff, who even as cardinal had directed considerable architectural works, now aimed at a character of greatness in all he undertook, commensurate, at least, with his own high estimate of his power. The plan of rebuilding St. Peter's was conceived on the scale in which we see it. To leave a mausoleum for himself, corresponding with the importance of his political history was another

* Lord Northwick had paid 2000*l.* for this picture to Mr. Day.

of his schemes, and Michael Angelo was selected as the sculptor. The Pope persuaded the same great artist, who even doubted his own powers as a fresco-painter, to undertake the ceiling of the Capella Sistina; and thus were produced the most majestic forms that painting has yet embodied. Lastly, the frescoes of Raphael in the upper *stanze* of the Vatican might never have existed but for the noble ambition of Julius.

Six of the compositions just named, besides the many accompanying smaller subjects, were done in this pontificate; that is, from Raphael's arrival in Rome in 1508 to 1513; and when to these are added the numerous altar-pieces, Holy Families, and portraits, done in the same years, the labour both of hand and mind, is more than ever astonishing. The difficulty of assigning sufficient time for the unquestionable works of the master is even increased in the following seven years from Leo's accession to the death of the painter. The frescoes have been often and well described, and perhaps Passavant may be said to have improved on former writers in his description of the 'Philosophy,' or School of Athens, as it is called: in one respect, however, his remarks have disappointed us. From a wish to exalt Raphael as much as possible, he leans to the opinion that the painter chiefly drew on his own stores for the invention of these works. He, indeed, admits, from the evidence of a letter of Raphael to Ariosto, that the artist consulted his friends respecting the personages to be introduced in these compositions; but because Pietro Bembo and one or two others came to Rome some years later, he hastily concludes that, till then, no such assistance was at hand. In this he is mistaken; without giving a catalogue of all the learned and accomplished men* who were in the habit of assembling in the gardens and library of the celebrated Colocci, it is sufficient to mention the names of Inghirami, Sadoletto, and the younger Beroaldo; for the suggestions of either might fully account even for the extraordinary display of erudition which the first frescoes painted by Raphael contain. It would have been better,

in short, to assume, as every unprejudiced person must, without any derogation of Raphael's powers, that some of the painter's learned friends had given him the leading points of the great arguments he treated, as well as the selection of personages introduced as representatives of remarkable epochs. If the biographer had assumed this, in addition to his very satisfactory account of the pictures themselves, he would have connected them with the state of learning and the modes of thinking belonging to the time when Raphael painted.

And here we may observe, that the history which a picture pretends to represent, whatever it may be, is in reality a far truer mirror of the age when it is done. It is when works of art are viewed in this light that they become so precious to the cultivated spectator, and open sources of interest to him which make ample amends for any defect of connoisseurship in which the artist may consider himself superior. Passavant's description of the figures of Plato and Aristotle in the subject of 'Philosophy' is strikingly just, but the painter's characteristic representation is to be considered as the lively result of the enthusiastic study of these philosophers at the period. In the subject of Jurisprudence, one of the four frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura, the invention and treatment appear to us to have been evidently suggested by the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle; for here, as in that philosopher's system, the science of morals is the basis of law. The principal picture, representing Temperance, Fortitude, and Prudence, is surmounted by the single figure of Justice; the fifth chapter of Aristotle's Treatise is the best commentary on this arrangement; the passages are numerous which confirm the view thus taken, but the single expression, 'Justice is not a part, but the whole, of virtue,' is sufficient. The inscription again, which accompanies Raphael's figure, 'jus suum cuique tribuens,' exactly corresponds with the more particular definition which follows. Aristotle holds the volume of the Ethics (so inscribed) in his hand, in the subject of 'Philosophy.'

The labours of the painter were to have been confined, in the part of the Vatican where he was employed, to the few walls that remained to be covered; but no sooner was the first fresco done than the Pope ordered all the works by other artists to be demolished, and the walls prepared afresh for Raphael. This decision must have placed so young a painter, who, as Vasari says on another occasion, 'era la gentilezza stessa,' in a very painful situation. In the next room to that in which he was employed

* From a wish, perhaps, to exalt the splendour of Leo's court, Roscoe has not given a very full or favourable account of the men of letters who were in Rome during the Pontificate of Julius; in this he has been corrected by his Italian translator, Count Bossi, who observes: "La prova più luminosa della mia opinione si ha forse nel Pontificato stesso di Leon X., nel quale, siccome brevissimo, le scienze, le lettere, e le arti non avrebbero potuto crescere a tanto splendore, se non avesse preesistito un fondo d'istruzione, che forse in quella capitale non si estinse giammai."—c. 11.

his master Perugino was at this very time at work on the ceiling: in the room on the opposite side the now venerable Luca Signorelli had just finished an elaborate work as a companion to one before alluded to, painted many years previously by his master, Pietro della Francesca. Other works by experienced artists were on the ceilings and walls of the same rooms. Parts of the ceilings in more than one instance were suffered to remain, although the subjects had little reference to the representations on the walls; hence Passavant is not strictly correct in saying, with Vasari, that Perugino's work was particularly or exclusively respected.

Of the Holy Families painted even while these great works were in progress, we will merely mention the round picture lately in England in the possession of Mr. Coesvelt,* and now in that of the Emperor of Russia—(a specimen, by the way, with regard to which, notwithstanding Passavant's admiration, some difference of opinion existed); the beautiful composition known by the name of the Madonna di Loreto, which, it seems, is lost; and the Madonna with the Infant Christ and St. John in the possession of Lord Garvagh. To these may be added the graceful Madonna and Child in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton,† and another traced by Passavant from the Orleans collection to that of Mr. Rogers. Of altar-pieces that of Foligno was the principal work of the period; and in the list of portraits, that of Pope Julius, so excellent and so often copied, stands pre-eminent—it is now in the Pitti palace. A portrait of the Marchese Federigo Gonzaga, of Mantua, is, we believe, in England. But the Camera della Segnatura was scarcely completed before other works were undertaken in three different churches. The Isaiah in St. Agostino, after having been once finished, was destroyed and entirely re-painted, according to Vasari, in consequence of Raphael's impressions on seeing the Capella Sistina. The imitation of Michael Angelo is unquestionable in this figure, and in the two accompanying boy-angels; but, except by Vasari, it has never been considered equal to Raphael's own characteristic works; the date (1512) of this figure is satisfactorily proved by Passavant; it may be considered to fix the time when Raphael first saw the Capella Sistina. A fresco was designed and executed shortly after in Agostino Chigi's chapel in the Chessa della Pace;

the Prophets and Sybils it represents no longer betray a direct imitation of Michael Angelo, but were probably suggested by his subjects. The Sybils, like the figures of the Virtues in the Jurisprudence, (the last in order of time painted in the Camera della Segnatura.) are treated in a grander and broader style than is observable in earlier works. The Prophets, on the other hand, were evidently executed from his designs by some assistant; they were in fact the work of Timoteo Viti. The chapel belonging to the same Agostino Chigi, in the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, was to have been entirely painted by Raphael; the designs, indeed, were made about the period to which we now refer, but the work was not entirely completed, with various alterations, till long after his death. In the same year a second room was begun in the Vatican: two of the frescoes, the Heliodorus and the Mass of Bolsena, were probably completed before the death of Julius, in February, 1513.

Vasari, in the introduction to the third part of his work, in a comparative view of the merits of the great painters, after observing that Andrea del Sarto followed Raphael in some respects, remarks that the Florentine's colouring was "non tanta gagliarda," less daring and powerful than that of his great prototype. In fact, the Heliodorus and the Mass of Bolsena, in addition to their other excellences, are the best coloured frescoes the art can boast. The frescoes of Titian at Padua do not approach them in richness and glow; and when Raphael is spoken of as a great colourist, it is these two works chiefly which are understood to be referred to. Several portraits and portions of altar-pieces have, however, the same powerful character, and the fine female portrait in the tribune at Florence was formerly attributed to Giorgione. Rumohr imagines that the great colourist just named may have seen the fresco of the Mass of Bolsena; but, unfortunately for such an hypothesis, Giorgione died before it was begun—to say nothing of the improbability of his ever having visited Rome. Having noticed one of this writer's oversights, we must in justice quote his fine remark on a portion of this same picture:—The upper group, consisting of Julius II., some cardinals and prelates of the court—the first full of boldness and defiance, the latter obsequious and subtle—forms an historical contrast, in the strictest sense of the words, to the German brute force and honest stubborn simplicity of the Swiss attendants. The dominion of priests and Swiss infantry were the two great moving principles of European

* The price paid for it by Mr. Coesvelt was 4000*l*.

† This picture is said to have been first sold in England for 3000*l*.: but Passavant adds a—?

politics during the sixteenth century. I doubt whether in any historian they are so intelligibly, so objectively represented, as in this instance.' Passavant, again, makes the important observation that Sebastian del Piombo, the best imitator of Giorgione, first came to Rome in 1511; his rivalry with Raphael soon began, and we now see how immediately the latter appears to have appropriated the characteristic excellence of the Venetian.

In reviewing the exertions of Raphael during the last years of Julius, some circumstances are to be considered affecting not only the style of his art, but his personal character. And first, it does not appear that he saw the ceiling of the Capella Sistina before 1512. The resemblance of the statue of Apollo in the 'School of Athens' to one of Michael Angelo's figures destined for the Pope's monument is the only trace of any direct imitation or influence of the great Florentine up to that period; gratuitous assertions to the contrary have often been repeated, and many writers, laying undue stress on particular expressions of Vasari, make the Cartoon of Pisa the inspiring cause of this supposed imitation. The real influence of that work has been already pointed out, but the picture of the Entombment has not the remotest resemblance to what is called the manner of Michael Angelo. This exaggerated exultation of the Florentine artist, as usual, has led modern critics to go too far the other way, and to endeavour to show the absolute independence of his rival. As a proof of the reality of Raphael's admiration of Michael Angelo's genius, it will be sufficient to mention that several drawings exist copied by Raphael himself from the ceiling of the Capella Sistina: one of these, the Expulsion of Adam and Eve, is in the Lawrence collection; another is at Holkham.

We now come to a more serious point. Vasari and Condivi both assert that, when Michael Angelo, owing to a misunderstanding with Julius, had retired for a time to Florence, having half painted the Capella Sistina, Bramante used all his influence with the Pope to allow Raphael to complete the undertaking. The testimony of Michael Angelo himself goes further; for, in a letter of his discovered and published a few years since, he says that all his difference with the Pope 'was owing to the envy of Bramante and Raphael.' Passavant endeavours to show, from a variety of instances, how irritable and overbearing Michael Angelo's conduct was on all occasions, and makes out his case but too well. He contrasts, again, with the harsh spirit of the great

Florentine, the milder and more candid disposition of his younger rival, who, as Condivi tells us, declared that 'he esteemed himself fortunate to have been born in the same age with Michael Angelo.' There are, however, some coincidences which require explanation, and in which it is difficult to justify Raphael entirely; it seems, indeed, unaccountable that his biographer should relate the circumstances to which we are about to allude without any comment whatever. In the first place, Raphael had no sooner seen the Capella Sistina (we take Passavant's own dates), than he painted the *Prophet Isaiah*; immediately after, he painted *Prophets* and *Sybils*; he then made the designs for the other chapel of Agostino Chigi in Sta. Maria del Popolo; in this the ceiling was originally intended to contain a series of subjects from the *Creation* to the *Fall of Adam*; but the mosaics executed from Raphael's own designs are limited to the creation of the heavenly bodies.* Four statues of *Prophets* were destined to connect the subjects of the ceiling with compositions from the New Testament intended for the walls. Again, in resuming his works in the Vatican, the subjects chosen for the ceiling in the room of the Heliodorus were all from the *book of Genesis*. It was probably Raphael's wish to paint Scripture subjects only on the walls, and the first done, the *Heliodorus*, seems to prove this.† It was, perhaps, to these circumstances that his rival himself alluded when in the letter before mentioned he said, 'Whatever Raphael knew in the art he knew from me.' Without staying to refute this, it is at least abundantly evident that Raphael sought to contend with Michael Angelo, not only in the same

* These have been lately engraved for the first time by Ludwig Gruner, who has so successfully employed his burin in disseminating the works of Raphael.

† The precise order of these works is unimportant, except in the instance of the *Isaiah*, with regard to which, assuming Vasari's account of the re-painting to be correct, we may even grant an accidental coincidence with Michael Angelo's subject; but such a coincidence, even here very improbable, cannot be imagined in the other cases. The order, we repeat, is unimportant; but Passavant contradicts himself with respect to the date of the *Heliodorus*. Having described the subjects of the ceiling, the fresco just named, and the Mass of Bolsena, as if done in the order in which they are here mentioned, he says, 'After the decoration of the room was completed thus far, Julius died.' (Feb. 1513.)—vol. i. p. 198. The expression, 'thus far,' relating not to any portion, but to the works generally. Elsewhere, having ascertained that Timoteo Viti painted the *Prophets* in the Pace, in 1514, and finding that the last payment for the *Heliodorus* is dated August in the same year, he seems to infer that that fresco was only then finished.—vol. ii. p. 168.

class of subjects, but even in sculpture; yet, strong as the evidence is, we must not conclude that his real object necessarily was to second the intrigues of Bramante, and to show the Pope that others could treat these subjects, if not with equal sublimity, with more attractive qualities than the Florentine artist.

The history of the practice of painters in the fifteenth century, and even much later, shows that nothing was more common than to take the subject of any renowned work, and repeat it with—or even without—considerable alteration. In his earlier years Raphael frequently adopted the compositions of his master; in Florence, the Dei Holy Family is an obvious imitation of Fra Bartolommeo; Leonardo da Vinci's works suggested many a smiling Holy Family;—and the period at length came when Michael Angelo was to exercise a similar influence. Such imitations, even when very direct, seem to have been considered as the sincerest tribute of admiration; with an original genius the impulse lasted only for a time, and was a sort of study of the characteristic excellence of a rival; the practice was a wholesome change of ideas, and the result an enlarged perception of the nature and powers of the art. In fact, in Raphael's latest works, the original tendency of his mind and taste, however improved and aggrandised, is again prominent; and those who fancy they see in these an inferiority in some respects to his earlier productions may fairly attribute the supposed defects to the necessity of trusting the execution so much to his scholars. After all, the direct imitation of Michael Angelo, as we have seen, is confined to very few instances; the rivalry, properly so called, began when, in selecting similar subjects, Raphael dwelt not on the qualities which Michael Angelo had, but on those which he had not: this is remarkable in many of the designs to which we have alluded, but particularly in the *Heliodorus*. In this noble work, although the artist was far from shunning the qualities in which Michael Angelo was strong, although form, action, foreshortening, are prominent excellences, yet the genuine characteristics of Raphael are all displayed in still greater perfection. Not only deep devotion in the adoring High Priest, not only expression and colour, not only grace, sweetness, and beauty, but the interest and variety of the picturesque, costume, architecture, the horse, all are combined to win every class of beholders. Thus, as Vasari justly observes, 'He did not throw his time away in vainly endeavouring to acquire the manner of Michael Angelo, but sought to make himself accomplished universally.'

The other two frescoes in the room of the *Heliodorus* were painted in the first year of Leo's pontificate, and, indeed, have reference to his personal history. The *Deliverance of Peter* alludes to the Cardinal de' Medici's escape from captivity after the battle of Ravenna; the *Attila* was suggested by the retreat of the French from Italy in the same year. Thus, although it has pleased modern critics to describe all these frescoes as forming part of a preconceived and fixed plan, it is evident that accidents of all kinds, the painter's impressions, the change in the government, and the necessity of attending to the suggestions of employers, all had their influence. We must here object to Passavant's arrangement of his catalogue in the second volume, as regards the two frescoes just mentioned. After dividing Raphael's works done in Rome into two classes, accordingly as the dates fall within the pontificates of Julius or Leo, he places the *Attila* and the *Deliverance of Peter*, done, as he is well aware, under Leo, with the works belonging to the former period. His only reason for this appears to be a wish to complete his account of one room in the Vatican before he begins another—a useless subdivision, which interferes materially with the accuracy of his chronology. A third room in the Vatican, called the *Stanza di Torre Borgia*, was painted with more assistance from subordinate hands: the celebrated *Incendio del Borgo* is, however, among the finest inventions of the master. Of the works in the Hall of Constantine, chiefly finished by Giulio Romano, Raphael only prepared some drawings for the *Vision of Constantine*, and a cartoon for the *Battle with Maxentius*. The other subjects, with the exception of some single figures of *Virgins*, appear to have been even designed by his scholars. Raphael had intended, stimulated, perhaps, by the example of Sebastian del Piombo, to paint all the subjects of this room in oil, and the walls were prepared accordingly. Two only of the figures just mentioned were, however, thus completed by Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni, as Vasari tells us, in the life of the former. The work was then long interrupted by Raphael's death, and the remaining subjects were ultimately painted in fresco. The number and variety of undertakings in which Raphael was engaged during the last six years of his life—the designs for the Loggia of the Vatican, the drawings for Marc Antonio's engravings, the frescoes, the Cartoons, altar-pieces, and portraits, the direction of St. Peter's architectural designs, and even antiquarian researches connected with architecture—are almost inconceivable, even when due allowance is made for the co-ope-

ration of numerous scholars. That some of these works should, even at the time, have been found inferior to those executed entirely by himself, is quite natural. The story of Amor and Psyche painted, after long and unavoidable procrastination, in the villa of Agostino Chigi, was among the works in which this difference was but too apparent; the Transfiguration, Vasari tells us, was undertaken by Raphael to redeem his reputation, but, if he had intended to complete that work entirely himself, the intention was frustrated by his death.

It is difficult to select a few only from the many celebrated oil-pictures of his latter time. The St. Cecilia, the Dresden Madonna,* the Madonna del Pesce, the Christ bearing the Cross,† the Madonna della Sedra, are but a portion of the works of this class done under Leo's pontificate. Among portraits, that most celebrated one of the Pope himself, with the Cardinals Giulio de' Medici and Lodovico de' Rossi is now in the Pitti palace, having suffered not a little either from the removal to and from Paris, or from some inexpert picture-cleaner. The Louvre is still rich in portraits by Raphael: that of the beautiful Joan of Aragon, which also seems to have suffered, and that of the accomplished Baldassar Castiglione, are among them. The well-known Latin epistle, said to be written by Castiglione's wife, Ippolita Torelli, but really his own composition, alludes in some very pleasing lines, to this last picture. The lady, left in Mantua two years after their marriage, is supposed to complain to her husband, who was at the court of Leo, of his protracted absence. After contrasting the refined enjoyments of Rome with her lonely situation, she generously says—

* Nec mihi displiceant quæ sunt tibi grata, sed ipsa
est

To sine lux oculis pene inimica meis;
Non auro, aut gemmâ caput exornare nitenti
Me juvat, aut Arabo spargere odore comas,—
Sola tuos vultus referens, Raphaelis imago
Picta manu curas allevat usque meas.
Hinc ego delicias facio, ardeoque, jocosque,
Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba quoad,
Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur
Dicere velle aliquid et tua verba loqui.
Agnoscit, balboque patrem puer ore salutât;
Hoc solor longos, decipioque dies.†

* Purchased in 1754 for 11,000 sequins.

† At Madrid—estimated by the French at 7000*l*.

‡ The beginning of this elegy

* Hippolyte mittit mandata hæc Castilioni,
Addideram imprudens heu mihi! pene—suo.

is evidently imitated, perhaps improved in thought, from Propertius, l. iv. El. 3.

* Hæc Arethusa suo mittit mandata Lycotæ;
Quum toties abais, si potes esse meus.

Scaliger does not hesitate to prefer the modern

The supposition that Ippolita Torelli herself may have written this epistle may have acquired some probability from the praises of her learning which appear in her epitaph. The example, too, was not uncommon. The instance of Battista Sforza has already been adverted to. The Duchess Elizabetha of Urbino, it appears, sung the subjects of the *Æneid* in Virgil's words—such at least is the inference to be drawn from Castiglione's poem 'De Elizabetha Gonzaga capiente,' beginning—

'Dulces exuvie, dum fata Deaque sinebant,
Dum canit, et querulum pollice tangit ebur;' &c.

A passage that follows,

* 'Flebile nescio quid tacitè in præcordia serpit,
Cogit et invitos illacrimare oculos.'

is supposed to have been imitated by Tasso, c. 12, st. 66.

'In queste voci languide risuona
Un non so che di flebile e soave,
Che al cor gli serpe ed ogni adorno ammorza,
E gli occhi a ligimar gl' invoglia e forza.'

One of the few letters of Raphael which have been preserved is addressed to Castiglione. It has often been quoted as a proof of the great painter's recognition of the doctrine of ideal beauty (a question which we leave to its own merits); but as it throws some light on the relation which subsisted between two such remarkable persons, we need not apologise for inserting it here.

'Signor Conte—I have made designs in various ways on your Lordship's idea; I have satisfied all those who have seen the sketches, but I do not satisfy my own judgment, because I am afraid of not satisfying yours. I send them to you. Our Sovereign, in doing me honour, has at the same time laid a heavy burden of responsibility on my shoulders. This is the direction of the building of St. Peter's. I have good hope that I shall not sink under it, the more so as the model which I have made pleases his Holiness, and is praised by many intelligent judges. But I aspire in thought to something beyond this; I am desirous of finding

poet; his words are 'Nihil dulcius Elegiâ, nihil elegantius, tersius, lepidius. Profectò eam mihi unam malim quam magnum numerum Propertianarum. Illius verò Cleopatra non ut illa vivens reges tantum ac dictatores capere possit, sed omnes animos quorum interest vacare musis. Qui si omnia sic scripsit nulli post Virgilium secundus, illius comes habere mereatur.' Poetices, l. 6. The poem of Cleopatra, here alluded to, was composed on the statue in the Vatican, formerly known by that name, but now generally called Ariadne. The lines are still more celebrated than Sadoletto's on the group of the Laocoon. In his critical observations on Castiglione, Scaliger does not remark that the poet in the above passage has taken the liberty of making the second syllable of *errides* short.

out the beautiful forms of the ancient edifices. I do not know whether my soaring will be that of Icarus. Vitruvius gives me considerable light, but not enough. As to the Galates, I should consider myself a great master if it contained half the qualities which your Lordship mentions in your letter, but in your expressions I at least recognise the friendship you entertain for me. In reply, I observe, that to paint a beautiful individual I should want to see several beauties, with this condition, that your Lordship should be with me to select the best; as there is, however, a lack both of discriminating judges and of beautiful women, I make use of a certain idea which presents itself to my mind. Whether this has any excellence as regards the art, I do not know; I labour strenuously to attain it. I wait your lordship's commands.*

A report addressed to Leo X. on the state of the ancient edifices (with the description of a method employed by Raphael for measuring their remains), and which, among other observations, contains an interesting critique on gothic architecture, was formerly attributed to Castiglione, but has been proved to be in all essential respects the production of Raphael himself. The letter just quoted affords additional evidence that the intention of measuring the ancient buildings originated with Raphael. The undertaking appears to have excited great attention at the time: it is particularly mentioned by Paolo Giovio in his very short life of Raphael, and Marc Antonio Michiel, in a letter deploring 'the incomparable master's' early death, alludes with peculiar interest to the same subject, adding that Raphael had already completed one region of ancient Rome. In vindicating the indefatigable artist's claim to the authorship of the report relating to this investigation, we observe that his pretensions to this kind of merit are not limited to the example in question. Vasari, in the address which concludes the second edition of his work, tells us that the writings of *Lorenzo Ghiberti*, of *Domenico Ghirlandajo*, and of *Raffaello da Urbino*, had been 'of no small use to him.' Of three sketches for sonnets by Raphael, which have been preserved, from the accident of their being written on the back of drawings, two are in the Lawrence collection, and the other is in the British Museum. Passavant has published them all.

An interesting circumstance remains to be mentioned connected with the history of the Cartoons. The tapestries done from these works were intended to decorate the

lower part of the walls of the Capella Sistina; and the Chevalier Eünsen (one of the most accomplished persons who ever taught the lesson of minute diligence) was the first who ascertained the precise order in which they were placed: thus accounting both for the choice of the subjects and the difference of size. The following particulars are first to be borne in mind:—The chapel built by Sixtus IV., in 1453, and afterwards called by his name, was partly painted, during his pontificate, with subjects from the Old and New Testament: these occupied the middle space of the wall under the windows, and extended all round the chapel. Nothing further was done by succeeding pontiffs till the accession of Julius II., the nephew of Sixtus IV. Under his auspices, Michael Angelo painted the ceiling; and a certain plan having been already defined by the subjects on the walls, the great artist judiciously took up, or rather began, the thread of the whole history, gradually leading the mind of the spectator from the earliest events recorded in Scripture, and from the prophecies, to the antitypes represented below. It was subsequently suggested to Leo, who readily listened to any scheme that promised a display of magnificence, to adorn the vacant spaces underneath the frescoes done in the time of Sixtus, with tapestries enriched with gold, to be wrought in Flanders from Cartoons by Raphael. The subjects were selected accordingly; and thus still descended in chronological order from the history of Christ, which had been partly treated above by Perugino and the rest, to that of the apostles. On the left of the altar there were four tapestries from the history of St. Peter, and one representing the Stoning of St. Stephen; on the right were five subjects from the history of St. Paul; the tapestry forming the altar-piece was the Coronation of the Virgin. The pilasters separating the principal subjects were decorated with arabesques wrought in tapestries of corresponding shapes, and the space underneath was in like manner adorned with smaller subjects, generally two in number, in a uniform colour, heightened with gold. The Stoning of St. Stephen, and the Deliverance of St. Paul from Prison by the Earthquake, were much narrower than the rest, from the circumstance of the Pope's throne interfering on the one side, and the gallery for the choristers on the other. Afterwards, when the Last Judgment was painted, the frescoes on that end wall were destroyed to make room for it, and sufficient space no longer remained to hang three of the tapestries underneath it. The Cartoons at Hampton Court, as is well known, are seven

* If the style and orthography of this letter have been correctly given in the copies preserved, it follows, as Passavant remarks, that although Raphael wrote in the provincial dialect to his relations, he was quite capable of expressing himself in pure Italian.

in number: the four that are wanting are the Coronation of the Virgin, the Conversion of St. Paul, the Stoning of St. Stephen, and the Deliverance of Paul from Prison. Another series of tapestries, thirteen in number, with subjects from the life of Christ, is still preserved in the Vatican: these were done after Raphael's death, chiefly from the designs of his scholars. Sketches by Raphael for the Murder of the Innocents, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, are all that remain to prove his superintendence of this undertaking. Fragments of the Cartoons also exist.

With the exception of the account of the Cartoons, and a few additional details, Passavant's history of the latter period of Raphael's activity has less novelty, and perhaps less chronological order, than the earlier portion. The elegant scholars of Leo's court are, as usual, enumerated, to show how intellectual was the society in which the great artist moved at that time; but many of these were in Rome, although less conspicuous from not being in immediate relation with the court, in the pontificate of Julius; and we observe that there is no influence to be traced in Raphael's later works which can be compared to the extraordinary evidence of erudition of every kind so apparent in the frescoes of the Camera della Segnatura. The only remarkable connection between the literary pursuits of the age and the later designs of the artist has not been noticed by the biographer. We allude to the commentary on the fable of Apuleius, by the elder Beroaldo. This book, first printed in 1501, and again in 1512, some years after the learned editor's death, was a favourite from its style, and still more from its hidden Platonism. The circumstance of the younger Beroaldo being librarian of the Vatican when the frescoes of the Farnesina were done, may perhaps warrant the supposition that the episode of Amor and Psyche was recommended to Raphael by him.

The classic mania may be said to have been propagated by the Medicean popes from Florence to Rome, and by degrees infected the artists as well as the men of letters: indeed, the taste attained its acme in the works of Giulio Romano. Vasari appears to have been quite correct in stating that Raphael sent designers to various parts of Italy, and even to Greece, to collect materials from the antique. An engraving, with the date 1519, representing the sculptured pedestal of the Theodosian column at Constantinople, has the inscription, 'Basamento de la colona di Constantinopolo mandato a Rafelo da Urbino.' The celebrated

bas-relief of the Amorini at S. Vitale in Ravenna is engraved, according to Bartsch, from a drawing by the great artist himself—a drawing probably retouched by him.* Raphael was even invited to make designs from the descriptions of Greek paintings; and, lastly, in order thoroughly to understand the architecture of the ancients, he employed the venerable and learned Fabius of Ravenna to translate Vitruvius into Italian for him. An interesting letter, which Passavant inserts, from Calcagnini to Ziegler, alludes to Raphael's benevolent care of this old man; and is besides so strong a certificate of the great artist's moral virtues, written as it was soon before his death, that it may be reckoned among the proofs—should proofs be wanting—to contradict the idle story of Vasari, respecting the painter's inordinate attachment to the Fornarina, the alleged cause of his death. Passavant treats the assertion (first published in 1549, by Simone Fornari, and copied from him by Vasari,) as it deserves. Earlier biographers make not the slightest allusion to it; and every other circumstance—above all, the unsubdued, or rather increased energy of the painter's mind up to the very end of his career—abundantly contradicts the absurd calumny.

A description of the compositions finished after the master's death by his principal scholars, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni, completes the account of Raphael's designs in the Vatican. Perhaps the characteristics of the painters just named, and of other scholars and imitators of the great artist, might have been more fully defined. In alluding previously to the varied occupations of Raphael, the author ably distinguishes his style as an architect from that of Bramante. He confirms the received opinion that the statue of Jonah was executed, as well as designed, by Raphael; and it appears the statue of the Wounded Child borne by a Dolphin—a subject from Ælian, probably suggested by Castiglione—was also by the hand of the master himself. A cast from this is in the Dresden Gallery: the marble itself cannot be traced.

The history of the painted porcelain called the *Raphael ware*, was investigated by Giambattista Passeri in the last century.†

* It is remarkable that some fragments of Amorini, precisely in the same style, and probably brought originally from Ravenna, have been preserved in the library at Venice since Titian's time, and appear to have been as attentively studied by that painter.

† 'Istoria della Pitture in majolica fatte in Pesaro e ne' luoghi circonvicini.' This work, which had become extremely scarce, was republished in Pesaro in 1838.

From his inquiry it appears that the designs really exhibiting the taste of Raphael were painted about twenty years after his death, under the auspices of the second Guidubaldo. At that time Battista Franco, Orazio Fontana, Raffaello del Colle, and other distinguished artists furnished and executed designs. The name of the last may have given rise to the supposition that Raphael himself assisted. Vasari, in his life of Battista Franco, expressly says that Marc Antonio's engravings after Raphael were occasionally copied.

‡ The biographer would have given still more interest to his work, in the eyes of some readers, if he had bestowed some attention on what may be called the antiquities of Christian art, by occasionally tracing and explaining the traditional types. The general adherence of Raphael to the customary modes of representing sacred personages, while he contrived to remove all stiffness and appearance of conventional treatment, would be an interesting subject to illustrate; and we suspect that most readers frequently want to be instructed with regard to the history and attributes of certain saints. A Romanist, such as the German biographer appears to be, might have been expected to give full information on these legendary antiquities, as well as on the ancient modes of representation;—but our author seems rather to shun these inquiries.* His explanations of very common matters are indeed sometimes incorrect. In a picture of the Nativity, the sigla I. H. S. unaccompanied, it appears, by the cross, should undoubtedly be read *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, and not *In Hoc Signo*. We here call to mind that Dr. Waagen, in his otherwise interesting and satisfactory account of the illuminated manuscripts in the library at Paris, is at a loss to explain the inscription, *ὁ παλαιός ἡμέρων*.

* A passage which we cannot venture to translate shows, however, that he can readily excuse the most absurd superstitions existing in Italy in the present day;—“Der marmorne altar über dem Grab des heiligen Nicolo da Tolentino ist hohl, und hat an entgegengesetzten Enden weite runde Öffnungen; durch diese kriechen die Landleute in denselben, und legen sich öfters zu drei und vier neben und aufeinander der Länge nach hinein, und verrichten Gebete, wodurch sie sich mit Gott ausgesetzt glauben, und kommen so geträumt am andern Ende wieder heraus. Das ist eine jener mönchischen Anstalten des Mittelalters. Aber wer dürfte behaupten, dass sie nie einer menschlichen Seele zum Heil gereicht? und wer berechtigt seyn sie abzuschaffen, ohne eine bessere Form zu bieten, an welche der reuige Sünder sich halten und durch die er sich erbauen kann? Das irdische Daseyn ist ein Form, und der darin lebende Mensch bedarf der Formen, wie in der geringsten, so in den höchsten Angelegenheiten.”—vol. i. p. 428.

The seventh chapter of Daniel would have explained both the inscription and the figure it accompanied, for the words happen to be the chief scriptural authority with the earlier painters for representing the Almighty with the attributes of age.

The influence of early works, considered with reference to their subjects, is also far from having been exhausted. If Michael Angelo could have been inspired, as Vasari admits, by the Last Judgment of Signorelli, the subject, at least, of the battle of Constantine may have been suggested to Raphael by the fresco of Pietro della Francesca at Arezzo. Whatever works of art this city contained must have been seen by Raphael in passing and repassing from Florence to Perugia and Urbino. Again, as drawings by most of the early masters were carefully preserved—(many having been in Vasari's possession, as he himself tells us)—it is quite possible that Raphael may have seen some designs for a chapel painted at Pisa by Traini, a scholar of Orgagna. In one of these compositions, according to Vasari, the doctors of the Church were in consultation, while the upper part of the picture was occupied by the figures of Christ, the evangelists, and the heavenly host. The resemblance of this general scheme to the ‘Theology,’ or ‘Dispute of the Sacrament,’ is sufficiently evident. ‘The figure of St. Thomas Aquinas,’ continues Vasari, ‘is placed between Plato, who shows him the Timæus, and Aristotle, who shows him the Ethics.’ The figures of the two philosophers have the same attributes in the ‘School of Athens.’ In the cloisters of Santo Spirito at Florence, the same historian tells us that Stefano, a scholar of Giotto, had painted the Transfiguration in a semi-circle, and on one side of it Christ curing a possessed woman (la Indemoniata). We have here perhaps the hint for the combined subject, in some respects similar, which was the last production of the master. Even the points of resemblance with Masaccio, and the other painters of the Chiesa del Carmine, are not particularised by the biographer. The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise is copied, with very little alteration, in the Loggie of the Vatican. Several compositions, such as the Ananias, the Lame Man at the Gate of the Temple, Peter and Paul before the Proconsul, the Deliverance of Peter from Prison, and others, probably influenced Raphael's selection of subjects from the lives of the apostles.* These are

* The subject of the Proconsul, always engraved under the name of Masaccio, is satisfactorily proved by Rumohr to be the work of Filippino Lippi,

among many coincidences which, as throwing light on the gradual progress of the art, might have been adverted to in the history of the painter who represents its maturity.

Of the ordinary life and habits of Raphael scarcely any record can be said to remain. His own letters, and the interesting character of him drawn by Vasari, with a few incidental notices in the correspondence of contemporaries, are the only written sources now known from which an estimate of his personal character may be formed. No anecdotes of his student years with Perugino have been preserved; but we gather that even, at that period, his readiness to assist his fellow-scholars was remarkable. We are almost as much at a loss respecting the details of his active and happy life at Florence. Thus deprived of the information which history might have given, a peculiar interest attaches to his early productions, the works of his own hand. In these, at least, he has left unequivocal traces of the formation of his mind, and a mirror of his character and feelings far more eloquent than even the eulogies of his contemporaries.

In the life of the Florentine architect and sculptor, Baccio d'Agnolo, Vasari tells us, that the studio of that artist was the resort of many of his profession, as well as the amateurs of Florence. Here, especially in the winter evenings, interesting discussions took place—(si facevano bellissimi discorsi e dispute d'importanza.) Among the artists who frequented these meetings were Raphael, (allora giovane,) Andrea Sansovino, Filippino Lippi, Antonio and Giuliano di San Gallo, &c., with many young Florentines and foreigners, and sometimes, but rarely, Michael Angelo. To this intercourse, perhaps, Raphael owed his acquaintance with Taddeo Taddei, Lorenzo Nasi, and others: his gratitude to the first has already been mentioned. In writing to Urbino, in April, 1508, he thus recommends to the attention of his relatives this friend and patron, in the event of his visiting their city:—'If Taddei should come, of whom we have often discoursed, I entreat that you will make him welcome, without sparing any expense, and show him every attention, for my sake, for, in truth, I am as deeply indebted to him as to any man living.' An expression in the same letter may confirm the supposition, that even in Florence the extent of Ra-

phael's commissions latterly required the assistance of scholars: speaking of a picture, the subject of which he does not mention, he says, 'I have done the cartoon, and after Easter we shall be occupied on the picture.'

His letter to Francia, from Rome, is very interesting, but we must content ourselves with a later epistle to his uncle, dated July 1, 1514:—

'Dear Uncle and Second Father,*—I have received a letter from you, to me most gratifying, since I find that you are not angry with me; indeed you would be wrong to be so, for consider how irksome it is to write when there is nothing important to communicate. But now that there is important matter to talk about, I reply. In the first place, with regard to taking a wife,† I answer, that as to the one you first intended to give me, I am most happy, and thank God constantly, that I neither married her nor any other; and in this respect I have been wiser than you, who wished to give her to me. I am sure you must now yourself be convinced, that, had I followed your advice, I should not have been in the position in which I am. At this moment I find that I have property in Rome to the amount of 3000 gold ducats, and an income of 50 gold crowns. His Holiness allows me 300 gold ducats (annually) for superintending the building of St. Peter's: this provision is secured to me for life. Other such salaries are in prospect, in addition to which I am paid whatever I choose to ask for my works, and I have begun another room for His Holiness, which will amount to 1200 gold ducats; so that, dear uncle, I do honour to you and all my relations, and to my native place; but I cease not to hold you in my heart, and when I hear you named, it is as if I heard my father named. Do not, therefore, complain because I do not write; I might rather complain of you, who have always the pen in your hand, and yet suffer six months to intervene between one letter and another. To return to the subject of the wife, from which I have digressed: you are aware that Santa Maria in Portico, [Cardinal Bibiena,] wishes to give me a relation (grand-niece) of his, and, on condition of obtaining your consent and that of my uncle the priest, I promised to do whatever his Eminence wished. I cannot break my word; we are more than ever ready to conclude the affair, and I will soon inform you of all. Do not be offended that this business thus takes its good course; if it should come to nothing, I will then do whatever you wish; and know, if Francesco Buffa has good alliances within his reach, that I can boast some too; for I can find a handsome lass (una mamola bella) in

* 'Carissimo, in loco de Patre.'

† 'Prima circa a tordona,' (tor donna.) Passavant, who is not always correct in his translations from the Italian, has committed a ludicrous blunder in this instance. He reads *tordona* as one word, and translates it *der Asel*, (the magpie;) the absence of the article might have opened his eyes. In consequence of mistranslating this passage he is led to give a false meaning to other parts of the letter.

‡ Passavant supposes that Raphael alludes to the room of the Heliodorus; but this was half done under Julius: another room, begun for Leo, can only relate to the Stanza di Torre Borgia; Raphael may only allude here to the preparation of the drawings and cartoons.

to whom also belong the Martyrdom of Peter, and the smaller subjects of the Apostle in Prison, and his Deliverance by the Angel. The Lame Man at the Gate, and the Temptation of Adam and Eve, are by Masolino da Panicale. Masaccio's works are the Expulsion of Adam and Eve, the Tribute Money, Peter Baptising, the Ananias, and the Eutychus Restored to Life.

Rome, of excellent name; both she and hers; her friends indeed are ready to give me a dowry of 3000 gold crowns with her. Meanwhile I live in Rome, where 100 ducats are more worth having, all things considered, than 300 in Urbino; of this be sure. With respect to residing in Rome, I can no longer remain elsewhere for any length of time, on account of the building of St. Peter's—for I am in Bramante's place: but what place in the world is more glorious than Rome? and what undertaking more honourable than St. Peter's—the first temple in the world—the greatest structure that has ever been seen, and which will cost more than a million of gold? Know that the Pope has determined to spend 60,000 ducats annually for this building; he thinks of nothing else. He has associated with me, in the direction, a very learned friar, more than eighty years old; the Pope sees he cannot live long, and has appointed him as my colleague, as he is a man of great reputation and experience, in order that I may learn from him, if he has any excellent secret in architecture, and that I may become accomplished in this art; he is called Fra Giocondo.* Every day the Pope sends for us, and consults with us for a while about this building. I beg you will go to the Duke and Duchess, and tell them I know they will be pleased to hear that a servant of theirs does himself honour, and commend me to their Highnesses. I commend myself unceasingly to you. Greet all friends, especially Ridolfo, who has so much affection for me.

'El vostro Rafael, Pittore in Roma.

'Alli Primo Luglio, 1514.'

Maria Bibiena, to whom Raphael was at last betrothed, died before they were married:—as her epitaph tells us, 'ante nuptiales faces virgo est elata.' There seems no ground to conclude that Raphael made any difficulties, and the story about his expectation of a cardinal's hat appears to be one of Vasari's careless assertions. The readiness expressed in the letter just quoted to fulfil the wishes of others, as if the writer had no feelings of his own, is quite in accordance with the habits of the age and country, as regards the important subject in question. This very readiness, however, abundantly shows that Raphael had no objection to marriage in itself, but had been only prudently disposed to wait till his fortunes were established. At what period his acquaintance

* Vasari has given his life: he built the bridge of Notre Dame, at Paris, a work which received the praises of Scamozzi, and which is alluded to by Sanazzaro, in an epigram, beginning, 'Jocundus geminum imposuit tibi, Sequana, pontem;' his grand design for the bridge of the Rialto at Venice was unfortunately set aside for the actual one by Zanfragnino, sometimes called Scarpagnino. Vasari says, 'Fra Giocondo, veduto quanto più possono molte volte appresso ai Signori e grandi uomini i favori, che i meriti, ebbe del veder preporre così agnagherato disegno al suo bellissimo, tanto adegno, che si partì di Venezia, ne mai più vi volle, ancorchè molto ne fosse pregato, ritornare.' He had previously done a great service to Venice, by causing part of the Brenta to disembogue itself at Chioggia. He ensured the safety of St. Peter's by constructing the foundations on a more extensive plan than Bramante had proposed.

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with the Fornarina began is uncertain: the name of *La Fornarina*, the only one by which his mistress is known, first occurs, by the way, in comparatively modern biographies, and the stories of the painter's first sight of this beautiful Trasteverina, are still more modern inventions.* Passavant has unfortunately discovered nothing new respecting so interesting a personage; the portrait he prefers, and of which he gives an engraving, is that in the Pitti palace: he considers the upper part of the picture only to be by the hand of the master. With respect to the autographic portraits of Raphael himself, that in the gallery at Florence, and a drawing, done at an earlier age, in the possession of Mr. Jeremiah Harman, are justly preferred. Engravings of both are given.

Having had occasion frequently to allude to the inaccuracy of Vasari's historical details, we will now endeavour to do him justice in another respect, by abridging his touching picture of Raphael's genius and character:—

* Missirini's story is the subject of a letter of his, dated 1806: as he quotes no authority whatever, and, moreover, has the reputation of having often circulated such pseudo-traditions, we can only give it as *ben trovato*. After repeating the received tradition (confirmed or suggested by the name) that she was the daughter of a baker, and, with the semblance of historical accuracy, telling us that the father was 'un fornaro a soccida,' (one who bakes bread sent to him, but who does not sell it,) and that he lived in Trastevere, near Sta. Cecilia, the writer thus proceeds:—'Attached to the house was a little garden, surrounded by a wall low enough to permit a person on the outside to overlook the place by standing on tiptoe. Here the maiden frequently walked, and as her beauty was much talked of, it attracted the curiosity of the young men, and particularly of the students in art, who are always in search of the beautiful: in a word, all were anxious to see her. It happened that Raphael also passed at a moment when the maiden was in the garden, and when, not supposing she was observed, she was bathing her feet in the Tiber, for the river bounded the end of the garden. Raphael having raised himself on the wall, saw the young person, and gazed on her attentively; he was always powerfully smitten by beautiful objects, and finding her most beautiful, he presently fell in love with her; his thoughts were centered in her, and he had no peace till she was his. Having thus bestowed his heart on this person, he found her much more refined, and at the same time more capable of an enduring attachment, than he could have supposed her station promised. His affection for her naturally increased, and at one time he could hardly apply himself to his art, except in her society.' Then follows Vasari's story, that Agostino Chigi allowed her to stay with Raphael while he was at work in the Farnesina. According to an older fable, which had been long rejected, but which Rumohr and others have revived, the Fornarina was the daughter of a potter in Urbino or its neighbourhood. As the oven is necessary in such an occupation, the name may have been connected again with this tradition.

His death was deeply deplored by the whole court, the more so as the Pope himself, who was much attached to him, wept bitterly. For us who survive him, it remains to imitate the good, nay excellent, method he has taught us; and as his great qualities deserve, and our duty bids us, to cherish his memory in our hearts, and speak of him with the high respect which is his due. For, in fact, through him we have the art in all its extent, colouring and invention, carried to a perfection which could hardly have been hoped, and in this universality let no human being ever dream of surpassing him. Among his extraordinary gifts there was one which especially excites my wonder; I mean that it should have been granted him to infuse a spirit among those who lived around him, so contrary to that which is generally prevalent among professional men. The painters—I do not allude to the humble-minded only, but to those of an ambitious turn, and very many of this sort there are—the painters who worked in company with Raphael lived in perfect harmony, as if all bad feelings were extinguished in his presence, and every base, unworthy thought had passed from their minds. This friendly state of things was never so remarkable as in Raphael's time; it was because the artists were at once subdued by his obliging manners and by his surpassing merit; but, more than all, by the spell of his natural character, which was so benevolent, so full of affectionate kindness, that not only men but even the very brutes respected him. It is said that if any painter of his acquaintance, or even any stranger, asked him for a drawing which could be of use to him, Raphael would leave his work to assist him. He always had a great number of artists employed for him, helping them and teaching them with the kindness of a father to his children rather than as a master directing his scholars; for which reason it was observed, he never went to court without being accompanied, from his very door, by perhaps fifty painters, all clever in their way, who had a pleasure in thus attending him to do him honour. Happy those who were employed under him, for, it appears, that whoever endeavoured to follow his example turned out well: in like manner, those who hereafter shall take his works as models will be honoured accordingly in this life, and, if they resemble him in the excellence of his character, may hope to win the favour of Heaven in another.*

The attached Castiglione writes thus to his mother, some months after Raphael's death:—'I am well; but I cannot fancy myself in Rome, because my poor dear Raphael is no longer here. *Che Dio abbia quell' anima benedetta!*'

Raphael was buried in the Pantheon (Sta. Maria della Rotonda,) in a chapel which he had himself endowed, and near the spot where his betrothed bride had been laid. The immediate neighbourhood was afterwards selected by other painters as their place of rest. Baldassare Peruzzi, Giovanni da Udine, Pierino del Vaga, Taddeo Zucaro, and others, are buried near. No question had ever existed as to the precise spot where the remains of the master lay; but a few years since the Roman antiquaries began to raise doubts even respecting the church in which Raphael was buried. In the end, permission was obtained to make

actual search; and Vasari's account was in this instance completely verified. The tomb was found, as he describes it, behind the altar itself of the chapel above mentioned. Four views of the tomb and its contents were engraved from drawings by Camuccini, and thus preserve the appearance that presented itself. The shroud had been fastened with a number of metal rings and points; some of these were kept by the sculptor Fabris, of Rome, who is also in possession of casts from the skull and the right hand. Passavant remarks, judging from the cast, that the skull was of a singularly fine form. The bones of the hand were all perfect, but they crumbled to dust after the mould was taken. The skeleton measured about five feet seven inches; the coffin was extremely narrow, indicating a very slender frame. The precious relics were ultimately restored to the same spot, after being placed in a magnificent sarcophagus, presented by the present Pope.

Several delegates from different institutions,* and other authorities, were appointed to be present when the tomb was opened: among these was the celebrated German painter, Overbeck, one of the worthiest of Raphael's followers; and to him we are indebted for some details, in a letter addressed to Director Veit, of Frankfort, in September, 1833. Passavant gives the letter entire, and completes the account from other sources equally authentic. Overbeck's feelings on the first opening of the tomb, and on seeing the actual remains of the object of his homage exposed to view, are expressed in a striking manner; but he soon after remarks, 'that, alas! the spirit of the great artist remains buried far deeper than his bones.'

ART. II.—*A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape Vine on Open Walls.* By Clement Hoare. London. 12mo. 1837.

In this age of socialism, chartism, teetotalism, *et omne quod exiit in ism*, when abstinence, not temperance, is preached by the apostles of order and disorder, agitation and

* The members of the Academy of St. Luke were interested in this investigation, as they had been long in possession of a skull supposed to be that of Raphael, and which had been the admiration of the followers of Gall and Spurzheim. The reputation of this relic naturally fell with its change of name, the more irretrievably as it proved to have belonged to an individual of no celebrity.

peace, it may seem rather venturous to offer a few words in favour of this little volume before us.

Of a dissertation on wines we shall be guiltless, although books, ancient and modern, in many languages, lie open to tempt us; some as bright and sparkling as the best vintages of brilliant France; others as sound and substantial as those of Portugal, Spain, and Madeira; and others, again, as flat, stale, and unprofitable as the *Vin du Surène*, of which the proverb goes, that there must be three persons to drink one glass of it, to wit, the unfortunate patient, one friend to support him, and another to hold his nose during the operation. But our business now is with *Ampelus* rather than

‘Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush’d the sweet poison of misused wine;’

and we pray forbearance for a sketch—it shall be no more—of the history of the Vine.

From the time that Noah planted his vineyard, every heathen nation seems to have contended for the honour of claiming, as its own, the distributor of the vine and its benefits, and deifying him accordingly. The Egyptian gave the palm to Osiris; the ancient Italian to Saturn; whilst the Greek shouted for his Bacchus, who brought the goodly plant from Arabia the Happy, commemorating and softening the triumph of his arms by leaving it as a legacy to the conquered.

Still it will be asked of what country was the vine originally a native? The question is more easily put than answered. The contention among the cities for Homer sinks into insignificance compared with the struggle for precedence in this honour among entire countries. Chaptal, whose attention was long directed to the inquiry, names Asia, the fertile farm and garden from which the cultivated grasses, vegetables, and fruits, were poured into Europe as from the horn of plenty, together with civilisation and the arts. So far so good; but Asia is a large place. The preference is claimed for Syria by some. Michaux found the vine in the woods of Mazanderan; and Olivier beheld it gracing the mountains of Koordistan. Pallas saw it near the Caspian and Black Seas, growing with no aid but from the hand of nature. The *kishmish*, a peculiar stoneless variety of the grape, is considered by some to be a native of that part of Persia lying on the Gulf. In Belochistan, still farther to the east, the vine clings with its tendrils to the northern shores of the Arabian Sea. The feet of the Paropamisian Mountains are rich with it, blending its clusters with the olive

and fig; and it extends to Caubulistan, where it associates with the apricot and peach. The forests of Anatolia and Karamania enshrine it; and Armenia, where Noah may have found it, abounds with the vine. In a word, there is strong evidence to make the vine a native of Persia, in which locality it is not likely to be neglected; for Khuzzelbash does not seem inclined to lose the privilege of possessing it by *non user*, and beats your Englishman—who, according to Othello’s Ancient, throws ‘your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander’ into the shade—in his capacity for continued imbibition, the wine not seeming to have much more effect upon that child of the sun than upon any other vessel in his house.

Dr. Sickler traces the gradual migration of the vine into Egypt, Sicily, &c.; and it is highly probable that the Phœnicians introduced its culture into the Grecian Archipelago, Greece, Italy, Provence, and Marseilles.

The ancient Roman, in his political infancy, had other and sterner duties to attend to than the training of the vine; and the libations of milk ordained by Romulus, who forbade the use of wine for those purposes, necessarily discouraged such culture. The nymph Egeria seems to have given Numa a hint that a little wine would be no bad addition to a *tête-à-tête*; for though he also forbade the use of wine at funerals, he permitted libations to be made to the gods, of wine made from well-pruned vines, thus directing the attention of the people to the care of the plant. But wine must have been for a long time scarce in Rome; and if ancient story be true, a single draught only was allowed during a *repas*, in the early part of the life of *Lucullus*!

Britain owes the presence of the vine, in all probability, to the Romans. It does not appear to have existed here in the time of Agricola; but the subsequent intercourse could hardly fail of introducing it. There is extant an edict of Probus, allowing ‘*omnibus Gallis et Britannis ut vineas habeant et vinum conficiant*.’ Bede notices several vineyards; and Winchester was long supposed—though in uncritical days we allow—to have received its name from the vines for which it certainly was noted. The Norman called the Isle of Ely the ‘Isle of Vines;’ and its bishop, soon after the conquest, appears to have received tithes of wine, to the amount of three or four tuns annually, from his diocese. Vineyards are frequently mentioned in Domesday Book. The Sussex vineyard belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, from whose produce many pipes of

good Burgundy wine were made, shows to what extent the cultivation was carried. Drayton sings—

—'Gloster in times past her selfe did highly prize,
When in her pride of strength she nourish't goodly vines,

And oft her cares repress with her delicious wines.
But now th' all-cheering sun the colder soyle deceaves,

And us (heere tow'rds the pole) still falling south-ward leaves:

So that the sullen earth th' effect thereof doth prove;
According to their books, who hold that he doth move
From his first zenith's point.'

The 'goodly vines' were gone, therefore, in his time, and superseded:—

'For of her Vines depriv'd, now Gloster learns to plant

The Peare-tree every where: whose fruit she strains for juce,

That her purst Pery is, which first she did produce
From Worstershire, and there is common as the fields;

Which naturally that soyle in most abundance yields.'

Descending from his Pegasus, Drayton introduces a long and dry enough note on the various conjectures which had then been put forth as to the reason of the gradual abandonment of our English vineyards. But this topic we may omit. Is it not one of the reasons of the change, at least, that the soil of England gives a bountiful return of corn where the vine would starve, or hardly ever ripen its fruit in perfection? There are no spots in Britain of which it can be said, in an agricultural sense,

'Illic veniant felicius uvæ.'

As well might the Laplander turn his attention to growing corn under glass (as they raised lang kale in the parish of Dreepdail) as the English agriculturist attempt to compete with the Côte-Rotie. But though we must leave the wine-press, to any available extent, to our neighbours, there is no reason why the vine should not be cultivated in the open air in the southern counties of England at least, and there bear rich and well-ripened fruit for the table; and this is the real subject of Mr. Hoare's essay.* He has given us a modest volume of some 200 pages filled with plain practical directions, disfigured by no grandiloquent passages, nor chilling the reader with scientific terms; for he is not one of those modern philosophers who

'Allium call their onions and their looks.'

'Vines,' says our author, 'are now cultivated in this country only against walls, upon the roofs of buildings, and under glass. The expense attending the growing of grapes under glass, is such, however, as obviously to place that method out of the reach of the mass of the people; and vineyard culture, now that it has fallen into disuse, is perhaps considered so much in the light of a commercial speculation, that those who possess the means of practising it are deterred from employing them, from an apprehension that the risk and uncertainty attending it would prove more than sufficient to counterbalance its advantages. But the cultivation of vines on open walls being free from these and all other objections, presents an advantageous method of producing grapes which may be embraced by every person who has at his command a few square feet of the surface of a wall.'—p. 5.

The labouring poor of this country are too often driven to the beer-shop as the only resource after the toils of the day. One by one their legitimate and invigorating amusements have been wrested from them. Their cricket-grounds have been taken away; their commons have been in great measure inclosed. Forlorn, and without the means of relaxation—for in many places the cottage-garden has also vanished—the baleful haunts, where

'ten thousand casks,

For ever dribbling forth their base contents,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away'—

gape for them, and the peasantry become besotted, demoralised, brutalised. It is matter of notoriety that such houses were the hot-beds of the late insurrection in South Wales. One who knows the country well, informed us that there a man without property or character would borrow some five or ten pounds, and set up a beer-shop. In order to get custom it became necessary that he should convert his house into a chartist lodge, and so he did. In the beer-shops, for the most part, were the absurd but truculent plans of that ragged regiment of rebels concocted; and throughout the agricultural districts they are the very *foci* of crime.

But fortunately there are yet peaceful villages, where chartism and beer-shops are alike unknown, and where, while the chime of the Sabbath bells sounds musically through the summer air, the ancient light-blue straight-cut coat, bordered with its constellation of broad round silver buttons of the first magnitude, is still to be seen in the chequered shade of the churchyard, about the hour of prayer. In the button-holes of that coat is secured a small phial of limpid water, wherein are refreshed the stems of some three or four choice pinks, or two or three bright *bizarres* of carnations cherished for the occasion, on which the wearer looks with fond pride, and whose fair blossoms

* Mr. Hoare does not at all enter upon the treatment of the vine under glass; those who wish for information on that subject will find ample materials in Speechly's work, and the various papers and treatises since published in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London.

form a sort of order of Flora upon a bosom that many a courtier might envy. This same coat is never without a magnificent *Old Brompton stock* on the club-day; and you shall find its owner's humble home a happy one—as happy as the happiest in Goldsmith's 'Village,' before it was deserted. Cleanliness and comfort are everywhere; and his garden—not without bees—is a perfect picture. The fumes of the beer-shop, reeking with tobacco-smoke, and the company of the poacher, the thief, and the burglar, would have no charms for him, even if the hamlet were cursed with one.

Now, the hut must be poor indeed which is without some *cogné of vantage*; and we earnestly pray the attention of benevolent landlords to the fact that there are few cottagers in South Britain who might not materially aid their resources and add to their comforts by the culture of the vine as recommended by Mr. Hoare:—

'It is not too much to assert that the surface of the walls of every cottage of medium size that is applicable to the training of vines is capable of producing annually as many grapes as would be worth half the amount of its rental. Every square foot of the surface of a wall may, in a short space of time, be covered with bearing wood, sufficient to produce, on an average, a pound weight of grapes, and I have frequently grown double that quantity on a similar extent of surface.

'Nor must it be supposed that a single vine requires for its training a large portion of walling. That very common notion has, no doubt, arisen from the universally defective method of pruning and managing; whereby the wood is suffered, and, indeed, encouraged, to extend itself most disproportionately beyond the capability of its fruit-bearing powers. I scarcely ever allot more than from forty to fifty square feet of surface for one vine; and, unless the soil and situation be very superior indeed, a single vine will require a space of time, not less than twenty years at least, before it will possess a sufficient degree of strength to enable it to mature annually a greater quantity of grapes than can be trained on the last-mentioned extent of surface. On a wall only twenty-five inches in height, and eighteen feet in length, I have for years trained a vine that is a perfect picture of fertility, the whole surface of the wall being every year literally covered with fine grapes close down to the very stem of the plant. It will thus be seen that small detached portions and vacant spaces of the surface of walls, which in innumerable instances are deemed of no value, and are therefore neglected, may be turned to a most beneficial account.

'With reference to the importance of the culture, it deserves especial remark, that, for the making of wine, not only are ripened grapes applicable, but from the leaves, tendrils, and young shoots of vines, and also from unripe or immature grapes, very fine wine may be made, differing in no respect from many sorts of wines imported from abroad, as the following extract from Dr. Macculloch's "Remarks on the Art of making Wine" will sufficiently show:—

...Chemical examination has proved that the young shoots, the tendrils, and leaves of the vine, possess properties and contain substances exactly

similar to the crude fruit. It was no unnatural conclusion that they might equally be used for the purposes of making wine. Experiments were accordingly instituted in France for this purpose, and they have been repeated here with success. From vine-leaves, water, and sugar, wines have been thus produced, in no respect differing from the produce of the immature fruit, and consequently resembling wines of foreign growth."

'Here, then, is a most important advantage resulting from the culture of the vine, and one, indeed, that is little inferior to that which is derived from the production of the ripened fruit itself. And in order that it may be properly estimated, it must be borne in mind, that throughout the growing season the superabundant foliage of a vine, which consists chiefly of the extremities of the shoots and tendrils, is so great, as to require to be plucked off once in seven days, if not oftener. It is further stated in the above-mentioned work, that from forty to fifty pounds' weight of leaves, &c., will produce about ten gallons of wine.

'Now, every hundred square feet of the surface of a wall, when covered with the foliage of vines in vigorous growth, will yield on an average, every week from the middle of May to the 1st of August, two pounds' weight of excess of foliage. Allowing, therefore, the surface of the walls of a common sized cottage to contain five hundred square feet, on which vines could be trained, it appears that during the eleven weeks above-mentioned they would yield a sufficient quantity of foliage to produce upwards of twenty gallons of wine, which could be made for the mere cost of the sugar!

'Again, there would be a considerable quantity of foliage to spare during the remaining months of August and September, to which must be added the excess in the number of bunches of green fruit, which require cutting off after the berries are set, in order to avoid over cropping the vines, and which sometimes amount to a great number; and also the berries that are cut out in the thinning of the bunches, the weight of which is always considerable; and these being added to the former, would, at the most moderate calculation, yield in the whole thirty gallons of wine, thus produced from the superabundant foliage and green fruit of vines trained on the surface of a cottage!—pp. 5-9.

We must now set forth with our author upon a little autumnal tour:—

'Let any person in the month of September make a tour of inspection through the southern counties of England, in which nearly every cottage may be seen with a grape vine trained on its walls. Let him stop at intervals in his journey, and select any number of vines for examination, and carefully estimate the weight of fruit growing on each, and the extent of walling occupied in producing that fruit; and having calculated the average weight grown on every square foot of walling, let him then be told, which he may be with truth, that at least five times the quantity of grapes of superior flavour might be annually produced on the same extent of surface. Let him also select any given district, and estimate the number of superficial feet of walling which the buildings in that district contain, and on which nothing whatever is grown, or at least nothing of any value, and which might, at a trifling cost of time and trouble, be annually covered with fine crops of grapes, and he will find, to his astonishment, that for every square foot on which vines are trained, there are at least twenty square feet that are either entirely vacant or occupied in a useless manner. If

he then sum up his calculations, the result will show that for every pound of grapes that is now grown, not less than a *hundred* pounds might be annually produced on the existing surface of walling without the addition of a single square foot! Nor let it be supposed that this estimate is made hypothetically; on the contrary, it is the result of actual inspection and careful observation, and is considerably within the mark as to the quantity of grapes that might be annually grown. Every moderate-sized dwelling-house, having a garden and a little walling attached to it, may with ease be made to produce yearly a quarter of a ton weight of grapes, leaving a sufficient portion of its surface for the production of other fruit. . . .

'The grand parent error which prevails universally in the cultivation of the vine on open walls lies in the method of pruning usually adopted, and this is undoubtedly the consequence of the nature of the plant and its peculiar characteristics being in general but little understood. In the course of the growing season a vine in a healthy condition will make a quantity of bearing-wood, sufficient to produce ten times as much fruit as it can bring to maturity. When this fact is considered in connection with another, namely, that the wood which bears fruit one year never bears any afterwards, and is therefore of no further use in that respect, it will easily be seen to what a surprising extent the pruning-knife must be used, to get rid of the superabundant wood which the plant annually produces. But nine parts out of ten of the current year's shoots, and all those of the preceding year, if possible, to be cut off and thrown away, is apparently so much beyond all reasonable proportion, and the rules usually observed in pruning other fruit trees, that few persons ever possess the courage to attempt it. And herein, as remarked before, lies the capital error in the common method of managing vines.' pp. 15, 16.

It being of great importance to ascertain the proper quantity of fruit which the vine will healthily bear, Mr. Hoare instituted a set of experiments. Vines were selected and pruned in the autumn of 1825. As much bearing wood was retained as it was supposed would kill, or, at the least, cripple them for many years to come. The next year, remarkable for its fine vintage, was selected for the time of trial. The results were, with small variation, the same, and the lamentable case of one vine will sufficiently indicate the fate of all.

'This was a white muscadine, in the eighth year of its age, and, like all the rest, in the highest bearing-condition possible. It produced in the following spring an abundant supply of vigorous bearing-shoots, and showed seventy-eight bunches of fine grapes, the produce of twenty-nine buds, retained on two horizontal right and left shoots. As the season advanced, the shoots extended themselves rapidly, the bunches of fruit increased in size, and the vine thrived as well as usual, seemingly quite unconscious of the task it shortly had to perform. Blossoming being over, and the fruit set, the trial of strength commenced. On the first of July many of the bunches measured eleven inches from the shoulders to the extremities, and when matured, would have weighed a pound and a half each. They hung close together, forming, as far as they extended on the wall, an entire and compact mass of grapes, the weight of which, if ripened, would have exceeded

sixty pounds. The middle of that month arrived, and the berries had only reached the size of small peas, while those on other vines, not subjected to any such trial, were full grown, and had commenced the stoning process. On the first of August, no perceptible increase of size in the berries had taken place, and the vine began to show strong symptoms of exhaustion. About the middle of that month the foliage assumed a withering appearance, and on the 1st of September the vegetation of the plant was almost at a stand. The shoots ceased to grow, the fruit and foliage were in a prostrate condition, and the vital energies of the vine appeared quite unable to supply the daily increasing demand for nourishment. Throughout that month it continued in a pitiable condition, and though a valuable plant, it was, nevertheless, suffered to take its course as well as all the others, in order that the trial might be decisive. About the 1st of October, the greater part of the berries having grown as large as middling-sized peas, those on the shoulders of some of the bunches began to show symptoms of ripening, by becoming a little transparent, and, at the same time, the berries at the extremities of the bunches began to shrivel. As the month advanced, the ripening process proceeded slowly, but the shrivelling increased rapidly. Towards the latter end of October the trial was over, and the experiment complete; on many entire bunches every berry had shrivelled, and in no bunch had the process of maturation proceeded farther down than the shoulders. The whole crop was gathered about the 1st of November, and the ripened portions being put together, weighed nine pounds and a half. Not one of these ripened berries, however, was more than half the usual size, and, in point of flavour, not to be compared to others of the same sort, ripened at least six weeks previously.

'The vine was pruned immediately, and cut almost to a stump, to give it every chance of recovering from the blow it had received. But, in the following spring, not a single bud unfolded till nearly a month after the usual time, and at the close of the season, the largest shoot was only twenty-six inches in length, and no larger than a packing-needle, although, in the previous year, the vine had emitted very vigorous shoots twenty-five feet in length. It has been pruned very closely every year since, and has in consequence gradually acquired strength, but although eight years have elapsed since the experiment was made, it has not yet recovered its former vigour.'—pp. 25-27.

From this and other experiments made on vines growing in 50° 46' N. L., it appeared clearly that the capability of vines to mature fruit was in direct proportion to the circumference of their respective stems; and Mr. Hoare gives a scale, according to which he pruned in the winter of 1830 nearly forty vines of different sorts and of various ages, leaving in each no greater number of buds than appeared on an average calculation to be sufficient to produce as much fruit as the vine was allowed to mature. In the following summer, as soon as the berries were set, the number of bunches requisite to produce the given weight of fruit were selected, and the excess immediately cut off. Mr. Hoare has strictly adhered to this plan ever since, and he states that it has enabled him to produce finer grapes than he had ever seen or heard of being grown on open walls in this country.—(p. 29.)

Boisterous, and indeed almost any, winds being injurious to the vine, a sheltered situation and good aspect are of the highest consequence. From a careful observation of the qualities and flavour of the fruit of the different vintages for many years past, Mr. Hoare has no hesitation in asserting that the aspects in which grapes can be brought to the highest degree of perfection that the latitude and climate of the southern parts of England will permit, are those that range from the eastern to the south-eastern, both inclusive—the last of which he considers the very best.

‘On walls having any of these aspects, the sun shines with full force in the early part of the morning, at which time there is something highly favourable to vegetation in the influence of his rays. These, darting nearly perpendicularly on the foliage of a vine, while the dew yet remains, and its beautiful crystal drops hang suspended, as it were, by magic, to the angular extremities of the leaves, seem to stimulate the vital energies of the plant in an extraordinary degree, and to excite them to a vigorous exercise of all the important functions appertaining to vegetable life.’—pp. 42, 43.

The next best aspects, according to Mr. Hoare's experience, are those which follow in succession from south-east to south. He allows *due south* to be a good aspect, but the blustering south-west winds are a considerable drawback: nor are those that range from due south to due west not good, *provided they be sheltered*. North of the western point he has found the maturity of both wood and fruit uncertain, though tolerably good grapes, he informs us, may be grown on the surface of a wall having an aspect *west by north*. There is, however, he adds, another aspect north of the eastern point of the horizon, namely east by north, which is very good. On a wall facing this point, the sun shines till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and Mr. Hoare has, for many years past, brought several sorts of grapes, including the Black Hamburgh, to great perfection in such a situation.

Now for the soil—

‘The natural soil which is most congenial to the growth of the vine, and to the perfection of its fruit in this country, is a light, rich, sandy loam, not more than eighteen inches in depth, on a dry bottom of gravel, stones, or rocks. No sub-soil can possess too great a quantity of these materials for the roots of the vine, which run with eagerness into all clefts, crevices, and openings. In these dry and warm situations, the fibrous extremities, pushing themselves with the greatest avidity, and continually branching out in every possible direction, lie secure from that excess of moisture which frequently accumulates in more compact soils; and, clinging like ivy round the porous surfaces of their retreats, extract therefrom a species of food, more nourishing than that obtained by them under any other circumstances whatever.

‘One of the principal causes of grapes not ripening well on open walls in this country is the great depth of mould in which the roots of vines are suffered

to run, which, enticing them to penetrate in search of food below the influence of the sun's rays, supplies them with too great a quantity of moisture; vegetation is thereby carried on till late in the summer, in consequence of which, the ripening process does not commence till the declination of the sun becomes too rapid to afford a sufficiency of heat to perfect the fruit.

‘To prevent this, the sub-soil should be composed of dry materials. It is almost impossible, indeed, to make a vine border of materials that shall be too dry or porous. It is not mere earth that the roots require to come in contact with, to induce growth and extension, but air also, which is as necessary to them as to the leaves and branches. The excrementitious matter discharged from the roots of the vine is very great, and if this be given out in a soil that is close and adhesive, and through which the action of the solar rays is feeble, the air in the neighbourhood of the roots quickly becomes deleterious and, a languid and diseased vegetation immediately follows. But if the roots grow in a soil composed of dry materials, mixed together in such a manner as to possess a series of cavities and interstices, into which the sun's rays can enter with freedom, and there exert their full power; the air in which the roots perform their functions becomes warmed and purified, they absorb their food in a medium which dissipates their secretions, and a healthy and vigorous vegetation is the never-failing consequence. All borders, therefore, made expressly for the reception of vines, ought to be composed of a sufficient quantity of dry materials, such as stones; brickbats, broken moderately small; lumps of old mortar; broken pottery; oyster shells, &c. &c.

‘If the soil and sub-soil be naturally such as is described above as the most congenial to the growth of the vine, nothing more is required than to trench the ground two spit deep, to clean it well from all weeds and roots, and to make it as fine as possible, and it will then be in a proper state to receive the vines. But if the sub-soil be not naturally dry, it must be made so by the usual process of draining, which is the basis of every improvement that can be made in the soil. The bottom of the drains ought, if possible, to be four feet from the surface, and the drains a foot deep; the clear depth of the border will then be three feet. If the soil of this be heavy and of a retentive nature, two-thirds of it ought to be taken entirely away, and the remaining portion, which should be the top spit, made very fine. The deficiency should be made good, by adding an equal quantity of dry materials of the above-mentioned description, and of the sweepings of a high road, all of which must be well mixed and incorporated together. If the natural soil of the border be too sandy and light, the same process may be followed with the exception of the addition of road sweepings. In lieu of these should be added a sufficiency of fine mould collected from molehills, which is generally of a rich loamy nature; or of fresh soil from some neighbouring meadow or common, which, if well pastured, will prove very fertile; but if neither of these can be procured, the deficiency may be made good from the top spit of a field of good arable land. And of whatever nature the soil may be in which it is intended to plant vines, it ought to contain at least one-third of dry materials of the above-mentioned description.’—pp. 45–49.

The manures recommended by Mr. Hoare as affording the highest degree of nourishment combined with the greatest permanency of influence, form a farrago fit for an Obi man in large practice:—bones, horns, hoofs, bone-dust, the entire carcases of ani-

mals, cuttings of leather, woollen rags, feathers, hair, &c.

'Bones,' says our author, 'however, on account of their prolonged effect, are by far the most valuable manure that can be deposited in a vine border. They should be buried in the soil whole, and as fresh as possible. Every variety of size may be procured, from the smallest bone of a fowl to the largest bone of an ox. The small bones will decompose in a few months, but the largest will remain for twenty, thirty, and even fifty years, before they are entirely decayed, while the intermediate-sized ones, according to the respective kinds, will be continually decomposing in succession for a great number of years, yielding thereby a constant supply of nutriment of the most valuable description. It is worthy of remark also, that every bone, whether small or large, after it has been deposited in the soil a few weeks, will begin to yield, by the decomposition of the gluten on its surface, a steady supply of nutritious matter, and continue so to do, until it be resolved into its constituent parts, and form part of the soil itself.'

'Many results might be adduced, of experiments tried at various times, to ascertain the value of entire bones as manure to the roots of vines, all of which would prove that they yield, beyond all comparison, a more permanent supply of nourishment than can be obtained from any other substance used as manure.'

For example:—

'In the year 1826 several vines were planted against a wall having a south aspect, in a border, the soil of which is a stiff clayey loam. In the following year a quantity of bones, not more than a bushel, the largest of which was the blade-bone of a calf, were dug into the border, at a distance of five feet from the wall. They were deposited all together as a horizontal layer of six inches in depth, the upper surface being twelve inches, and the bottom eighteen, from the surface of the border. In the spring of 1833 the border was opened, in order to ascertain to what extent the roots of the vines were nourished by these bones. On examination it was found that the roots had branched out in every possible direction amongst the bones, the surfaces of which were completely covered with their fibres. The blade-bone happened to be in such a position that both sides of it could be distinctly seen, and, on examining them minutely, they appeared to have every part of their surface covered with the smallest fibres imaginable; so small indeed were some of them that they could scarcely be discerned by the naked eye. Their extremities were fixed on the surface of the bone as firmly, and in the same manner as a leech when applied for the purpose of sucking blood, and they were evidently extracting by means of their mouths or pores an abundant supply of nourishing food. From the different shades of colour apparent in many of the larger parent fibres, and other indications of annual growth, it appeared that they had been enjoying the banquet which this bone afforded for at least five years; and as it was but little decayed, it seemed to promise them a continuation of the feast for ten or fifteen years to come. The whole appearance of the bone was singular in the extreme, being completely enveloped in a mass of apparently beautiful gauze net-work.

'The chief part of the roots which had multiplied so prodigiously amongst these bones was found to proceed from a single root which had pushed itself horizontally, and in a direct line, though the border, till it reached the bones, throwing out in its course but few fibres, the soil being of an unfavourable nature to afford them much food. The root proceeded

from a Black Hamburg vine, which has for several years past produced some of the finest bearing-shoots I ever saw, from which I annually obtain bunches of grapes, weighing from one to two pounds, with berries measuring from two inches and a half to three inches in circumference.'

We refer to the work itself for further particulars, which show that the vine is not only a most gross feeder, but as very a ghoul as any of those ogled by Nerkes and Cafour, the dark and mute ladies-in-waiting of Carathis, during the celebrated supper given by that amiable princess in the pale moonlight among the sepulchres, when halting on her midnight expedition, undertaken for the purpose of hurrying on her incandescent but vacillating son, who had stopped short on his road to destruction, forgetful of the sceptres of the Preadamite sultans in the bewitching presence of Nouronihar. Rioting amid the charnel-house, it would seem well fitted for bearing the grapes from which might be crushed the 'coal black wine' that filled the cup of 'King Death.' But the vine is not the only fruit-tree which revels in such deadly diet. A painful instance occurs in the Narrative of the Exhumation of the Remains of the hapless André, under the auspices of the late Duke of York, with a view to their repose in the hallowed earth of Westminster Abbey.

'We proceeded,' says Mr. Buchanan, 'up a narrow lane or broken road, with trees at each side, which obscured the place where he suffered, until we came to the opening in the field, which at once led to an elevated spot on the hill. On reaching the mound, we found it commanded a view of the surrounding country for miles. General Washington's head-quarters, and the house in which he resided, were distant about a mile and a half or two miles, but fully in view. The army lay encamped chiefly also in view of the place, and must necessarily have witnessed the catastrophe. The field, as well as I could judge, contained from eight to ten acres, and was cultivated; but around the grave the plough had not approached nearer than three or four yards, that space being covered with loose stones thrown upon and around the grave, which was only indicated by two cedar-trees about ten feet high. A small peach-tree had also been planted at the head of the grave by the kindly feeling of a lady in the neighbourhood.

'With great care the broken lid was removed, and there to our view lay the bones of the brave André, in perfect order. I, among others, for the first time discovered that he had been a small man; this observation I made from the skeleton, which was confirmed by some then present. The roots of the small peach-tree had completely surrounded the skull like a net.*

* At this scene a new and painful question arose. The order was, that André should be buried in his regimental; but rumours were not wanting that he had been stripped before he was consigned to his wild grave. Mr. Buchanan minutely examined the dust of the coffin, but there was no metal to be found, although the string of leather that had tied the unfortunate soldier's hair was perfect. 'How far,' adds

The uprooted tree, though carefully removed to Mr. Buchanan's garden, and there tended with pious care by his sisters, in the hope of preserving it for the sisters of André, seems to have drooped and died away. Plants, in general, grow nowhere more vigorously than amid graves, drawing their nourishment from sources which can hardly be contemplated by the sensitive without a shudder. We need only advert to the legend of Lisabetta and Lorenzo—a story to which neither the elegant and pathetic prose of Boccaccio, nor the harmonious verse of Dryden, could ever reconcile us.

We gladly turn from these dark scenes to the sunny wall, covered with ripe clusters and green foliage; and the height of such a wall, without whose shelter and reflected heat no grapes can be sufficiently ripened out of doors in our isle to be used as table fruit, becomes, as we shall now see, of paramount importance:—

'The proper height of a wall intended for the training of vines upon, must depend in a great measure on local circumstances. In an unsheltered situation, and an aspect exposed to the injurious influence of westerly or south-westerly winds, I have never seen fine grapes produced much higher than eight feet from the ground. But, in situations and aspects of an opposite description, no limit to the height of a wall need be assigned, for as fine grapes may be matured at the distance of twenty feet from the ground, as at any less height. Grapes, when growing at a less distance than about four feet from the ground, certainly enjoy a considerable increase of reflected heat, particularly if the surface adjoining the wall be paved, or covered with stones or gravel; but on the other hand, to counterbalance this advantage, if the aspect be *east* or *west*, the sun will shine longer on the upper part of the wall, than on the lower part, in consequence of which, the surface of the wall will be found, in general, pretty equally heated in all its parts. But, if the aspect be *south*, the solar rays during the summer will strike the entire surface of the wall at the same instant of time, unless there be some local impediment; and in this aspect, therefore, the lower part of the wall will always enjoy an increased degree of warmth from the reflection of the ground. Hence, grapes growing within two or three feet of the bottom of a wall facing the south, will, in general, ripen from ten days to a fortnight earlier than those growing on the upper part of it. There is a disadvantage, however, in training grapes near the ground, as it respects their remaining on the vine

after being ripe. If grapes can be kept perfectly dry, they will hang on the vine, and improve in flavour, for a long time after they are ripe; but if dampness or moisture of any description reach them, the consequences are quickly seen in the decay of the berries. After the middle of October, therefore, it will be found a difficult matter to preserve grapes that hang within two feet of the ground, on account of the damp exhalations that continually arise from the soil at that period of the year. If walls be built for the express purpose of producing grapes, the most judicious expenditure of the materials will be in the erection of several low walls, not more than six feet high, in preference to a small number of very high walls. For the purposes of pruning and training, and the general management of the vines, walls of this height are far more convenient than those of a greater height; and if built to run directly north and south, the entire surface of both sides of each wall will be available for the training of the vines; and as such walls need not be built at a great distance apart, an astonishing quantity of grapes may be thus annually grown on a small extent of ground, by the erection of a few walls of this description, built parallel to, and not far distant from each other. The best materials for the construction of vine-walls are, without doubt, *bricks*, as they present a more even surface than can be obtained from walls built of any other description of materials; and evenness of surface is a quality that cannot be dispensed with. It is not only necessary for the training of vines with precision, but if the surface of wall be not smooth and even, the grapes will, at times, be considerably injured, by being blown to and fro by the wind against the rough and uneven parts of it. *Dark-coloured flint walls* are hotter than those built of brick, but this advantage is more than counterbalanced by their uneven surface. But if the faces of the flints be well hammer-dressed, and the joints of the wall made to run in proper courses, they make a handsome wall, and one that will absorb and retain heat in a greater degree than any other. If from local causes, neither bricks nor flints can be procured, *stone* of any description may be substituted, but the darker the colour, and the closer the texture, the more will it absorb and retain heat, and repel moisture; and consequently, the better will it be adapted for the end in view. As a substitute for walls, *stout ranges of paling*, made of well seasoned wood, or of the planks of old ships, well coated over with paint, are at times erected, but grapes produced in this way are seldom equal to those grown on walls.'—pp. 69-72.

The chapters on pruning and training must be carefully attended to: they contain many most valuable hints. Of the three generally received methods of pruning—*long pruning*, *spur pruning*, and *fan or fruit tree pruning*—Mr. Hoare, on good grounds we think, considers the first as most eligible, being that which leaves a sufficient supply of bearing shoots, on the least proportionate quantity of old wood. He thus describes the process of *long pruning*:—

'This method consists in obtaining all the fruit of a vine from a few shoots, trained at full length, instead of from a great number of spurs or short shoots. To provide these shoots, the former bearers are cut down to very short spurs at the autumnal pruning; and, at the same time, a sufficient

Mr. Buchanan, 'these facts accord with the rumours adverted to others may judge; but it is useful that all these facts should be brought to light, as it may reasonably be inferred that, if stripped, those who permitted this outrage, or knew of it, had no idea that the unfeeling act they then performed would be blazoned to the world near half a century after the event. Having placed the remains in the sarcophagus, it was borne amidst the silent and unbought regret of the numerous assemblage, and deposited in the worthy pastor's house with the intention of removing it to His Majesty's packet on the Tuesday following.'—*Narrative, &c.* By J. Buchanan, Esq., H. M. Consul, New York—in the United Service Journal for 1833.

number of shoots are left at whole length to produce fruit in the following year. At the succeeding autumn, these latter are cut down to very short spurs, and the long shoots that have pushed from the spurs are trained at whole length as before, and so on annually in alternate succession. This method recommends itself by its simplicity; by the old wood of the vine being annually got rid of; by the small number of wounds inflicted in the pruning; by the clean and handsome appearance of the vine; and by the great ease with which it is managed, in consequence of its occupying but a small portion of the surface of the wall.—p. 100.

Mr. Hoare in the next page gives these few plain general rules for the pruner:—

‘1st. In pruning, always cut upwards, and in a sloping direction.

‘2d. Always leave an inch of blank wood beyond a terminal bud, and let the cut be on the opposite side of the bud.

‘3d. Prune so as to leave as few wounds as possible, and let the surface of every cut be perfectly smooth.

‘4th. In cutting out an old branch, prune it even with the parent limb, that the wound will heal quickly.

‘5th. Prune so as to obtain the quantity of fruit desired, on the smallest number of shoots possible.

‘6th. Never prune in frosty weather, nor when a frost is expected.

‘7th. Never prune in the months of March, April, or May. Pruning in either of these months causes bleeding, and occasions thereby a wasteful and an injurious expenditure of the sap.

‘8th. Let the general autumnal pruning take place as soon after the 1st October as the gathering of the fruit will permit.

‘Lastly, use a pruning-knife of the best description and let it be, if possible, as sharp as a razor.’—p. 102.

The serpentine method of *training* he considers preferable to any other. (p. 108.)

The *sorts* recommended by Mr. Hoare for culture are the Black Hamburgh, Black Prince, Esperione, Black Muscadine, Miller’s Burgundy, Claret Grape (harsh as a table fruit, *unless well ripened*), Black Frontignan, White Frontignan, Malmsey, Muscadine, and White Sweet-water. According to our experience, which is indeed but limited, it requires a very good aspect and favourable season to afford well-ripened Frontignan grapes upon open walls: but the thing has been done.

And here we cannot help observing how many hill-sides, sheltered nooks, and sunny slopes, are to be seen upon the *aprici colles* of the south and West of England, where the wild thyme and the heather now grow, but which might be rich with mantling vines and purple clusters. Sussex and Hampshire have many such spots; and in Devonshire *cob*, conservative *cob*, with his projecting pent-house of a straw hat to keep the fruit dry, might be loaded with luxurious bunches.

Our author, full of zeal for his favourite pursuit, has a chapter on the planting and management of vines in the public thoroughfares of towns.

‘Vines,’ says he, ‘which are planted against any description of walls that bound public thoroughfares, ought always to have their bearing branches trained at such a height from the ground as shall put it out of the power of mischievous persons to injure the foliage or to gather the fruit.’

This looks well enough upon paper, and the effect would no doubt be very romantic; but the adoption of the plan might give rise to confused notions about *meum* and *tuum*, which the schoolboys of the neighbourhood would in all probability settle—however high the stem might be—before they could arrive at ‘the fruiting point.’ We would, however, gladly see a low wall covered with well-managed vines, stretching along the north side of the terrace-walk that borders the Regent’s Park, in the garden of the Zoological Society. The southern side of the wall would have a very beautiful appearance when well covered in the summer and autumnal months; and then how refreshing the fruit would be—to the surviving monkeys!

Before we close this notice of a useful work, deserving of a better commentary, may we be pardoned for offering a word in favour of another society, to which, in our opinion, much praise is due? It is not that this society, has merely made the rich familiar with many lovely flowers and healthful fruits of all seasons, from the peep of the first crocus to the fall of the last apple,

‘That dances as long as dance it can;’

but that it has spread many of these beautiful and sapid productions through the land. The dahlia may be seen at every cottage door; and the methods of forcing upon cheap principles have been so widely diffused, that the hard-handed London artizan may now cool his September palate with a slice of melon for a small copper coin. If it were but in being auxiliary to the spread of these innocent pleasures among the people, enough has been done to make every good man wish well to the *Horticultural Society of London*.

ART. III.—*Plotini Opera Omnia*. Ed. Fredericus Creuzer. 4to. Oxon. E Typographeo Academico. 1835.

THIS sumptuous edition of Plotinus, the most profound writer of the Alexandrian school of philosophy, reflects credit as much on the learning of the editor, the celebrated Frederic Creuzer, as on the liberality of the University of Oxford, by whom the publication was undertaken.

Of Plotinus himself, and his doctrines, we have no intention to speak minutely. English readers of the present day must have made far greater progress in a deep philosophy, before we could venture, without ridicule, to place before them even a list of his subjects. Questions 'of Fate'—'of the Essence of the Soul'—'of Intellect, and Ideas, and Being'—'How from the First and the One proceeds that which comes after the One'—'Whether all souls be one'—'of the Good and the One as identical'—'of the three principal Substances, and the two Matters'—'Whether there are Ideas of Individuals'—and 'How the soul is something intermediate between a divisible and indivisible essence :—these are not questions for English ears in the nineteenth century ; though no sensible man will join in the abuse lavished by Brucker, and other less respectable critics, on the frivolity and absurdity of the abstract speculations themselves, in which the Alexandrian philosophers indulged, and with which it was impossible for them, as deep inquirers, to dispense, without compromising the very foundation of a rationalistic system.

But even the more practical ethics of Plotinus—his inquiries into the nature of man, of virtue, and of the mind—are involved in an obscurity, which will effectually save them, as perhaps he himself intended, from being profaned by vulgar eyes. The first lessons in philosophy, which he had derived, in company with Origen, from Ammonius at Alexandria, he engaged with them not to divulge ; and such a resolution was not likely to render the instruction, which he continued to give, very clear and perspicuous.* Writing he did not practise till he was nearly fifty years old.† Even then his tracts (for they are scarcely more) were confined to a few select readers ; and as he neglected to inscribe them himself, their titles were not a little confused. His subjects were selected without any order, as accidental questions arose ; and they were chiefly addressed as answers to the inquiries of his favourite pupils—pupils, it may be necessary to add, unlike the idle boys to whom the name is now mostly confined ; but learned, hard-headed men, who went to school at forty years of age, and there stayed the rest of their lives.‡ When we add that he could not endure to look over his own compositions—that his eyesight was too bad to read his own writing—that this writing was far from beautiful—that his words often ran into each other—that his spelling was not the most accurate—ὅτι τῆς ῥητορίας φροντισῶν, ἀλλὰ μόνον τοῦ καὶ ἐχόμενος—that he threw down his thoughts upon

paper, as he had arranged them in his mind, as if he was copying from a book, and very often in the midst of some ordinary conversation, and without minding interruptions—and that this, to the great surprise of his pupils, *πάντες θαυμάζοντες*,* was his practice to the last ;—we shall not be surprised to find, like even Longinus himself, 'that with all our anxiety to study the treatises on the Soul and on Being, we are quite unable to get through them.'† One mistake, says Porphyry, Longinus evidently laboured under. He fancied the obscurity of the text was caused by the blunders of the copyist, not knowing that it was the usual style of the philosopher ; and that the edition of which he complained was, in fact, the most correct extant.‡ Eunapius, another philosopher of the school, makes a similar confession.§ 'From the heavenly elevation of his soul, and the perplexed and enigmatic style of his writings,' Plotinus, he candidly acknowledges, 'was a very tiresome and unpleasant person to listen to,'—*βαρὺς ἀσκητός*. If it had not been for Porphyry himself, who threw his language into shape—as a French writer has done for the modern philosophy of Mr. Bentham—and, in the language of the Greek biographer, 'like an electric conductor,' brought down his thoughts to the level of 'mortals' understanding, they would still have been soaring in a region far above the ken of even a philosophic eye.

Probably few readers, in this degenerate day, will assent to the notion, that Porphyry, with all his merits as a polisher and interpreter, has reduced the lacubrations of Plotinus to that perfect facility and clearness—*εἰς τὸ εὐγνώστον καὶ καθαρὸν*—for which Eunapius gives him credit. If the Alexandrian system is to be studied, it will be chiefly through the commentaries of Proclus, who has imbibed far more of the clearness, and even of the eloquence, of Plato, and relieves the dryness of his metaphysical discussions by occasional bursts of poetry, and at all times by the elaborate ingenuity with which he converts into allegory the most simple words of his text-book. His works, indeed, are scattered at present, and very imperfectly edited. Only a few manuscripts have been collated ; and much critical skill is still required, especially to supply the deficiencies of the foreign editors. Even the poverty of the typography, compared with the beautiful execution of the Clarendon Plotinus, is enough to suggest a wish that a Proclus may be published in the same form, and with equal care ;

* Vit. Plotin. c. iii. p. 52.

† Ibid. c. iv. p. 53.

‡ Ibid. c. vii. p. 57.

* Ibid. c. viii. p. 59.

† Epist. Longin. Vit. Plot. p. xviii.

‡ Plot. Vit. c. xx. p. 70.

§ Eunap. in Porphyry., p. 9. Edit. Boiss.

and thus the University will have supplied an admirable foundation for the study of one of the most interesting portions of the philosophy of the human mind.

The history of the Alexandrian school occupies a space of about 300 years,—extending from the beginning of the third century, when it was founded by Ammonius Saccas, to about 530 A.D., when the chairs of philosophy at Athens were suppressed by Justinian, and Isidore of Gaza, with his colleagues, took refuge in Persia.

The circumstances which give to it such peculiar interest are chiefly these :—

It is, in the first place, the final development, the last act, in the great drama of Greek rationalism ; and it is impossible to contemplate the vast influence, which this spirit, as matured in Greece, has exercised on the destinies of man, whether with regard to the formation of his mind, or to the propagation of Christianity, without watching, with great curiosity its whole course, but especially its close, when it seems to have roused itself from a long torpor, and thrown up, as a last effort, one transient but brilliant flame previous to its final extinction.

In the second place, it stands in a peculiar relation to the noblest and best portion of Greek philosophy. It was a revival of Platonism, but of Platonism in a new atmosphere and soil ; and we may observe in this transition a fact like the most interesting phenomenon exhibited in botany or zoology, when a plant or animal is enabled to naturalise itself in a strange locality by the extraordinary development of some organ or function originally very subordinate. What in Plato was a *religious philosophy*, became, in the hands of the Alexandrians, a *philosophical religion* ; and this is the real distinction, important though minute, between the two schools.

Thirdly, the new Platonism was the form in which the same spirit of Greek philosophy, even when apparently dead, lay hid, from the end of the fifth century, in the monasteries of the East, from whence it was transferred into the West through the works ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite. In this, also, it was revived in the fifteenth century by the exiled Greeks at Florence ; and in this introduced into England by some of our own great theologians, in the most flourishing period of English philosophy. John Smith, Cudworth, Norris, and More,* were Alexandrian, not Athenian Platonists ; and no little injustice has been done to Plato by assuming them as fitting interpreters of a writer,

whom they scarcely quote, comparatively with Proclus and Plotinus ; a writer whose practical views and principles were very far removed from the mere abstract speculations, to which men, who know little of his system, have persisted in attaching his name.

But there is a still more interesting feature in the history of the school of Alexandria—its relation to Christianity.

It was raised up as the last and most formidable antagonist of the Christian faith ; most formidable from its elaborate assimilation to the system which it was designed to combat. Alexandria was the arena, in which the apostolical doctrine and the spirit of Greek philosophy, not limited to any one sect, but drawn together, and with its whole strength concentrated from every school and teacher, met face to face. From thence the conflict spread to Athens, Antioch, Rome, and the most civilized parts of the Roman empire. On each side were ranged the most eminent men of the times ; men who, if deficient, when compared with the great fathers of Greek philosophy, in principles of arrangement, close logical accuracy, and strict harmony of taste, were yet as giants, both in learning and talent :—on the one side, Clement, Basil, Origen, Gregory, Nazianzen, Cyril of Alexandria, Augustin, Epiphanius ;—on the other, Ammonius, Plotinus, Porphyry, Longinus, Proclus, Julian, Iamblichus, and Hierocles—with Plato, Aristotle, and all the leaders of the Grecian schools, except the Epicureans, strengthening their rear—and a vast reserve of force, composed of the Oriental traditions and sects, lying, ready to be employed, not only in the outskirts of Christianity, but in the very bosom of the outward Church. It was no longer a combat between the purity, sobriety, and wisdom of Christianity, and the gross forms of paganism, its idolatry and sensuality—but between the Truth, both moral and spiritual, as revealed to the Apostles, and the shadows or forerunners of the same Truth, revealed by the God of nature to human reason. On both sides there was truth—grand, profound, indisputable truth—which neither party denied. Each combated in the name of one God, the maker of all things, the preserver of man ; each blazoned the name of that one God in the mysterious union of three principles : each fought consciously under the presence of a cloud of witnesses, as a spectacle to a celestial hierarchy, engaged in guiding, comforting, and supporting the weakness of human nature ; each made the soul everything, and that soul immortal : each acknowledged the degradation of his nature, the need of a divine influence to purify it, the vision of God himself as necessary to accom-

* To these may be added Burnett, Widdington, Wilkins, and Theophilus Gale.

plish its perfection, an internal inspiration from the Deity as the only true channel of knowledge; a law of pure, elevated, self-denying morality; the duty of detaching man's soul from all the lusts of the flesh, and the lusts of the eye; testimony as a foundation of truth, and faith as the condition of knowledge. Each had its ancient records, its tradition, its scriptures, its commentaries, its typical interpretation, its apostolical succession—*xpota eupa*—its outward forms, rituals, and ceremonies, even its miracles: one was the parhelion of the other. Which was the genuine system became the only question; and—thus precluded from the ordinary modes of combating an antagonist system by condemnation and refutation; each carried on the conflict by copying the movements of the adversary, imitating his excellences, moving arm for arm, foot for foot, so as to perplex the spectator with a strange identity, and, in the absence of historical knowledge, to raise no surprising doubt as to which copied and which originated. Augustin himself declares, that any Platonist might become a Christian, 'paucis mutatis verbis et sententiis.' Hence it is that both Romanists, like Petavius, and ultra-Protestants, like the whole host of modern Dissenters—each anxious to find precedents and excuses for tampering with a strict definite creed—have delighted to confound Christianity with platonism; forgetting that the doctrines, however similar in themselves, rested and were defended on totally distinct principles—Christianity, on Holy Writ and Apostolical tradition—Platonism, on human reason; and not distinguishing between so much of the early teaching of the Church, as was avowedly the result of human reason, and that which it held as revelation, prior to and paramount to reason. The former may indeed be compared, and not unjustly, with Platonism; the latter is wholly independent of it.

For the reason which developed the new Platonism of Alexandria was of a very high order, and accompanied for the most part, and for a time, with a pure and elevated morality. It followed, that in a number of points the two systems coincided. So far as human reason was rightly employed by the Platonists, it led them to the great truths of religion, which were also contained in the Christian revelation. And so far as the Christian fathers rightly exercised their reason in applying, illustrating, and corroborating their apostolical creed, or in investigating questions independent of it, so far they trod in the same steps with the heathen philosophers. To suppose that there should not be a very close and striking resemblance between the two systems would be to imply that the truths of sound reason

are not the truths of inspiration; or that truth under the Gospel must be a wholly different thing from truth under nature.

Some writers of a peculiar school* have been so anxious to confound the Christianity of the Alexandrian fathers with the Alexandrian Platonism, that they have actually converted the Museum into the catechetical school; an hypothesis notoriously false.

There is, however, another circumstance, more nearly affecting our own age, which compels attention to the New-Platonic system. There is a great tendency in the present day, among the rationalistic school, both of Germany and France, to revive it. The Oxford Plotinus is only one of a series of republications of Alexandrian writers, by Boissonade, Cousin and Creuzer. Taylor lately translated into English some of the works of Proclus. And it is singular that the attention of even such men as Mr. Knox and Bishop Jebb seems to have been turned in the same direction; as if they saw something in the temper of the times, which led them to anticipate the restoration of the Platonic system under this form.

It is evident that men of deep thought and warm feelings, though they shake off the authority of revelation, and the precise doctrines of ecclesiastical tradition, cannot rest satisfied without some form of religious belief. If they refuse to receive it from others, they must invent it for themselves; and by the necessary workings of the human intellect, this belief will take, under their hands, the form of a pantheistic system, more or less degenerating into Spinozism. Although they reject the authority of the Church, they must obtain some sanction for their creed beyond their own individual opinion. And they will seek and find it in that portion of philosophy, and especially of the Greek philosophy, which corresponds most nearly with their own views; and in the general sentiments of heathenism, which they will trace by the help of bold allegories and symbols in the polytheistic mythologies of antiquity. Precisely a similar course was adopted by the Alexandrian rationalist of the third century. And it seems probable, that wherever ecclesiastical authority is destroyed, in an age of so-called civilisation, there Christianity will soon have to struggle with a philosophical creed, resuscitated under a similar shape, and for a similar purpose, as 1600 years ago. There is a pantheism approaching upon us; partly an importation from the metaphysical schools of Germany and France, and partly the natural growth

* *Centuriae Magd.* I. l. 7. p. 397. *Hospinian De Origin. Temp.* iii. c. 15. p. 418.

of our popular literature and mechanics' institutes, in districts beyond the reach of the Church. It is developing itself in the form of Socialism among the lower-classes; and of Philosophical Radicalism, as it is affectedly called, in the upper.

We have not space to give specimens of the spirit in which the Alexandrian writers are now, and have been before, put forward by modern rationalists; but any reader who wishes to examine the statement may find them in the following references:—Cousin, *Præfat. Gener. ad Procli Opera*, vol. i., pp. 69. 60. 24. 111. 25. *Præfat. ad Comment. in Alcibiad. Prim.* vol. ii. p. 9;—Thomas Taylor, *Introduct. to Translation of the Comment. of Proclus on the Timæus*, vol. i. p. 47;—*Marsilii Ficini in Plotinum Proce-mium*, vol. i. p. 17. Creuzer edit.; but especially the preface to French translation of Creuzer's newly published work on the Symbolism of Ancient Mythology. Whatever opinion may be formed of this work—a work intimately connected with the pantheistic creed—it is but fair to say, that neither Creuzer's preface, nor the volume of notes to his Plotinus, contains any thing obviously objectionable.

To give a full view of the new Platonic philosophy would require a long and accurate discussion of several questions.

I. We want a candid account of its system, and of the logical dependence of its various parts.

II. We should have a careful comparison of it with the old and genuine Platonism, marking the differences between them; and especially avoiding such idle criticisms and censures as Brucker, and other modern writers, have heaped on both.*

III. Then should follow a similar comparison between it and the Christian philosophy of the catechetical school of Alexandria, with which it has been so often confounded.

* It is scarcely credible, that any one pretending to the name of a Christian philosopher, having before him the profound logical metaphysics of Plotinus and Proclus, the singular resemblance of the new Platonism in its most important doctrines to the great truths of Christianity, and its evident superiority over the flimsy speculations of most of the preceding schools, should have ventured to speak of it exclusively in such language as the following:—'Ineptum philosophiæ genus.' (Vol. ii. p. 190, § 1.) 'Invenustum pulum Veneris,' (p. 358;) 'crassus enthusiasmus,' (p. 365;) 'furor fanaticus,' (p. 367;) 'gentis frivole superstitio,' (p. 376;) 'pestilentiſsimorum hominum audacia,' (p. 379;) 'inane sine mente sonus,' (p. 383;) 'delirantis ingenii somnia,' (p. 385.) But Brucker, with all his industry, was not a philosopher, and (we perfectly agree with Creuzer) was 'wholly incapable of appreciating a Platonic system.'

IV. We require a comparison between it and Gnosticism: showing the identity of the stock from which they both sprung, namely, the self-will of reason combined, as it always is, with a great disposition to servility; but marking the differences between them—differences which mainly consisted in these two points: first, that the Gnostics partially acknowledged the Christian revelation—the Platonists rejected it: and, secondly, that the Gnostics, though their system was evidently connected with the logical metaphysics of the East, professed to hold it on the principle of implicit faith, while the Platonists avowedly worked out their tenets by human reason. One was reason under the garb of faith, the other faith under the garb of reason.

V. It would be interesting to inquire into the coincidence between the esoteric theology of ancient heathenism, and the metaphysical interpretations forced by the Alexandrians upon the symbolism under which that theology had been gradually veiled.

These, however, are not the questions into which we propose to enter. There is a previous inquiry more immediately interesting to ourselves, and which will take us into a much more open and agreeable field.—What was the history of the rise of this new rationalistic religion? and was there in that history anything analogous to that which is passing before our own eyes, and which may presage a similar result?

To understand, then, the rise of Alexandrian Platonism, we must first realise to ourselves the state of the civilized world, and of the human mind, at the period when it commenced and flourished.

It is not an uncommon error to speak of the declining days of the Roman empire as a time of general irreligion; and Gibbon's sneering language has been borrowed as an accurate statement, even by persons professing a knowledge of the facts sufficient to enable them to explain the history of early Christianity.* Perhaps no epigram was ever hazarded by an historian more false in all its parts than Gibbon's declaration, that 'the various modes of worship, which prevailed in the Roman world, were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful.' On the contrary, the popular feeling enlisted itself on all sides, as it always must do, in the worship of exclusive peculiar deities. The reason of the philosopher was employed in showing, not that all these forms of devotion

* Gibbon's Decline, vol. i. c. 2; Paley's Evidences.

were equally false, but that all were equally true. And the toleration of the magistrate, though extensively given, was conducted, so long as it was possible to maintain a state religion, upon the partial and exclusive principle of recognising no creeds but such as were hereditary, national, or Roman.*

But without entering at present on this very interesting inquiry, it may safely be asserted that the prevailing temper of the public mind, at the beginning of the third century, was a deep, sincere, overwhelming sense of a power presiding over man, above him, but close to him; in whose hands man was a toy to be sported with, or an embryo to be moulded into form; but to whom, in all his actions, he was bound to look up as a weak and dependent creature. This feeling, rightly directed, is religion: abused, it becomes superstition. But it is something very distinct from that cold, self-important, presumptuous spirit, which marked a preceding age with epicurism, scepticism, and atheism. It is something far higher and better; and at the period of which we are speaking, it had spread over all ranks, the emperor as well as the peasant, and had penetrated especially the schools of philosophy.

A Christian will view it with interest, as a providential preparation of the soil for the reception and growth of Christianity. The historian will look to its origin; and here the first phenomenon which presents itself, is the confluence, under the Roman empire, of the Eastern and Western world.

Without any minute analysis of causes, it is a fact, that from the most remote antiquity a very different character has been stamped on these two branches of the human race. Climate, soil, natural constitution, habits, institutions, even the physical geography of countries, may have caused the difference. But to illustrate it generally, and with those qualifications, which must be implied in speaking of human nature in masses and large descriptions, it consisted in this: that in the East man is everywhere impressed with the religious instinct mentioned above; that is, with a profound abiding consciousness of a real, living, controlling power existing above him in a distinct personality. In the West, this instinct is deficient, and at times seems wholly lost. The eye of the East is always turned upward, and fixed on a Being like to, but greater than itself. The eye of the West has no such vision, and either sees nothing,

or wanders about capriciously upon any chance object that occurs. The East contemplates persons; the West studies things, Persons and Things form the two great divisions of the universe; and according as men's minds are bent on one or the other, not only their religion, but their politics, morals, arts, manners, and philosophy will take their peculiar form and complexion.

Thus religion in the East was a worship and adoration; in the West, it became speculation and theory, or an engine of government, whether political or moral. In the East, philosophy was employed in imagining a spiritual hierarchy of angels and spirits, demons, and æons. In the West, it analysed ideas, or generalised the laws of nature. Morals in the East were founded on religion. The whole code of ethics resolved itself into obedience to God, imitation of God, union with God. In the West, it is a scheme of calculation, a balance-sheet of pleasures and profits, or a deduction from intellectual relations. Government in the East absorbs the whole body of the state in the person of its head. The many are lost in the few, or rather in the one; and if the obedience of the subject is voluntarily rendered under the influence of the predominating idea, by the same influence the caprice of the ruler is itself subjected to a spiritual authority above him.* The west is the land of democracies. In the East, belief rests on testimony, and education is carried on by authority. In the West, truth is argued out, and tested by its accordance with the reason or opinion of the hearer. Even where authority prevails, and ordinary men are willing to submit to it, its moral influence is not sufficient, but, as in the system of Romanism, requires to be supported by a physical arm. Even the arts partake of the same distinctive character. In the East, in all their greatest works, these were employed to realise before men the presence of some gigantic power, which they were bound to obey. Architecture was thus their chief province; and where painting and sculpture were introduced, they were made vehicles for suggesting mysteries, or were tied down by rigid laws,† which still maintained the principle of slavery even in the exercise of fancy. To raise a pyramid as a tomb for a single coffin; to excavate mountains into temples; to bridge over seas for the passage of troops; or cut a canal through an isthmus, were all efforts embodying one common idea, the idea of power. In the West,

* See this point elaborately proved in Walck de Roman. Tolerant. Nov. Comment. Gotting., tom. iii.

* See this point eloquently illustrated in Burke's Speeches on Warren Hastings.

† Laws of Plato.

art performs very different functions, except when imbued with the spirit of the church. It pleases the eye, ministers to comfort, spreads luxuries, facilitates independent exertions, increases the power of the individual, instead of exhibiting a power above him; is regulated by no fixed laws; embodies no moral institutions; is pervaded by no high sentiment; is destitute of unity and grandeur; is, in fact, a mere plaything, or tool. Before the creations of Eastern art the individual is lost and overpowered. Before those of the West he is raised into self importance, and triumphs in his own superiority.

Hence, also, the different spectacle which history presents on each side. There, vast massive empires, spreading over immense regions, consolidating a variety of races, preserving their outward form and principles of polity throughout the changes not only of years but of dynasties, so that the history of the East three thousand years back is its history to-day—a form of government absolute and fixed, transmitted, unchanged, from hand to hand, through internal usurpations and foreign conquests—a religion dogmatic, mystical, and hierarchical—a code of laws exalting the human will on one side, as much as they abased it on the other—and a system of subordination in society, making of one class gods, and of others slaves; this is the general sketch of the history of the East. In the West, it is very different. *Here*, Society, instead of exhibiting a tendency to concretion and centralization, is every day breaking up and crumbling to pieces. Each separate locality begets a distinct national character, and a separate civil polity. History is full of migration and colonization. Changes, not merely of persons but of principles, creep on, converting monarchies into democracies, and democracies into monarchies. Military prowess—birth—wealth—intellect, succeed each other as elements of power and authority. Laws accumulate on laws—races exterminate races—religion, from a vast, imperative external system kept sacred from violation by its followers, dwindles into a plaything for the reason, or an instrument of human selfishness. The basis of society, if basis it can be called, is no longer immutable law, but expediency or passion. The future is every thing, and the past nothing. The unity of the body is lost in individual will; and the active, spontaneous, self-seeking element in the human mind develops itself with an energy tending to subvert all external control—to sweep away laws in politics—forms in common life—hereditary institutions, and even fundamental axioms in morals and re-

ligion—till it sinks down for a time exhausted in the ruin which it has made, and gives scope for the Eastern principle to assert a temporary away.

This was the condition of the western world at the commencement of the second century. Human intellect in Greece, let loose from all restraint of authority, had run through its natural career of dogmatism, doubt, and scepticism.* School after school had risen and fallen; and philosophy, in mere weariness and despair, was thankful for any authority which might excuse it from doubting any more. In Rome the human will had run through a similar course in the political convulsions of democracy, and willingly succumbed to the tyranny of the emperors, as the only safeguard against its own excesses. The calamities, also, of the civil wars, heightened by the subsequent atrocities and commotions to which the empire was exposed under many of the emperors, and even the numerous natural prodigies of famine, pestilence, and earthquakes prevalent at that period, contributed to encourage, as Thucydides observes of Greece, the general tendency to superstition. In many cases, indeed, this tendency developed itself in the form of fatalism, or, what is nearly akin to fatalism, a belief in chance.† The superstition is the same in each. In each there is the same sense of an overruling power, before whose caprice man is wholly helpless; and whether this power be a person, or a law, or the negation of all law, the effect is the same of crushing men's energies and reason.

In the mean time, the foundation of Alexandria had opened a passage for the dogmatism of the East into the heart of Italy and Greece. The Grecian cities of Asia Minor had been permeated by the same spirit, through their connection with Syria and Pergamus. Even before this, the invasion of Persia by Alexander had effected a singular fusion of western and oriental ideas,‡ and the Roman conquests had ended in bringing back into the metropolis, not only the spoils of Asia and of Egypt, but their opinions and gods. Chaldees and Magi, Gauls and Jews, priests of Isis and worshippers of Serapis swarmed in the capital itself; and the mode in which the worship of the last-mentioned god forced its way into Rome

* See this strongly described, Just. Martyr. *Dialog. cum Tryp.* p. 217. *Journal des Sçavans*, 1717, Juin, p. 654. *Hermès Irisio Gentil. sec. xix.* *Tatian, Oratio ad Græcos*, § 3. 5, pass. xli.

† Tacitus.

‡ Plutarch expresses this strongly: *ὡς περ ἐν κρατίσι φιλομαθῶν μίξας τοὺς βίους καὶ τὰ ἥθη καὶ τοὺς γάμους καὶ διαίτας.* *De Fortun. Alexand.* p. 329. *Arrian*, vii. 11. 14.

is a fair indication of the general progress of religious sentiment:—First celebrated in private chapels—then publicly prohibited—then its temples ordered to be destroyed—then permitted within a mile of the city*—then excluded only from the pomerium†—then formally recognised and established. The most rigid principle of Roman policy, namely, the exclusion of all foreign worship, was too weak to resist the popular feeling. The altars of Serapis and Isis, says Tertullian,‡ were ordered to be overthrown by the senate, and were restored by the violence of the people. Even when the public soothsayers had commanded the demolition of their temples, the decree was reversed by the triumvirs;§ and even the discovery by Tiberius of the profligacy of the priests of Isis could put no check on the mania for adopting their worship.|| But a religious spirit must embody itself in a definite creed, and in some positive form. And here was the difficulty. Throughout the whole of what was then considered the civilized world, definite creeds and positive forms had almost ceased to exist; and the mode in which this obliteration had been effected is worthy of notice. The great hierarchies of the East, especially of Egypt and Persia, which had been in those countries the original depositories of religious knowledge, and had fenced it round with singular precautions—with castes, and ceremonies, and mysteries, and the exclusive possession of science,¶—had been undermined first by their own abuse of their authority, and then by the overthrow of the established political dynasties—either through foreign conquest or internal faction—and the spiritual supremacy in each case passed evidently into the hands of the civil power. Even the few hints now remaining of the state of Persia after the accession of Darius are full of interferences with religion on the part of the State. The same may be said of Egypt. Heathenism, as well as Christianity, had its princes who cut off the ears of their Magi, or burned them alive, plundered their temples, killed their sacred animals, established new idols, and patronised self-taught reformers, and new-invented rituals; and it is not a little remarkable that this transference of spiritual power from the church to the state commenced at a parallel period, the sixteenth century, both in the Diluvian and Christian æra; Zoroaster,

Budha, Confucius—the Luthers of their day—all appeared about the same time.

In Greece and Rome authentic records commence at a similar stage of history. The origin of both in colonization cut them off from the roots of their ancient traditions and hereditary hierarchies,* and the scene opens with a view of the State in full possession of the spiritual rule. If in Greece oracles and family priesthoods imposed some check on the original regal powers, it seems to have been slight. And the history of Calchas, in Homer, probably indicated a general contempt for the heathen church, and its natural consequences, a curse from heaven, and dissension among men. When the civil power passed into the hands of the people, the spiritual supremacy attached to it was exercised, as it naturally will be, when religion is left at the mercy of popular will. The gods were maintained as a popular part of the government, and ridiculed by the very mob that worshipped them, as images of Romish saints are first prayed to for assistance, and then peked if assistance is withheld. They were worshipped with plays for the amusement, and with sacrifices for the dinners, of the populace. Religion became a luxury of the people—at least, the pretence of religion—and so long as this was secured, reason might speculate at will, and exhaust every form of infidelity or heresy. And the influx of foreign deities was such as to become a standing jest against the nation.†

In Rome, much more vigorous efforts were made to save the nation from this last curse, and to guard some definite line of religious belief. Though the church—to use a word which will familiarise the fact to our mind—was but an establishment,—the creation of the civil magistrate, with Romulus and Numa for its founders,—they took care to give it some kind of independence by forming its priests or clergy into colleges (*collegia et sodalitia*), and perpetuating them

* The oft-quoted words of Plato in the *Timæus* (vol. vii. p. 8, Leip. edit.) are too striking to be omitted. Solon, he says, on inquiring among the Egyptian priests, found that neither himself, nor any other Greek, knew scarcely an iota of ancient history—*οὐδὲν οὐδὲν αὐτοῖς, οὐδὲ ἄλλαν Ἑλλὰς οὐδὲν οἶδεν, ὡς ἔπος εἰσὶν, εἰδότες ἀπὸ τῶν πατέρων*. 'The Greeks are always in their childhood,' was the priest's address to him. *Ναὶ ὅτε τὰς ψυχὰς πάρος οὐδέ τις γὰρ ἐν αὐταῖς ἔχετε, δι' ἀρχαίων ἀνδρῶν, παλαιὰ δόξαν, οὐδὲ μύθημα χρόνῳ πελιδνὸν οὐδὲν*. 'Ye have not among you one ancient dogma derived from the tradition of your fathers, nor one branch of knowledge covered with the hoar of time.'

† Strabo, x. 18. Plat. *Repub.* lib. i. sec. l. Wetstein, in his notes to Acts xvii. 16, has collected the principal passages illustrating the *δαιμόματα* of Athens.

* Dion Cassius, lib. liv. c. vi.

† *Ib.* lib. xl. c. xlvii.

‡ *Advers. Gentes*, lib. i. c. x. *Apolog.* c. vi.

§ Dion Cassius, lib. xlvii. c. xv.

|| Josephus, *Antiq.* lib. xvi.

¶ See Dionys. Halicarn.

by the privilege of co-optation. To secure its uniformity still more, they inculcated as a fundamental maxim of state, the principle of an *hereditary national religion*.* 'The gods of their fathers,' 'the Roman worship,' the established creed, were their watch-words. They prohibited most rigidly the introduction of any foreign worship. Again and again the Bacchanalian and Egyptian rites were driven from the city, not only as immoral or seditious, but simply as foreign. As conquests absorbed new nations into the body of the state, care was taken to preserve both the strictness of this principle and the necessary toleration, by receiving the deities of the conquered people into the Roman Pantheon. But this could only be done by a formal declaration of the legislature; and even when the emperors had united in their own persons the sacerdotal and political authority, the consent of the senate seems to have been necessary to sanction such an act. Where this admission did not take place—and still it was necessary to tolerate the religion of the conquered state—the same principle of adherence to an hereditary national creed was recognised as the basis of toleration. The suppression of human sacrifices in Gaul appears to have been the first instance of an interference with the established religion in a subject province. Each was permitted to retain what had been received from their fathers. As Rome gradually became the point of confluence of foreigners—an epitome of the habitable world—ἐπιτόμη τῆς οἰκουμένης†—it became necessary to allow the practice even there of foreign rites to foreign visitors, and thus to make it also, what Theophilus called it, ἐπιτόμη τῆς δεσποδαιμονίας. But this was permitted with restrictions, which, according to Dionysius, were so successful for a time, that the state at large was not infected with a passion for them: οὐδένος εἰς ζῆλον ἀγαθὸς τῶν ξένων ἐπιτρονύματων ἢ πόλις δημοσία.‡ For instance, in the case of the suspected Bacchanalia, if a foreigner conscientiously felt bound to celebrate them, he was to give notice to

the Prætor Urbanus; the Prætor consulted the senate in a house of at least one hundred. If the ceremony was allowed, it was to take place with no more than five persons present—no pecuniary fund was to be raised—no priest or regular officer to be appointed. And in other respects precautions were taken, not unlike those with which the meeting-houses of Dissenters were first permitted in our own country, when Dissent had become hereditary.*

It was not possible, however, that any civil restrictions should keep up the distinctions of religions when they were thus brought together side by side into one vast metropolis. It became more and more expedient, and even necessary, to enlarge the Roman Pantheon. Whether Tiberius really wished to enrol our Lord in it or not, there is nothing in the statement itself at variance with the later policy of Rome. Severus sacrificed in his chapel to Christ, Abraham, and Orpheus.† And Heliogabalus before him had gone still further, and proposed to amalgamate together all the religions of the empire, with himself as their type and centre; or, as Lampridius more strongly asserts, as the one God and one priest: 'ne quis Romæ Deus, nisi Heliogabalus coleretur—ut omnium culturarum secretum Heliogabali sacerdotium teneret.'‡ This last fact is perhaps the nearest approach to a public recognition by the State of the principle of Syncretism in its widest form: for Julian excluded Christianity. But the act of an Heliogabalus can scarcely be reckoned as an act of the empire; and it is remarkable that, with this one exception, the opposite principle of an establishment was preserved almost uninterruptedly at Rome, and regulated the conduct of the Christian emperors as well as of the heathens.

State policy, however, is one thing, and public opinion another;—and the deep religious feeling of the age, coupled with the variety of existing religions, led necessarily to the formation of a syncretistic system, which should recognise truth in each and all, and frame some theory by which they might be reconciled together. This was done in one shape by an easy and popular abstraction. 'In this battle of religious systems,' says Maximus Tyrius, 'in these factions and dissensions, you may trace throughout the whole world one according voice and rule, that there is one God, the King and

* Livy, lib. i. c. 20. Cicero de Legibus, lib. ii. c. viii. Warburton, Divine Legat. vol. i. p. 308. Tertull. Apolog. c. v. p. 56. Eusebius, Hist. lib. ii. c. 1a. Livy, lib. iv. c. 30; lib. xxv. c. i.; lib. xxxix. c. ix. Valer. Maxim. lib. i. c. iii. See especially the advice of Mæcenas to Augustus. Dio Cass. lib. lli. c. 36. Sueton. Octav. c. 96. Spartianus Adrian. c. 22. Tacitus. As the subject is one of great interest at the present time, we may subjoin one or two more references, which any one who wishes to pursue it will find useful. Bynkershoek Opusc. i. p. 341. Walch, in Nov. Soc. Reg. Gotting. Comment. t. iii. p. 8. Everh. Elmenhoerst, Not. ad Minuc. Felix. p. 25, edit. Orizel. Christ. Kortholtun Pagan. Obtretrat. lib. i. c. v. p. 75.

† Athenæus, lib. i. c. 17.

‡ Dion. Halic. Antiq. Roman. lib. ii. p. 91.

* See Ralph Fabrett, Syntag. Inscript. on the Bacchanal Stat. in Museo Vindobonensi. Drakenborch, Not. ad Livium, tom. vii. p. 197.

† Lamprid. in Alex. Sever. c. 22.

‡ Lamprid. in Heliogab. c. 3.

Father of all; and many other gods. children of the Supreme God, who are associated in his rule. This says the barbarian and the Greek, the native of the continent and of the island, the wise and the unwise.* And the Alexandrian philosophy was nothing more than the expansion and logical evolution of this popular syncretism—an attempt of human reason to justify that assent of the heart to a great truth, felt too deeply to be denied, but for which it had no definite authority—nothing but a mass of witnesses contradicting each other in particulars, and agreeing only in the foundation of their statements.†

But if it was thus impossible even for the persevering State policy of Rome to exclude the syncretistic spirit from its Empire, we may expect to find that spirit still more triumphant in a spot, where the same causes for its spread existed, and no such policy was ever exerted. And the history of Alexandria, the first seat of the New Platonism, is too full of curious hints and instruction to ourselves to be passed over lightly.

The New Platonism grew up in a Grecian city, founded in an Egyptian soil by a foreign conqueror, apart from any local or hereditary associations of feeling—and on the very spot where former kings of Egypt, dreading the innovations of Greek colonies, had planted a garrison to drive them off.‡ The village Racotis, which that garrison inhabited, became Alexandria. It was laid out by Dinocrates with all the systematic regularity of Grecian art, on a plan indicating at once the gigantic and the novel character of the foundation. And it was solemnly consecrated by sacrifices both to the gods of Greece, and Apis the deity of Egypt.§ The very object of its establishment was to form a connecting link between the east and the west, and to bring into one focus the commerce of the world.|| It was adorned from the first with temples to Isis, as well as to the gods of Greece, and peopled with a mixed assemblage of Egyptians—*φύλον δὲ καὶ πολιτικὸν*—mercenary and seditious troops, like the Mamelukes of later ages—*τὸ μισθοφορικὸν πολὺ καὶ ἀνάγωγον*—and a confluence of Greeks from the west—*μεγάλας Ἑλλήνας*.¶ To this was added a large body of Jews, to whom was as-

signed a district and ethnarch of their own, pretty much as was afterwards the case at Rome.* Alexander himself had already embodied in himself the principles on which it was founded, and was subsequently to rise to eminence. His Greek or g'm and eastern tastes, his boldness, ambition, and personal beauty—his instruction in the school of Aristotle—his affectation of intercourse with philosophers—his passion for literature, and especially for Homer—his purveying for Aristotle's menagerie—his efforts to blend together the Persian and Grecian manners—his abandonment of his hereditary country and institutions—his sensuality—and, not least, his assumed respect for the deities of all countries alike, the God of the Jews as well as the gods of Greece—ending in the impersonation of himself as Bacchus, and his claim to a relationship with Jupiter Ammon, are all features subsequently developed in the history of his own city, and important to be noticed as giving a compendious view of the causes which paved the way for the establishment of a Syncretistic Theology within its walls.

His plan for Alexandria was followed by his successors. It became an immense reservoir for all classes of people—the largest emporium in the world—*μέγιστον ἐμπορεῖον τῆς οἰκουμένης*†—the chief of cities, 'vertex omnium civitatum,'‡ the *μεγαλόπολις ἡ πολιτοῦς Ἀλεξανδρεία* §—or, as it is called by Eustathius, 'the city'—as only second to Rome.|| Not only commercial men were brought there in numbers, but students from all quarters flocked together to its schools—*αἱς ἦν καὶ ἡ πανταχόθεν συνέρχεται νεότης τῶν περὶ φιλοσοφίαν ἐκποδασκῶν*¶—and no less than fourteen thousand are said to have been accommodated there at one time. 'I see among you,' says Dion Chrysostom, 'not Greeks only, or Italians, not merely Syrians, Lybians, Cilicians, Ethiopians, and Arabians, but Bactrians, and Scythians, Persians, and Indians, who flow together into this city, and are always with you.'** And the fact will not be lost among those who look at the growth of our own enormous towns in the present day,—on the numbers of foreigners who are settling in England, as Englishmen are settling abroad—upon the tendency of inventions in the present day to root up as it were the whole population from the place of their birth, and send them floating about the world, or to

* Max. Tyr. Dissert. xvii. p. 193. So also Minuc. Felix, s. xix.

† Lobeck Aglaophus, tom. ii. p. 460.

‡ Strabo, Geog. xvii. p. 1149; Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. v. c. 10; Diod. Sicul. lib. xvii. p. 900; and Achill. Stat. lib. v. c. 1, 397; Savary's Letters on Egypt, vol. i. 21 42.

§ Arrian Exped. Alex. lib. iii. c. 1.

¶ Arrian Exped. Alex. lib. iii. p. 105, ed. Grenov.

¶ Strabo from Polyb. lib. xvii. p. 1131, ed. Fock.

* Josep. Antiq. lib. xix. c. 5, s. 2.

† Strabo, lib. xvii. p. 11739.

‡ Amm. Marcell. lib. xxii. c. 16.

§ Philo ad Flacc. vol. ii. p. 541.

|| Hlad, B.

¶ Gregory Nyes. in Vit. Gregorii Thaumaturgi.

** Orat. Ἰπποκ. Ἀλεξάν. p. 262.

gather them in large masses,—and who remember that the wisest of ancient legislators, when they were endeavouring to preserve purity, and permanence, and religious truth in their system, thought few things of more importance than to limit the size of their cities, and to exclude foreigners from settling in them.

From this mixed race of inhabitants there was formed at Alexandria a singular national character, which also, perhaps, may suggest some thoughts of things nearer to ourselves.

Its natives were, in the first place, most industrious. It was full of manufactories. They appear to have had little leisure for anything but business:—‘Civitas,’ says Hadrian, ‘in qua nemo vivat otiosus.’* They were celebrated for their manufactories of glass and paper, and especially what we should call Manchester wares.† ‘Without eyes to see,’ continues Hadrian, ‘with gout in their feet, gout in their hands, they still find something to do.’ Other communities of no mean origin have thought quiet contemplation and retirement necessary for social as well as individual good; but the Alexandrians thought otherwise. Of course they were very wealthy. ‘Civitas,’ says Hadrian in the same letter, ‘opulenta, dives, fecunda.’ Every luxury of life was to be found within its walls. The ecclesiastical authority in Egypt had no sooner been destroyed, or transferred to the civil power under the Ptolemies, than the people, from a remarkable attachment to old institutions, seem suddenly to have passed into an opposite extreme, and to have embraced with their whole heart the doctrine of anti-finality in reform. Such was their love indeed of reform, *τοσάντην πον νεωτεροποιαν αβάν*, that Augustus‡ was obliged to place them under a peculiar jurisdiction. No senator was allowed to travel among them without permission from himself—their old magistrates were suppressed, and the power centralised at Rome; and the greatest precautions were taken to prevent them from constant revolts. ‘They were liberals,’ says Hadrian,§ ‘liberi, novarum rerum usque ad cantilenas publicas cupientes,’ ‘κόβοι,’ says Dion Cassius; || ‘κοψέταιροι,’ adds Herodian, ‘καί επι τοῖς βραχύνταισι πότρα κινουμένοι.’¶ A very slight offence was sufficient to provoke them to threaten a rebellion, *μέλιστα ἐκ μικρῶν καὶ τῶν*

*τυχόντων παρὰ τὸν ἀνεπαρκῆς πυρὸς.** ‘At the slightest spark’ they would kindle into a flame;—‘genus hominum seditiosissimum,’ says Hadrian: but we may add, on the authority of Cæsar, that, not unlike more modern rebels of manufacturing towns, their violence ended often in threats—*θρασεύσθαι μιν προπετίεσθαι, ἐνέφρασθαι δὲ δεδιέναι.*† Nothing, we learn from another passage in the same author, could be bolder than their language: they spoke out in their meetings everything which came uppermost—*ἐκλάθουσαν, ὅ τι ποτ’ ἐν ἐκλήθῃ οἱσι προπετίεσθαι.* At the slightest quarrel they thought nothing of bloodshed—*διὰ φόνων αἰεὶ χώροντες.* Whether they were in the habit of using pikes and clasp knives Dion does not say: but he does add, that when a real battle was at hand,—or, as we may translate his words, when the soldiers made their appearance, they proved sad cowards; *πρὸς δὲ ὅτ’ ἐπὶ πόλεμον τὰ τε δευρὰ αὐτοῦ φλαυροῦνται αἰεὶ.* Even their dinner-parties were not of a more pacific character. ‘As for our friends from the fair Alexandria,’ says Athenæus,‡ ‘when they invite a party, they bellow, they scream, they swear at the butler, the footman, and the cook. The children run helter skelter, crying and blubbering with boxes on the ear. The very lady of the house does not escape a hearty cursing.’

With this turn of mind it is little surprising that they were not over respectful to their rulers; *παύροις δὲ πῶς εἶναι φιλοσκωμῶντες, καὶ λέγειν εὐστέχως ἐπιγραφὰς ἢ παιδίας, ἀπαρίπτοντες αἰς τοὺς ὑπερχοντας πολλὰ χαριετὰ μὲν αὐτοῖς δοκούντα, λυπηρὰ δὲ τοῖς σκωφθεῖσι.*§—‘They are very fond of scoffing, and ridiculous representations of persons, and jesting; they throw out against their governors a number of jokes, which seem very witty to themselves, but are not a little painful to the parties ridiculed.’

Whether or not their print-shops, if they had any, were full of caricatures of their sovereign and their magistrates, no ancient writer informs us. Nor can we trace any hint of daily and weekly publications issued for the very purpose of libelling them. That they hissed and hooted their kings may perhaps be more easily inferred. But the usual form for expressing their contempt was the use of nicknames. And few of their sovereigns seem to have escaped in this way from their libellous tongues, *ἐνέματα ὀνόματα καὶ ἀχέλαα.*|| Tryphon, Phyacon, Kakergetes,

* Vopiscus in Vit. Saturn. Hist. August. Script. p. 245. ed. Salon.

† Cicero in Rabir. Posth.

‡ Dion Cass. vol. i. p. 647.

§ Vopisc. Vit. Saturn. p. 245.

|| Vol. i. p. 647.

¶ Anton. et Get. Hb. iii. p. 173.

* Phil. Jud. adv. Flac. vol. ii. p. 519. ed. Mang.

† Dion Cassius, vol. i. p. 631.

‡ Lib. x. c. 17.

§ Herodian, lib. iii. Anton. et Get. p. 173.

|| Philo de Vertat. vol. ii. p. 570; Dion. Chrysostom, Περὶ Ἀλείων. p. 249.

Cybiosactes, Philadelphos, Philopator, Philometor, and Auletes, are each names thus applied. To Sosibius, the minister of Ptolemy IV., whom they wished to get rid of, they gave the title *πολύχρονος*—the long-lived. Antony's courtiers, probably not the most delicate of men, were *κομπροί.** Demetrius, of Adramyttium, who was charged with stealing a bracelet in the temple of Jupiter, was *Ixion*. Caracalla was the old *Jocasta*. Apion, a very laborious, or, as in older English we should say, a very painful grammarian, was *μοχθος*, labour itself;†—and Erastosthenes, another learned man, who never gained a prize, but came in second for every thing, they appropriately denominated *Βητα*. 'You can easily understand,' says Hadrian, 'what they said of me after I was gone, as well as of Verus and Antonine.'‡ Hadrian, however, smiled at their jests. Caracalla viewed them rather more seriously, and repaid them with a general massacre.§

With this abusive turn, when they had nothing to fear from their superiors, was coupled, as we may see in certain leading characters of our own day, a most prodigious power of nauseous and fulsome flattery, when there was any thing to hope. 'Of all the people in the world, none,' says Philo,|| 'were so ready as the Alexandrians to salute and worship Caligula as a god;—*Δεινὸν γὰρ ἔστιν τὸς κολακίας, καὶ γυναικας, καὶ ἐπικρίσεις παροικουμένων μὴν θάπης λόγον.* It was not likely that this turbulent mob, *μὴν καὶ συνεφορμῆτος ἔχλος,*¶ should possess any of that virtue which the Romans called gravity; but for which the Greeks, as being destitute of the thing, seem almost to have wanted a name.

In their extreme levity, and frivolity, and taste for dissipation, the Alexandrians remind us of the French character, before it was soured and darkened by the crimes of their revolutions, but which is not yet obliterated. It is in France that the first efforts seem to be making for the revival of Syncretism. 'Would you only, gentlemen, be serious, and attend for a few minutes,' is the exordium of Dion's address to them,**—*ἔρα γε βούλοισθ' ἂν ὧ ἄνδρες ἐπιδόσαι χρόνον σμικρὸν, καὶ προσέχειν*—'Since,' he proceeds, 'your whole life is spent in childish sports, and in attending to nothing—sports, and pleasure, and laughter, you have in abundance—and,'

he adds, in happy ambiguity, *καὶ γὰρ σφόδρὰ γέλοιος ἐστί*—but as for seriousness, I discover nothing but an entire want of it. If only once you could be silent when you are addressed on a grave and serious subject—interested and attentive as you are at a horse-race or a concert, or an opera-dance. One hour only, a single hour of sober thought,' he adds, 'would, in such a life as yours, be every thing—like an hour's rest to a man in a delirium.' Horse-races and music appear, in fact, to have been the absorbing passion of Alexandria—*μακρομένην*, says Chrysostom, *ἐπὶ ὧδῃ καὶ ἀρώμων ἱππικῶν.** 'The moment you come into the theatre, or on the course, you lose all sense of common things. Men, women, and children are seized with a sort of phrensy; you fight, scream, howl, throw stones at each other, dance about like madmen.'

Whether they paid thousands a year to foreign singers, for singing what they could not understand, history does not inform us. But evidently in the Alexandrian, as in the London season, concerts and the opera were the prevailing amusements. Probably they named their carriages, horses, and other things which they most valued, after their favourite performers—rose up to receive them with shouts when they appeared on the stage—buried them under crowns and chaplets. Chrysostom's account seems to imply as much. He says nothing, however, of their turning their most holy temples into concert rooms, and setting the most solemn mysteries of their religion to music, to be sung in them by profligate men and women, in the place of their priests. The kind of music which they preferred we may learn from Athenæus. Unlike the simple sober strains, to which Plato, with so many other wise legislators, attached so much importance in the formation of character, (and the value of which may be traced even in the Christian state)—the Alexandrians delighted in full orchestras; and we doubt if Exeter Hall or the Worcester Music Meeting could produce a band of instruments more various, or with harder names, than the list of Athenæus.† Twenty kinds of flutes, the lyre, the magadis, the barbiton, the naba, the pectis, the clepsiambos, the skindapsus, the pariambis, the psaltery, and the enneachordon—they played upon like first-rate performers—*ἐμπειροὺς ἔχοντες καὶ τεχνικῶς.* And we fear all of them would have come under the ban both of Plato and Lyourgus, as *πολύχορδοι, καὶ πανερμόνικοι.*

In one respect, indeed, their taste for

* Dion. Cass. vol. i. lib. i. p. 264.

† Herod. p. 174.

‡ Vopisc. in Vit. Satur., p. 245.

§ Dion. lib. lxxvii. p. 1307.

|| Philo. Jud. de Vert. vol. ii. p. 570; Herodian, lib. iii. p. 173.

¶ Philo. de Virtut. vol. ii. p. 563.

** Dion. Chrysostom Orat. Πρὸς Ἀλεξανδρεῖς, p. 245

* Dion. Chrysostom Orat. Πρὸς Ἀλεξανδρεῖς, p. 252.

† Lib. xiv. p. 654.

‡ p. 260.

music had penetrated farther than it has yet reached with ourselves. We have, indeed, ministers of state, archbishops, and bishops, princes of the blood, and the greatest conqueror of the day, who direct ancient concerts, and preside over musical festivals. But if we may trust Dion, (and there is too much honesty mixed with his bitterness to doubt his word,) even the Westminster Halls of Alexandria, its House of Commons, and its University College, could not resist the general mania. He assures us that judges, and barristers, and professors, not only directed the singing of others, but sang themselves, πάντες δὲ δδουσι, καὶ ῥήτορες, καὶ νομικοὶ—and he adds, presently, the δικαστῆριον. 'Pass by the courts of law; and you cannot tell, from their singing, whether they are drinking or trying causes. If you happen to live in the neighbourhood of a professor's house, you would never discover it by the sounds that issue from it. Go to the exercise ground, they are drilled to music. Consult a physician, he asks your symptoms and feels your pulse to some popular tune. 'Your whole life,' he concludes, 'has nearly become one great revel,'—παιδνεύετε δ' ὁ βίος σῆμα δὲν ἔκαστος γινώσκων καὶ μὴ σὺς.*

The musical meetings, however, of Alexandria gave way, at times, to their passion for horse-races. Ascot, Doncaster, and Epsom, great as their fame is, must fail, we fear, before the interest of the course of Alexandria. If an Egyptian Taglioni made a whole theatre leap from their seats in ecstasy; † if every nerve was strained ‡ to catch the quavers of a Pasta from Heliopolis or Memphis: § 'when,' says Chrysostom, 'you come on the race-course, who can describe your cries and tumult, and agony of interest; your rapid change of gesture and colour, and,' he adds, 'your cursing and swearing (βλασφημίας).|| If, instead of looking on the horses, you were yourselves under the lash, you could not be in a worse state.' It would appear they crowded into the theatre, or, as it should be expressed to modern ears, into the grand stand, fighting, and falling upon, and abusing each other, as if life depended on the event. During the running, 'they could neither sit nor stand,' 'Pale with anxiety'—'huzzaing to the horses'—'with every hand stretched out'—'leaping up like madmen'—'fighting with each other'—'uttering all kinds of horrible language'—'very often cursing their gods'—and at times 'losing their clothes in the struggle'—they pre-

sented, says Dion, the spectacle of a people 'gigantic as a Hercules in strength, but, like Hercules in his state of phrensy, fallen and foolish.'* And he does not seem to think that it would give the most favourable impression of a national character, or that it was one of the points on which a nation might pride itself before foreigners. 'They are,' he says, 'but trifles; but how can it be, that a people who make so much of trifles can be sober-minded in any thing?†

On one point, indeed, of great public interest in England, they appear to have manifested what to us must seem a singular indifference. For the drama, as poetry in its grandest form, they seem, like ourselves, to have cared little. Gay spectacles, processions, and melodramas, they obviously enjoyed. If any theatre in London would have attracted an Alexandrian, it would have been Astley's. But what is more extraordinary, he would have disdained even Van Amburgh's exhibition of lions and tigers, and all the shilling monster-exhibitions which captivate an Englishman's curiosity. Ptolemy Soter, indeed, once procured, at some expense, for his theatre-royal, a black camel and a piebald man. The poor Alexandrians, however, were unaccustomed to such sights. They took fright at the black camel, and ran out of the theatre: and the piebald man they only laughed at, greatly to the disappointment of the monarch.‡ So king Ptolemy presented both to Thespis the flute-player, just as a royal or illustrious personage might now present Signor or Signora Such-a-one with a Swiss giantess, or the living skeleton, or the Chinese dwarf, instead of a gold snuff-box or a diamond ring.

But we must not dwell more on these trifles, though, as indications of the soil in which the Alexandrian philosophy took root and flourished, they are far from being valueless or without instruction to ourselves; and it is singular how precisely the same traits of character developed themselves in Rome under similar religious and political circumstances.

There were two other features of more direct importance in the history of Alexandria, namely, the literary and religious policy of its rulers.

Wherever there is an independent hierarchy, or, if we may venture again to apply the word to heathenism, a church, it is its business to educate the people. The Egyptian priesthood, indeed, like the Roman, appear to have exercised their spiritual power rather in crushing the reason than in

* p. 259.

† ἀναπνέον τῶν ἔργων, p. 256.

‡ συνταίεσθε τοῖς ἀσμοῖς, ibm.

§ Lib. xiv. p. 260.

§ Ib.

* Lib. xiv. p. 264.

† p. 260.

‡ Lucian, Prometh., vol. i. p. 21.

developing it; and under their rule education must have been very limited. They needed a Reformation—a Reformation which should compel them to discharge their duty; not one which should deprive them of the office. For the *instruction* of the young and ignorant, let us never forget, especially in these days, cannot be carried on without simultaneous *education*. While you are teaching facts, you must also inculcate principles, and form habits. But *education* cannot be conducted without *authority*; and *authority* without *religion* can never be *permanent*, or, if permanent, must be *ruinous*—and therefore none but a *religious* body can be wisely entrusted with a national education. But the Egyptian sovereigns, like modern German princes, and modern English ministers, thought otherwise. Perhaps their priests or clergy were incorrigible; perhaps the great truths which that clergy evidently held of old had been lost in a general corruption; perhaps the idolatrous system, with all its licence of popular superstition, which had been permitted, if not introduced, as a mode of familiarising common minds with general principles of religion, no longer admitted of being purified, as certainly its support was incompatible with the diffusion of a sound education—or, it may be, the existence of a church possessed of such spiritual power was by no means the wish of the princes, whether Persian or Grecian, who claimed their crown, as William III. was advised to do, by right of conquest, and resolved to concentrate in their own persons both the state and the church.

We can well, indeed, imagine them unwilling to return under that heavy yoke, which Diodorus describes, when even the king's dress, and dinners, and promenades, were subjected to the inspection of their priests. But in avoiding this extreme, like kings of more modern date, they fell into the other. Ptolemy Soter, like Alexander before him, found himself, by conquest, the sovereign of two nations (for the Greeks in Egypt really formed a distinct people), each with its own religion. As a military man, he probably cared little for either; but as a conqueror it was his interest to conciliate both his Papal Egyptians and his Protestant Greeks; and if he had been blessed with a parliament, he probably would have commenced his reign with recommending an Act of Comprehension. But as this great happiness was denied him, he seems to have contented himself with following the plan of his illustrious predecessor who founded the city, and raising temples to Isis, side by side with what the Egyptians probably called

chapels or conventicles to Venus, Bacchus, and Hercules. To identify the two systems more closely, he placed a statue of Jupiter in one of the Egyptian temples, just as an English king, who came at the head of an army from foreign parts, might have longed to hear the works of Calvin and Zwinglius read by a bishop of the English church in the cathedral of St. Paul; and to fuse the rival sects, as he probably considered them, still more, he sent for his own high priest from Eleusis. His liberal sentiments, indeed, appear to have taken a far wider range than a mere toleration of two distinct national religions under articles, as it were, of union. Theodorus, surnamed the Atheist, having been banished from Athens on account of his profligate opinions, and subsequently from Greece—though, according to Diogenes Laertius, he overthrew all religious creeds—*πᾶν τὰν ἀνθρώπων τὰς περὶ θεῶν δοξὰς**—was not only *introduced at court*, but received and employed; and, says Matter, very naively, 'I do not find that any one there was shocked at his doctrines'—'Je ne trouve pas que sa doctrine ait choqué personne.'† Stilpo, whom Ptolemy had expressly wished to take with him from Megara, had also been banished even from the democratical Athens for the same offence. 'Do the gods,' said Crates to him, 'delight in prayer?' 'Ask me,' was Stilpo's reply, 'not in the street, but when we are alone.'‡ And the only interdiction on opinion which we hear of was a prohibition laid upon Hegesias, the Cyrenaic, against promulgating his very inconvenient doctrine of suicide.§ Perhaps the Ptolemies had anticipated the modern discovery, that punishment only tends to encourage crime. Or, perhaps, they did not deem blasphemy a crime at all, but merely an innocent mistake—a view of their opinions which might be confirmed by their friendly association with the mistaken parties.

One excuse must, indeed, be made for Ptolemy's toleration, that a considerable affinity existed between the Egyptian and Greek religion—the same affinity, in fact, as between popery and dissent. The Egyptian was the oldest—not so old as the great fundamental catholic truths of the unity of the godhead, and of his relation to man, out of which it sprang, and which it overlaid and buried with the grossest popular superstitions—but far older than the modern theories which the 'boys' in Greece had

* Lib. ii. p. 57.

† Matter, *Sur l'Ecole d'Alexand.*, vol. i. p. 68.

‡ Laert., lib. ii. art. Stilpo.

§ Cicero, *Tuscul.* 2. 1–34

contrived to frame out of its remnants. For these Greeks had been severed from its hierarchies, knew nothing of the meaning of the forms and symbolical doctrines which they had retained, were left without restraint to interpret and modify them at will, and thus converted them, by the working of their own minds—the people into an easy, luxurious, anthropomorphic theology, embodying the vices, the politics, the imagination, and the moral character of Greeks—the philosophers, into empty words. And yet, by a little compromise on each side—by stretching the several creeds here and there—by procuring from the Egyptian papal chair some relaxation of that contemptuous excommunication which they seem to have dealt out on their Greek ultra-Protestant brethren—and by bringing the Greeks, which it was no hard matter to effect, to adopt something of the doctrines of Egypt, even if they would not submit to its hierarchy, Ptolemy might hope to produce a general harmony and union conducive to the civil security of his new dominions. Of course he would be most jealous of the old papistical Egyptian system, as most powerful, and most threatening to the absolute supremacy of the crown; and his dissenting subjects would receive the largest encouragement. He would be very anxious, as William III. was, for the peace of their consciences, and the binding them together—to support him against any attack, whether within or without.

But Ptolemy (whether Soter or Philadelphus is not clear, nor that point material) seems to have advanced a step further. If any religion at all is to be preserved in the midst of many discordant sects, no one of which is to be exclusively acknowledged as true, it must be by inventing a doctrine which shall contain those points only in which all agree. To perform this work of abstraction or eclecticism, it is not necessary to apply to any abstruse philosophy. It is soon done by a rough pantheistic creed, not entering into details, but framed with strength sufficient to act like the bed of Procrustes on all the other creeds submitted to its measurement—lopping off some, and lengthening out others; and the introduction of the worship of Serapis into Egypt seems to have answered this purpose. That Serapis was the pantheistic emblem there can be little doubt:—‘Deum ipsum,’ says Tacitus,* ‘multi Æsculapium, quod medeatur ægris corporibus, quidam Osirim, antiquissimum illis gentibus numen, plerique Jovem, ut rerum omnium potentem, plurimi Ditem Pa-

trem, insignibus quæ in ipso manifesta, aut per ambages, conjectant.’ The answer given by Serapis himself, who may naturally be considered a good judge, to Nicocreon, king of Cyprus, who begged, in the general perplexity, to know who he was, ran as follows:—

Εἰμι θεὸς τοιοῦτε μανθῆναι, ὅταν κ' ἐγὼ εἴπω.
Ὀρέσκειος πάρος ἐσθλῆ, γαστήρ δὲ θάλασσα.
Γαῖα δέ μοι πόδες εἰσι, τὰ δ' οὐρα' ἐν αἰθέρι κείται.
Ὀρμαί τε γλαυγὺς λαμπρὸν φάος ἡελίοιο.*

The same theory is contained in the received explanation of the basket on the head of the statue; the three heads of animals—the lion signifying the present time, the dog the future, and the wolf the past. The snake twined round the figure was a symbol of the zodiac. ‘On s'étoit aussi formé de Sérapis une idée comme d'un dieu unique, qui comprenoit les attributs de toutes les autres divinités, ce qui donna lieu aux payens de publier, que les Chrétiens et les Juifs, qui ne reconnoissoient qu'un seul Dieu, adoroient Sérapis.† And thus the Emperor Hadrian writes to Severianus:—‘Illi qui Serapim colunt, Christiani sunt; et qui se Christi Episcopus dicunt, unus illis Deus est. Hunc Christiani, hunc Judæi, hunc omnes venerantur gentes.‡

This view is still further confirmed by the remarkable fact of the subsequent association of Isis in the worship of Serapis. To embody the object of adoration in a female form is the natural tendency of polytheism and idolatry, because it unites the two opposite tendencies of looking up and looking down, worshipping a Being as our God, and at the same time commanding it as our creature. It is evident in the corruptions of Christianity as well as in heathenism; and Serapis originally shared the honours of his temple at Sinope with a sister goddess, Proserpine. But the philosophical unity of pantheism would have been sadly embarrassed by this dualistic worship; and accordingly the embassy, it would seem, who were sent to invite Serapis into Egypt, were strictly ordered to leave Proserpine behind. But the popular instinct appears to have prevailed over philosophy, and very soon to have supplied the place of Proserpine by Isis. The worship of the two was united; and, in the end, Isis seems to have concentrated the chief devotion to herself, very much by the same steps which led even Christians first to the asso-

* Macrob. Saturnal. lib. i. c. xx.

† Académie des Inscriptions, tom. x. p. 500.

‡ Vopiscus in Vit. Saturni, p. 246.

* Hist. lib. iv. c. lxxv.

ciated and then to the almost exclusive adoration of the blessed Virgin.*

Even of old, Isis had usurped much of the worship of Osiris; and she was herself evidently an emblem, like Serapis, of a pantheistic creed. 'Te tibi, una, quæ es omnia,' is an inscription to her, found at Capua. 'Sum quidquid fuit, eat, et erit, nemoque mortalium mihi adhuc velum detraxit,' was inscribed, according to Plutarch, in the temple of Minerva, who was also Isis.† So also Apuleius‡ introduces Isis, giving this account of herself:—

'En adsum, rerum Natura parens, elementorum omnium domina, sæculorum progenies initialis, summa numinum, regina manium, prima coelitus, Deorum Dearumq. facies uniformis, quæ cœli luminosa culmina, maris salubria flumina, inferorum deplorata silentia nitibus meis dispenco;—cujus nomen unicum multiformi specie, ritu vario, nomine multijugo totus veneratur orbis. Me primigenii Phryges Pessinuntium nominant, Deum matrem; hinc autochthones Attici Cecropiam Minervam, illinc fluctuantes Cyprii Paphiam Venerem; Cretes sagittiferi Dictyanam Dianam; Siculi trilingues Stygiam Proserpinam; Eleusini vetustam Deam Cererem; Junonem alii, Bellonam alii, Hecatam isti, Rhamnusiæ illi; et qui nascentis Dei Solis inchoantibus illustrantur radiis, Æthiopes, Arique, præcæque doctrinæ pollentes Ægyptii, ceremoniis me propriis percolentes, appellant vero nomine Reginam Isidem.'

If Isis could venture to appear under so many aliases, it is not surprising that some difficulty should be found in tracing and identifying Serapis. Montfaucon§ has discussed the question of the antiquity of his worship in Egypt previous to the Ptolemies. Some have supposed him to be the same with Osiris, but Herodotus does not mention him, and no trace of him occurs in the Isiac table. By some of the fathers he is supposed to have been Joseph, son of Jacob; and Augustin|| represents him as Apis, king of Argos, and adds a very forced etymology for the *Ser*. The Abbé de Fontenu, in an essay on the history of Sinope, from which the statue appears to have been brought,¶ has endeavoured to trace it originally from Egypt, through either the Syrians, Phœnicians, Colchians, or Milesians, all of whom were connected with Egypt and Sinope. We learn from medals that the worship prevailed in Asia Minor, in Thrace, on the coasts of the Euxine, at Athens, in Mæsia Inferior, Arabia, Phœnicia, and Syria; but without more precise dates than we possess,

little can be inferred as to its antiquity and original locality. Even the place from which Ptolemy procured the statue, is a matter of doubt. The best authorities name Sinope, others Pontus, others Seleucia;—Isidore says Antioch. According to Athénodorus, it was ordered to be made by Sesostris on his return from his conquests; and the hint is not without its interest, as connecting, in another instance, a pantheistic creed with the political rule over several nations with distinct religions. Montfaucon seems to doubt if the real figure of the original statue was known; but Clement gives an interesting fact, that it was composed (may we not think with a symbolical meaning?) of every kind of metal and precious stone—gold, silver, brass, iron, lead, tin, sapphire, bloodstone, emerald, and topaz,—not, as Gibbon renders it, laid on in plates,* but melted together apparently into a sort of mosaic enamel: *λέανος οὖν τὰ πάντα καὶ διαμίκτας ἔχωνας κόλλησεν*.† Clement states that it was black.

Tacitus has narrated at length the circumstances which induced Ptolemy to procure this idol, and the various fables connected with its arrival in Egypt; and it must be confessed they are very suspicious. But the only point of interest at present is the ignorance of the Egyptian priests respecting it, and the assistance given in obtaining it by Timotheus the priest of Eleusis, who appears to have been the clerk of the royal closet and director of Ptolemy's conscience, and to have been at hand for the occasion. Macrobius distinctly states that the Egyptians were compelled to acknowledge the new deity against their will—'tyrannide Ptolemæorum pressi'—and that, as his worship included practices at variance with the rites of the country, his temple was not admitted within the pomerium. It was placed accordingly in Rhacotis, and a temple raised for it, which, in splendour and the number of its columns and statues, was rivalled only by the Capitol of Rome.‡ For though the nation originally abhorred the new religion, the State had funds, which it could and did employ in propagating it—funds probably administered by a committee of Ptolemy's lords of the treasury.

Two more traits may be mentioned which are not without interest; the liberty which Ptolemy,§ it is said, took of burying one of his mistresses, Blistichis, under the shrine itself; and the received character|| of the god, in the words of the Abbé de Fontenu, 'C'est de ne faire que du bien à tout le genre

* Ammian. Marcell. xx. 16. Brotier Tacit. Not. et Emend. ad Hist. iv. 84. Montfaucon, Antiquités Expliq. tom. ii. p. 149, et seq.

† Plut. in Isid. et Osirid.

‡ Metamorph. lib. xi. p. 747.

§ Vol. ii. p. 2, liv. i. c. x.

|| Civit. Dei, lib. xviii. c. v.

¶ Académie des Inscript. tom. x. p. 500.

* Hist. c. xxviii. p. 113.

† Clement, Alexand. Protrep. c. iv. sec. 48.

‡ Amm. Marcell. lib. xxii. c. 16.

§ Clement Alex. *sup.*

|| Académ. des Inscript., tom. x. p. 500.

humain, et de le combler de ses bienfaits'—no bad illustrations of the influence of a pantheistic scheme on the respect of its followers, and of its own lax indulgent morality. The last mentioned feature naturally soon attracted a crowd of votaries. 'Serapis, omnium maximus Egyptiorum deus,' says Augustin. 'Serapis dedita gens superstitionibus super alios colit.'* 'Alexandria Serapis atque Isin cultu pæne ætonitæ venerationis observat.†' We soon find a temple at Athens; and at last, though not without resistance, the worship penetrated into Rome.

'Il est vrai,' says Montfaucon,‡ 'que Rome s'opposa long temps à l'introduction de ces monstrueuses divinités. L'an 686, Piso et Gabinius, consuls, les chassèrent de la ville. Quatre ans après, par un décret du sénat, les temples d'Isis et de Sérapis furent rasés jusqu'aux fondements. On acheva de les détruire après que sept ans furent écoulés. Le culte Egyptien s'y glissa encore de nouveau, et auroit fait de grand progrès, si Agrippa édile ne l'avoit défendu de nouveau, et n'avoit ordonné qu'on ne pourroit l'exercer qu'à cinq cent pas loin de la ville et des faubourgs. Sous l'empire de Tibère le sénat fit de nouveaux efforts pour chasser les dieux Egyptiens. Mais ils forcèrent tous les obstacles, et s'y établirent si bien, qu'un grand nombre de lieux publics prirent le nom d'Isis et de Sérapis, et que leur culte ne le céda depuis à celui de pas un des autres dieux. Ils les habillèrent à la Romaine, et les Grecs à la Grecque.'

These are but very imperfect hints; and the whole history of Serapis is acknowledged to be full of difficulties. But they seem some foundation for the suggestion, that Ptolemy, instead of being urged by a dream to introduce this new deity into Egypt, was in reality pursuing a politic and well-concocted scheme—just such a scheme as would occur to any ruler, whose subjects professed different religions, while he himself cared for none, and was only anxious to undermine the influence of an old and established—may we once more say—church? It was a scheme of comprehension, of liberality, in which peculiar dogmas were to be overlooked, differences of forms set aside, recognised institutions neglected—but which offered to conciliate all who cared neither for dogmas, forms, nor institutions, by embodying in one short, easy, indulgent creed, the few points in which all were agreed, and ended all doubts and disputes upon theology by one simple definition of the deity—'Unus qui est omnia'—a definition which has always been the last conclusion of purely human reason, when, casting off the shackles of revelation, it has plunged boldly into the depths of theology, but which certainly is

not an encouragement to ordinary minds, to try and escape from mysteries, if such a mystery must await them at the end.

It is not impossible that similar designs may have led to the singular patronage extended by the Ptolemies to the Jews, who, as holding the great doctrine of the unity, were naturally confounded with the philosophical unitarians of pantheism; and if, further, when the Jews were settled in Alexandria, the government was embarrassed by the religious quarrels* which perpetually arose between them, and the Greeks, and the Egyptians, (for the very atmosphere of Alexandria seems always charged with religious dissension),† we can easily understand the anxiety to discover some middle term—a 'tertium quid'—which might stop the pressure from without, and quiet this strife of tongues.

But however well arranged this plan of religious comprehension might be, it is evident that it could have had no effect so long as the education of the Egyptians was in the hands of the ancient hierarchy. You cannot introduce a new religion without introducing at the same time a new system of education. The two go hand in hand. The Ptolemies, like men wise in their generation, neglected neither; and to match their system of religion without a creed, they contrived a plan of education without religion. It could not be otherwise.

The first Ptolemy, though a military man, was also a literary man, like Physcon and several other of his successors. Arrian‡ refers to his works as a valuable authority; and he had gathered round him, as we have seen already, many literary characters from Greece, eminent for their talents, whatever might be thought of their piety. Perhaps no better parallel could be found to the state of the Alexandrian Court during his own and succeeding reigns than that of the Court of Prussia under Frederic II. Both were military princes; both estranged from their national church; both drew to their capital a crowd of literary foreigners from a country far advanced in intellect and infidelity. Voltaire, D'Alembert, Helvetius, Maupertius, and Wolfe, were modern copies of Theodorus, Hegesias, Menedemus, Straton, and Colotes.§ The verses of D'Arnaud and Algarotti hold about the same rank in poetry as those of Acantea, Timon, and Sotades. Like the Prussian Court, the Alexandrian had its materialist physicians, and its light memoir-writers, the D'Argens, Thie-

* Tacit., lib. iv. Hist. c. 83.

† Macrob. Satur., lib. i.

‡ Antiq. Expl., vol. ii. pp. 2, 273.

* Philo Jud. adv. Flacc., vol. ii. p. 521.

† Euseb. Vit. Const., lib. iii. c. 4-23.

‡ Prefat. ad Exped. Alex.

§ See Diogen. Laert., *passim*.

baults, and La Matrie of the heathen world. There was the same literary rivalry between the king and the scholars; the same 'petits soupers,' the same envyings and quarrellings. 'No sooner,' says Lord Dover,* 'had he collected round him all that Europe could furnish of men the most eminent in talent, than his court became the focus of the lowest intrigues and jealousies.' And there was the same comprehensive liberality in matters of religion. Frederic patronised Wolfe with one hand, and the Jesuits with the other, making his own infidelity a middle term, just as Ptolemy worshipped Isis and Venus, under the intermediate abstraction of Serapis. And as Frederic founded his academy, Ptolemy Philadelphus founded his Museum.†

The history of this Institution is very little known. It is scattered through a number of works; but it is remarkable as perhaps the first attempt to place a purely literary body, dependent wholly on the Crown, at the head of the education of a nation. Perhaps in every country up to that period education had been confided to domestic or religious control. It was left for Alexandria to establish the first specimen of a London University. It consisted of a large building attached to the palace (probably a portion of the government offices), like the palatine school of Charlemagne, and was built on a splendid scale. It contained cloisters or porticos—*περιπάτους*‡—for the purpose of giving walking lectures, which had become an usual form of public instruction since the days of Aristotle;§ a public theatre or lecture-room—*ἑσδρα*; a large hall—*οἶκον μέγαν*, where the professors and fellows dined together—*συσσιτίαν τῶν μετεχόντων τοῦ Μουσείου φιλολόγων ἀνδρῶν*; and the celebrated library of 700,000 volumes. The college, with the palace, were both situated in a distinct and fortified quarter of the city, the Bruchion; and a class of critics, who never think of endowments for learning without also thinking of eating and drinking, have insisted that the name was corrupted from *εὐπορείων*,|| in allusion to the quantity of provisions consumed by the Professors.¶ Without wishing to destroy any analogy which may be supposed to exist between the collegiate bodies on the Nile, and those on the Cam and the Isis, or to deny the etymology itself, which is sanctioned by Eusebius and others, we must suggest, for the credit of the Museum, that, besides the college buttry, there

appear to have been in the same quarter of the city the public granaries, which were burnt together with the library when Alexandria was taken by Julius Cæsar.* For Alexandria, notwithstanding its trade with India, its arts, literature, luxury, and busy manufactures, appears to have been full of paupers, crying for bread,† and dependent for it on the public purse; a strange inconsistency, which we must leave to be explained by the great manufacturers of Manchester and Birmingham.‡

It appears that the Academy of Alexandria was not supported by a regular endowment. Endowments are, in the first place, very expensive, and men do not make them without having designs for the public benefit, of more than ordinary elevation and piety. To care for posterity is a good symptom, but it is not common. But they also produce too much independence for an arbitrary government to like them; and they deprive the giver of a gift of much of that pride and self-congratulation, which is the most common charm of liberality to ordinary minds. Accordingly the Museum was supported by a common fund—*χρήματα κοινὰ*.§ But this was supplied from the treasury; and the accounts seem at times to have been (we have no doubt the sarcastic Alexandrians had a word like it) *overhauled* by the Sovereign himself. Athenæus at least has recorded an anecdote, which throws light both on the literary gambols of the monarch and his *savans*; and also on the danger, in such an establish-

* Dio, lib. xlii. p. 202.

† Dion. Chrysost., *Πρός Ἀλεξανδ.* 257.

‡ One cause appears to have been that there was a party in the country who continued (it is a curious fact) the plan adopted by Joseph in the book of Exodus, and bought up the corn, so as always to have the command of the market. This party seem to have been originally the kings, and subsequently the Roman emperors, whose chief difficulty and anxiety, says Tiberius, was to provide for the supply of corn, when Rome had given up agriculture, and depended for her subsistence on foreign countries. (Tacit. Annal. lib. xii. p. 468. Brotier.) And although those foreign countries were under her own dominion, were her own provinces, close at hand, with no power to dispute her command of the sea, or to encourage them to withhold the supply, we may find that famine and consequent popular turbulence were of very common occurrence at Rome; too common for the peace of its rulers, or the good of the people. Sometimes Rome had only supplies for fifteen days (Tacit. Annal. lib. xii. 405); sometimes only for eight (Seneca ad Paulinum, c. xviii.) But then the monopoly of an agricultural interest was destroyed. And who would defend a monopoly in the staff of life? Strange that the government was obliged to accede to it, to prevent absolute ruin to the empire, and to take it out of the hands of the millers.

§ Strabo, lib.

* Life of Fred. II., vol. i. p. 463.

† Plutarch. adv. Colot. Moral.

‡ Strabo, lib. xvi. p. 793.

§ Aulus Gell, lib. iii. c. 1.

|| Salmasius ad Spartian., in Hadriano.

¶ Antiq. Rom.

ment, of indulging even in rhetorical figures without leave from the crown.

Although the Greeks had neither Quarterly nor Edinburgh Reviews, they had a number of critics; and criticism, not of the most liberal or enlightened character, seems to have been one of the pastimes of the court, even in Alexander's time. Even Aristotle thinks it necessary to give rules for answering it—*ἀποκρίσεις* *—which to a modern ear, sound very unworthy of the dignity of a philosopher. Criticism, it may be added, was also one great occupation of the Prussian court, and not of the most benevolent kind. In the Museum, however, there existed a singular specimen of the race, whose delight seems to have been, not in finding faults, but in excusing them,—Sosibius (ὁ Σοσίβιος), the apologist, the answerer of objections. In indulging this benevolent practice, he was at times, as we may well suppose, put to some difficulty; and one of his usual methods of rescuing the unhappy attacked from the arms of the critic was by the figure Anastrophe. Thus the distich of Homer was objected to—

ἄλλος μὲν μογεῶν ἀνακινήσασκε τραπέζης
Πηλεὶον εὖν. Νέστορ δ' ὁ γέρον ἀμογήντι αἰετῶν.

How could Nestor, the old man, raise a weight too heavy for Diomedes, Achilles, or Ajax? The whole difficulty, explained the kind-hearted Sosibius, is removed by the figure Anastrophe. Take γέρον from the second verse, and place it in the first, and then it will mean that no other old man could raise it, but Nestor could. Ptolemy Philadelphus thought fit to make a different use of the same figure. He ordered his chancellor of the exchequer to withhold Sosibius' pension, and to declare that it had been paid already. The unhappy Sosibius, pressed perhaps by his Coptic washerwoman, protested that nothing had been received. The king was appealed to, the books produced, and the payment pronounced to have been made. 'Here sir,' said Philadelphus, 'is your name—so much to Professor Sotex—so much to Sosigenes—so much to Bion—so much to Apollonius—So-si-bi-us. Take them from their places and put them together, and there is your receipt—by the figure Anastrophe.'

Probably, however, these freaks of royal wit were rare;—and the entertainment of the learned society seems to have been ample and splendid; so much so, as to excite considerable envy. Unhappily, we are here compelled to confess, that at Alexandria, as elsewhere in learned bodies, the

dinner-table comes forward rather too prominently. The Museum itself came to be known as the *Αἰγυρία τραπέζης*, *Αἰγυρία σιτῆος* †—and critics have given the same meaning to the term *κῆλος*, which is often applied to it—suggesting a King Arthur's round table, encircled by literary knights;—† αἱ ἐν τῇ Μουσείῳ σιτοῦμαι is the common designation of the professors, used by Philostratus; and the sarcastic Timon could not but seize the trait;—

Πολλοὶ μὲν βόσκονται ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ πολυφύλῳ
Βιβλιακοὶ χαρακίται, ἀκίρῃτα ὀφειώμεντες
Μουσέων ἐν τράλῃ.—*Athenæus*, lib. i. c. xli.

where M. Matter ‡—we will hope more from delicacy to the philosophers than from ignorance—translates *βοσκονται* by 'lose their colour' with study—while Grævius and Gronovius both propose giving an additional blow to the unhappy fraternity, by converting *χαρακίται*, 'hedged and fenced in with books,' or 'armed with pens,' into *καρκαίται*, 'chattering like crows in a basket.' One exception we think ourselves bound to mention, in noticing this sweeping charge against the members of the Museum, of fattening on a learned leisure. Philetas, one of their most distinguished grammarians and critics, and tutor to the second Ptolemy, is expressly recorded by Athenæus § to have so reduced himself by his studies, *λεχθὼν τὸν τὸ σῶμα διὰ τὰς γρήσεις*, that he was obliged, according to *Ælian*, || to wear leaden bullets in his shoes, lest he should be blown away by the wind; and he came to a melancholy and untimely end through the same unwearied exertions in the cause of science, having wasted away, or, as it is expressed, evaporated, ¶ in an unsuccessful attempt to unravel the sophism of 'the Liar.'

We may easily suppose that a royal Institution of this nature, looking to the lax theology both of those who supported, and those who subsisted in it, was not agreeable to the old ecclesiastical authorities. If they did not publicly remonstrate, they probably looked on with much jealousy; and as they were a body too strong to be despised, it would appear that the religious prejudices of the country were in some measure consulted by placing the establishment under the superintendence of a priest of Isis—*ιερεὺς ὁ ἐν τῷ Μουσείῳ τεταγμένος* **. Whether or not, though a priest, he was also an Egyptian Whig, we do not venture to say.

* Philostr. passim.

† Neocorus, Mus. Alex., p. 2773. Ant. Græc.

‡ Hist. de l'École d'Alexan.

§ Lib. ix.

|| Var. Hist. iv. 14.

¶ Suidas, Art. Philet.

** Strabo, lib. xvi. p. 793.

* De Arte Poet., ad fin.

But he was probably one who did not disapprove the government plan of education, and thought general knowledge and physical science of far more importance to mankind than mere doctrinal theology. That the government were not without adherents in the hierarchy may be inferred from the liberality of Manetho, who, at the king's request, translated many of the records belonging to the priests, and divulged their secrets. It may be worth while to add, that if the Egyptian establishment was propitiated by the appointment at first of one of its own members, the rule does not appear to have been observed afterwards—at least if we may draw an inference from an obscure passage in an anonymous work,* which speaks of a contest between the Egyptians and the Greeks, 'quis eorum Museum accipiat;' or, as Gothofred himself explains the words, which party should be placed at the head of the Museum. But the translation is perhaps too bold; and as we hear no more of the priest, it is an easier conjecture that the office sunk into insignificance and contempt, as such offices, under such circumstances, naturally would do.

It must be needless to point out that the University of Alexandria was conducted on the most liberal principles in the admission of its members. The professors and fellows were appointed by the crown, and they comprehended distinguished men from all quarters of the world, τοῖς ἐν πόλει τῇ γῇ ἡλλογμένοι without national or religious distinction. The Ptolemies, we know, gathered round them literary men of all classes; and Zoilus is the only instance given of a repulse.† Homer, indeed, was the idol of the Alexandrian literary world; and we must not, therefore, be surprised, that to abuse him was no passport to the royal favour. In later times the emperors exercised the right of appointment. Thus Hadrian gave a fellowship to the poet Pancrates for suggesting that a newly-discovered species of the red lotus had taken its colour from the blood of a notorious wild boar, which Hadrian had killed in hunting; and that it might be appropriately named after Antinous, who had recently been drowned in the Nile.§ It is probable that such a test of genius was not thrown away; and that it produced far greater effects in stimulating a rivalry of talent in the same line of compliment than any examination to which modern students are subjected at an election

to our college fellowships. Dionysius of Miletus* and Polemon† were also appointed by Hadrian, and Zeno by Julian.‡

But there is a still more important question respecting the members of the college of Alexandria—a question which was once asked by an illustrious lady respecting a learned society in the university of Oxford—what did the fellows of the Museum do? And on this we must confess ourselves nearly as much at a loss for an answer, as the respondent to the royal querist is maliciously supposed to have been. That they ate and drank, history, as we have seen, has abundantly informed us; that they possessed a magnificent library is also well known; but a little anecdote has reached us, through Vitruvius, which may suggest doubt whether it was generally used,§ at least in an honest way. It appears that one of the Ptolemies (in the passage, as it stands, there is evidently an anachronism) had instituted some games, disputations and recitations, in honour of Apollo; and the Fellows of the Museum were called upon to perform their part in the ceremony. One of the judges being absent, the name of Aristophanes was suggested as a proper person to supply his place; and the reason assigned was, that he had attracted attention, perhaps we might say, had made himself singular, by his regular attendance in the library. As the recitation proceeded, the audience applauded and applauded—Aristophanes alone refused to approve; and the only competitor, whom he condescended to notice, was one whom the audience rejected. The pit of an Alexandrian theatre was, at all times, a scene of uproar. On the present occasion it became unmanageable. But Aristophanes remained unmoved; and at last confirmed his decision by informing them, that every candidate but this one had 'cribbed' his verses.

Attached to the museum there was also a botanical garden,|| in which Ptolemy Philadelphus had collected a variety of plants from the south, and a menagerie, or zoological garden,¶ which latter science had reached such a height, and made such discoveries for the improvement of human happiness, that they were even enabled to rear pheasants for the royal table, though they were, unhappily, 'very expensive eating'—πολυτελεῖς βρωμα. Fondness, indeed, for these studies, particularly for the latter, is a cha-

* Vetus Descript. Orbis. edit. a Jacob Gothof.

† Philostr. Vit. Soph. lib. i. Vit. Dionys.

‡ Vitruv. Præf. ad lib. vii.

§ Athenæ. lib. xv. c. vi.

* Philostr. Vit. Dionys. p. 524.

† Philostr. Vit. Polem. 532.

‡ Julian. Epist. 5.

§ Præf. ad lib. vii.

|| Philostratus Vit. Apollon. vi. 24.

¶ Athenæus, xiv. p. 654.

racteristic of the Alexandrian age. They amuse without fatiguing—give scope for curiosity, without requiring any exercise of mind—fill the ignorant with wonder, and provide the learned with subjects intelligible to the vulgar, and on which, therefore, they can always find an audience to stare at and admire them. When old ladies have no better object for their affection, or have forgotten their religious and domestic duties, they take to cats and monkeys, and excuse their fondness for the brute creation by calling it compassion for their helplessness, just as the Zoological Society apologises for the cruelty attending its 'raree show' by talking of *science*. Whether the members of the museum, on sacred days devoted to meditation and retirement, used to throw open their gardens to a fashionable mob of Alexandrians, as an appropriate religious exercise, writers have not informed us.

Critical discussion was another amusement; and, if we may trust Matter, whose accuracy, however, is very doubtful, they appear to have had regular field-days for the purposes of this literary skirmishing:—'*Les membres du musée s'entretenaient habituellement de ces sujets; ils se distribuèrent les rôles de demandans et de répondans*'—*ῥωτητοὶ καὶ ἀποκρίται.*"

Writing verses was another—and verses not lightly thrown off under the impulse of the moment, or flowing into the easy forms of common metre, but elaborated by the most anxious care into shape and figure—the shape of birds, axes, hammers, triangles, and eggs. Occasionally these tasks were relieved by the business of compilation, and the treasures of the library were reproduced under a variety of light forms; for the Alexandrian readers delighted in anecdotes, marvellous stories, memoirs, journals of travels, reminiscences of one's own times, private scandal, short, pithy extracts from works too grave to be read throughout; and though they had not yet arrived at regular magazines, those omnibuses of literature, which journey about the streets of the literary world monthly and weekly, to pick up every wandering scribbler who has only a few pages to go, and cannot afford a book of his own—they evidently understood (nearly as well as ourselves) the art of providing slop and puddings for the weak stomach of a sickly reading world. But we must not be tempted as yet into the subject of their literature.

At a later period under the Roman empire, we find Claudius adding to the original

building, and apparently increasing the number of fellowships—*τοὶ ἐν τοῦ Κλαυδίου οὐνοσφαιστῶνται*;^{*} and their chief business appears to have been, to read out certain histories written by the emperor himself once every year, as the statutes are ordered to be read in most colleges, or, rather, as a fixed series of lectures—'*velut in auditorio*.'[†] Whether similar practices had prevailed before, is uncertain.

We may naturally expect to find that a lively war of wit was carried on within the walls of the museum. Form a society of exclusively literary men, without religious principles and sound internal government to check them, and active serious duties to engage them in a common object, and you make a hot-bed of jealousy and rivalry. Give the combatants a ready logic, and you arm them for the battle; add an Alexandrian spirit, and the war must be interminable. Think of the little, lively, swarthy Egyptian 'catching fire at a word, and always on the *qui vive* for dispute and repartee,'[‡] shut up in the same precincts with the subtle, logical, contentious Greek—the Greek armed with all the arts and stratagems, the spring-traps, and gins, and lusses of the sophistical school; the Egyptian as resolved not to yield, as he was at all times to refuse payment of his taxes till nearly scourged to death, or to confess a crime even on the rack.[§] Then think of the nick-names and satire—the libels, and counter-libels, the caricatures and scandals in which both parties delighted—*ἀνέκδοτα καὶ ἀγέλην στίμαρα*||—*ἰδέα στίμαρα, βλάστησι γλώσσαι Αἰγύπτου*;[¶] then of the rival sects established within the same walls; and we might suppose that all the majesty of the adjoining court, and the police of the Alexandrian Bow-street, would have been unable to maintain the peace. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to remove such apprehensions. With the exception of two cases, which are mentioned elsewhere, of death from logic, we have met with no such calamitous results but one; and even this, we will hope, is a metaphorical statement. Menedemus, the Eretrian dialectician, is certainly charged by his biographer with a tendency to pugilism, whenever he engaged in argument; and his opponents seem equally vivacious, for Me-

^{*} Athenæ. lib. vi. c. ix.

[†] Sueton. Vit. Claud. c. xlv.

[‡] *Homines Ægyptii suffusculi sunt . . . gracilenti, et aridi—ad singulos motus excoarcescentes, controversi, et reposcenes acerrimi.* Ammian. Marcell. lib. xxii. c. xvi.

[§] Ælian, V. H. lib. xxii. c. xvi.

|| Philo. de Virtut. vol. ii. p. 570.

[¶] Chrysost. Homil. in Martyr. Ægypt. tom. ii. p. 699. Bened. ed.

^{*} Porphy. in Scholiis ad Iliad. i. 684. Valckenær Dissert. de Scol. p. 145.

nedemus rarely escaped without a black eye ;
ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖσι δὲ μάλιστα ἦν, ὡς ἐν πόλει φέρων ἀντιμ.

But in general the professors and fellows appear to have been pacifically inclined, and many compliments passed between them. Callimachus, among others, wrote a poem in praise of the Museum ; and in the spurious Epistles of Apollonius, the learned Society of Alexandria are gratefully acknowledged 'as offering a relief from the barbarism of Greece.' Much of this is to be accounted for by the yielding, elastic nature of the philosophical principles professed. Men clad in the hard armour of Stoicism, or any other high-minded system, can scarcely encounter each other without real blows, real hurts, a real battle ;—but Stoicism paid few visits to Alexandria ; and men padded with the soft pillows of scepticism and Epicurism might fence together from morning till night, and retire without a scratch.

One more occupation of the Museum may be mentioned. It was the art of medicine—an art highly necessary to all men, but those who live temperately and exercise themselves in hardy pursuits. Moderns may well be astonished to find Plato, in his Republic, declaring that the very existence of physicians is a proof of vice in a nation ; but it is singular that the early Christians seem to have taken a similar view, and to have thought that a regular discipline of the body in abstinence and endurance of labour was a far wiser way to health than quacking ourselves—*γοοορδία*. They seem to have been rather ashamed of being ill—at any rate ashamed of not curing themselves in a manly way. We are very far from wishing to cast any slur upon the distinguished Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, who flourished at Alexandria and now flourish in London, but we fear we must take them as correlatives and infallible witnesses to the self-indulgence and vicious gratifications of their respective metropolises. Alexandria, we know, was famous for introducing dissection. Its medical school soon, indeed, sunk down from experimental science into magic and astrology ; but its fame lasted longer than that of any other department of the Museum. It was enough, says Ammian, to say that a physician came from Egypt.† It is worth remarking that this unusual demand for physic prevailed in a city expressly built by Dinocharēs with a view to a healthy circulation of air,‡—on a soil so fertile as to yield a centuple produce of some seeds, of wheat from seven to fifteen fold, and some-

times as high as twenty-four—in a climate, where scarcely a day passed without clear sunshine, where the ground was covered with flowers, and, as Strabo and Ammian assert, a man might almost 'believe himself in another world.'

It is evident that to become a member of this learned body by no means implied exclusion from the fashionable world. On the contrary, it was rather a passport to admission to the court circle and the royal table ; and the nature of these parties might probably be learned from anecdotes of the *petits soupers* at Potsdam. Josephus* has left an account of the entertainment, at which Ptolemy Philadelphus received the translators of the Septuagint. The king himself took his seat in the middle of the table, and the guests ranged themselves on each side. They were served according to Jewish customs. The usual priests, prayers, and sacrifices employed on such occasions were, with great delicacy and liberality of feeling, put aside. One of the translators, a priest, was requested to stand up and offer an extempore prayer instead, which was received with loud applause. After supper, Josephus proceeds, the king began to philosophise, and proposed to them questions on physical science, intermixed with logical problems. Sometimes the royal sage illustrated his philosophical theories with a practical joke.

Having once enticed a stray Stoic, Sphaerus, to his table (Stoics, as we have before said, being no ordinary occurrence at Alexandria), he presented him with some artificial pomegranates, and, while the teeth of the philosopher were deeply imbedded in the wax, begged to know, and not in the most courtly tone—*ἀνέβηκεν ἡ βασιλεὺς,†*—what he then thought of his own maxim—'that the wise man was never deceived by appearances.' But the mysteries of logic appear to have formed the favourite discussion—discussions sometimes attended with more fatal results than the mastication of paint and wax. The unhappy Diodorus, famed for his own invention both of the Veiled and the Horned Sophism, was one night at the royal table caught by Stilpo in a similar trap. Unable to extricate himself, he received a severe rebuke from the king, together with the nickname of *Κρόνος*—pretty nearly equivalent to our English 'old fool'—which Diodorus took so much to heart, that he left the room, went home, wrote a book on the problem, and died of despair.‡ Hadrian, at a

* Diog. Laert. lib. i. Art. Menexed.

† Lib. xx. c. 16.

‡ Diod. Sic. lib. xvii. ; Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. v. c. 10.

* Antiq. lib. xii. c. ii.

† Diog. Laert. lib. vii. § 100

‡ Ib. lib. ii. § iii.

later date, is described as passing his time in proposing questions to the professors and answering them himself;* and any one familiar with the private history of other literary monarchs, especially of our own Elizabeth and James I., will recognise this as no uncommon exercise of the royal prerogative. It might be amusing and not uninteresting, to review generally this history of the alliance between royalty and literature, from Croesus and Solon, down to Napoleon with his donkey-mounted savans on their march in Egypt; and it would exhibit little advantage either to one side or the other. The independence of mind and genius and the supremacy of temporal power can only work together harmoniously when the two are equally balanced; and this cannot be, except where religion intervenes to give real self-respect to the philosopher, and real self-restraint to the prince. The connection of Frederic and Voltaire, beginning in the grossest flattery, and ending in the meanest recrimination, is but a sample of the whole.†

But after the establishment of so many petty monarchies at the breaking up of the Macedonian empire, it became the fashion for courts to gather round them a tribe of literary men. Letters were written entreating philosophers, if they could not come themselves, at least to send some of their disciples.‡ Pensions, office, comfortable living, were held out as lures.§ At times the royal mandate went beyond a lure, and Perdiccas threatened Diogenes that if he refused to come, he (Perdiccas) would certainly be the death of him: *ei μὴ ἔλθοι πρὸς αὐτὸν, ἀποκτενεῖται*.|| Sometimes the invitation was refused, especially by the Stoics;¶ and when it was accepted, the surly virtue of true philosophy rose up occasionally in rebellion against the patronage which it condescended to accept; even the Eretriac Menodemus risked the loss of his life from Nicocreon by criticising his card of invitation to a monthly dinner at the royal table.** But the whole system presents a melancholy picture; and instead of regarding it with satisfaction, as we are commonly taught to speak, it should be a

warning both in its principles and effects against the vain attempt to raise by temptations of luxury and money any really good or noble creations of the human intellect. Make men of talent what they should be as a whole, and you may expect them to be a blessing and an ornament to mankind. But to make them this, they must have self-respect, high objects to work for, freedom from unworthy trammels, and retirement from the corrupting air of a luxurious court. They must have independence—just such an independence as secures them against want, while it prohibits self-indulgence. For this you must have endowments, and with endowments, institutions venerable, elevated, and sacred, to create a similar spirit in those who are living within them. Where these are to be procured without religion and the Church it is hard to say; but without them, literature and literary men will, if they arise at all, prove only a nuisance to society, and a poison to national virtue. How far this is borne out by a review of Alexandrian literature we may see hereafter.

But before we proceed to this point, there is another office which we should expect to find discharged by the Learned Society of the Museum—the office of practical, as well as of speculative education. We might naturally expect to find something like Schools attached to something like a University: and it is with some regret, though we must confess ourselves without much surprise, that we have been unable to trace the slightest hint of such a system in the earlier times* of the Ptolemies. The same deficiency is observable in the history of the French philosophers who served as heralds to the French Revolution, and in the Academy of Frederic. Nothing could be more patriotic and comprehensively benevolent than their views. Their talents and lives were to be spent in spreading truth, correcting errors, reforming abuses, extending the power and knowledge of mankind, and converting this benighted earth into a paradise of happiness and freedom. But one mode—and some persons might suppose the most obvious and only mode—of accomplishing their purpose, they seem to have quite overlooked; they did not attempt practically to educate the rising generation. They wrote, and published, and reaped the harvest of their labour in an ample return of popular wonderment; but the drudgery of tuition, the condescension to inferior

* Spart. in Hadr. c. xx.

† One of the charges, which the king condescended to bring against Voltaire, was for embezzling some odds and ends of chocolate, and pocketing wax candles, in order to indemnify himself for certain deficiencies in his promised salary—a charge not the more regal, because it was probably true.

‡ See the letters of Antigonus to Zeno. Laert. lib. vii. § 7.

§ Laert. lib. vi. 44; lib. iv. 38, 41; Suidas in Barton.

|| Laert. in Diogen.

¶ Laert. lib. vii. 185; lib. iv. 39.

** Laert. lib. ii. 1329.

* Aristarchus is indeed mentioned by Suidas as the ἀντισχολαστής of Crates; but we fear the term cannot be construed to mean two rival schoolmasters, in our modern sense of the word at the most it would imply two rival schools of philosophy.

minds, the patience and long endurance of conquering stubborn wills, and drawing out dormant faculties, and enlightening stupidity and ignorance, they left to others; if any attempt was made, it seems to have been limited to a select circle of submissive disciples, or to have taken the form of mere professorial lectures, in which the vanity of the teacher was fully indulged without the slightest sacrifice of indolence or patience. The fact is remarkable, and it is worth while to bear it in mind, when systems of education are propounded which happen to leave out the only condition, under which, with the exception perhaps of a false, momentary, and dangerous enthusiasm, we can expect to find men willing to devote themselves heartily and laboriously to the instruction of the young. Can education be carried on—has it ever been carried on—in this way, without religion to inspire and support, as well as to direct the teacher?

At a later period, however, than the Ptolemies, Alexandria begins to assume the character most familiar to us under the notion of an University. It becomes a place of education; and the Museum must naturally have taken a considerable share in it. It is remarkable that this sudden and spontaneous demand for instruction, accompanied with the establishment of new schools in every part of the Roman empire, was simultaneous with the rise of that strong instinct of religion—or, if religion is not the word, of superstition—which preceded the formation of the new Platonic philosophy. Society had lain dead, reason was exhausted, morals corrupted, truth torn to atoms—all the higher interests and duties of life crushed under the weight of the Roman domination. Patriotism had nothing to expatiate in, and religion had become a farce; and then, when everything seemed lost, a fresh stirring commenced beneath the surface, and man began once more to raise his head and cast up a longing look for some higher and better things. The same phenomenon is to be observed preparatory to the reformation. The same may be observed now, and it marks an approaching crisis. Not only at Alexandria, but at Rome, Athens, Antioch, Marseilles, Ephesus, Rhodes, Pergamus, Smyrna, in Cappadocia, and various other parts, schools sprung up about the beginning of the Christian era, as they are springing up now, and (which is the chief point to be observed) with similar novelties and errors in their construction.

Under the old and original systems of government, both in the heathen and Christian eras, education was carried on by collegiate institutions, belonging, not to the State,

but to the Church. There is no doubt that in Egypt, Persia, and other Eastern empires, there were institutions, analogous to the first schools which rose up in Christendom under the wing of our cathedrals and monasteries; and the advantages were obvious. The corporate character of these bodies contributed to ensure uniformity and stability of doctrine. They compensated for the defects of individual teachers. They stood over the pupil, from first to last, with a moral authority which controlled his passions, while it elevated his sentiments. They were enabled to take in a wider range of education; and they offered a retreat and reward to the young, whose education was finished, far better, and more congenial, than any which they are now compelled to seek in the wide world. Their independence of the State was another advantage; they were not exposed to the fluctuations of politics; they stood between the roused energies of a reason often turbulent, and of youthful passions always rebellious—between these and the supreme civil powers; and prevented those collisions, which, in the absence of such a medium, have always prevailed between crowds of undisciplined students and the government, which is obliged to coerce them. The German universities require a regiment to manage them; the pupils of the *Ecole Polytechnique* are admirable hands at a barricade; and the Roman emperors were compelled to place the under-graduates of Rome under the strict surveillance of the police,* and to threaten unruly members with transportation to Africa. We do not say that the education of the middle ages, in these monastic bodies, was perfect, or anything like perfect. The loss of Greek literature left them without any adequate exercise for the intellect; and the authority, which presided over the schools, as over the churches, was often abused to tyranny, and still more often neglectfully relaxed. But we do say that the principle of educating by collegiate bodies incorporated in the church, instead of by individuals, or shifting commissions appointed by the State, is of incalculable importance; and its abandonment by the foundation of Universities was one of the first steps to that career of insubordination both in human will and human understanding, to which we are now indebted for the calamities that beset and threaten us.

In England, and in England only, the same merciful Providence, which has interposed so often in behalf of an ungrateful people, led the Church almost unconsciously to raise up her own power within the civil

* Guizot, *civilisation de l'Europe*, vol. I.

power of the universities, as they emanated from the Crown, by founding colleges to receive the students under something like domestic protection. The Colleges are the representative of the Church, and the University of the State; and when, by the multiplication of colleges, the circles of each were made at last to coincide, so that no one was a member of the university without being a member of a college, the union of Church and State was completed. The universities became consolidated with the Church; and all the dangers of political interference with the quiet sacred duties of education were prevented, while all the benefits were preserved, which might be derived from the legitimate superintendence and co-operation of the Crown.

But for our colleges, the universities would by this time have been in the hands of philosophical radicals, instead of English Churchmen. Hence the attacks which have been made on the collegiate system; hence the plans which were contrived and executed by Whig governments of revolution date, for corrupting the universities through the colleges, and to which we undoubtedly owe the low state into which they had fallen previous to their recent resuscitation by their own energies; * hence also the efforts to raise up rival places of education to Oxford and Cambridge, in which no such bar should exist to the diffusion of democratic principles. And hence also—that is, from the want of colleges—the great schools and universities of Christendom, previous to the development of the collegiate system, and those of heathenism, between the Ptolemaean era and the sixth century, became the focus of every mischief, which can result from a high pressure of intellectual excitement removed from all moral control. They became what our educational reformers would make of Oxford and Cambridge, and every other place where they would raise either a German university or a new-fangled 'National School.'

Crowds of students wandered about the world, picking up a little rhetoric at Athens, then running off to a course of grammar at Rome, and then settling for a time under a philosopher at Alexandria. Wherever an eminent popular professor fixed himself, there rose a school; † and students flocked together, removed from parental control, with no regulated system of thought, and no restraint upon their fancy or their life. Having full

licence to choose their own teacher, they chose, as we might naturally expect, the most florid, worthless rhetorician, or the wildest enthusiast. They listened to him, as long as they liked, deifying him—(it is the constant language of Eunapius)—and worshipping him with an adulation which converted the whole tribe of professors, as Philostratus observes, into a set of 'peacocks.' As the government patronised all sects alike, and endowed* chairs of Stoicism, Peripateticism, Epicurism, and Platonism, with the most liberal promiscuousness, all symptoms of definiteness or stability of doctrine—or, indeed, of belief in anything but the whim of the moment—were effectually destroyed. The choice of teachers being open, the professor was compelled to court instead of governing his audience; his fees depended on his popularity; and the lamentation of Augustine is borne out by many other writers, that to cheat the professor of his pay was as common at Rome, as to insult him in the lecture-room was common at Carthage.

The rivalry of these learned individuals was not confined to their chairs in the schools, where each endeavoured to establish his own supremacy, and theory after theory rose and fell like sand-hills in an hour-glass. It extended beyond the precincts. †

* Athenæus, lib. xiii. p. 610. This was done among others, by the Antonines at Athens, who assigned an annual stipend of 10,000 drachmas to each of the chairs—not a very liberal allowance, considering the habits and wealth of the day (Juvenal. in Eunuch. Philostr. Vit. Soph. lib. ii. c. 2;) but these salaries were augmented by fees. Gibbon's remark on the fact is worthy of him:—'It is remarkable,' he says, 'that the impartial favour of the Antonines was bestowed on the four adverse sects of philosophy, which they considered as equally useful, or at least as equally innocent. . . . After banishing Epicurus, and silencing his doctrines, they recalled him—convinced, by the experience of ages, that the moral character of philosophers is not affected by the diversity of their theological speculations.'—(vol. iv. c. xv. p. 116. 4to.) We had always understood that the moral and theological speculations of Epicurus—as of every other teacher pretending to the name of a philosopher—were so blended as to be inseparable; that, in fact, religion was a part of morality, and morality of religion: and that religion could no more exist without a corresponding theology, than a man's body without his bones, or affections without an object to rest on. It is indeed remarkable that such men as the Antonines should have considered Epicurism and Stoicism equally useful, or equally innocent. They might as well have assented at once to two systems of astronomy as equally true, one of which made the sun go round the earth, and the other the earth round the sun. The real fact was, that no philosophy at all was taught in these chairs; and the schools had dwindled down into mere theatres for rhetorical display. All principle had vanished, when contradictions were equally patronised.

† Eunapii, Vit. Proceres. p. 133.

* See a curious proposal of this kind in the 'Col. lectanea Curiosa.'

† Polemon, a celebrated sophist, says his biographer Philostratus (Vit. Sophist. art. Polem.), almost made the fortune of Smyrna by giving his lectures there.

Battles—and battles between opposite classes, and sometimes between different countrymen, who ranged themselves into national lectures under national professors, disturbed the streets of Athens—just as they used to disturb the streets of Oxford before the collegiate system was formed; when Welshmen were banded against Irishmen, Englishmen against Scotchmen, and even founders of colleges were compelled to insert in their statutes, that ‘Northmen should not abuse Southmen, nor Southmen Northmen.’ The whole population, say both Gregory Nazianzen† and Eunapius, took an interest in the rival chairs; and no sooner did a vessel arrive at Athens, than men stationed ‘at the quays, on the heights, in the streets,’ seized on the candidates for academical honours, and carried them off in triumph to the favourite professor, and the boarding-house which he patronised. The same writers give an amusing account of the process of matriculation among the gentlemen under-graduates of Athens. No sooner was Freshman announced than the whole body waited on him, and led him off to the baths, in a triumphal procession, insulting and abusing him the whole way, till they arrived at the door, which they assaulted, and, to use an academical phrase, ‘sported,’ and left the poor man half dead with alarm and vexation; the discipline appears to have been so severe and painful to an ingenuous mind, that Eunapius expresses the deepest gratitude to his tutor Proseresius, for having interfered to save him from it; and Gregory, in his funeral oration on Basil, congratulates himself on having been able to perform the same kind office for that dear friend. Other traits occur in scattered writings which imply alike a coarse and undisciplined, and almost brutal tone of mind in the ancient universities; and though we are not to confound mere juvenile ebullitions of vivacity with a recklessness and want of feeling, or to deny that doors are sometimes ‘sporting’ at Oxford and Cambridge, and bonfires lighted at times in one college, and fireworks disseminated in another, an Englishman may well be proud of the general disciplined gentlemanly feeling which pervades his collegiate universities, and which so keeps down the rude insolent spirit too generally prevalent in assemblages of young men, that with all their freedom of association quarrelling is most rare, and duelling—the very life of a German student—altogether unknown. All this, also, is owing to our collegiate discipline; and unless we wish to see the young men of England reduced, in

tone and habits of life, to the level of German *burschen*, or, what may be still worse, to that of the medical tyros in London, we shall not suffer any new system to be introduced, which, though it increased the number of students in our old universities, would leave them without the domestic shelter of a college. Far rather shall we join in the efforts, which the governors of the London Hospitals are, it is understood, now making, to provide them with similar institutions for the accommodation of the medical profession.

Of the effects of this style of education it is scarcely necessary to speak. If on education, as it is said, depends the fate of a country, to this we must ascribe the formation of that spirit under which nation after nation fell a prey to Rome; through which Rome itself, exhausted with civil wars, sunk under the tyranny of the emperors, and the arms of the north; and liberty, virtue, reason, and truth disappeared from the heathen world, until Christianity came down from heaven to revive their ashes. The great mass of Alexandrian literature has perished by its own acknowledged worthlessness. The Greek of the later days is almost valueless—the Roman is but a faint copy from the Greek; and the only portion which is original and commanding was called into existence by the crimes and follies of a most profligate age. When strength of mind again appears, it is in the form of Christianity; and Guizot’s observation on France is true of the whole of that period, ‘that with all the advantages of patronage, establishments, public favour, and prescriptive influence possessed by the heathen universities, it was in the Christian schools alone that any advance was made by human reason, or any contribution stored up for the benefit of truth.’* But we must proceed to one more and the last point.

With this tendency to remove restrictions, both on the private life and course of study of the pupil, and on the extravagances and fancies of the teacher, there was naturally coupled a phenomenon, which has revived in the modern parallel period—an enormous multiplication of books. We are not among those who would abolish the printing-press, or prohibit reading; but we hold, as the wisest of men have held, that much reading without much thinking, and either, or both together, without a living moral power standing by to interpret, explain, correct, apply, discriminate, and confirm written teaching—to prepare the mind for receiving it, and to impress it on the mind when received, by a

* Oration in S. Basilicum.

* Guizot, Sur la Civilisation de l’Europe.

system of catechetical instruction—is not merely useless, but is most highly pernicious.

A book cannot speak; it cannot answer interrogatories; it cannot rebuke presumption; it lies powerless in our hands; it rouses no shame by its presence; it provokes no reluctant curiosity; it stimulates no industry, except in minds of the highest order, and in subjects intrinsically inviting; it cannot compel attention, nor punish neglect. The mind sits listlessly and indolently waiting for the ideas as they come, without taking trouble to anticipate, arrange, or sift them, and looking only to be amused; and the living principle within it soon learns to domineer over the dead letter, to pronounce on it as a judge; to criticise and pervert; to make it the mere echo of itself; to teach instead of being taught. Unlimited to one class of subjects, it ranges over the wide field of literature, picking up a smattering of every thing, and knowing little of any. It will read for display, because to study for truth's sake is a painful, laborious process; and either a meretricious rhetoric, or a captious logic, or a farrago of bare facts, will be the object of its pursuit, because these only will enable a man to gain an easy applause in ordinary society. Hence conceit, arrogance, frivolity, and the whole tribe of literary vices. Hence also the pretension to a universal knowledge—to something which may enable the possessor to shine on every subject and in every company. And as rhetoric, logic, and what is called general information, have each this advantage, we find them all the prevailing fashion in the Alexandrian era, as well as in the ages preceding the Reformation, and in our own.

Nor must we forget the inevitable result of a multifarious reading without a guide—the loss of truth—that truth which is but one, and which few can keep in sight, when wandering over a variety of systems. Hence mainly the syncretistic principle of the Alexandrian school—a principle exhibited in the very first formation of the Ptolemæan library. Demetrius Phaleræus was especially enjoined* to collect together *all the writings in the world*. The king, it is added, 'wrote letters to every king and governor, entreating them to send him every kind of work,' poets, novel-writers, orators, sophists, physicians, medico-sophists, historiographers, 'and others,' whatever the precise character of these authors may have been. When he inquired of the librarian how many had been accumulated, he was reminded not

only of the Jewish scriptures yet unobtained, but of a 'multitude of works still lying hid among the Ethiopians, Indians, Persians, Elamites, Babylonians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, and Latins.* And, according to Cerdrenus,† he even procured the translation into Greek, not only of the Old Testament, but of Chaldean, Egyptian, and Latin works, to the amount of 100,000 volumes. We must be cautious in receiving such statements, but the principle is allowed.

The next step to the formation of such a library‡ was the creation of a similar literature; and never was a parallel more remarkable than between the literature of Europe in the last two hundred years, and that which rose up in Egypt under the patronage of the Ptolemies, to pave the way first for a sceptical philosophy, then for a frivolous physical science, as it is called, and then for pantheism: but this subject is too large and important to be treated cursorily, and must be reserved for another occasion.

But the whole subject of popular literature requires the deepest consideration. The press is pouring out every day a tide of books, which distract the attention, weaken the judgment, corrupt the taste, and defy the criticism of the public by their very multitude. Every one, young or old, man or woman, fool or wise, thinks himself able to say something which may catch the public eye, and raise himself either money or notoriety. The whole world is become a great school, where all the pupils have turned themselves into teachers; and the ravenous appetite of an idle people, always craving for some new excitement or amusement, and ready to swallow the most unwholesome food, is daily stimulating the market. What

* Epiphan. ib.

† Hist. Comp. p. 136. ed. Xylander.

‡ The history of the Alexandrian library is very perplexed; but those who wish to enter into it, the following works may be referred to:—Strabo Geograp. lib. xiii. p. 609; Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxii.; Plutarch Apophtheg. Reg.; Athenæus, lib. I. c. 3; Vitruvius Prefat. lib. 7; Josephus Antiq. xii. 2; Contra Apion, ii. 7; Irenæus, iii. 25; Clemens Alexandrin. Stromat. lib. i. c. 22; Cyrill. Hierosol. Catechet. iv. 34; Epiphanius de Mens. et Ponder. 9; Hieronymus Comment. in Daniele, lib. xi.; August. Civit. Dei, xviii. 42. Besides the following moderns; Justus Lipsius De Bibliot. 11; Bonamy Mém. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, ix. 10; Bech Specimen Hist. Bibliot. Alexand.; Sainte Croix, Magasin Encyclop. tom. v. p. 432; Reinhard Ueber die letzten Schicksale; Matter sur l'Ecole d'Alexandrie, vol. i. p. 47; Guericke on the Catechetical School; Fabricius Biblioth. Græc. ed. Harles, vol. ii. p. 500. We must not forget the work of the learned Joachim Maderus, who has given an account of all the libraries in the world, including those which were collected before the flood;—De Libris, et Bibliothecis Antediluvianis.

* Epiphan. de Mens. et Pond. § 9. Josep. Ant. lib. xii. c. 11.

should we say if man had the power of so volatilising a grain of arsenic, that its effluvia should spread over a whole country, entering into every house, and penetrating to the most vital parts of the body? and yet, until it is shown that the human mind is good itself and a source of good—that it is not, what we know it to be, save only when purified by religion, corrupt itself, and a corruptor of others: this power, which every man possesses and so many exercise, of diffusing their thoughts over the world, and insinuating them into the heart of a nation, is, in reality, the power of spreading a pestilential miasma.

And, therefore, the subject of popular literature is a question of deep anxiety; and the church ought, without delay, to examine it, and to provide a literature for this country, which, if it cannot expel the present from the market, may at least supply the wants, and prevent the infection of the sounder part of the population. Some steps to this end have already been taken, and we trust they will be followed up. Instead of being alarmed at the assertion so cunningly made, in order to drive truth out of the world, that every science and art should be cautiously kept apart, and religion and politics be confined to one province of their own, let it be boldly maintained that religion and politics have no such separate province—that they are the lords and masters of the whole range of science; with a right to interfere and overrule the moment, though not before, their laws are impugned in any part; and demanding to be recognised in *all*—to have their names proclaimed and their decrees registered in *all*—in allegiance to their paramount authority.

We cannot, indeed, bring men to believe, true as it is, that to write is not to be wise—that to read is not to learn—that literature is no proof of enlightenment. Talking much, we know, from the highest authorities, is a sign of folly; listening greedily to the idle talk of others is no great symptom of sense; and whether we hear with ears or eyes, and talk with tongue or pen, it matters little.

But we may, by great exertions, construct a fresh literature, less mischievous than the present—a new river, instead of the ditch-water of the Thames. We may, at least, fumigate the press; and, for this purpose, every book written should be imbued and impregnated with sound principles, both religious and political. Poetry, history, philosophy, travels, novels, reviews, newspapers, grammars, every thing should contain in them the great truths, which it is required to inculcate on the human mind. Horne Tooke and Cobbett wrapt up their democratical

poisons in syntax and etymology. The Jesuits made even the *Gradus ad Parnassum* a disseminator of popery. 'Give me the making of your ballads,' said a keen observer of mankind, 'and I care little who makes your laws.' And it is because we have neglected these simple lessons, that boys can scarcely find a history of the day which does not make them admire rebellion and despise obedience—or a book on morals, which does not set religion aside—or a poem, which is not a pander to some silly sentiment, or some vicious passion.

We have thrown together a few observations, which have occurred in examining the rise and progress of the Alexandrian philosophy. No system of philosophy falls from the clouds; it is the growth of time and circumstances, and preceded by many symptoms—often slight, and at first sight fanciful, but to a careful observer, very real. It was when a belief in a definite system of revealed religious truth had been destroyed by popular licentiousness, by the bad policy of kings, by the extravagance of rationalism, by the corruptions of the professed teachers of the truth, and the dissensions of those who rebelled from it—that reason fell back on a new religious creed, invented by itself; full, if we trust to those whose principles had overthrown the old creed, of the grossest superstition and absurdity. Doubt and scepticism had left the human heart without any thing to satisfy its cravings, and the human intellect without foundation or support; and both heart and intellect fell prostrate under a new system of doctrine, which, before any one would acknowledge it, was compelled to take the form of the old. It gave again to the educated few the very truths which the sceptic and the sophist had covered with ridicule; but gave them stripped of the only authority on which they could legitimately be embraced—the authority of a definite revelation, committed to the guardianship of a Church. Its spirit entered into the populace as well as into philosophers; and instead of atheism, it engendered a blind superstition: Magic, astrology, divination, fanaticism—which received, with open arms, the first madman or impostor who pretended to communicate with heaven—succeeded to popular irreligion. Those centuries, like ours, had in abundance their Irvings, and Southcotes, and Thoms, and Bryans, and Owens, and Matthews, in the persons of their Alexanders* and Apolloniuses, and the whole bigoted and credulous train, who first embraced Christianity without due allegiance

* Lucian, vol. ii. p. 207.

to the authority of the Church, and then fell away into the ranks of the Gnostics.

The circumstances which preceded the growth of this spirit were the same as in our own day—luxury—commerce—manufactures—a commixture of people—accumulations of the populace in large cities—habits of lawlessness and self-indulgence—the destruction of old institutions, civil as well as religious—the breaking up of great hierarchies—the creation of ill governed schools—the substitution of *instruction for education*—the diffusion of general information in the place of sound practical knowledge—the encouragement of physical science in opposition to a deep philosophy—the spread of habits of criticism, and disputation and scepticism—civilisation (so called) mistaken for improvement—the encouragement of literary men apart from religious principles, for positive duties—the unregulated increase of books, and a universal adulation and subjection of mind, not to the legitimate authority of truth, but to a tyrant, or to fashion, or to public opinion; as a parasite submits to the master who feeds him, or a popular demagogue fawns upon his mob, and yields without struggle to the pressure from without. And now in Europe, exactly in proportion as these causes have operated, Christianity is giving way beneath an invading pantheism. In Germany, in France, even among educated men in England, whose education has not been carried on in the great schools of the Church, or on the principles of the Church, pantheism is an avowed creed. Among the dregs of our population, though under no classical name, the same spirit is working. Socialism is a vulgar pantheism; and that it will gain ground, and prevail to a considerable extent, we cannot doubt, any more than that a seed will thrive in a soil well fitted for its reception. Whether Providence has in store for us any aid to meet and expel it—any resuscitation of his Church—any wide-spreading calamity, which may rouse men from their dreams, and throw them back on the realities of the Church—or that Church will be left, amidst the flood, a small and narrow ark, still holding the truth committed to it above the waters, and in the face of the world, though few receive it—it is not for us to prophesy. But *man cannot be an atheist*: and when atheism is excluded, and the truth which comes from God is rejected as false, what remains but to fill up the void by a system invented by man, and, in flying from a Catholic religion, to fall down and worship an idol?

ART. IV.—1. *First Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.* 1839.

2. *Statistical Report on the Sickness, Mortality, and Invaliding among the Troops in the West Indies.* Prepared from the Records of the Army Medical Department and War-Office Returns. 1838.

3. *Ditto, ditto, for the United Kingdom, the Mediterranean, and British America.* 1839.

4. *Ditto, ditto, for Western Africa, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius.* 1840.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, it is certain that a man's health, nay life, is nearly as much in the keeping of those of whom he knows nothing as in his own. Of the three influences mainly acting on it—himself, society, and external nature—the first bears on it most intensely, the second most covertly, the last most constantly. Moral culture may teach the individual so to curb his passions and appetites as to develop all the forces of his organisation in their most healthful scope, or its neglect may set them loose as the deadliest instruments of self-destruction.

The social system acts upon us not only through its fashions and customs, but by the power of government; and an ill considered impost indirectly affecting the food, the habitation, or the clothing of the community, shall send more to their graves than ever fell by the sword or spear. Climate is always so greatly ameliorated by civilisation that we may safely say that it forms no exception to the general fact, that all the sources enumerated as influencing life, are greatly modifiable, so that, though we may not believe with M. Quetelet in the perfectibility of our race, we may yet be sure that all its numerous ills may be immeasurably lessened. Nothing is truer than that the mortality of a kingdom is the best gauge of its happiness and prosperity. Show us a community wallowing in vice, whether from the pamperings of luxury or the recklessness of poverty, and we will show you that there truly the wages of sin are death. Point out the government legislating only for a financial return, regardless or ignorant of the indirect effects of their enactments, and we shall see that the pieces of silver have been the price of blood. It is only by such large surveys as are contained in the parliamentary documents now before us that the state of the public health can be ascertained. And admirably do these Reports show it. Many a peccant and cankerous sore, eating into the core of the body politic, is there laid bare; and many an evil which

would have remained latent until it had gathered strength to sweep like a pestilence over our land, is here detected and exposed to those who have the power at least to prevent it.

The Military Reports are the most valuable gift, as to the effects of climate, which ever has been made to medicine, and reflect the highest credit not only on Major Tulloch, under whose especial auspices they are produced, and on his assistant, Dr. Balfour, but on those offices, whatever they are, in which such minute particulars have been so accurately kept, as to allow, at a moment's notice, the production of such a mass of valuable results as we now have. Other nations may have possessed an extent of territory equal to that of the British empire, but ours is the first which has put forth for the benefit of mankind so noble a monument as this. Besides arranging and collecting the enormous mass of materials implied in the returns of the British army for twenty years, Major Tulloch has added a series of observations on the influence of heat, electricity, soil, culture, moisture, in a word, on the circumstances determining climate in all parts of the globe, which are models of industry and research, and invaluable as records.

The Report of the Registrar-general is the first of an annual series exhibiting the social state of England; and let us frankly own, that whatever may be the objections to certain parts of the registration bills, this, the registration of deaths, ought to be retained. Politics and party should not be allowed to interfere with public health—and public health is not ascertainable nor remediable unless such a search into all which affects it is presented to the nation. We understand that though the original bill required the registration of deaths, it did not require that the causes of death should be mentioned; and *this* has, we believe, been the sole work of the registrar-general. To him we are also indebted for a new weekly bill of mortality for the metropolis, which is in every respect immeasurably superior to the old one. In the detail he has been ably assisted by Mr. Wm. Farr. We remark that an earnest pledge to further Mr. Lister's object has been put forth by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and by the Society of Apothecaries, together with an injunction to all members of their respective bodies over England to do the like; and on the whole, we rejoice to find that all classes, lay and clerical, have promptly answered the demands of the registrar-general in matters in which all are alike interested. In the abstract of deaths Mr. Lister has entered into minute details, exhibiting enumerations

of the deaths of persons of each sex at every successive year of age; thus collecting a large mass of accurate particulars, which will apply with greater certainty to the purposes of insurance than those we had hitherto possessed. The discrepancies existing among sets of tables, hitherto serving as data in the enormous money transactions connected with life insurance and annuities, are, as exhibited in a late Parliamentary return, and excerpted in the registrar-general's report, quite shameful. Of course the value of Mr. Lister's returns will increase annually; and a mean, derived from quinquennial or decennial observations, will probably leave nothing on this head to be desired.

In the present report Mr. Lister has divided England into twenty-five districts, 'for the purpose of comparing town with country, agricultural with mining and manufacturing districts, elevated with low situations, the maritime with the inland,'—with the view of furnishing better material for the use of benefit and friendly societies;—the actuary for the national debt having stated in 1833 that the difference of mortality in different districts was utterly unknown, and that tables for the use of the poorer classes, in reference to sickness and mortality, could not at that time be constructed for want of accurate information. Considering how extensive and how necessary these systems of mutual support among the poor are, we agree with Mr. Lister in the principle of a division of England into well-marked districts, having common properties. We, however, are advocates for a minuter division than that which he has adopted. What everybody wishes to know is the mortality of his own town or village, and this in the main would, in spite of its minuteness, lead to the most practical results. The mortality of places called low or hilly is very various, and we shall show that the influence of locality is minute, so that two spots contiguous to each other yield by no means a similar ratio. Thus the mortality of London is one thing, but the mortality of its various parishes another; some of them being twice, thrice, or even four times that of others. We therefore would recommend the exhibition of the mortality of the various counties, towns, and parishes, as they are laid down in the map, as the most useful for all purposes, even for those of subsequent generalisation, such as the registrar-general has now offered. The labour all this implies, and the voluminousness of the result, should be no drawbacks to the attempt; while the advantage attendant on the exhibition of the relative salubrity of places instead of districts would infallibly and rapidly lead to the endeavour

of ameliorating the worse.¹ It is nobody's business to attempt to alter the physical condition of a county, though many a squire and many a clergyman does that of his village and cure, and would do so with greater unity of purpose and effect were its ills clearly laid before him. Of course we would not carry this minuteness of subdivision beyond a certain point. In most instances those living in the same parish might be assumed to be under similar influences; it might be advisable, where the parish is very extensive and consisting of several separate masses of population, to take each separately. We venture merely to throw out these remarks, being convinced that if these twenty-five larger subdivisions of England be reproduced from year to year, it will be difficult to disentangle the efficient causes of evil from the mass which smothers them, and the great practical benefits of registration will be reduced to speculation. The stimulus to action given by Mr. Lister's first report has arisen more from his special deductions than from his larger generalisation: thus it is the difference of mortality among the different *parishes* of London which has called forth the energies of the Bishop of London to investigate the condition of the poorer classes of his diocese. One other remark too we would make, and it is that the very valuable tables put forth by the registrar-general should be accompanied by a more copious and detailed commentary. Mr. Lister cannot place too low the indolence and incapacity of all classes as to technical knowledge; and independent of this excuse for neglecting what is intrinsically of exceeding value, every one is desirous of knowing what deductions the collector himself makes from his own records, and what improvements he would suggest. It is true that this is a duty which involves much tact and much moral courage; for it will give a handle to cavil; but by doing so it invites discussion and awakens the attention of society: we are certain, from the amount of industry and talent displayed in this first report, that Mr. Lister need not fear a dishonest opponent—and an honest one might act as an adviser. Prefacing the subject with such general observations and results as are suggested by the perusal of a valuable letter addressed by Mr. Farr to the registrar-general, we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of the mortality in large towns—especially in the metropolis.

148,701 cases of disease have been grouped into certain classes of malady readily recognisable. The number of males who died, were 75,159; the females, 73,542. The deaths by epidemic diseases, which in all

countries are among the most numerous, amounted to 32,537: males suffered rather more by these than females—small-pox, croup, thrush, diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera, affecting the former most; while influenza and hooping-cough cut off most of the latter—typhus, scarlatina, erysipelas, and measles affected both sexes equally. In 1000 of both sexes rather more than 4 died of epidemic maladies; but 8 out of the 4 were children who perished of the various eruptive fevers. Small-pox destroyed 5811; measles, 4732; hooping-cough, 3044; and scarlatina, 2520. The reigning maladies were small-pox and typhus; the enormous proportion of deaths in one half-year for the former malady is, we think, rightly attributable to the carelessness about vaccination, which operation among the poor is always postponed, and sometimes *sine die*. Of diseases of the nervous system there were 21,852, or 15 per cent. of the whole registered. 3 in 1000 living perish annually of this class of maladies—more females suffering from them than males. Apoplexies attack the male more frequently than the female. 27 per cent. of all deaths are caused by diseases of the respiratory system. And here these miserable maladies attack both sexes alike; so that 5 out of 1000 living perish annually; and of those 5, 4 are from consumption, though here females are rather more subject to it than males. 4 in 1000 births are fatal to the mothers.

The contrast between the mortality of town and country is very striking.

Mr. Farr has compared the mortality of about seven millions of persons, one-half of whom are located in towns, the other half in counties. The concentration of the population in cities doubles the deaths from the epidemic diseases and those of the nervous system. In counties compared with cities the deaths by convulsion are as 1 to 3 nearly; so also deaths by water on the brain: acute diseases of the lungs are in counties as compared to cities as 1 to 2½ nearly.

The deaths from consumption are increased 39 per cent.—those from childbirth 71 per cent.—those from typhus 221 per cent. in cities as compared with counties.

Why is it thus? Are cities then necessarily the graves of our race, as Süßmilch called them; or can the condition of their inhabitants be ameliorated? Mr. Farr ascribes the mortality to the insalubrity of the air in populous towns. No doubt this is, if not the sole, still a very marked cause of the sad superiority of death in cities. But there is the moral cause, the temptation to vice and indulgence, which can never be so rife in

rural as in urban districts, and its influence is quite as great as that of ill ventilated dwellings, and ill paved and sunless streets. 'There is no reason,' says Mr. Farr, 'why health should be impaired by residence in 1 more than in 100 square miles, if means can be devised for supplying the 200,000 individuals located in the former space daily with the requisite quantity of pure air, and for removing the principal sources of poisonous exhalations.'

What these are let the following facts, taken from the valuable pamphlet of the member for Shrewsbury,* and especially from Drs. S. Smith and Arnott's letter, addressed to the Poor Law Commissioners, attest.

In the last half-century the social condition of the working classes has undergone an immense change, which has not been sufficiently looked to by the legislature. In 1790, the workers in towns to the labourers in the country were as one to two. In 1840, it is just the reverse, the workers being to the labourers as two to one. The proportion of manufacturers, miners, and artisans to agricultural labourers is for Staffordshire, three to one; Warwickshire, four to one; West Riding of Yorkshire, six to one; Lancashire, ten to one; Middlesex, twelve to one. This influx has in many towns been very badly lodged; while the fluctuations of trade and manufactures have thrown thousands suddenly out of employ. It is among the lower classes, especially among the Irish who have emigrated into the heart of our largest towns, that fevers are the rifest and most fatal. Before touching on the fevers of our metropolis, let us look at the dwellings of the poor in the larger provincial towns. Of 11,000 houses at Nottingham, 8000 are built back to back—(*Journal of Statistical Soc.*, Jan. 1840,) that is, they are devoid of ventilation. At Liverpool there are 7862 inhabited cellars, described as dark, damp, dirty, and ill ventilated; they lodge one-seventh of the whole population, of whom 39,300 are of the working classes. There are besides 2270 courts, in which from two to six families reside, and few of these courts have more than one outlet. What a miserable disregard does this show of all that should constitute a healthful abode!—the absence of pure air and sunshine, the constant presence of damp and contaminated vapours. In Manchester, of 123,282 workers, 14,960 live in cellars. At Bury, one-third of the working classes are so badly off, that in 773 houses, one bed served

four persons; in 207, there was one bed for five; and in 78, one bed for six persons.

In Bristol, forty-six per cent. of the working classes have but one room for a family.

Leeds, which the registrar-general finds a most unhealthy place, of 17,800 houses, has 13,600 under 10%. In the north-east ward, containing 15,400 of the working classes, or about a fifth of the whole population, three streets have sewers; twelve have them partly; thirty-eight have none; and the state of forty is *unknown*.

The miseries of Glasgow,* as described by Dr. Cowan, are almost incredible in a country which is sending its gold and its missionaries to the millions who need them less than the amalgam of 30,000 Irish and Highlanders, that wallow in filth, crime, and wretchedness in the cellars and wynds of this great commercial city. From ten to twenty persons of both sexes lie huddled together, amid their rags and filth, on the floor, each night. The cellars are beer and spirit-shops. Multitudes of the younger girls, says Mr. Symmonds, applied to Capt. Millar, the head of the Glasgow police, to rescue them from these scenes, to which they were driven by sheer want. A year or two served to harden and hurry them, from drunkenness, vice, and disease, to an early grave. Dr. Cowan, in his *Vital Statistics*, says,—'In 1837, 21,800 persons had fever in Glasgow.' In London, the mortality in some of the parishes is four times that of others. Poverty need not be so embittered. Want of food is not the sole cause, for the agricultural labourer works as hard and is as ill fed. It is the impurity of the dwelling, and the contamination which ensues, where vice is allowed to herd with want, that fills our towns with misery and disease.

A few facts from the report of Drs. S. Smith and Kay, to the Poor Law Commissioners, will show how London is affected. A circular was addressed to the medical officers of the Metropolitan Unions, for the purpose of ascertaining the number of paupers attacked by the four kinds of fever known in this country: 1, as intermittent; 2, synochus, or the common continued fever; 3, typhus; 4, scarlatina.

It appears that the total number of persons in the metropolitan districts, who received in and out-door parochial relief during the year ending in March, 1838, was 77,186; and of this number, no less than

* State of the Poorer Classes in Great Towns. By R. A. Slaney, Esq., M.P.

* We regret that the work of Dr. Alison, on the Poor of Scotland, had not reached us in time to use his facts on the present occasion. It is one of the most interesting volumes that we ever perused, worthy of a consummate physician, and kind and tender-hearted friend of the poor.

13,972 were subjects of this one disease, of fever, or nearly a fifth; of these, 7017 suffered from synochus, and 5692 from typhus.

The returns show that these fevers are most fatal where they are the most prevalent. Thus, of the 5692 cases of typhus, spread over the twenty unions, 4002 alone occurred in the seven following: viz., Whitechapel, Lambeth, Stepney, St. George the Martyr, Bethnal Green, Holborn, and St. George-in-the-East; leaving only 1692 for the thirteen other unions. In Whitechapel, out of a pauper population of 5856, 2400, or one-half, were subjects of fever. But in St. George the Martyr, 1276 cases of fever occurred among 1467 paupers, leaving 191 only unattacked. The seven districts above named are the main sources and seats of the fevers of the metropolis, a fact long ago attested by the records of the Fever Hospital. They yielded no less than 9228 out of the total number of 13,972 fever cases.

In these seven districts the mortality was 1 in 3·8, while it was only 1 in 8·5 in the thirteen other districts. In the former, 1 in 44 of the pauper population was attacked, and only 1 in 98 of the latter.

The total population of the seven fever districts was 407,384, one out of every eleven being a pauper. The thirteen other districts comprised a population of 443,845, of which one in ten were paupers.

Taking all the cases of fever of every kind, one in every eleven attacked, died.

More than one-fifth, then, of those who receive parochial relief in London are attacked by fever; and, from the tabular view of the ages of those so suffering, it appears that its victims are precisely those on whom the welfare of others is most dependent, viz., the heads of families.

There are two ways in which the miseries of the poor are visited on the rich—on their persons, and on their purses. Once generated in a severe form among the hovels of the paupers, fever spreads to the best-housed and best-fed. 'The registers,' says Mr. Farr, 'show this; they trace diseases from unhealthy to healthy quarters, and follow them from the centres of cities to the surrounding villages and remote dwellings.' (p. 116.) On this score alone, if man will not be linked to man by sympathy of feeling, most assuredly he shall be by the bonds of suffering and disease. On the other hand, the rich will find it the best economy to alleviate the physical evils of the poor; for a little expended by way of prevention will materially diminish the poor rates, 'which,' say the commissioners, 'are invariably greatly increased by epidemic seasons. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when the wife and the

children become the widow and the orphans, or when the hand of the sick father can no longer earn the daily pittance for his family?

We find the causes of these evils, and their remedies, ably discussed by the Poor Law commissioners and by the registrar-general. The most competent observers are agreed as to the magnitude of the evil, and the necessity of immediate measures of alleviation.

'The mortality of cities in England and Wales is high, but it may be immeasurably reduced.'—*Registrar Gen. Rep.*, p. 113.

'We have eagerly availed ourselves of the opportunity of making the present report, to submit to your Lordship the urgent necessity of applying to the legislature for immediate measures for the removal of these constantly acting causes of death and destitution. All delay must be attended with extensive misery; and we would urge the consideration of this fact, that in a large proportion of the cases, the labouring classes, though aware of the surrounding causes of evil, have few or no means of avoiding them.'—*Fourth Report of Poor Law Commissioners*, p. 7.

Let us add, neither have the rich; so troublesome and expensive are the processes, and so complicated are the laws respecting 'nuisances,' as the gloss is, that he must be a bold man who will venture to stir in the matter. We believe that laws sufficiently stringent, and perhaps sufficiently comprehensive, exist, but the power of executing them is confided to so many different instruments of authority, that, practically, they are either a dead letter, or quickened now and then by the caprice of a parish demagogue, so as to inflict a greater nuisance than the one which they were instituted to remove.

England is the only European country which is devoid of a medical police, and in which the public health has been allowed to shift for itself. The sources of our national health are not to be traced to any constant supervision of Government, for it has almost invariably at all times allowed evils to become intolerable before they have been removed. It is to the absence of war from our shores—but especially to the enormous wealth which has permitted the population, as a whole, to be better fed, clothed, and lodged than that of any other nation—that we owe this blessing. At the end of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, when climate and many other physical circumstances were what they now are, the mortality was just double that of this day. It diminished as the people prospered. When, therefore, it is urged that the diminished mortality of England, as compared with that of other nations, is a proof of the efficiency of our public sanitary measures, we rejoin that this mode of viewing

the question is false. The question is not by what indirect means we are bettered, but by what direct—have we taken advantage of our means of alleviating the pressure on the public health in the same degree as other nations have of theirs, or not? Let the following rapid survey of the causes 'of destitution and death' furnish the reply:

There are two classes of causes to which the maladies of the poor are referable—

1. Those depending on their habits, and,
2. those independent of these.

Among the latter are—1. bad sewerage, open stagnant drains, ditches, and waters, in which animal and vegetable substances are allowed to turn putrid; 2. undrained marshlands; 3. accumulations of filth in the streets; 4. the situation of slaughter-houses in densely populated districts, and the bad regulation of these establishments; 5. want of ventilation in narrow streets.

The bad drainage of districts is mentioned by the medical officers of the metropolitan unions as among the chief causes of fever. Camberwell and parts of Lambeth are particularised. Mr. Wagstaffe seems to have called the attention of the commissioners to the state of the sewerage of the latter district; and we can bear ample testimony to the mesh-work of filthy open ditches and ponds of water which are still left untouched.

The difficulties of a remedy may be appreciated, when it is seen that the omnipotent Poor Law Commissioners are referred—and apparently referred in vain—from the commissioners of sewers to the surveyors of highways, and from these to the trustees acting under the Watching and Lighting Act. Whatever may be the willingness of any or all of these bodies, the chance of clashing renders any of them slow to move. In the interim death is doing double work.

Mr. Appleton says, 'that in the neighbourhood of an open sewer, a river of filth, formerly known as the Fleet-ditch, emptying itself near Blackfriars-bridge, fever is rarely absent.' According to Mr. Tensh, 'fifteen out of twenty-four cases of severe typhus occurred in one locality in the Hackney Union, near a pool of stagnant water, in which de-

cayed animal matter was detained.' Mr. Caleb Radford finds that 'every part of his district is healthy but two, in which accumulations of filth are allowed to remain. In their vicinity were twenty cases of fever.' Mr. Bowling, of Hammersmith, says, 'that after an experience of thirty years, at certain seasons of the year fever prevailed to a great extent, attributable to miasma arising from the stagnant water in a brick-field.' 104 cases of fever occurred in one year, which Mr. Bowling attributes to causes which might be removed by efficient drainage. Mr. Little says, 'that fever is most prevalent where there is insufficient ventilation. In Johnson's Change, Rosemary-lane, Goodman's-fields, consisting of twenty houses, fever exists in almost every one.' Dr. John Lynch particularises West-street, John Court, and Field-lane, in the vicinity of Snow-hill, as abounding in poverty, filth, and disease. There is the Fleet-ditch, with a number of slaughter-houses, to generate and keep up fever, in a district 'which is never,' he says, 'wholly free from it.'

'In a field behind Euston-square,' says Dr. Arnott, 'a mass of filth, compounded of the meeting of several open sewers and the refuse of extensive cowsheds, used to overflow and stagnate. A school of 150 female children in its neighbourhood were affected in various years variously. In one year thirty were seized with spasm and convulsion of the limbs, similar to those produced by certain poisons; in another as many were attacked by typhus; on the following ophthalmia raged. These drains have since been covered, and all these diseases have disappeared.'—p. 13.

Another instance is given from the same authority:—

'In a mews behind Bedford-square a stable had been let to a butcher, and a heap of offal and dung had been formed at the door. During the time of removal, a coachman's wife and three children sat at an open window nearly over the place, until driven away by the insufferable stench. Two of the children died within thirty-six hours, and the mother and other child narrowly escaped.'—p. 13.

Particular attention should be paid to the state of the several mews in London. If not for the sake of the human being, the argument will have weight with those who value their horses. The stench from the yard of one of the great job-masters at the back of Charles-street and Lansdowne House is insufferable during summer, arising from a tardy and inopportune removal of the putrid straw which is so readily and necessarily accumulated where so large a number of animals are kept. With regard to the effluvia from slaughter-houses, an abattoir is sadly wanted out of the metropolis. It is stated by Mr. Youatt, the very intelligent

* Property is more protected here than health. In Russia, France, and Germany, a set of men are appointed to superintend the public health, and to report on all those causes which influence it. All measures, therefore, of individuals, whether dictated by avarice or a selfish scorn of the community, or by ignorance, must be made compatible with the public safety. It is to these countries we owe the entire body of the modern science of forensic medicine, not a work on this important subject having originated here, although latterly we have followed in their track.

veterinary surgeon, that the annual value of the sheep, cattle, &c. at Smithfield, is five millions sterling: every year there are brought up 1,200,000 sheep, 150,000 beasts, 22,000 calves, 80,000 pigs, 12 to 15,000 horses. The conveyance of the refuse is very often very imperfect, even in meat-markets; while, where a butcher takes a private shop, the smaller cattle are usually killed in the basement-floor of a tenement having very inadequate conveniences for such a trade.

With regard to the second class of causes of disease, or such as arise from the habits of the poor, they are perhaps more intense than the first: poverty and destitution bring in their train recklessness, filth, and misery—beyond what is imagined by the rich. We have seen in one small garret, the husband ill of typhus, a child laid across the sick man's bed, also ill; two others sleeping under the bed; the two window recesses let to two Irish lodgers at sixpence a week, as resting-places for the night; the wife, a young healthy woman, lying in the same bed with her sick husband at night, and supporting the family by taking in washing, which was hung across the room to dry—the parish authorities forbidding the exposition of linen out of the windows.

One of the most urgent of this class of causes is 'the state of the lodging-houses of mendicants and vagrants, and of a certain class of the more needy Irish poor.'

Mr. Robert Hatfull, the medical officer for the Deptford district, quotes Mill-lane as having several lodging-houses, in which thirty or forty people are lodged for the night, 'itinerants of the lowest description,' 'clean or dirty,' 'sick or healthy,' 'eighty-two cases,' he adds, 'required my attention in one year.' It appears that the existing laws will not reach the lodging keepers, who defy the parish authorities.

Mr. Robert Moger, of the Highgate district of Hornsey, quotes one house, which not even the fine air of that place can purify. 'It is a lodging house, which is inhabited by a great number of the lowest and most abandoned persons, chiefly Irish beggars. These people sleep three or more in a bed, which appears never to be changed or cleaned. Within the last year eleven cases of severe disease occurred in this house, and five died.'

Mr. Evans, of Blackman-street, Borough, has attended 500 pauper fever cases in nine months, attributable to intemperance, filth, and inefficient ventilation.

Mr. Byles, of Whitechapel, says that Essex street and its numerous courts 'have been the general and almost constant abodes

of fevers for years past.' One house, 6, Little Pearl-street, is an especial nuisance; it is inhabited by twelve or fourteen families, and has scarcely been free from fever cases for many years past. As soon as the patient dies or is removed, the room is immediately let to new tenants. The drainage in the neighbourhood is very defective. Mr. Byles saw 600 cases of fever in one year out of the workhouses. His letter points out many valuable sanitary precautions.

Mr. Farr says that the poor Irish are keeping up, if not introducing, fevers into the heart of British cities. (*Vital Statistics*, p. 528.) The three ports by which they enter this island are Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow. We find that more than one-third of the cases treated at the Glasgow Infirmary are fever cases. It is known that more than one-sixth of the population of Glasgow are Irish. Dr. Symmonds, of Bristol, mentions that thirty Irish slept in a room 20 feet by 16 feet; that the cholera was 'hovering over us;' seven became corpses in a few hours.

We observe that Liverpool exhibits the highest mortality in the class of contagious diseases and in typhus, and the lowest chance of attaining old age in all England, according to the Registrar-General's report. Whether the unfortunate victims are Irish, Scotch, or English, the circumstances inducing such poverty and its attendant evils are in fault: what are the remedies? Drs. Kay and Arnott give the following directions upon this important subject, and we would press them as strongly as possible on the public attention:—

'The means of removing completely the noxious animal and vegetable matters brought to or produced in cities evidently are:—

1. A perfect system of sufficiently sloping drains or sewers, by which, from every house and street, all fluid refuse shall quickly depart by the action of gravitation alone; the streets, alleys, courts, &c., being moreover well paved, so that the refuse may be easily distinguished and detached.

2. A plentiful supply of water to dilute and carry off all such refuse, and to allow of sufficient washing of streets, houses, clothes, and persons.

3. An effective service of scavengers to remove regularly the rubbish and impurities which water cannot carry away, and fit receptacles for such matters until removed.

4. Free ventilation by wide streets, open alleys, and well-constructed houses, to dilute and carry away all hurtful aeriform matters.

5. Keeping as distant as possible from the people the practice of all the arts and processes capable of producing malaria or tainting the air. Hence the situation of cattle-markets, slaughter-houses, cow-houses, tripe-shops, gas-factories, burying-grounds, and the like, should be determined by competent authorities.

'6. Preventing the great crowding of the lodging-houses of the poor.'

With regard to the first and third, the benefit would be incalculable to Bethnal-green, Whitechapel, Lambeth and the poorer parts of Westminster. In the two last-named districts open sewers and filthy stagnant waters abound: Bethnal-green is a swamp, says one of the reporters, hardly any part of which is drained; in rainy weather entire streets are under water. There is abundant evidence in these reports to show that, where these conditions exist, fevers arise, and when they are removed, fevers cease.

With regard to free ventilation, the Registrar-General's report is emphatic. There is no doubt that ample ventilation would dilute and remove the noxious influences of crowded cities. To attain this, the Building Act should be amended, so as to have some reference to public as well as to individual profit—to prevent any one running up as many houses in any swamp as may answer his views of speculation.

Of late, great improvements have been introduced into the metropolis, in widening the streets and in making a better kind of building; but the direct advantage is to the rich; little or nothing has been done for the industrious poor; they must reside near where they can get employment; and the speculator, aware of this, cares little what the kind of house which he offers as a habitation; what they are is known only to the parish officer, the conscientious clergyman, and the medical attendant, who, as these reports testify, have often fallen victims to the discharge of their duties.

'By no prudence or forethought,' says Dr. Southwood Smith, 'can the poor avoid the dreadful evils to which they are exposed: no returns can show the amount of suffering they have had to endure from causes of this kind during the last year.' Some approximation may be made, however, by the result that one-fifth of the pauper population were attacked by fever, or 14,000 out of 77,000. From this immense nucleus of disease and destitution the rest of the metropolis became infected, and fever spread from the hovel to the mansion. The year 1838 was a fever year; and the truth of these remarks was fatally attested by the crowded state of the only hospital in London which admits fever. A cry was raised for additional receptacles for the poor, and subscriptions entered into for the purpose. In workhouses and in the general hospitals, the malady broke out, and swept off, in not a few instances, patients, nurses, and practitioners. No wonder then that the Poor-Law Commissioners recom-

mend fever houses to be attached to each parish so as to separate him who has the ills of poverty alone from him to whom is added the pressure of disease. The statistician, curious in death, notes that every ten minutes some one of the inhabitants of this huge metropolis dies. If the passing bell be heard for those whom neither rank, nor wealth, nor precious affections and sympathies can save from the strong clutch of the poor man's malady—if the manly strength of the father or the gentler virtues of the young mother have alike succumbed to the force of that disease which hurries them in a few short days from scenes of which they were the very life,—the best monument they can raise to their dead is to shield from these afflictions those who cannot shield themselves.

These remarks derive importance from the kind of habitations with which the new and aristocratic parts of the town are fringed. 'Many of these,' as Drs. Arnott and Kay remark, 'exhibit so complete a neglect of the most common precautions, as can only be accounted for by the fact of the rapid increase of population, allowing the owners of such property to command tenants, notwithstanding the absolute defect of sewerage and other arrangements necessary to ensure health.'

Not only should the poorer quarters of the town be opened up by large spaces, by the removal of closes and yards, but by a better system of ventilation in these houses. It may be regarded as certain, that whether the street be wide or narrow, the poor will congregate in denser masses than the rich. The chief element of thorough ventilation among the latter is the chimney fire; which renews the air of the rooms and houses incessantly and rapidly. But this is precisely what the poor cannot command: the houses destined for this class should therefore be constructed with a more pronounced reference to ventilation than those of the other classes, equal to that employed in hospitals, workhouses, and, in general, in receptacles where many must be congregated in a small space.

How this suggestion is to be enforced, and how the minute directions of the Commissioners are to be complied with as regards compulsory measures in building, as to limiting the number of lodgers, as to the cleanliness to be enforced in the interior of houses, and as to similar matters, we do not pretend to decide. The ignorance of some, the cupidity of others, the recklessness of misery or the listlessness of despair, will second the feeling that the Englishman's home is not to be interfered with by any

system of police : however, there is the evil ably exposed, and there are the remedies suggested by those who have investigated it.

Let it be remembered, however, society has already done much to improve the health of our metropolis. It is, after all, the healthiest of the great capitals of Europe. The pure climate of Naples has little power over the filth, the misery, and vice of a population in which the annual mortality is 1 in 28, while with us 1 in 44 only dies in the year—in Vienna, 1 in 22; in Paris, 1 in 36; in Brussels, 1 in 29; in Geneva, 1 in 43; in Rome, 1 in 24; in Madrid, 1 in 35; in Amsterdam, 1 in 25. As compared with these, then, our land and our city are blessed; but not with these must the comparison be made, but with ourselves; and we shall find that the great inequalities of health between the richer and poorer sections of our population may be equalised by means which are within the grasp of a cautious legislation.

Let us now pass to the consideration of the mortality of our troops at home and abroad of men selected for youth, strength, and vigour, and subject to similar influences of diet, clothing, and dwelling; making the experiment of climate as definite and as precise as it is possible to be made. The returns for the most part extend from 1817 to 1836, in all stations where it is not otherwise stated.

At home the observations are drawn from those regiments of cavalry which have not served abroad during the period embraced in the report, and the household troops, whose service is for the most part confined to the duties of the metropolis.

The period selected was from 1830 to 1836 inclusive, or about 7½ years; it included, therefore, the years in which the cholera and influenza raged, so that the mortality may be estimated at about 2 per 1000 less than actually occurred.

In the 7½ years the total strength was 44,611; the total admissions for sickness 41,464, of whom 627 died; hence the average annual admissions into the hospital for every 1000 men were 929; and the average annual deaths for the same, 14. If suicides and accidents were added, the mortality per thousand annually from all causes was 15 3-10ths.

Here are two subjects for consideration; the enormous number of sick, and the high rate of mortality. It follows from the above numbers of 929 sick annually in 1000 mean strength, that every soldier in the United Kingdom is in the hospital once in every 13 months. In comparing the rate of sickness of the military with that which oc-

curs in civil life among a class approximating in station with the former, namely, the labourers in the government dockyards, it is found that the average annual sickness per thousand is 407, or about one-half less than that for the military. This great disproportion between the two classes is accounted for, however, by the fact that the soldier is sent into the hospital for trifling maladies which do not incapacitate the civilian from pursuing his ordinary avocations; as a proof of which it may be stated, that while the deaths among the sick in the dockyards are 1 in 27, the mortality of the military amounts only to 1 in 66 of those attacked; out of the 41,464 admissions, 26,314, or nearly two-thirds were for mild illnesses.*

With regard to the comparative prevalence of certain diseases among military and civilians, it would appear that the mortality of the insurers of the Equitable, between the ages of 20 and 40, amounts to 9 1-10th per 1000 annually, while that of the troops has been 15 3-10ths. Now, though we admit, with Major Tulloch, that the Equitable tables refer to the mortality of the higher classes only, and that the soldier is selected merely as to the absence of visible defects, and not as one of the insured, by the absence of hereditary taint, still the difference of mortality is very great between two classes, each, after their way, absolved from all privation, if not surrounded by everything to develope and sustain vigour. The principal excess of mortality occurs in pulmonary disease, which in the military is 7·7 per thousand, while among the Equitable insurers it is but 3·4 or one-half less. As might be expected, the deaths by diseases of the brain are more than double those of the military.

The mortality of the soldiers, if compared with that of the whole civilians, is certainly high, taking the average age of the class of troops just mentioned to be about thirty; the mortality among them is at least one-third more than that deducible from the population returns (11·5 nearly) for the same age. If we compare, however, the annual mortality of persons between the ages of twenty and thirty who live in towns, it is 16 per 1000. This would tend to support the opinion of Major Tulloch that the high rate of mortality among the military is not owing to the deteriorating influence of their profession so much as to their being crowded into densely populated districts. Perhaps some further attention to the site and to the roominess of barracks might diminish somewhat this ex-

* In the Prussian army, the admissions into the hospital are greater than with us, being 111 per cent. per annum, though the mortality is less.

cess of deaths in a population selected, be it remembered, for vigour and strength. Suicides form a larger proportion of the deaths among the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons in the United Kingdom than among any other description of force; a fact which is in some measure accounted for by Major Tulloch's supposition, that a large class of persons enlist in these corps who have, from dissipation, been reduced from a higher sphere of life, and on whom the mental condition tends powerfully to lead to self-destruction. The actual suicides were 1 in 20 of the whole mortality. Among the Equitable insurers it is five times less, or 1 in 10. In France there is among civilians annually 1 suicide to 18,000 inhabitants; Prussia, 1 in 14,404; in Austria, 1 in 20,900; Russia, 1 in 49,182; in the state of New York, 1 in 7797; while among the class of troops under consideration, it is 1 in 1274!

In cities where a large portion of the military are quartered, the ratio of suicides is greater than in the whole population of the country, but still much below that among our troops. In Paris, the annual average of suicides was 1 in 2400 inhabitants; in Berlin, 1 in 2941; Geneva, 1 in 3900; London, 1 in 5000. On the whole, the suicides among our Dragoon Guards and Dragoons are at least five times more numerous than among civilians. A very unexpected result has been developed by these documents with respect to the mortality of the Foot Guards, which, as compared with the household cavalry quartered in the same metropolis, or with that of other corps of cavalry quartered throughout the kingdom, exhibits a very striking difference. The total strength of Foot Guards, for the 7½ years (1830 to 1836) was 34,538—the total deaths 745; yielding an annual average strength of 4764 men, among whom 103 die in the year. The ratio of deaths, therefore, in 1000 is 21·6 per annum, or nearly one half higher than in the Dragoons and Horse Guards.

This increase of mortality cannot be charged on the climate of London, for the average mortality of the civil population of the metropolis between the ages of 20 and 40 is under 15 per 1000, and that of the East India Company's labourers only 12½ per 1000 for the same age. In the Metropolitan Police it is under 9 per 1000; many, however, of this last class of persons quit their duties on finding a deterioration of health; hence no sure comparative result can be obtained.

The mortality of the household cavalry living in the same metropolis is 14·5, or not so high by one-half as that of the Foot Guards.

The exposure to night duty of the Foot Guards, although greater than that of the

household cavalry, is not more, say the reporters, than that of the troops of the line quartered in the towns of the United Kingdom, quite as unhealthy as London—an exposure, be it remembered, borne by men, many of whom have deteriorated health from former service in the colonies. In the West India depots, for example, the mortality is 18·5-10ths at the most unfavourable estimate.

This excess of mortality among the Foot Guards appears to arise wholly from diseases of the lungs, as the following comparisons prove. According to the bills of mortality, about one-third in a thousand deaths* occur from disease of the lungs among the civil population of the metropolis; among the household cavalry resident in London, of 1000 living 8·1 die of the same disease; among our Dragoon Guards and Dragoons 7·7; while no less than 14·1 in 1000 of the Foot Guards perish annually of pulmonary disorders. It is remarkable that the total mortality from all other causes is nearly equal between the two last classes of troops, being 7·5 in the Foot Guards and 7·6 in the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons.

The authors of the reports, after removing almost every apparent cause likely to produce the excess of deaths, conclude that mortality by disease of the lungs among the Foot Guards is not a necessary consequence of a residence in the metropolis, but rather originates in some point or points in the moral or physical condition of that description of troops, from which the others are comparatively exempt. As supernatural causes are out of the question, we do not know what else but physical or moral conditions can account for this sad superiority in the Foot Guards. We shall, however, imitate the reserve of the reporters, and merely say that the Wellington Barracks are possibly not so healthfully situate as those of Knightsbridge, and that of late reading-rooms and a library have been established among some regiments of Foot Guards, to which a large proportion of the men have subscribed. This, together with facilities of recreation within the barrack-yard, cannot but tend to diminish the sum of those causes which act injuriously on the morals of this truly gallant and superb body of men.

It would appear also that the invaliding of the Foot Guards is nearly one-half higher than among the cavalry corps throughout the kingdom, and that the number of men discharged annually from the household

* Viz. 328 in 1000; while out of 745 deaths among the Foot Guards, 487, or upwards of two-thirds, were from pulmonary diseases.

cavalry as unfit for service is scarcely one-third as high as among the Foot Guards after the same period of service; and, what is still more startling, the total number discharged for disabilities in the Foot Guards is nearly double that from regiments of the line, whether in healthy or unhealthy stations. Thus in Jamaica there were discharged annually 16 in 1000; in Windward and Leeward command, 24; in Malta, 20; North American Stations, 19; Foot Guards, 36.

The data on the mortality of troops serving in the United Kingdom show that the ravages of disease fall heaviest on the oldest. Under the age of 18, four deaths occur annually in 1000; from 18 to 25, 13·9 in 1000; from 25 to 33, 14 in 1000; from 33 to 40, 17·3; and above 40 the annual mortality was 26·7 in 1000. The mortality increases in civil life with the advance of age nearly in the same proportion, as may be seen at p. 5 of this report. In the Foot Guards the ratio of mortality between the ages of 18 and 33 is nearly double that of the Dragoons and household cavalry; it is also much higher than that of the Metropolitan Police, or that of the labourers in the East India Company's service for similar ages.

The authors have arrived at a conclusion as to the influence of seasons which is to us inexplicable. They find that the autumnal months exercise, in all latitudes north of the Line, a peculiar pernicious influence on the health of the troops, though, at the same time, these very months are shown by them to be the healthiest in civil life. They have arrived at this strange result by a comparison of the mortality among the French as well as among our own troops, which renders it still more puzzling. The table opposite, compiled from the three volumes of reports before us, will at a glance show the mortality in all our colonies, and serve as a text to our commentary. It is thus read:—at the last line it will be seen that, in the United Kingdom, fifteen and three-tenths soldiers die every year from all diseases, while at Cape Coast 688·3 perish out of 1000; the yearly death by fevers is one and four-tenths at home, while at Sierra Leone it amounts to 410 and two-tenths per 1000, and so on.

Mediterranean Command.—The Mediterranean stations form three distinct military commands—Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands.

Gibraltar.—The Rock, 4700 feet in length and 1600 in breadth, rising abruptly to the height of 1439 feet, is often intersected by deep gullies, which, though water

lodges in them during winter, are always dry in summer. Towards the south there are several extensive tanks, holding nearly two millions of gallons of water, for the use of the garrison: there is no marsh nor swamp. The climate is subject to fogs and mists throughout the year, though in summer it is dry and sultry. The easterly winds, or levanters, sweeping the Mediterranean, come surcharged with moisture, and bring with them the unhealthy season, which lasts from July to November. During the prevalence of these winds wounds are said to become aggravated, acute diseases arise, and many convalescents relapse and perish: the west winds, on the contrary, are clear, dry, and refreshing, and happily blow directly on the town. The rains set in with great violence in the end of September, and continue to fall at intervals, though much more lightly, till May: this is succeeded by drought, during which vegetation would perish were it not irrigated artificially. The autumn is filled with heavy dews and thick fogs, keeping up a constant dampness, exceedingly disagreeable to the sensations.

Malta.—The physical characters of Malta differ in many particulars from those of Gibraltar. It is not mountainous, though a rocky range, stretching across its entire breadth, rises to the elevation of 1200 feet. The surface of the island is that of an arid, rocky, inclined plane sloping from south-west to north-east, where it dips into the ocean. It has neither river, lake, nor swamp, except two small spots at the head of St. Paul's Bay, where the ocean has receded and left a moist soil. Gozo, a small island separated by a narrow strait from Malta, is hilly and fertile, having the same geological structure as Malta.

The temperature of Malta is in summer quite as high as the heat of the tropics. The rock absorbs the solar ray, and radiates it after sunset, so as to allow of little diminution of temperature during the night, thus creating a sensation of extreme languor and oppression, not alleviated by the hot winds which have come over the parched deserts of Africa. From December to February the rain falls in violent torrents, so that till March the air is surcharged with moisture, after which there is scarcely a drop of rain for the next five months, and the sky is without a cloud. The sirocco, or south-east wind prevails in the autumnal months, and is undoubtedly a source of great discomfort to the feelings and of prejudice to the health. Both Gibraltar and Malta are supposed to be very healthy, and to afford a glimpse of hope to those who suffer under that fatal scourge of our race—consumption; but this

TABLE I.—Annual Ratio of Mortality per 1000 mean strength of British Troops in the United Kingdom and its Colonies.

	MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND.										BATHING AMERICA.				WEST INDIES.										AFRICA.						
	IONIAN ISLANDS.										AMERICA.																				
	Malta.	Gibraltar.	Corfu.	Santa Maura.	Cephalonia.	Ithaca.	Zante.	Cerigo.	Average of the whole Ionian Command.	Bermuda.	Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.	Canada.	British Guiana.	Trinidad.	Tobago.	Grenada.	St. Vincent's.	Barbadoes.	St. Lucia.	Dominica.	Antigua.	St. Kitt's.	Average of the whole Command.	Jamaica.	Sierra Leone.	Cape Coast Command.	Cape of Good Hope.	Cape of Good Hope.	Eastern Frontier.	Mauritius.	St. Helena.
By Fevers	1.4	2.9	9.3	37.6	15.6	10.7	17.6	8.7	13.	11.	1.6	2.4	59.2	61.6	104.1	26.3	11.2	11.8	63.1	49.3	14.9	49.1	36.9	101.9	410.2	389.6	1.9	1.9	1.3	1.7	2.2
Eruptive Fevers	.1	.1	.4	.8	.6	.6	.4	.4	.4	.8	.7	.6	.6	.4	.4	.6	.3	.5	.5	.3	.9	.9	.5	.5	.4	.9	.6	.3	.4	.5	.6
Diseases of the Lungs	7.7	6.0	5.3	4.8	2.5	6	6.9	4	4.8	8.7	7.1	6.7	6.4	11.5	11	6.6	10.5	15.8	12.5	8.3	9	9.8	10.4	7.5	4.9	1.6	3.9	2.4	5.6	3.4	
" Liver	.4	1.1	4	6	9	2	2	7	8	5	2	2	2	1.1	3	4.5	1.6	1.4	1	1.7	2.8	2.3	1.8	1	6	14.3	1.1	1	4	4	
" Stomach & Bowels	.8	3.6	2.1	2	3.6	2.3	5.5	2	3.5	5.3	1.5	1.3	8.9	17.9	24	16.1	24.2	20.8	39.3	70.3	9.2	10.3	20.7	5.1	41.3	220.6	8.1	2.3	10.6	13.9	
Epidemic Cholera	1.2	3	2.2	.6	1.6	2.3	1.3	4	1	2	1.3	1.2	4.4	4.7	5	4.6	2.8	3.3	4.3	5.3	1.9	2.8	3.7	2.6	4.3	1.6	1.3	6	1.1	1.1	
Diseases of the Brain	.7	.8	.5	.9	.6	2.3	1.3	4	1	2	1.3	1.2	4.4	4.7	5	4.6	2.8	3.3	4.3	5.3	1.9	2.8	3.7	2.6	4.3	1.6	1.3	6	1.1	1.1	
Dropsies	.3	.4	.3	.5	.7	1.6	5	7	6	6	5	4	12	7.7	2.5	.8	1.6	2.4	2	7	1.4	9	2.1	1.2	4.3	2.2	6	5	3	7	
All other Diseases	2.7	1.4	1.3	1.3	2	1.9	2.3	1.1	1.5	7	1.1	1.6	3.9	1.8	3.2	2.9	3.7	3	.6	1.8	1.4	3.9	3.9	2	12	44.4	1.7	1.8	1.4	9	
Total	15.3	16.3	21.4	20.1	46	30.5	26.1	32	20.1	25.2	28.8	14.7	161	184	106.3	152.8	61.8	54.9	58.5	122.8	137.4	40.6	71	78.5	121.3	483	668.3	12.7	9.8	27.4	25.4

NOTE.—This Table exhibits the Mortality occurring in the Hospitals of each of the Stations. It is under-stated, because the deaths from accidents, and those which have taken place on the homeward voyage of invalids, are omitted.

conclusion, or rather impression, is oppugned in these reports. Our authors state that in the United Kingdom 6·6 per 1000 are attacked by this dreadful malady, while in Gibraltar the amount is 8·2, at Malta 6·7, and 5·3 in the Ionian Islands. This would seem to prove that, with the exception of the Ionian Islands, the Mediterranean is not, as is generally supposed, favourable to pulmonary complaints, but rather the reverse. If the inflammatory diseases of the lungs, as pleurisy and pneumonia, be compared in these several countries, the result is, that these affections are twice as prevalent in the Mediterranean as in the United Kingdom, and that in the mild climate of Malta they are also twice as fatal.

We have much difficulty in assenting to this conclusion; for, looking at the general table affixed to this article, and tracing the mortality from all diseases of the lungs in the various colonies, it appears that fewer deaths from this source take place in the whole Mediterranean stations than at home. The relative proportion of deaths is, we think, a safer criterion of the prevalence of consumption than the relative number of attacks, which is that assumed by our authors. Nothing is more difficult than the discovery of phthisis in its early stages, and nothing so easy in its last: hence we find, p. 11 *a*, Report on the Mediterranean, that the ratio of attacks to those who die is as 1 to 2. Now it is quite clear that in no country in the world do one-half of those attacked by this malady recover. The reporters seem perfectly aware of this difficulty, and suggest, by way of explanation, that all the admissions which do not appear to have terminated fatally are not necessarily to be held as recoveries, since many of the consumptive patients were invalided home, or the same person, in a lingering malady, might have been discharged and readmitted. It is true that both these causes are sufficient to account for the seeming incongruity, were they proved to exist; but our authors state that they have no means of ascertaining this. All we would wish to say in reference to this subject is, that though the conclusion with regard to the greater frequency of consumption in these two spots of the Mediterranean than at home may be well founded, we have as yet no decisive proof of it.

As to other maladies, it would appear that at Gibraltar every man is under treatment once a-year. The deaths by fever are one-half, and the admissions twice as much more as at home. The larger number of deaths by malady of this class is owing to the yellow fever, which is a casual visitant; if that be deducted, only 2·3 die of

fever in 1000 strength. The admissions for all diseases of the lungs is very little less than that at home. Catarrhs, in spite of the fogs and humidity, are less frequent than with us; and, though inflammations of the lungs are more so, they are infinitely milder; thus while, in the United Kingdom, 1 death takes place in every 18 cases of pulmonary inflammation, in Gibraltar only 1 in 45 dies.

The diseases of the bowels are twice as prevalent and thrice as fatal there as here; a result which we think the reporters have clearly traced to salt junk, &c. &c., used in climates which especially require the most digestible material. We are glad to find that their suggestion as to a more abundant supply of fresh meat and vegetables in tropical climates has met with prompt attention, and that already a great diminution of mortality has been observed—thus affording one more instance of how much of life hangs on the fiat of those who are in power, and with what ease an unenlightened economy may be made the means of wholesale slaughter.

The number of admissions in Malta is greater, though the mortality is less than in Gibraltar. Fevers are also more prevalent there, and twice as much so as at home. Intermittents are unknown. There is a very marked difference in the mortality from fever in different stations of this little island. The annual admissions at Valetta were 132 per 1000 strength, of whom 1·4 died annually; at Cottonera the annual admissions were 178 and the deaths 3·5, while at Floriana the deaths were 4 and the admissions 217. This shows, what we shall see throughout these reports, that it is not the general influences, as heat, moisture, electricity, &c., which determine the conditions of fever, so much as these combined with locality. In Malta, as in the Ionian and West Indian Islands, the separation of two places by a very few miles often makes the mortality from four to ten times greater. This startling result has been well worked out by the authors of these reports, so as to force the authorities to select positions good in a hygienic as well as a military point of view. In spite of the equability of a temperature not varying 4° in the year, pulmonary disorders are stated to be more fatal in Malta than at Gibraltar. Here bowel complaints carry off 3·6 per 1000 annually of the men, while the officers, who have plenty of fresh food, suffer in a very slight degree. This class of malady, especially dysentery, is certainly connected with temperature, hence the utmost pains should be taken with regard to the dietary of our soldiers in warm climates, and everything

difficult of digestion be avoided. The Maltese troops, it is true, are in their native climate; hence the mortality ought to be less than that of the British soldiery, whose duties, however, they share, and yet the difference can scarcely be accounted for on this ground alone. Their diet consists of rice, fresh vegetables, and fish; that of our troops of salt beef chiefly, with less of vegetables: the mortality in the Maltese is less than half that in the British force.

Ionian Islands.—Skirt the shores of Greece from the entrance of the Adriatic to the southern extremity of the Morea, from N. W. to S. E.—their general aspect is mountainous, rugged, and for the most part comparatively barren; they look like masses of bare rock broken into picturesque forms, and intersected by deep gullies and clefts. The coasts are deeply indented with shallow bays and lagoons, of which the banks are swamps. Except at Corfu, the extent of marshy ground is inconsiderable. The islands are by no means remarkable for luxuriant vegetation. Like all mountainous districts, they are subject to sudden vicissitudes, having the extremes of cold and heat, moist and dry, in rapid succession in a few hours. The snowy mountains of Albania lower the temperature during winter and spring in the neighbouring isles; while the rocky soil, retaining the sun's rays, renders summer as oppressive as in southern latitudes. Hence the changes are felt in a greater degree than the thermometer would indicate. The average of heat in January is $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, in August $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; the south wind is moist, not unfrequently accompanied by sirocco, during the continuance of which all vegetation is parched and languid, and the animal powers succumb—convalescents relapse—fevers become more fatal—wounds open.

The rain falls, as in northern temperate zones, in showers rather than in the torrents of Gibraltar and Malta. The greatest fall is from November to March; the least from June to September. Earthquakes are frequent.

During the early part of the period included in the report, the troops were employed in duties differing from those in the other commands—in making roads and communications in the interior of these islands, for which they received extra pay. The severest cases of disease arose in these working parties; whether the result of their labour, or of the excesses placed within their reach by extra pay, is questioned by the medical men on the spot. Within the last six years, a very great reduction has taken place in the mortality of the troops. In 1817, the annual mortality per 1000 mean strength was 49;

in 1818, 27; in 1819, 34: whereas in 1834-5-6, it was respectively 16, 13, and 15 per 1000.

The reporters, while they acknowledge that this great diminution of deaths extends to all the islands in the command, do not profess to assign the cause. But the facts they adduce point to it forcibly; viz., to the improvements in the moral and physical condition of these colonies set on foot immediately on their cession to us. The hospital and barrack accommodation, cramped and stinted by the parsimony of a colonial legislature having no earthly interest in the well-being of its conquerors, has been enlarged. Our government has taken the comfort and welfare of its troops into its own hands, the Ionian authorities paying a certain sum into the British treasury for repairs of barracks and hospitals. Agriculture has been encouraged—wastes and morasses have been drained and cultivated. In a word, a vigilant and paternal charge has been exercised, and the result is that which attends the advance of civilisation everywhere—an ameliorated climate and a diminished mortality; which last, as compared with 1817, is marked by a diminution of 200 per cent., in favour of 1836. Taking, however, the whole period from 1817 to 1836, the annual mortality in the command has been 28.3 per 1000 of mean strength; so that these islands have, on the whole, exercised a much more inimical influence than that of the other Mediterranean stations:—a glance at our table will show this, as also that the salubrity of these Islands is very various.

The mortality of the natives, however, is exactly that of the civil population of Malta, 1 in 39; which, by the way, is that of the south of Europe. Fevers of all kinds, not eruptive, are the chief scourge; for while in 1000 of mean strength, 5 annual admissions for fevers take place in Gibraltar, and 8 in Malta, no less than 132 are attacked by intermittents in this command; and for 117 attacked by common continued fever in Gibraltar, and 152 in Malta, 226 in 1000 are seized in the Ionian Islands. The remittent, unlike those in the West Indies and Africa, which are severe at all seasons, rage only from July to October.

The inhabitants suffer, though not equally, from these fevers; they are not the most rife where there is the most marsh. In the whole 20 years there were only two deaths from eruptive fevers, and they were from scarlatina.

The climate, though variable, is favourable to all diseases of the lungs. Catarrhs are neither half so prevalent, nor half so productive of mortality, as in Gibraltar, Malta, or at home. The proportion of consumptive

attacks is less numerous, the absolute mortality less than at Malta. In Malta, Gibraltar, and the United Kingdom, 6 per 1000 have been annually attacked by consumption—only 5 in the Ionian Islands. However, reporters think, and with justice, that age may have some share in producing this difference, since one-third of the troops at Gibraltar and Malta are under twenty-five, while only one-fifth are so in the Ionian Islands.

Inflammations of the lungs are more fatal in Corfu and Cephalonia than in the other Ionian Islands. Diseases of the liver are not so common as at Malta; much more so than at Gibraltar. Our table shows that Zante (where the wine is good and plentiful) is the only island of the command where this class of malady is frequent and extensive.

Chronic dysentery is more fatal in the Ionian Islands than in the East or West Indies. In these the deaths are 1 in every 6 admissions; in Gibraltar 1 in 4; in Malta 1 in 6; in the Ionian Islands 1 in 4½. For this scourge of the tropic, a removal to a cold climate is the only cure. *Delirium tremens*, or the madness of drunkards, is very prominent in these islands, as compared with the rest of the Mediterranean command. And no wonder—cheapness of wine, plenty of money, the defective enclosures of barracks, and the scattering of men in small detachments for *fatigue*—here, in short, we have every facility to tempt the British soldier to his besetting sin, in the absence of which he would be perfect—uniting indomitable courage with patience and great reverence to authority.

The results as to the invaliding on the Mediterranean command show that 16 per 1000 are annually rendered unfit for service in Gibraltar; 20 in Malta; 18 in the Ionian Islands: 41 per 1000 are constantly sick in Gibraltar; 45 in Malta; 47 in the Ionian Islands. The average sick time each year for each soldier is 15 days for Gibraltar; 16½ for Malta; 17 for the Ionian Islands; and the average duration of each attack in these places is respectively 15½, 14½, and 14½ days. Hence in Gibraltar, though a less number are constantly ill, they remain longer so than in the other Mediterranean stations, owing, it would seem, to the greater prevalence of consumption, a chronic malady.

The influence of age and length of residence on the mortality shows that seasoning, as it termed, is a fallacy. From the table at p. 59 of the report, it appears that the deaths are increased with the advance of age on all the Mediterranean stations much more rapidly than in the United Kingdom—especially at Malta. Fever is more fatal in proportion to the age of those it attacks, es-

pecially in the Ionian Islands; and as the oldest soldiers are usually those who have been the longest residents, the inference is that seasoning can be no safeguard.

The comparison of the diseases of privates and officers is, from the facility of removal in the Mediterranean stations, incomplete. It appears, however, that the annual ratio of deaths per 1000 officers is 13.5 for Gibraltar; 16.9 for Malta; and 17.5 for the Ionian Islands.

The influence of season on the mortality is chiefly to be judged of by the prevalence of acute disease. From July to November is, according to this measure, the baneful season. During this, in Gibraltar and Malta the acute cases are twice, and in the Ionian Islands thrice, as numerous as for the rest of the year. In the latter islands, during the other portion of the year, say the reporters, the degree of health enjoyed by the troops is perhaps unequalled in the globe; while in the former the climate appears to be as inimical as that of the West Indies.

We must not, however, omit reminding the reader that the healthfulness of these beautiful islands has been amazingly increased since they have been in our hands, and we believe will still continue to augment.

West Indies.—Our West India possessions are divided into four military commands, of which we shall notice only the Windward and Leeward, and the Jamaica, passing over the Bahamas and the Honduras.

The Windward and Leeward command, besides the continental territory of British Guiana, includes several islands, portions of that chain which stretches across the great gulf separating North from South America. These islands differ in their physical attributes, and therefore in their influence on health. Trinidad, Tobago, St. Lucia, and Dominica, are bold and mountainous, filled with ravines and deep gullies, impervious to the breeze, where the torrents at the rainy season stagnate amid the masses of decaying vegetation which have fallen from the dense forests which everywhere shroud the mountains. The climate is damp and variable in temperature. On the other hand, Barbadoes and Antigua are comparatively low, barren, and rocky, scant in vegetation, possessing an equable temperature, and a dry climate. The other islands possess characteristics intermediate between these; while the coast of British Guiana is an immense tract of swamp and marsh covered with forest, and only a few feet above the level of the ocean. The mean temperature of this command is 80½°, being in none of the islands above 82°, or under 79°; it is also extremely uniform, the range of the thermometer, even in the

most variable islands, not being more than 13° ; while in others it is only 4° in the year. In Britain the annual range is 30° . The barometrical range with us is from 2 to 3 inches in the year; in these islands it is not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ an inch, indicating what slight variation the elasticity and pressure of the atmosphere undergo. The average annual quantity of rain is said to be from 60 to 70 inches in the whole command, which is about thrice that in Britain; but there it falls in torrents, inundating the whole country, unless the soil be dry and apt for drainage. The four seasons of temperate climates are represented by two wet and two dry, the former of which vary in the various settlements, according to their relative proximity to the equator, rain following the course of the sun. In the most southerly, Guiana, the vernal rains extend from December to January, the autumnal from May to August; while in the most northerly, the former commence only in April or May, and the latter extend from October to December.

The heat is tempered for nine months of the year by the trade wind, blowing from the east and its collateral points, except in August and December, when it veers round to the west and south, with frequent calms. The hurricane season extends from August till the end of October, during which great devastation occurs in some of these islands.

The average number of white troops stationed in the Leeward and Windward command, during the twenty years from 1817 to 1836, was 4,333. Each man appears, on the average, to have been under medical treatment about twice in the year; that is, the cases of sickness are on the whole about twice as numerous as at home. At home, only 1 in 67 cases treated ends in death; in this command 1 in 24. Taking in all causes of mortality, one-eleventh of the force have died annually, which is six times the mortality of our troops at home. Great as this is, the destructive influence of the climate appears to have undergone a marked amelioration, as measured by the mortality occurring during the fourteen years antecedent to 1817, viz., 1803 to 1816; the annual ratio of deaths having been, during this period, 138 per 1000 of white troops, or about one-half more than the average of the last twenty years.

We must not pass without a comment, though the reporters have done so, the barrack accommodation, signalled as it is either by great negligence or great ignorance as to what concerns human life. In a tropical climate, as many men were placed in one room as the breadth of their bodies would admit. The accommodation, as it is termed, was twenty-three inches per man,

or just space enough to swing the hammocks, in which, instead of bedsteads, they were slung side by side. This state of things endured up to 1827. Since this period three feet three inches have been allowed per man, and the barrack has in every respect been made more roomy and commodious. Still, however, this space is too little for health, unless artificial ventilation be resorted to.

The whole of this subject, of the best mode of lodging bodies of men in our charitable buildings, our schools, workhouses, and factories, and barracks, is wofully neglected. The architects (judging from the alterations their buildings require) know literally nothing about the matter;—and the sum of experience as to the best ‘sewerage’ for contaminated air is, even with medical men, loosely ascertained. It would be well were a portion of the medical staff of our colonies formed into a board of health for the purpose of preventing disease. Had this been so ordered, the flagrant example we have just quoted could not have been permitted to exist an hour. Fevers are the scourge of these West India islands. More than a third of all the hospital admissions, and about one-half of the deaths, are from this cause. As compared with our fevers, ten men are seized in these islands for every one attacked at home; and for one death by fever with us twenty-five take place there.

Of the whole number of fever cases two-fifths arise from intermittents, which are seldom fatal. These abound in Demerara, Berbice, and Trinidad, where the barracks are plunged among marshes. In the other islands they are little known. The malignant fevers, remittent, or yellow fever, rage chiefly in Tobago, Guiana, St. Lucia, and Dominica. The common continued fever kills one in twenty-three, instead of one in seventy-eight as at home. It is equally prevalent in all the islands. Eruptive fevers are so rare that only thirteen cases and one death have occurred in the last twenty years.

Fewer persons are attacked by pulmonary complaints than in Britain, but more die: $10\frac{1}{2}$ per 1000 have been annually cut off in these islands; whereas in England the utmost mortality from this cause has been $8\frac{1}{4}$ per 1000. It would seem that inflammations of the lungs and chronic catarrh are twice as numerous and twice as fatal as at home. Diseases of the liver are less common in the West than in the East Indies: they are, on the other hand, thrice as prevalent, and create five times more of mortality in the latter climate than in that of Great Britain. The maladies of the stomach and bowels are both rife and fatal: 421 per 1000 are annually attacked in the West India isl-

lands; while at home only 95 per 1000 are attacked. The deaths in the former are just forty times those at home; for one death in 2000 in Great Britain, we find 21 in 1000 in the islands. The diseases of the brain are about four times as high as among the same number of troops at home: of these considerably more than one-half, we regret to add, are clearly traced to intemperance. A glance at our table will show the peculiar influence of each island. Tobago is most remarkable for fever: Dominica for diseases of the bowels and brain; Barbadoes for those of the lungs; Grenada for those of the liver; while Trinidad is most noted for its dropsies. Why these things are so it is impossible to determine: the reports furnished on this head no light.

Influence of Age and Length of Residence on Mortality among Troops.—In the Windward and Leeward command, where the annual mortality, from all causes, is 85 per 1000, the extent of invaliding is 24 per 1000 of the strength annually. In Jamaica, the annual mortality from all causes is 143 per 1000: the extent of invaliding is 16 per 1000.

Of every 1000 white soldiers, 87 are constantly ineffective from sickness in the Windward and Leeward command, and 63 in Jamaica, though the latter is the most unhealthy. This peculiarity is attributable to the fact that fevers are more common in Jamaica than in the other stations, and hence the hospital is sooner cleared. In the United Kingdom, 40 per 1000 are constantly ineffective. Each soldier may reckon on 23 days' sickness in the year in Jamaica, and 27½ days in the Windward and Leeward command. The average duration of each attack in the former is 13½ days; in the latter, 14½.

The difference of the mortality among officers, compared with the troops, is curious, and in a great measure affords a test as to the real influence of climate. The results show that the admissions and deaths among the officers are only half as high as among the men. In the Windward and Leeward Islands the mortality among 1000 strength of either class is, for the officers, 42, for the men, 78.5, from all causes. In the Jamaica command, 83.4 officers and 121.3 men perish annually in the 1000. Fevers carry off in the islands 29, and in Jamaica 69 per 1000 of officers, while of the men 101 perish from this cause in the latter, and 36.9 in the former command. The remittent fever is more intense among the officers than among the troops, 1 in 5 dying of those attacked in the former, and 1 in 8 only in the latter. In the Leeward and Windward command, 3.2 among 1000 officers perish annually from

pulmonary diseases, while the same causes kill 10.4 of the men. In Jamaica, the ratio is 2 officers, and 7.5 of the men for these maladies. Now this very remarkable difference, not to be traced to the removal of the officers from these stations, shows that the climate alone of the West Indies will not account for the mortality by diseases of the lungs. The reporters prove satisfactorily that neither exposure nor intemperance act in producing this excess of mortality among the men, since non-commission officers, who are not more exposed than the commissioned to night air, and who are compelled to be sober, under the penalty of immediate reduction to the ranks, exhibit the same rate of mortality as the privates.

The reporters hint that bad air, and bad food, which are known to produce consumption in those not constitutionally predisposed to that malady, may solve the point. In general, these reports show that far too much salt provision is allotted to the men; and we would ask whether the same space of barrack room is apportioned in tropical as in temperate climates; if so, it is a capital error. With regard to the influence of age and length of residence on mortality, the reporters infer that the doctrine of 'seasoning' is erroneous, since the deaths are more numerous among those who have been longest in the tropics, and that the chance of mortality increases with the age of those attacked. The annual mortality per 1000 in civil life, according to the Carlisle tables, is, for England, from 18 to 25, 7; from 25 to 33, 8; from 33 to 40, 10.7; from 40 to 50, 14.1. In the Windward and Leeward commands, for these same periods, it is 50, 74, 97, 123: and in Jamaica, 70, 107, 131, 128. So that, instead of the mortality among our West India troops diminishing with the advance of age, it increases much more rapidly than in this country. The annual mortality of those resident only one year in Jamaica was 77 per 1000; of those resident two years, 87 per 1000; and of those who had been longer in the island, 93 per 1000. This will show that the influence of length of residence is deteriorating. However, it would appear that the older troops, though suffering more from the ordinary diseases, suffer less from the epidemics of the tropics than the fresh.

It is probable that, for the mass of Englishmen, the influence of the tropics is beyond the power of their constitution to become inured to it—a poison too strong to be tolerated—but with others acclimatisation is, we think, certain. The English soldier or sailor is by far the least pliable of the European military, retaining his home virtues and vices, and attempting to carry into another

hemisphere the habits, the prejudices, and the customs of his native land. In despite of the hot sun which is burning overhead, or the jungle which surrounds him on all sides, he pursues with a recklessness of danger, all that his intense energies prompt, and is, wherever he goes, the theme of perpetual wonder to the natives of climates which he defies—alas! not with impunity. Hence before the doctrine of non-acclimatisation be admitted, allowance should be made for habits, which though the same at home or abroad, yet being differently combined, may produce very different results. A set of men may, by their habits, lay the foundation of malady in the first year of their residence in a tropical climate, which shall appear only in the second; and it is clear that a constitution so deteriorated will tend to decay with an accelerating force. To disentangle causes so as to produce a clear result, we ought to have details as to the influence of residence on the civil population of the West Indies; and these are wanting. It would appear, out of twenty-one corps, that in nine the mortality was greater in the first than in subsequent years, and in the twelve others, less. The reporters think that this apparent exception arose from four epidemics having raged among the troops.

Jamaica.—From 2000 to 8000 troops are situated in ten different parts of this island; and it is curious to remark how very various is the mortality on a spot of earth 170 miles long and 50 broad. A range of mountains 8000 feet in height forms a complete barrier between the north and south sides. The seasons are different as well as the soil, on the two sides. In the north, the rains are a month later in their commencement, and much longer in duration, than on the south; a greater quantity falls, and is more equally distributed, and, being nearer the mountain, the atmosphere is cooler and more variable. The high land in the interior has a very different character from either side. In fact, every climate may be procured in the island. At an elevation of 4400 feet, the thermometer ranges 55° to 65°, and in winter is 44°; and the vegetation of the tropics is nowhere seen. The rapid alternations of mountain districts are very apparent here. The yellow fever, raging pestilentially below in the plain, never reaches 2500 feet above it in any part of the globe.

The annual ratio of mortality per 1000 strength of the white and black troops is at

Up Park Camp . . .	140.6
Port Royal . . .	113.1
Fort Antigua . . .	73.5
Spanish Town . . .	162.4
Honey Hill . . .	90.2

Port Antonio . . .	149.3
Falmouth . . .	102.6
Montego Bay . . .	178.9
Maroon Town . . .	32.7
Lucea . . .	84.9
Average of the whole island .	121.3

Here, then, side by side, we see what the influence of locality is in comparing the mortality of Maroon Town with that of Montego Bay. The distance of Maroon Town to Montego Bay is eighteen miles. The latter, however, is on the sea-shore, and inclosed on all sides but one by a range of mountains. The result is a degree of heat more intense than in any other part of the island, and probably malaria from the admixture of salt-water with the moisture from the hills. Maroon Town is situated 2000 feet above this deadly level. Every feature of healthy locality seems here to combine; an elevated plain of several hundred acres, diversified by mountain, hillock and valley, necessitates the separation of the houses and barracks. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, except towards the north-east, where it opens on a vast expanse of sea and land. The average annual mortality by fever is 15 per 1000, while at Montego Bay it is just ten times greater, or 150 per 1000.

We shall say but a very few words as to the mortality of the black troops in these and in our other colonies. If the annexed Table II. be compared with that of the white troops, it will afford at a single glance much matter for thought. Thus fevers destroy 410 per 1000 of the white troops annually in Sierra Leone, and only 2.4 of the blacks. In Jamaica, for 101 whites which fall victims to this malady per 1000 in the year, eight blacks die. The negro, however, bears very ill the removal from his native climate, even to one which, as in Malta and the West Indies, may be considered as resembling it. Our authors remark that all over the world the annual mortality of the natives of each country does not exceed 15 per 1000, between the ages of 20—40. Thus: the average annual mortality of the Maltese fencibles is 9 per 1000: of the aborigines, composing the Cape corps of southern Africa, it is 11 per 1000: among the Madras troops 13, and the Bengal 11 per 1000. Now, the black troops of the West Indies exhibit a mortality of 40 per 1000 per annum, or thrice that of the East Indian troops in their native climate. In the Mauritius the black troops die in the same ratio as in the West Indies, and in Ceylon, where a considerable black colonial corps was employed, the mortality was so high that they became nearly extinct in a few years. In Gibraltar,

TABLE II.—Annual Ratio of Mortality per 1000 of Black Troops.

	British Guiana.	Trinidad.	Tobago.	Grenada.	St. Vincent's.	Barbadoes.	St. Lucia.	Dominica.	Antigua, &c.	St. Kitt's, &c.	Average of the whole Command.	Sierra Leone.	Cape of Good Hope, Eastern Frontier.
By Fevers	8.5	3.2	8.6	4.8	.9	3.8	5.2	7.7	1.7	10.5	4.6	2.4	.7
Eruptive Fevers	"	7.	"	"	1.8	.2	5.4	.4	.3	"	2.5	6.9	
Diseases of the Lungs	17.9	15.4	12.	9.5	13.	18.7	14.8	16.7	16.8	23.9	16.4	6.3	3.9
" Liver3	.6	1.	1.	13.	.9	.9	1.6	1.7	.7	.9	1.1	.5
" Stomach and Bowels	5.8	5.5	4.8	4.2	11.3	13.1	7.1	7.4	3.6	6.3	7.4	5.3	4.8
" Brain	3.3	2.6	2.	4.2	2.6	1.9	2.1	.4	1.4	1.4	2.2	1.6	
Dropsies	2.4	1.1	4.3	3.1	2.8	3.1	2.6	1.3	.9	1.7	3.1	.3	
All other Diseases	2.4	2.9	1.5	3.6	3.7	5.3	4.3	4.6	2.5	2.8	3.8	6.2	1.
Total	40.6	39.7	34.2	28.4	36.2	46.	49.7	39.9	28.9	46.3	46.	30.1	10.9
Annual Ratio of Mortality per 1000 of the Slave Population of all ages in these Colonies	34	30.	47.	36	34.	31.	35.	35.	30.	30.	30.		

where the 14th West India regiment was quartered, and did garrison duty for two years, under a notion of saving the white troops in the heat of the day, the mortality was 62 per 1000, being four times that of the European troops quartered on the rock. They perished of inflamed lungs and bowel complaints of the acutest form. Fevers appear to have little effect on the negro—eruptive fevers excepted.

On the whole, the West India climate, while it affects in each island the negro as variously as the white, has of late greatly improved for both. If the last line of the table for black troops be looked through, the reader will see that the mortality in all the islands, excepting Antigua, Grenada, and Tobago, is higher among the troops than the whole slave population. This is the more remarkable as the mortality for the latter includes that for all ages, the sickly and the healthy, the old and the young; whereas, says the reporters, 'that of the troops is calculated for persons in the prime of life; so that, notwithstanding the alleged ill treatment of the latter, a much smaller proportion is found to die than of the former, who have neither severe duty nor harsh treatment to undergo.'

As to our fatal settlements in Western Africa, the retention of which appears to us *madness*, these reporters regret the deficiency of accurate materials; adding the sufficient apology—that they who were to furnish them perished. They can say little on the influence of length of residence in diminishing mortality, because 'none lived long enough to admit of any accurate opinion being formed.'

These possessions are scattered over a line of coast stretching from St. Mary's on the Gambia, to Accra, nearly 1600 miles, presenting in its whole extent, with every external variety of aspect, the common attribute of deadly influence to the white man.

Sierra Leone, intermediate between Gambia and Accra, is a peninsula, eighteen miles by twelve, and consisting of a range of conical mountains from 2000 to 3000 feet in height, surrounded by a belt of ground from one to five miles broad. From north to south-east the whole adjoining territory is intersected by numerous creeks and rivers, which overflow in the rainy season, and form extensive swamps. For 700 miles the coast presents an oozy flat, raised but a few feet above the level of the ocean. The numerous rivers moving sluggishly, easily deposit their mud when overflowing, and afford a soil to interminable wildernesses of forest and bushwood, where the decayed vegetation of centuries lies rotting. The moun-

tain-ranges are said to protect the peninsula from these influences on the one side, and the ocean on the other. But the Bulam shore is on the opposite side of the river, the soil of which is a ferruginous loam, flat and marshy. The Isles de Loss, five in number, lie sixty miles north of Sierra Leone. The nearest is three, the most distant is eight miles from the mainland. Crawford's island, the centre of this group, is a granite rock, 250 feet high, 300 feet broad, and a mile and a half in length. It has neither marsh nor pool, nor the rank vegetation of the mainland. The principal settlement on the Gambia is the island of St. Mary's, 500 miles north of Sierra Leone. It abounds in all species of dense vegetation, which, during the hot season, create most offensive effluvia. The characteristic of the climate is extreme humidity; more rain falls in two successive days of August than in Britain throughout the entire year. Except at Sierra Leone, where the diurnal range of the thermometer is 10°, the transition from heat to cold, with dense chilling fogs, is sudden, and endures during many months. There are no trade-winds to reduce the temperature, though the peninsula has a regular sea and land breeze. During December, January, and February, the *harmatan* blows—a dry, parching, east wind, destructive in pulmonary diseases, but salubrious, as is said, in most others. Nothing can exceed the gloom of the weather in the two wet seasons: the hills are wrapped in impenetrable fogs, and the rain falls in such torrents that exercise and amusement must be forborne—the fatal diseases now make their appearance. To this wretched climate, soldiers who commuted their punishment for service here, were sent, and brought with them vice, intemperance, and reckless despair. The barracks, which in such a climate should have been most substantial, were so dilapidated that even the officers were forced to lodge in rude huts incapable of affording shelter. In 1821 the medical officer reported that had the then troops not been natives, they must all have perished in the year. In 1824 and 1825, Europeans drafted from Britain were employed; the barracks were not remedied; 'and,' say the reporters, 'fatally indeed was the prediction fulfilled.' In 1826, barracks said to be good were erected.

Annually, during the eighteen years from 1819 to 1836, every man was thrice under treatment, and nearly one-half the force perished. The chief disease is fever, which on an average attacks each man once in nine months, and destroys yearly two-fifths of the force. The climate is favourable to diseases of the lungs, especially to inflammation,

eight per 1000 being only attacked by it yearly, while in most of the other colonies the ratio is forty per 1000. But liver complaints are four times more prevalent and fatal than in any other colony we possess; and diseases of the bowels yield forty-one deaths per 1000 strength annually. Of 1000 combatant officers, 230 died, and 275 sickened annually; of the medical, 226 died, and sixty-eight sickened annually; of the commissariat, 124 died, and 163 sickened. These last seem to have escaped, from the nature of their duties exposing them less to disease. The small extent of invaliding among the medical officers is attributable to their not being able to get leave to return home lest the colony should have been left without medical aid. We will not weaken by any comment the following remarks of Major Tulloch: he argues against the formation of penal corps in any colony:—

‘It is obvious that if such a corps is stationed in a healthy climate, banishment to it can scarcely be looked on as a punishment; but if sent to one exceedingly unhealthy, then the natural evils of climate are aggravated by despair, and that interperance which despair too generally induces. In addition to the dread of sickness with which the soldier is impressed on his arrival, there is the certainty that, under no circumstances, will he ever be permitted to return to his native land, and the excesses to which this gave rise during the period when mortality was at its height in Western Africa, are stated to have been such as to baffle description, and could only be expected from men absolutely weary of life, and driven by despair to the verge of madness. Setting all restraints at defiance, regardless of the warnings of their medical attendants, or the fate of their comrades, every energy was directed to procure the means of that intoxication which they vainly looked to as the best resource against care, and in search of which they fearlessly encountered the tropical rays by day, and the chilling dews by night: punishment was of no avail; that of death itself was derided by men who knew that in such a climate their hours were already numbered. To corporal punishment they had become so habituated that it lost its terrors, though it must have been inflicted by no unsparring hands when twelve deaths are recorded from it within a year. Even had their crimes been such as to involve the utmost penalty of the law, banishment to such a climate was obviously far from a commutation of punishment: not a twentieth part of the criminals sentenced to death in the United Kingdom about that period were ever executed; the rest were sent to a climate in which their lives were likely to be prolonged to their utmost limits. But out of the same number of military culprits sent to the coast of Africa, one-half generally died during the first quarter, and the average duration of life among the others did not exceed fifteen months. Yet many of the crimes which led them to this coast were by no means of a heinous nature either in a civil or a military point of view, as it too often happened that those who wanted fortune to bear a present punishment, though comparatively trifling, were glad to exchange it for one deferred, but of the nature of which they were ignorant. Rare, indeed, were the instances of improvement in the culprits of Western

Africa, while hundreds became more depraved from association and from their hopeless condition. No proper persons could be obtained to act as non-commissioned officers, so that it too often happened that in any attempts at mutiny, the officers were not only deprived of the co-operation of their subordinates, but even found them among the ring-leaders. The risk of their lives and the safety of the colonies may be conceived when thus placed under the protection of a body of armed felons.’—*Report on Western Africa*, p. 26.

To compensate for this awful waste of life, our African possessions at the Cape, and especially its eastern frontier, present a scale of mortality unknown in the rest of the habitable globe. At Cape Town itself, the annual mortality is less than at home, being one in forty-six, and this too, after it has received the invalids of the east in the last stages of malady. In certain districts where this class of cases is excluded, the mortality is one in sixty-seven, or that of the healthiest counties of England. In spite of indifferent barrack accommodations, fevers are slight; the intermittent and remittent are almost unknown; and of the eruptive class only nine cases and one death have occurred in nineteen years. Consumption is not so rife even as among the Ionian Islands. Rheumatism, however, is more prevalent than at home or in any other colony. On the eastern frontier the mortality is the least among all our colonies, or that of the United Kingdom; this is owing to the extreme rarity of diseases of the lungs. From fevers, too, this spot is more exempt than any other part of the world.

We shall not enter into any discussion on the causes of these fevers, as the subject requires a more minute examination than we can afford. We think, however, that the reporters have attached too much importance to facts, which, when, taken isolatedly, would seem to throw great doubt on the doctrine of malaria. It is true that heat alone, or moisture alone, or soil, or geological aspect, or that all these combined, do not invariably in all years produce fevers. Equally true is it that there are marshes in the neighbourhood of which we find none of those effects so visible in spots of a similar character elsewhere. But view the broad fact all over the world, and the scrutiny will show that where there is decaying vegetable or animal matter, heat and moisture will render them noxious to life; that in general, where there are marshes and swamps; where the higher animals languish, and the traveller sees nothing in these oppressive solitudes but a few wretched beings stunted in growth, dull in mind, trailing after cattle as poor and miserable as themselves. Amidst the stagnant waters of Bresse, the plains of Fôrez,

the Campagna of Rome, the Pontine Marshes in the Lagoons of the Mediterranean shores, the general aspect is ever the same—a dank and noisome vegetation in a grey expanse, unbroken by movement either from bough or beast—and a heavy, clinging air, overwhelming the most buoyant spirits. We find in these very reports, the candour and scrupulous honesty of which cannot be too much praised, materials enough, in our opinion, to show what our authors seem to impugn, the connection of fever with situations in which decayed vegetable matter abounds. Thus, in the Greek islands, generally, the most marshy are the most insalubrious—for instance, St. Maura, with its shallow lagoon. In the West Indian islands the same holds good: St. Lucia, Dominica, Tobago, are filled with uncultivated tracts, where deep ravines hold in stagnant pools the spoils of a tropical vegetation accumulated for centuries. It is precisely in these islands that fevers are so fatally abundant; while in St. Vincent's, Antigua, and Barbadoes, where the drainage is good, the valleys open to the breeze, the land better cultivated, the vegetation less dense, the mortality is diminished. Where the marshes have been drained or deepened, there also, as in the Ionian Islands, disease has invariably been diminished. These facts hold forth a promise that, in the combat with nature, man may immeasurably better the condition of his existence, if he persevere unceasingly. A great diminution in the mortality of our possessions in the West Indies and in the Ionian islands, has taken place; and we hesitate not in saying, will continue to do so, if civilisation in its largest sense be advanced. With regard to the facts which seem exceptions to the general influences causing fevers, these may be met by others which abound in the reports. Tropical heat is not the cause of fever, say the reporters, for St. Helena is healthy; well, then, endeavour as far as possible to reduce your unhealthy locality to the conditions of this healthier one. If the excessive moisture of the Malabar coast is a proof that health may co-exist with this condition, let us not be discouraged in our endeavours to ameliorate the physical aspect of such of our colonies as abound in moisture. If neither heat nor moisture be necessarily of themselves extensively injurious, it is a consolation to know that this is so with the more unchangeable elements of climate. If fevers are less rife in the uncleared marshy grounds of Canada than where the soil has been cleared, this is a reason for believing that wood and water are not necessarily fatal, and that the immunity from malady is possibly dependent on

the power of vegetation in abstracting superfluous moisture, and in preventing that fiercer action of the sun which calls forth emanations from decaying leaves.

As for the instances adduced by Major Tulloch of fever being rife in islands devoid of the conditions supposed necessary to the production of malaria, it may be fairly argued that, as every kind of fever but ague may become contagious in the course of its progress, so these maladies might have been carried thither by contagion; or, what is still more probable, that the noxious vapours may have been transported by the winds. That this may be so, is an inference by analogy from the known effects of the harmattan, the sirocco, and others, which bring unimpaired the influences of regions far removed from those in which they exhibit their effects. The instances, too, of ships at sea being attacked by fevers which are raging on the distant course they are moving towards, are too numerous to make us hesitate a moment in adopting this theory for explaining the facts which are quoted in these reports as admitting of no explanation.

A careful perusal of these documents will show, that in Western Africa, the Isles de Loss, Accra, and Sierra Leone, are not out of the influence of malaria, although they may be a few miles distant from the next swamp. In the Ionian islands, the rocky and barren islands of Vide, Ithaca and Cerigo, are more unhealthy than Corfu, where vegetation and marsh abound. This should suggest an inquiry into the circumstances modifying the action of malaria, and not the denial of its existence;—and these circumstances are numerous. Heat is necessary for the production of malaria, yet if it be excessive, it destroys it: hence, in all marshy districts, the cool hours of the morning and the evening are dangerous, while noon is comparatively innocuous. The forest may be a prolific source of disease, but if it be pervious to the breeze, and only thick enough to ward off the intense action of the sun without checking evaporation, it affords an instance of wood and water exercising no injurious influence on health.

In these and similar examples the mass of influences appear precisely alike, though they are not so. The same with regard to locality—fevers, as a general rule, rage in low places; yet they are found as destructive in elevations of 1000 feet. The inference should be, not that elevation is of no avail, but that here some modification has occurred in the general rule;—and a closer inspection of the examples will prove that these elevated spots all overhung a marsh, or were exposed to winds blowing over large malarious dis-

tricts. Our authors have acted judiciously in pointing out to the army medical officers, whose reports are crammed with speculations on the causes of fever, the numerous exceptions to their favourite and varying theories,—but their own views are too exclusive and gloomy.

We disbelieve the discouraging doctrine that these scourges of the tropics are beyond our control; on the contrary, we would urge as strongly as possible on the individual, that in whatever climate he is placed, much of health depends on himself. On those who are in authority, whether on the spot or at home, we would most earnestly urge the necessity of watching over the public health, which they alone can influence; how largely, let these reports bear witness!—We can scarcely turn over a page without stumbling on some glaring defect in those arrangements which deeply affect the expenditure of life and treasure—barracks built on the same models in the tropics as at home, and these often dilapidated, and allowed to remain so till their tenants sickened and died—the rations fit for one season given in all—little or no reference had to the dietary best fitted for the change of climate—localities fixed on for permanent garrisons, where, had medical experience been resorted to, it would have proclaimed beforehand that no enemy could commit such havoc as the exhalations that must surround the soldier.

Measures, however, have already, we rejoice to find, been taken to carry into effect the injunctions of these reports. The deteriorating influences of a lengthened residence in the tropics will be checked by the rotation system, by which the troops are rapidly shifted. The rations are composed of fresher and more digestible materials in hot climates—healthier localities have, in various cases, been selected for barracks. Should an increased population and prosperity give an impetus to agriculture, the immense tracts of waste lands in the West India islands will be brought into cultivation; dense forests will be removed; hence less moisture generated—and, where practicable, drainage adopted; means than which none can be more powerful in changing all the physical attributes of climate. Finally, we are glad to say, no more white soldiers are to go to the settlements in Western Africa, except a few men volunteering as non-commissioned officers.

ART. V.—*Poems*. By John Sterling. 8vo. pp. 245. London, 1839.

We have read this modest volume of poems with great pleasure. It is full of tenderness, fancy, and truth, and especially to be commended for correct versification and good English. The author—a clergyman, we believe, in early life—has, apparently without effort, acquired the middle and most generally pleasing tone of Wordsworth's poetry, without that mannerism of phrase and imagery by which the modern countless imitators of this great poet are marked, and not distinguished. Some among the finest lines in the volume are, perhaps, those addressed to another name of kindred power; and indeed, the impress of Coleridge's mind on Mr. Sterling is not less perceptible in these poems than that of Coleridge's still living friend. But neither in this instance is there any copying; principles, and master-lines of thought, indicate the disciple; and the free and quiet expression proves him not a resent one, or a partisan. There are many who can bear testimony to the tender fidelity of much of the following description; and the passage conveys a fair specimen of Mr. Sterling's manner:—

'Like some full tree that bends with fruit and leaves,
While gentle wind a quivering descant weaves,
He met the gaze; with Sibyl eyes, and brow
By age snow-clad, yet bright with summer's glow;
His cheek was youthful, and his features play'd
Like lights and shadows in a flowery glade.
Around him flow'd, with many a varied fall,
And depth of voice, 'mid smiles most musical,
Words like the Seraph's, when in Paradise
He vainly strove to make his hearers wise.
In sore disease I saw him laid—a shrine
Half ruin'd, and all tottering—still divine,
'Mid broken arch and shatter'd cloister hung
The ivy's green, and wreaths of blossom clung;
Through mingling vine and bay the sunshine fell,
Or winds and moonbeams sported round the cell;
But o'er the altar burnt that heavenly flame,
Whose life no damps of earth avail'd to tame.
And there have I swift hours a watcher been,
Heard mystic spells, and sights prophetic seen.
Till all beyond appear'd a vast Inane,
Yet all with deeper life revived again;
And Nature woke in Wisdom's light, and grew
Instinct with love that else she never knew:
Expanding spirits fill'd her countless forms,
And truth beam'd calmly through chaotic storms,
Till shapes, hues, symbols, felt the wizard's rod,
And while they sank in silence, there was God.
O heart! that like a fount with freshness ran' &c.
—p. 153.

The principal poem in this collection, 'The Sexton's Daughter,' is a simple but not hackneyed tale, conducted with a great deal of skill in the narrative, and leaving an unusual entireness of impression on the heart

of the reader. It seems to show the author master of that rare talent amongst poets, even of much higher general powers, of relating the necessary facts in verse, without discontinuance of the poetic tone and impulse; a faculty in which Shelley—to mention only one superior name—was so signally deficient. Jane is the only child of the old, silent, and case-hardened sexton of a country parish, to whom she in her childhood is the single object of emotion, and the constant companion in the works of his vocation :—

'One daughter, little Jane, had he,
The silent sexton's only child;
And when she laugh'd aloud and free,
The grave old sexton smiled;

For she within his heart had crept,
Himself he could not tell you why;
But often he has almost wept,
Because he heard her cry.

All else to him appear'd as dead,
Awaiting but the shroud and pall;
It seem'd that to himself he said,
"I soon shall dig the graves of all."

And beast, and man, and home, and wife,
He saw with cold accustom'd eye:
Jane only look'd so full of life
As if *that* (?) she could never die.

And when she still could hardly walk
By holding fast his wrinkled finger,
So well he loved her prattling talk,
He often from his work would linger.

Around her waist in sport he tied
The coffin-ropes for leading-strings;
And on his spade she learnt to ride,
And handled all his churchyard things.

Henceforth on many a summer day,
While hollowing deep the sun-lit grave,
Beside him he would have her stay,
And bones to be her playthings gave.]

At whiles the busied man would raise
Above the brink his bare grey head,
With quiet smile a moment gaze,
And turn to labour for the dead.'—p. 4.

Years rolled on, and the child becomes a beautiful girl :—

'To her new beauty largely given
From deeper fountains look'd and smiled;
And, like a morning dream from heaven,
The woman gleam'd within the child!

And she had reach'd a higher state,
Though infant joys about her hung:
With gaze more fix'd, a graver fate
Above her beauty hung.

And thus about her youth was spread
The shadow thrown by coming time;
The expectance deepening o'er her head,
Of Passion's sad sublime.'—p. 15.

Jane's mother, a woman of a deep and tender spirit, dies; and the Sexton grieves for her, but digs her grave. To his daughter it seemed as if the world must sink within that grave: still she has sacred duties to perform towards her aged father, and she performs them duly. One season of mournful meditation she claims for herself,—the silent hour of summer dawn,—during which she tends the flowers on her parent's grave, or sits beside, with the Bible resting upon it. Whilst so engaged one morning, she hears a voice beyond the old yew-tree in the church-yard, half in sobs of grief, and half in prayer: it is that of a youth kneeling by his widowed mother's grave :—

'He, too, was young, and sad, and pale;
Two mourning, youthful hearts were they;
They had the same familiar tale,—
Man's tale of every day.

And each upon the other gazed,
With eyes from sorrow cold and slow;
They knew not why, but felt amazed
That each was not alone in woe.'

They meet again, and love, though sickness has already marked Henry, the orphan youth, for her own :—

'Twere worth a thoughtful wish to see
A loving pair so calm, so young,
'Mid graves beside the churchyard tree,
While summer's light around them clung.

He seem'd a more than common man,
Whom children pass'd not heedless by,
With graven brow of shapely span,
And sudden-moving, pensive eye.]

Retired and staid was Henry's look,
And shrank from men's tumultuous ways;
And on the earth, as on a book,
He oft would bend his gaze.

But then at sight of bird or flower,
Or beam that set the clouds in flame,
Or aught that told of joy or power,
Upon the man his genius came.

Most flash'd his light when near him shone
That face of youth, those eyes of blue,
Whose looks re-echoing every tone,
Paid heartfelt words with smiles as true.'—p. 34.

The thrifty Sexton at first opposes the lovers' union, except upon the condition of Henry's becoming his assistant in manual labour, but at last gives a general consent, if the parties should remain of the same mind when the spring returned. But ere the winter is past, Jane has watched by the death-bed of her promised husband, and she herself has taken a death-chill. When spring returns, the aged Sexton is left alone on the earth.

• Upon the spring-clad fields and woods,
The churchyard graves and tall church-tower,
The warm, pure daylight softly broods,
And fills with life the morning hour.

The vast sepulchral yew-tree waves,
And feels the sunshine cheer the shade,
And e'en the low and grassy graves
Appear in living alumber laid.

The only sad and helpless thing,
That May-day makes not less forlorn,
Is that old man, to whom the spring
Is dead, and dead the breezy morn.

These live not now, for all is dead
With her that lies below the sod;
His daughter from his life is fled,
And leaves but dust by spectres trod.

The smooth, sweet air is blowing round,
It is a spirit of hope to all;
It whispers o'er the wakeful ground,
And countless daisies hear the call.

It mounts and sings away to heaven,
And 'mid each light and lovely cloud;
To it the lark's loud joys are given,
And young leaves answer it aloud.

It skims above the flat green meadow,
And darkening sweeps the shining stream;
Along the hill it drives the shadow,
And sports and warms in the skyey beam.

But round that hoar and haggard man
It cannot shed a glimpse of gladness;
He wastes beneath a separate ban,
An exile to a world of gladness.

Upon a bench before his door
He sits, with weak and staring eyes,
He sits and looks, for straight before
The grave that holds his daughter lies.

If any come with him to speak,
In dull harsh words he bids them go;
For this strong earth he seems too weak,
For breathing life too cramped and slow:—

A sun-dial pillar left alone,
On which no dial meets the eye;
A black mill-wheel with grass o'ergrown,
That hears no water trickle by:—

Dark palsied mass of severed rock,
Deaf, blind, and sore to sun and rain;
A shattered grave-stone's time-worn block
That only shows the name of—Jane.'—p. 99.

We have not noticed parts of this poem, in which the Author shows himself master of a rich vein of classical fancy, as in the fourth and eighth parts; but we read them and the other pieces in the volume of the same kind with pleasure. Amongst these we distinguish 'Aphrodite,' and 'Dædalus,' although we are not sure that we exactly understand the *mythus* of this latter poem. The last in the volume, 'Joan d'Arc,' is a very highly-finished composition, and may be regarded as one of the most successful

specimens of versification that have appeared within recent years. We feel confident that, notwithstanding the length of our preceding extracts, the closing apostrophe to the martyred heroine will be read with more or less of the admiration which it excited in us:—

'Faithful maiden, gentle heart!
Thus our thoughts of grief depart;
Vanishes the place of death;
Sounds no more thy painful breath;
O'er the unbloody stream of Meuse
Melt the silent evening dew,
And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the armed destroyer.
But thy native waters flow
Through a land unnamed below,
And thy woods their verdure wave
In the vale beyond the grave,
Where the deep-dyed western sky
Looks on all with tranquil eye,
And on distant dateless hills
Each high peak with radiance fills.
There amid the oak-tree shadow,
And o'er all the beech-crowned meadow,
Those for whom the earth must mourn
In their peaceful joy sojourn.
Joined with Fame's selected few,
Those whom Rumour never knew,
But no less to Conscience true:
Each grave prophet soul sublime,
Pyramids of elder Time;
Bards with hidden fire possessed,
Flashing from a wo-worn breast;
Builders of man's better lot,
Whom their hour acknowledged not,
Now with strength appeased and pure,
Feel whate'er they loved is sure.
These, and such as these the train,
Sanctified by former pain,
'Mid those softest yellow rays
Sphered afar from mortal praise;
Peasant, matron, monarch, child,
Saint undaunted, hero mild,
Sage whom pride has ne'er beguiled:
And with them the Champion-maid
Dwells in that serene glad;
Danger, toil, and grief no more
Touch her life's unearthly shore;
Gentle sounds that will not cease,
Breathe but peace, and ever peace;
While above the immortal trees
Michael and his host she sees
Clad in Diamond panoplies;
And more near, in tender light,
Honoured Catharine, Margaret bright,
Agnes, whom her loosened hair
Robes like woven amber air—
Sisters of her childhood come
To her last eternal home.'—p. 245.

We have no wish, in calling attention to a volume of such general excellence as this of Mr. Sterling's, to notice petty defects. We would only venture to caution the Author against an occasional tendency to exaggeration of tone and sentiment, fatally injurious to the lasting influence of poetry. We just refer, as one instance, to the poem entitled 'Mirabeau,' which appears to us written rather too soon after the study of

Mr. Carlyle. It seems to us, also, that such expressions as—

'Thou sky, whose dome, above them bent,
Expands the cloudless God to sight'—

and

'Thou pervading Soul of All' (p. 32)—

and others similar, in different parts of this volume, are neither accurate nor safe, and, literally taken, import or insinuate a doctrine equally remote, we are confident, from Mr. Sterling's philosophy and his religion. We trust, however, that these poems will be read as much as they seem to us justly to deserve; and that their author will in due time, and under proper conditions, be able to present to the world other and still maturer fruits of his genius.

ART. VI.—1. *An Examination of the New Form of the Statutes, Tit. IV. V., with Hints for establishing a System of Professorial Teaching.* By Robert Hussey, B.D., Censor of Christ Church. Oxford. 1839:

2. *Hints on the Formation of a Plan for the safe and effectual Revival of the Professorial System in Oxford.* Addressed to the Rev. the Warden of New College, by a Resident Member of Convocation. Oxford. 1839.

3. *Considerations of a Plan for Combining the Professorial System with the System of Public Examinations in Oxford.* By a Tutor of a College. Oxford. 1839.

THE University of Oxford holds such a place in all that relates to the Church, to education, and consequently to the well-being and very existence of the nation, that we cannot conceal the interest which we feel in her doings at a very important conjuncture. We are not about to plunge into the discussion of the University's theoretical constitution; this would require a book, and a heavy one; but it is not beyond the compass of a few pages to give some account of what has been done and is doing, and what is the general feeling of the parties immediately interested in reference to the continual and real improvement of the system.

The three pamphlets above named are by no means the only signs of excitement on the subject; but they are the most considerable and the most original. Mr. Hussey's is very important, from his position on such

a foundation as that of Christ Church, and from the public offices in which he has lately served the University. But it has still more real claims to attention: it is the production of an experienced, able man; characterised by clearness of views, and caution in practical matters. We miss in it, indeed, the sanguine confidence which marks the other two, who propound their views with an infectious enthusiasm. But we have no right to complain, if, by the time a man attains Mr. Hussey's station, he gains experience sufficient of the secret lets and hindrances of things to damp his ardour as a perfectionist. The 'Member of Convocation' (who is evidently also a tutor) has condensed within his fifty pages a large mass of information, evidently from personal experience as well as reading, relating both to our own universities, and those of Germany. His pamphlet well deserves more than a temporary circulation; for it contains much that is interesting and instructive upon more general subjects than his immediate one, and which the reader will in vain look for elsewhere. The 'Tutor of a College' keeps more to the working details of the actual question; but he too shows great ability, and furnishes a store of information on the subject, to which we should be most ungrateful not to acknowledge our obligations.

It may be that there are many who will take amiss the mention of improvements in the system of Oxford. She has friends who cannot abide the notion that they are necessary, or even possible. She has enemies who will not believe that they are steadily in progress. Her position at present is indeed peculiar. The outcry against a bigoted submission to the system of the dark ages is still rife in some quarters; but in others it has been discovered that this is not the real point of attack. No! Oxford has all this time been deserting the ancient ways—has innovated on the wisdom of the olden time—has dared to accommodate herself to the changes of all around: and, worse than all, has dared so to change, as yet not to sacrifice her principle of stability, or suffer her enemies to pull her down. In each of these charges there is just so much of truth as suffices to prove the falsehood of the other, and no more. For instance, it is so far true that she holds by the ancient usages, as to falsify the insinuation that she deserts her true position; and so far true that she does admit of modern improvements, as to remove the sting from the accusation of obsolete pedantry. Admirer as she confesses herself to be of the middle ages, she needs but to leave them to the protection of Edinburgh,

Alive as she is to the value of modern improvements, the London University advocates them for her; and if the two champions should, by some unlucky chance, eat each other up in the strife—why then we must console ourselves by thinking, that *there was mair tint at Shirra Muir*. Nor need any controversy be provoked by the portentous decrees fulminated by a certain Northern oracle. *Oxford and Cambridge have ceased to be universities!*—so Buonaparte formerly announced that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to reign! But that was in a time of trouble: this thunderbolt fell abrupt from an unclouded sky. Yet there is consolation; all universities have not ceased: Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Aberdeen and St. Andrew's still exist. Thither those may turn who have sought in vain for a teacher and guide among the crumbling halls and grass-grown quadrangles of the south; and though even these must be grievously impaired by having adopted such grafts of dead stocks as a Wilson and a Hamilton—nay, within the very last year, a Lushington and a Kelland—yet there will still be found a place for the admirer of things as they were in the middle ages.

The fact is, that no institutions in England have been so carefully amended as those of Oxford during a period of nearly forty years; only, caution has been used that her onward progress should be recognised rather by results than in any other way. It is all very well for an individual, who has no character but his own to take care of, to vent on the spur of the moment his crude opinions on any important subject: hundreds of such schemes will be thrown off in any given hour at a *soirée* of illuminati. But a deliberative body, presiding over an university's interests, have to examine every theory which is propounded. It is well if a plan contains one or two valuable suggestions. These are to be put in juxtaposition with hints culled in the same way from other independent schemes: and many must again be rejected as irreconcilable one with another. The most absurd schemes must be considered: for something sensible may still be found lurking in them, or they may suggest something good even by the very association of contrariety. This is all as it ever has been, and as it ought to be. Such bodies ought to move deliberately, for they can hardly ever retrace their steps; and if they are in consequence 'behind the spirit of the age,' that is only to say, in other words, that they will not follow the wether whose bell has the longest tongue.

But before going further into the present state of things in Oxford, it is desirable to

remind the reader of that real change of constitution in it as well as Cambridge, which has been so much remarked upon, and which it seems the present wish of the university, as expressed by some of her most eminent officials, to modify.

An university is a body widely differing from the mere aggregate of colleges with which we often confound it. It may subsist without colleges; and, except in England, for the most part does so. Again, a college need not have anything to do with an university. Universities seem usually to have grown out of cathedral or abbey schools, taught by the *chancellor* of the church;* but his office became gradually external to it, and the teaching was carried on by persons who received his licence; certain of whom were retained within the school itself, while by degrees, as these licences became customary at the end of a certain course of study, a sort of external body grew up around the original school, yet within its precincts and under its protection.† We have here the germs of many things. The *licences* are the future *degrees*; the *esoteric* teachers foreshadow the university professors; and the *exoteric* lead us gradually to the lecturers in right of their degree, presiding over inns, halls, or hostels—and thereby, mediately or immediately, to the tutorial system.

On the other hand, the foundation of colleges, though almost always containing provision for the education of youth, was primarily designed for far other objects. They were for studious men to retire to, to devote themselves, in leisure and freedom from the cares of daily subsistence, to meditation and the study of the arts and sciences in general; always, however, as the handmaids of the *architectonic* science of theology, to which they were bound both professionally and academically. Colleges were not mere educating machines; and this is a fact to be stated the more openly, and the more carefully borne in mind, as the narrow utilitarianism of the day has frequently availed to contract the view taken, even in Oxford itself, of their privileges and duties. The glory of God, His services, the good of His Church, to be sought by the self-dedication of zealous men to the study of His word and of all subsidiary means of understanding it—these are objects which it will

* So at Paris under the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the Abbey of Ste. Genevieve.

† This may not have been strictly so in Oxford—Huber, the German author of a late very elaborate treatise on the English Universities, thinks that it was not:—but it was the usual mode, and is sufficiently applicable.

startle an ultra-Protestant, and ought to shame a latitudinarian, to find embodied in a monastic foundation of one of the prelates of our, as yet, unreformed Church.

Gradually the advantages of belonging to a collegiate establishment, instead of a mere unincorporated hostel under a single individual, were acknowledged. The halls, which had been so numerous,* for the most part were swallowed up by the colleges; and as the instruction in these rose in character, the preparation of young men for public exercises and degrees within their college walls grew more important than the university professorial teaching. In William of Wykeham's foundation, a special composition even reserved the examination for degrees to the college. A great revolution was brought about by little and little; perhaps in some points not for the better. At least when we emerge on modern ground, the result is not altogether satisfactory. Within the past generation, the tutors have, in fact, had the whole charge. This may have been the fruit of a successful rivalry in former times—it may have been from other causes, more blameable, or more praiseworthy—but so it was, that the tutors of this last generation in fact succeeded to the whole charge of the education. They had no choice. The professors, as professors, were taking no part in the strict education of the place, except, indeed, in the higher branches of theology, which did not come within the studies of under-graduates. The 'Tutor' says—

'If we are to consider the existing system as so entirely part and parcel of ourselves, that no great change can be admitted, let us have the courage to confess the fact, and let us agree to consider our professors merely as ornaments of the university, to do her honour by their publications, and their reception of illustrious strangers—*κτιριον και ευκαλλοπισμα πλουτου προς ταυτην νομισαντας*.'—p. 28.

Now in *contrasting* the professorial system of education with the tutorial, it would be easy to decide the question of preference. A system of oral discourses attended, and perhaps (but only perhaps) listened to by an indefinite number of students, cannot, even when followed by the most careful examination, have the same effect either in developing the mind, or in giving a thorough knowledge of a subject, as the Socratic method of drawing from the pupil's own

mind the results of his own work. There is here a chewing of the cud; whereas, in the other case, the information may either at once pass off into the inane, or it may lie an undigested mass of '*crudities hastily gobbled up*,' loading the soul with a sort of nightmare of impotent learning. To quote Professor Pusey on the system abroad:—

'Continuous oral delivery, although it may be well calculated for persons who have obtained definite ideas upon any subject, is little suited for those to whom that subject is altogether new. . . . It imparts knowledge, but it does not instruct or inform the mind. No subsequent digestion of any subject can compensate for the loss of that activity of mind, and that perception of one's own real difficulties, which is produced by independent study, preparatory to the imparting of instruction.'—*Cathedral Establishments*, p. 47.

This passage, primarily referring to the training of theological teachers, applies equally to the general question; and he continues almost immediately afterwards:

'For myself, I should think that there are few subjects in which the catechetical system is not the best calculated to call forth the energies of the mind, or promote its healthful independence. More good can be effected by correcting or enlarging the ideas which the student may have himself framed, and thus leading him onward to further truths, or a deeper insight into things, than by any mass of information which may have been imparted, or by any knowledge of the systems of other men. *What he thus acquires becomes his own*.'

This, be it remembered, is the language of a *professor*; in Oxford, it is true; but one who speaks from 'long observation of the systems in this country and Germany; and who 'supports these opinions by the valuable authority of Dr. Chalmers.' And the 'Member of Convocation' appeals, in support of the same view, to the writings of the professors of Moral Philosophy, both at Oxford and Cambridge.* Nor will it be disputed, even among those who are without experience in the matter, by any man of cool judgment, that if University education is to be administered by tutors only, or professors only, the former is on almost all accounts to be preferred.

But is it come to this? Is it necessary—is it right—is it expedient either for those who give or those who receive instruction under the tutorial system, that the state of things which makes the professorial system a beautiful excrescence on the University, but nothing more, should continue? It does not seem impossible (though perhaps bystanders cannot judge of the practical diffi-

* Oxford is said to have had at one time 30,000 students and 300 halls. It is a grave question, however, whence, in a time of thin population and little communication, 30,000 people could have been collected in one spot for study. Still it cannot be denied that the *names* of an immense number of halls, &c., are still extant, undoubtedly proving their former existence.

* See Sewell, "Thoughts on the Admission of Dissenters, &c." p. 4; Whewell, "Thoughts on University Studies," pp. 25, 50, 56.

culties in detail) to make them dove-tail into one another, so as to form a compact whole. Here is, confessedly, a defective point in the University's system; less serious, certainly, than to many persons it has seemed; and which, consequently, the heads of the University did well to let alone, till many more pressing deficiencies were remedied. But those being removed, the course of general improvement has brought this before them, and its difficulties must be grappled with.

It is assumed, and we think rightly, that for the education of juniors the tutorial system must be held fast: but we believe it is as universally thought, that the apparatus of professorships, which exists *in esse* or *in posse*, ought to be made really efficient for two ends; first, for the extension and improvement of the preparatory teaching; second, for the assiduous cultivation of each particular science, so as to make the University more and more a focus of deep and varied learning, as well as of liberal education.

So far, we believe, all parties interested are agreed. Certainly, as far as our information and the internal evidence of the numerous pamphlets and papers on the subject goes, that body who have been spoken of as arrogant intruders on the province of others; the tutors, seem to complain with one voice of the want of such a combination. They have such duties thrown upon them as are incompatible with quiet thought and patient research. This is one grievance; and another is, that, when at a loss, they can find none to furnish that wherewith to supply their own deficiencies; none whom they can themselves consult; to whom they can refer their pupils; by whose systems of instruction they can shape their own introductory courses. They, complain, in short, that as tutors, they find continual work thrown upon them by the University, which in a great measure hinders them from fulfilling the real tutorial office in their colleges.

To make this intelligible, it will be necessary to enter somewhat at length into the subject of the relation existing between the senior and junior members of colleges; for though this relation is clearly acknowledged and felt by the writers, and, in fact, is taken for granted and argued from, yet it has not been developed in any of the pamphlets which are before us.

In the nature of things, and by the necessary conditions of a college's existence, there is within it a *cure of souls*. Some one is appointed to minister to the spiritual wants of its inmates. It cannot be otherwise. A number of young men—often a large, al-

ways an important number*—are congregated together during more than half the year, and confided to the faith of the various academic bodies; and all this, moreover, for the purpose of *education*: besides which, there are all the numerous domestics who labour for them in the things of this world: yet more, there are those who have been, but are no longer, *in statu pupillari*: none of these are thereby emancipated from spiritual superintendence. The old and the young, the clergy and the laity of a parish, are the flock of the parochial minister. Wherever a congregation grows up, and especially where it is under the influence of a religious foundation, a pastoral duty must of necessity exist; and whether colleges be called lay or ecclesiastical corporations, there can be no question of their being religious foundations. To the same effect there are various incidental testimonies. One, and that very decisive, is borne by the existence of a college chapel, in which provision is made for the performance of divine service and the administration of the Lord's Supper. At least we need scarcely expect to be told that, even in the colleges founded before the Reformation, these were mere matters of popish superstition, solely intended to benefit the dead. It was not solely in masses and prayers for the souls of founders and benefactors that chapels were employed even in those times. And in connection with the existence of the college chapel, the administration of the Holy Communion must be especially referred to; of which we find it commanded in the binding rubrics of our Liturgy (though the later canons at first sight seemed more lax), that 'in cathedrals and collegiate churches, and in colleges, where there are many priests and deacons, they shall all receive the Communion with the priest every Sunday *at the least*, except they have a reasonable cause to the contrary.' Bearing this in mind, let any one look at the Communion service in our Prayer Book, and reflect upon, not single phrases only, but its whole tenour; and it can hardly fail but he will recognise the truth we are maintaining, of the existence somewhere of a cure of souls in indissoluble connection with these services. In particular, the church's exhortations to the receiving of the communion may be quoted, especially and most unequivocally where the priest says,

'And because it is requisite that no man should come to the Holy Communion, but with a full trust in God's mercy, and with a quiet conscience; therefore, if there be any of you who by this means

* The larger colleges contain a number of adults greater than many parishes in the country.

cannot quiet his own conscience, but requireth further comfort and counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's word, and open his grief: that by the ministry of God's holy word he may receive absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and the avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness.*

In short, if this cure is not somewhere within the college itself, it must fall upon the incumbent of the surrounding parish: it is contrary alike to sense and law that it should be otherwise. But if it is as inconsistent with principle as with practice, that the inmates of colleges should be considered as placed under the spiritual charge of the parson of the parish within which, locally, they are situated, this must be because they are looked upon as *peculiars*. The pastoral charge could never be annihilated; it could only be transferred. It could only be, therefore, because special pastors were provided for them, and because their chapel was held to be in a manner their parochial church; and though we are not arguing the question as a legal one, but only *in foro conscientie*, thus much seems to follow from the language of Lyndwood, when, speaking of jurisdiction in cases of heresy, he incidentally puts and answers the question,—

* Quid, si locus non habet ecclesiam parochialem, quia est monasterium, vel locus religiosus, vel collegium, aliusve locus qui non subest alicui ecclesie parochiali? Poterit iudex limitare ecclesiam ipsam intra cuius limites sic deliquerit *quæ potest dici parochialis* eorum qui in eadem congregantur, et non alibi, ad divina.—*Provinciale*, p. 297, Ed. Oxon., v. *Ipsius loci*.

But we need not rest longer on inference to establish the principle at issue. It will be enough to quote the twenty-third canon:—

* In all colleges and halls within both the Universities, the masters and fellows, such especially as have any pupils, shall be careful that all their said pupils (and the rest that remain among them) be well brought up and thoroughly instructed in points of religion; and that they do diligently frequent public service and sermons, and receive the holy communion, which we ordain to be administered in all such colleges and halls, the first or second Sunday of every month; requiring all the said masters, fellows, and scholars, and all the rest of the students, officers, and all other the servants there, so to be ordered that every one of them shall communicate four times in the year at the least, kneeling reverently and decently on their knees.

* We hope that throughout the country the custom of omitting three-fourths or more of this exhortation in the delivery is dying out. The whole of it is needed: and it ought to be alternated, in almost all parishes, with the *second* exhortation. This latter is generally avoided, as being invidious; which it would cease to be, if used alternately with the other.

according to the order of the Communion book prescribed in that behalf.*

This being determined, the next question is, in whom does this cure of souls rest in a college? And herein two points are conjoined. First, to whom does it strictly and officially belong? And second, upon whom may it rightly, and with best effect, be devolved? As to the first, we find from Ayliffe (one of the most vigorous opponents of the doctrine of ecclesiastical corporations), that 'by the canon law, every head of a college in priest's orders, in respect of his society only, is said to have a cure of souls in such college, though not formally and expressly committed to him by any statute thereof.' (Vol. 2, p. 29.) It needs no proof, that before the Reformation all heads of houses were intended to be ecclesiastics; because the same was the case with the whole bodies, except that in some cases provision was made to give the college the benefit of a lawyer and a physician of their own body. Nay, even in these cases, it is very doubtful whether any thing more was intended, than to permit a clerk to study one of these faculties *in addition* to that which by statute is usually prescribed as the sole pursuit of the members. Certainly, the degrees in civil law will be considered no argument in favour of lay-fellowships by any one who knows the history of the civil law in England. Orders have not always been expressly required in all houses as a qualification for the headship, and thus they are in practice at times dispensed with. But in some colleges all the fellows, from whom the head is chosen, are either required expressly to take orders, or, which amounts to the same thing, to proceed to a degree in divinity; in others, church preferment is annexed to the headship; and by various other means the possible cases of lay heads of houses are so much abridged, as to leave no doubt that such was the principle laid down throughout. And it will be found to confirm this view of the position of heads of houses, as parsons of the precincts of their chapels respectively, that they are accustomed to officiate in their chapels on the principal holidays, &c.; while in the University of Oxford the heads of colleges, with the canons of Christ Church,

* The following opinion on the authority of the canons is important, as coming from an active and influential member of the Hebdomadal board, Dr. Cardwell, Principal of St. Alban Hall: 'Synodical and mandatory acts in matters ecclesiastical, though they cannot be enforced in all cases, *proprio vigore*, in courts of law, are still binding on every member of the church as such, *in foro conscientie*.'—(*Pref. to Documentary Annals of the Reformed Church of England*. Oxford, 1839.)

form a cycle for preaching the University sermons on Sunday mornings, either by themselves or by deputies. Nor have we any reason to believe that a layman can be excused from paying the preacher who officiates in his turn ;—which would be absurd, unless we were content to look at the case of a layman being in such a position, as a mere accidental exception.

We next have to quote a document, not at all binding indeed, as it never obtained the force of law, but still very important, since it comprises the *intended* ecclesiastical law of England as drawn up by a commission, or rather by Cranmer as the head of the commission.* This was all but set forth by authority under Henry VIII., but, through some caprice or obstacle, was not signed by him ; and again, when carefully revised under Edward VI., was stopped by his death ; and though Archbishop Parker published the collection in 1571, Queen Elizabeth gave no encouragement to its establishment. Thus, then, speak the English reformers in a code, drawn up with that care which was always bestowed on documents intended to speak the sense of the Church, by persons who, over and above all their other claims to our affectionate respect, were deeply learned in ecclesiastical history and law, and all matters touching the Church and her interests. (*Tū. de Academiis*, c. 1.)

* *Current fundatores ut Prefecti posthac sint Presbyteri, et veram religionem colant, et sanam doctrinam omnibus modis amplificent ; et unoquoque anno singuli prefectorum in Ecclesia Academicæ propriâ aliquando concionentur.*

But, at the same time, to have fixed this responsibility personally upon the Heads of Houses is only important as satisfying the inquirer that there is some one definite place where, nominally and formally at least, it does fall. There are many circumstances which make it doubtful whether they could effectually discharge the whole of it, and which, at any rate, make it highly desirable that it should not be exclusively undertaken by them, while there are inferior members of the societies to whom they may delegate it. It must be remembered, that the chief importance of the whole subject consists in its reference to two classes of persons ; first, to the under-graduate members of the college ; and, second, to the college servants ; persons who fill a painfully anomalous position in a Christian society ; being in so far domestic servants as to be, in a great degree, practically beyond the reach of the

clergyman in whose parish they live ; yet in so far servants of an aggregate corporation as to be virtually without that superintendence which each master of a family must exercise in his own house, and without those opportunities of religious instruction and exercises, which every master of a family does or ought to furnish to his household. Now, in the first place, in reference to these servants, it will be enough to remark that the heads are the only members of the foundation who do not necessarily come into immediate daily contact with some or other of them. And again, as to the under-graduates, a little consideration will show us that the difference of age and position, and the chasm which college and university etiquette interposes between the dignified and venerable head of a collegiate society and its junior members, form necessary and insuperable obstacles to any thing like freedom of communication, constant personal intercourse, daily power of interference or advice on all subjects connected with the formation of character. And nothing less than this can be at all sufficient for working out a scheme of pastoral superintendence, such as we have assumed to be essential to a college in the University. These obstacles would work on both sides ; they would create a cold and respectful distance on the pupil's part, such as, under common circumstances, to make it impossible for the most zealous head to discharge his duty ; and they would disable him from reading aright the characters of most young men, who would never come before him but, as it were, in full dress. And the society in which the principal of a college moves is the very last in the University to which any information is likely to penetrate on the subject of the general habits of the juniors, or of any temporary or accidental circumstances connected with their welfare. This difficulty must be often and deeply felt even by the fellows, who are much less widely separated from the under-graduates ; and doubtless, with the best intentions, occasional misunderstandings and acts of injustice must be the result. But how much more would it be the case with those who are estranged even from the common hall and the common room—who, though within the college precincts, are living in the bosom of their own families, and the society, chiefly, of others in the same condition with themselves,—in some measure lost, through lapse of years and the superseding influence of subsequent closer ties, to the clear perception of those trifles which form the everyday life of their inferiors in academic rank ; and by the same means comparatively deadened to the sympathies which are yet fresh

* *The Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum* ; see Strype's *Cranmer*, p. 133, folio ed. ; the Preface to *Cranmer's Works*, by Mr. Prebendary Jenkyns, pp. cviii-cxi ; *Cardwell's Documentary Annals*, vol. i. p. 95.

between the fellow and the under-graduate. But besides all this, the heads of colleges have already, both in the affairs of their own foundations and of the university, such an accumulation of business to attend to, that it would be for all parties most inconvenient to burden them further with such additional labour and responsibility; so that it is but reasonable that they should devolve this part of their official duty on certain others of their society.

It falls next on the body of the fellows; and the ancient plan certainly was, to distribute the juniors among the whole body of them, so as to make the union most intimate. Frequently, each would have but one pupil; and they were inmates of the same chamber. The junior performed menial offices for his senior, and slept on a truckle-bed beside his; in return for which the fellow superintended not only his studies, but his whole life. This was indeed a very different state of things from ours; but there was then no degradation in it. Similarly, in knight's families, the young aspirants to chivalry were lodged and treated: and the poor scholar had no need to think shame of his lot. Our times are more delicate; but is it for the better or the worse? What turn has our delicacy taken? Has it raised the position, increased the means and the comforts of the poor scholar, and enabled him to hold up his head as honestly among those who think shame of the old plan, as he did of old among those who pursued it? This were indeed a worthy delicacy—a manly delicacy—a Christian delicacy! Truly, if this were so, one would rejoice that the days of truckle-beds and shoe-cleaning were gone for ever. But what is to be said, if, along with the truckle-beds and shoe-cleaning, the poor scholars themselves are also in great part gone? If this be so, as too much we fear it is, then after all we cannot but mourn over the real good of the past, and the good-for-nothing affections of the present. Our delicacy is too often of that superfine kind which will not endeavour to improve the poor scholar's lot, for fear of hurting his feelings: and which will not permit the poor scholar to lay bare his poverty, for fear of being sneered at! And yet we wonder at the blindness of the Pharisees! This same 'delicacy' has gone nigh to obliterate from our universities the entire class of poor and deserving scholars, the very class for which the colleges at least were especially founded. We are not bringing this as an accusation against the universities, more than against every institution of our age: except, indeed, in so far as the universities are the places where we had a right

to expect a stand to be made, and made the more stoutly in proportion to the prevalence of the wrong tendency. For such an end were the numerous servitorships, and clerkships, &c., founded in the various colleges; and these are certainly still available: but in such poor pittances that many a one of those who still come to the university has to struggle on, supported by the cruel savings of the widowed mother, or it may be, orphan brethren, miserable in his own need, most miserable in the consciousness that even so he is in luxury as compared with his family. While this is so on the one hand, many are they who would feel it their duty and their joy to minister to such from the competency which God has given them by the hands of pious benefactors;—but they do not meet; or, meeting, each is forbidden the knowledge of the other's circumstances or feelings. Really we are almost driven to say, Commend us once again to the shoe-cleaning and the truckle-beds! or rather, and better, let us hope that even in so morbid and emasculated an age, those who train our youth are becoming more and more careful to instil healthier feelings; that they are teaching more and more urgently the difference between true and false shame: imparting the religious principle which will enable a young man to hold up his head, humble yet unabashed, in the eyes of his world, and to say, *I am poor*. Thus deserving youths would be prepared to accept, without a feeling of degradation, the help which it is a Christian's bounden duty to afford, and which he is not bound to connect with the rude expedients of a less delicate age. Charity may exist without a return of menial service; and on those who are supported by the pious munificence of our fathers we would with all humility urge, not that they above others are rightfully expected to go and do likewise in proportion to their means (for this we are sure they feel and do), but that much depends on the mode of doing it. The duty is not merely to deny oneself, and give to others; but those who wish to do this aright must 'visit the fatherless in their affliction,' seek out objects for their pious charity, conciliate their friendship, and win from them the real knowledge of their necessities; thus establishing such ties of connection as will do away with all feeling of mere human obligation conferred or received. It is only by such conduct, diligently and humbly pursued, that genuine delicacy can be attained; but this will be as far from binding any burden upon the poor scholar as are the workings of parental affection upon a child. His thanks will be to the Giver of all good, who has put this into men's hearts; his love will

be for his human benefactors, and, for their sakes, towards every fellow-creature; and so the first kindness strikes root, and bears fruit fifty, sixty, an hundred-fold. The present danger of our universities is in nothing so much as that they may neglect the claims of poverty. There is always too much temptation in such institutions to raise a purely intellectual standard, instead of that admirable threefold one which our ancestors maintained, in making good character, good capacity, and poverty, equally requisite for election to fellowships, &c.

Let us hope that among the efforts which the Church is now making to vindicate her character and claims as the instructress of her children, high and low alike, the advantage of extending and improving the ancient system of exhibitions, sizarships, &c., may not be lost sight of; so that schools throughout the country may have whither to send those who deserve it, and the Church of God may again rejoice in the ministry of those from whom have come her most learned and her holiest in the olden time.*

But to return—the distribution of pupils among *all* the fellows in the old colleges seems only to have referred to those juniors who were members of the foundation. Indeed, many considerations make it applicable only to a small number. It will be enough merely to allude to the utter want of plan which must be the result, and the ill effect of the number of experiments which must be continually tried by independent fellows on their one, two, or three pupils; on their want of that practical training for their office which a junior tutor goes through under the guidance of his seniors, first being formed by an existing system, and then reacting on it from his own experience; lastly, on their necessary deficiency in that knowledge which comes from the study of many characters, and the classification of many persons' studies. Another very different but very important objection is, that from this power of classification, tutors are enabled, without injustice to their pupils, to perform their work at the smallest possible charge to them. As it is, in Oxford at least, they are very insufficiently paid: but they work cheerfully. Under any other circumstances, an additional tax to a considerable amount would be absolutely necessary, and this is to be earnestly deprecated.

* To this point we beg to call the attention of the Editor of the 'Educational Magazine,' whose efforts promise to be highly serviceable to the great cause of Church Education; and we may take the opportunity, once for all, of acknowledging our obligations to the author of 'A Narrative of the Steps lately taken in Oxford,' in his number for February last.

But the grand objection to the scheme, as carried out in a college full of pupils, is, that it would run directly counter to the first objects of a collegiate foundation. It is true that the education of the young is one of its objects, and consequently must be provided for; but it is distinctly *not* the primary one:—that is *ad studendum et orandum*; to encourage the systematic study, of the arts first and by way of preparation, and then of divinity, by persons enabled by the munificence of founders, &c., to consecrate their time to deep reading. The fashion of looking upon the colleges as mere places of *education*—now, we believe, happily dying away—has been the cause of great laxity on the subject of the residence of the majority of fellows, provided that the tutorships were supplied. But colleges were intended most especially for places of leisure, reading, and thought; where the theological student might mature his mind, and accumulate his stores of learning, till he came forth in the day of trial fully—though it may seem to our eyes somewhat heavily—armed, to be the champion of the Church of Christ; and the more stiff and unwieldy that panoply appears to us, which the heroes of other days wore, the more sure we may be that the fault is in ourselves; the more needful is it for those of the sanctuary to maintain what is scoffed at without, witnessing and protesting against error in their lives and studies as in their words, and strengthening at least the inner works, though the outer circle be neglected or betrayed. Nor is it merely as *one* means of doing good that this is put forward; it is as *the* means for which the foundations were provided; the *only* means whereby the objects of colleges can be attained. What other lesson do we read in the contrast between their private and public buildings, especially those of the earlier colleges? What is the moral of the humble though sufficient chamber of the solitary student, the solemn grandeur of the cloister, the hall, and the chapel,—bringing low even to nothing all his individual and personal importance, while elevating the soul by unselfish devotion to the brotherhood, the miniature church which has adopted him? He must not only do the work of his foundation, but he must do it in the spirit of his foundation; and this, we are assured, is every day more felt at the universities. But if it be so, it must more and more limit the number of those among the fellows who can accept the tutorial office.

It remains to look at the office-bearers of the colleges; and of these, especially at the deans, who are always charged by statute with whatever concerns discipline: and the

tutors, as actually superintending the studies of the junior members. Tutors were always, originally, unimportant functionaries in comparison with the deans. Sometimes they were not acknowledged at all; but the Deans were, under the Head, the pillars of the college. It is to be feared that in some cases their duties have dwindled to those of presenting for degrees, carving for the fellows in hall, and animadverting very insufficiently on such as neglect the duty of joining in public worship. But this last is still formally a part of their office; and it requires neither long thought, nor oversensitiveness on points of duty, to deduce at once from this external care for the due celebration of religious ordinances, a solemn and imperative obligation to exertion, in order that the members of the society may not go to the house of God in an unsuitable condition of mind. If this outward duty be performed amiss, God's name can be nowhere more fearfully taken in vain than in His own house of prayer!

But with the Deans the Tutors must be joined, on account of the near connection with the juniors into which their duties bring them. Nor is it unimportant that they are nominated directly by the head, whereas the deans are college officers. We need no proof that a person ought to have the appointment of his own curates. And such are the tutors: appointed to the very duty of continual and kindly intercourse with their pupils, the direction of their reading, superintendence of their conduct, their instruction, protection, admonition; to watch over and for them, as the representatives of their parents. All this lies in the very name and notion of *tutor*, whether taken as a classical or a legal word.* It includes instruction, indeed; but its chief meaning refers to the protection of orphans, and thus to the guardianship, *in loco parentis*, of those who are deprived of the care of their kindred so long as they sojourn in the university. These are deposited in the hands of a college, committed by their natural guardians to its faith, most assuredly not without the implied compact that they should be under a faithful *guardianship*. It is curious to trace the fate of words. The pedagogue (*ταδευγυος*)

was a confidential domestic who took the child to school, attended him there, and brought him home: he is now the *school-master*. So the university tutor of old was the companion and guide of his pupils in reading and in exercise, within the college and without it; he went with his pupils to the professorial lectures and sat there with them: the professorial duties have now virtually devolved upon him. The old rule in colleges was, that each tutor had the *sole* charge of his pupils. It would be absurd to suppose that, even when the field of study was much narrower than now, this included the whole of their education. In some colleges, *e. g.* Christchurch, where the rule still exists, the evil is lessened by a sort of professorial system within the college, so that courses of public lectures are regularly delivered, on certain subjects, to all the under-graduates; yet it must still, we humbly conceive, press very heavily on the tutors: though, as matters stand, no better system for a large college suggests itself to us. In smaller ones they may form a sort of semi-professorial arrangement, each undertaking a department, yet each keeping up his general connection with his own pupils: but in large ones this seems utterly impracticable; and even in one of moderate size, we have been assured that the introduction of such a scheme, a few years ago, was resisted to the utmost by some of the ablest members of the university, as an experiment fraught with evil to the whole system of university education.

In all that has been said, we have advanced but little beyond a *pagan* standard:—

‘*Di, majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere
torram,
Spirantesque crocos et in urnâ perpetuum ver,
Qui preceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco!*’

Such is the exclamation of Juvenal. These motives and principles commended themselves to all that was good even in the hearts of heathens. But we must go further than they. There are higher calls on all Christians: but, above all, upon the members of the Christian ministry. And this bears directly on the question. For not only is, as we have seen, the duty in a college a pastoral duty, and the Head virtually a parochial minister, so that a clerical character is imparted to the duties of his deputies: but from various causes we find these deputies to be, in fact as well as of right, clergymen. *Laymen*, at least men who are neither in orders nor preparing for them, are proportionably as rare among the tutors as among the heads of houses. Some of the causes of

* In the civil law—as indeed in the law of Scotland and many other countries at this day—the next of kin to a minor is his ‘tutor.’ So in the ‘*Lives of the Founders of Brazen-nose College*,’ we find, ‘It may be noted that the only tutor recognised by the statutes is, according to the original import of the word, a *guardian*; for the duties of a *preceptor* did not, in those days (*i. e.* about A.D. 1500), constitute an appropriate part of his office: as public lectures, in the schools and in the colleges, were then the only mode of instruction.’ (p. 329.)

this are accidental: others are clearly designed, though the design is often overlooked. For instance, in almost all colleges the great majority of the fellows must be clergymen; either because orders are (as in some cases) imperatively required; or because (as in most others) clergymen alone can retain fellowships beyond a limited term of years; or again (as is the case in all), because it is to clergymen alone that any prospect is held out, in the event of marriage or other separation from the body, of a more permanent provision than the fellowship's restrictions afford. But besides these provisions, which evidently had the particular object in view, it is now for other reasons impossible to expect the continued residence of lay-fellows in the university. After passing through arts, law and medicine are open to them. Pure literature is not acknowledged as a legitimate exclusive study; and this, we cannot but think, is wisely done: for though it is always valuable as a handmaid, man's *duties* are paramount; and literature, if it be made an end, does little for the fulfilment of these. Suppose then that the layman studies medicine: the London hospitals cannot be competed with as practical schools of this. Suppose that he chooses the law: he cannot shorten the distance between Westminster Hall and his college. He is thus driven to London: when the foundation has been laid at the university, the superstructure must be raised elsewhere. And thus again the accidents of the time and the place concur to preserve that clerical character to the working body of the university, which befits it as the organ and institution, as well as the bulwark, of the Church.

The strictness of the bond between these, and its undoubted necessity to the true *idea* of an university, is in effect the one broad principle that ought to decide the whole question. But this is not an age of principles. Men have keen and microscopic eyes to see a point here and a point there; but the eagle-glance which sweeps over a whole and takes it in at once, this is sadly lacking. They make capital use of their finger and thumb, pick up a pin cleverly, can take a pinch of snuff with an air; but it is not common to see a man who can manage a *handful* of anything. And therefore a detail of single points—albeit made thus to seem fragmentary—wherein indications of the truth show themselves ever and anon in the most various shapes, and in matters apparently the most distinct, will perhaps impress the truth for this very reason more forcibly. After all, few truisms are truer than the paradox of Aristotle, that to man-

kind in general *the parts are greater than the whole*.* Until we try to take in the particulars one after another, we do not discover how much is comprised in the universal.

The clerical character of the tutor's office being thus established in every possible way, it remains to see what light this will throw on the bounden labours of those who hold it. On so solemn a subject we are unwilling to use many words of our own; and they may be spared, for we are well persuaded that many, if not all, of these men make it their devoted study to fulfil their duties, not up to this or that standard only, but to the extreme of, and if possible beyond, their strength and power. It is therefore with the most sincere respect, and utterly disclaiming any view save 'to stir them up by putting them in remembrance,' that we would put the question:—How can a clergyman be guiltless, who has any charge whatever of any human being, unless he uses, all the influence which it gives him for that being's eternal welfare?

Let us appeal to the admonition which every priest has heard on the most solemn day of his life; and though the passage be a long one it must not be curtailed.—

'Have always' (says the Bishop in the Ordering of Priests) 'printed in your remembrance how great a treasure is committed to your charge. For they are the sheep of CHRIST, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood. The Church and congregation, whom you must serve, is His spouse and His body. And if it shall happen the same Church, or any member thereof, to take any hurt or hindrance by reason of your negligence, ye know the greatness of the fault, and also the horrible punishment that will ensue. Wherefore consider with yourselves the end of your ministry towards the children of GOD, towards the spouse and body of CHRIST; and see that you never cease your labour, your care, and your diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you, according to your bounden duty, to bring all such as are or shall be committed to your charge, unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of GOD, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age [in CHRIST], that there be no place left among you, either for error in religion or for viciousness in life.'

Forasmuch then as your office is both of so great excellency and so great difficulty, ye see with how great care and study ye ought to apply yourselves, as well that ye may show yourselves dutiful and thankful to that Lord who hath placed you in so high a dignity; as also to beware, that neither you yourselves offend, nor be occasion that others offend. Howbeit, ye cannot have a mind and will thereto of yourselves, for that will and ability is given of GOD alone; therefore ye ought, and have need to, pray earnestly for His Holy Spirit. And seeing that you cannot by any other means compass the doing of so weighty a work, pertaining to the salvation of man, but with doctrine and exhortation taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and with a

* Διαπορευεῖς εἰς τὰ μέρη τὰ αὐταπειζόμενα φαίνεται.—Rhetoric.

life agreeable to the same : consider how studious ye ought to be in reading and learning the Scriptures, and in framing the manners both of yourselves and of them that specially pertain unto you, according to the rule of the same Scriptures ; and for this self-same cause how ye ought to forsake and set aside (as much as you may) all worldly cares and studies.'

Now it has been maintained above, that the tutorial office is strictly in accordance with the duties here laid down. But, manifestly, tutors can only fulfil the true intent of their engagements, to the extent to which they are enabled to carry out their office as pastors and guardians of the young flocks committed to them, and to labour for and among them in the spirit of the Church's parochial system, 'in honorem Dei et profectum sacrosanctæ matris ecclesiæ.' It ill becomes us, if we were able, to dictate the means by which all this is to be carried out. Experience alone can suggest the details ; but it is plain that more is required than the *lecture-room* can supply. The tutor and the pupil must meet half way, and be on terms of *mutual* intercourse, of real communion and exchange of thoughts and feelings. As there is a natural timidity and jealousy in the mind of the young pupil, it requires much more care and diligence on the tutor's part to bring this about, than is needed by a parochial clergyman to show to his flock his relation to them. *That* is acknowledged ; *this* has to be established ; and it can only be done by very constant private as well as public communication. If the tutor does not conciliate the affections of his pupil, so as to free him from fearing him for anything but misconduct, much is lost. At the same time this must be done gradually and naturally ; not ostentatiously, or it will deserve to fail ; not hurriedly, or it will increase the young man's jealousy, and make him suspect its sincerity. It must be unaffected, earnest, and gentle, or it will not attain its object ; the pupil will not, and cannot, lean to his tutor and open his heart to him—and the tutor will be unable to acquaint himself with his pupils' characters, to form them gradually for the better or to bring to good effect any one of the plans which he must be continually framing for their benefit.

But if all this is to be done—as done it must be, if the tutor is to fulfil his work—what time and thought and anxiety must be devoted to it ! And does the present state of things permit the tutors, with all their efforts, to do it effectually ? We believe that their universal answer would be :—'We cannot ! We are forced, by the absence of the right-ful teachers to attempt professorial duties as well as our own. We are converted into machines for lecturing during four—five—

six—hours a day, that we may furnish the several classes of our pupils each with their needful instruction. We are driven to prepare ourselves in the most various and incongruous departments : to adapt our instructions by turns to the mere plodder, to the desperately idle, to the cultivated scholar and aspirant to philosophy. All this is upon us in addition to the the continual charge of each one's religious and moral teaching. Who is sufficient for these things ? Who, indeed !

Such is the state to which the Tutors have been reduced by the practical abeyance of those professorships which belong to the faculty of arts. They cry, as with one voice, for its amendment ; and the Heads of Houses, and the Convocation, of which the Tutors form so important a part, will not refuse them. Indeed steps have been taken already by the university which promise a better state of things in future. As yet all is indefinite and imperfect ; but the work has begun, and is going on. The old statutes, the letter of which was in some respects impracticable, are under revision ; and one has been enacted, which contains the germ of all future improvements ; for it enacts that the Professors shall carefully bear in mind what their duty is, and discharge it, both by general study of their faculty, and by giving of lectures, not fewer than eight in a term ; which lectures they must give in their own persons, '*nisi ex causâ infirmitatis aut aliâ causâ necessariâ*,' when the sanction of the vice-chancellor and proctors may be given to the appointment of an efficient substitute ; but the lectures must be delivered or these functionaries are to appoint a deputy themselves, and pay him from the proceeds of the chair.*

This is clearly imperfect in many ways. For instance, it makes effectual provision only for the delivery of a given number of lectures, as if that was the sum and substance of a professor's duty. Secondly, it leaves the question, Who are to hear these lectures ? wholly untouched. Above all, it does nothing to supply the deficiencies in the income of professorships. No such shortcomings, however, should make us withhold our approval of what has been done. In fact, it would not have been well to try to supply them at once. No well-wisher to Oxford can desire to see measures of such importance taken without the maturest thought and fullest discussion ; until plan after plan had been suggested, canvassed, and laid aside. Rather our thanks are due to

* Statutes confirmed in convocation, May 14th, 1839.

the board for having done that which pledges them, under penalty of self-stultification, to go on and not cease in the good work which they have begun. They are advancing steadily; but they must also advance warily: they must hold by principles: they must not tamper with portions of a system; they must reject nothing, alter nothing, add nothing, without a deep search into the meaning of the old, and its workings before it became obsolete. No easy task indeed; but a noble one, if undertaken and performed aright; and one from which, when once undertaken, they cannot draw back.

And as they are not hurried on by those admirers of change for change's sake, who so felicitously jumble physics and ethics, looking for the *summum bonum*, and finding the *perpetuum mobile*; so they avoid the less fatal, but still considerable error of such as would reject all change from fear of foreign fangles. But this is no fangle; but the modified revival of a system, which only for the want of modifications has been in disuse. To remould our universities on a German model would indeed be a lamentable error. Witness the statement which Professor Pusey makes from experience:—

'On the removal of the student to the university, he passes at once from boyhood to manhood; at once, instead of discipline and control, he is left almost unfettered even by moral guidance; the only requisition made is, that he should attend one or more sets of lectures. Some general advice is also given him as to the method which it may be most advantageous for him to pursue; but beyond this, what instruction he should receive, and from whom, whether he should live as a Christian or as a heathen (provided he interrupt not the public peace), is left to his own option.'—(*Cathedral Establishments*, p. 43.)

A note follows:

'Insulated attempts to influence the students by means of personal intercourse, were indeed made by some very Christian professors, with whom it was my happiness to be acquainted in Germany; and this, I am assured, was to individuals a very great and lasting benefit. But I am now speaking of the general system. This absence of control was generally advocated by the professors themselves, as allowing the character to form itself unfettered.'

To which we may add, that in practice such attempts have usually failed, from the reluctance of the students to meet the professors half way. It seems to them an unnatural step from the marked publicity of the lecture-room, and the solemnity of oral delivery, to the equal and easy exchange of thought in conversation. Besides, under such a system there is no security that the hearer will profit. The laborious will labour, sometimes with excellent effect, sometimes not so; but the negligent cannot be kept

to their task. Hence it is asserted by German professors themselves, that, except among the class of professed philologists, there is little Latin and less Greek, even in the universities of Germany. But our sense of the fearful evils of such a system, when taken as a complete one, need not blind us to the great advantages which it possesses as a *part* of one, combined with proper checks and correctives, such as the coexistence of tutorial instruction is well calculated to furnish. The evils of the German system may plainly be traced to the want of such a corrective. It is impossible, speaking in faith, that such evils should encroach on our universities, so long as the collegiate system is preserved entire, and continual intercourse takes place between tutor and pupil, and the results of the professorial lectures are thus always tested by private examination.* This union forms the perfection of academical education. The English universities possess one portion of the whole; those of the continent, another. We most confidently believe that the English portion is by far the more important. But it is imperfect; and what forbids us to borrow, even from those who are poorer than ourselves,

'That which not impoverishes them,
And makes us rich indeed?'

'It is plain,' says the author of the 'Hints,' 'that the tutorial system can only be fully developed when it goes hand in hand with the professorial.' *This is the important point.* Many persons of the best intentions are scared by the phantom of a German university; and think, that to restore a few harmless professors to the effectual exercise of their tongues, would destroy all that they so rightly value in the system of tutorial superintendence. Whereas the truth is, that the absence or silence of the professors is the very thing which has tended, and is tending, to this mischievous result. Ever since, in addition to all their own duties, it has fallen upon the tutors to communicate that very instruction which the professors ought to give, they have themselves become liable to this objection; they have been the less able to do their especial duty; and in so far as they have become professors, their pupils have lost the benefit of having tutors. Thus the result of a change would be so far from that which is found in Germany, that it would at once enable the tutors to unite with the instruction of the juniors their own legitimate duties as guides, and friends, and

* See 'Hints, &c.' note (H.) p. 41, *Office of Repotent.*

spiritual pastors. It would be an additional bulwark against all that is to be dreaded in foreign systems; because it would make the tutorial system an effective check upon it, instead of an-unconscious or unwilling accessory to it. The writer last quoted goes on to observe, that the number and tone of the pamphlets lately published in the university proves the existence of—

‘A serious and well grounded alarm, lest this admirable part [the tutorial] of our system be fast sinking under the accumulated weight of undischarged and undischargable duties.’ (Strong language from one who is clearly speaking from experience!) ‘College tutors, confined to their own spheres, have plainly most important duties to perform, both in guiding the conduct and reading of their pupils, and in the direct communication of original information. The effect of the alteration proposed would immediately be to relieve college tutors from their present vain attempt to fulfil the professorial office in conjunction with their own. Providing them with valuable assistance, both in the deeper departments of the arts, and still more in those studies which are allowed on all hands to be necessary for young men incapable of much scholarship, the alteration proposed would enable them to devote much more time to the moral superintendence of their pupils, and the development of their minds by strictly tutorial lectures.’—*Hints*, p. 9.

This alteration, he states, is simply the enactment that all under-graduates should come into residence immediately on matriculation; that the examination now passed for the degree of Bachelor of Arts should be fixed peremptorily at the end of three years; and that the fourth year should be given to the study of some additional branch of knowledge in the department of some professor; with the final test of an examination, and the production of a written treatise or *Monographie*, before the degree is conferred: by which plan the professors in arts would be connected with the men of the three first years, and the others with those of the fourth.

And so, in general principle, Mr. Hussey before, and the ‘Tutor of a College’ after him; at least they all agree that the professors should be called into active employment in some additional examination, to follow those which already exist, in some subjects connected with their own actual lectures; thus adding to the extent of the education given, and remedying the over-excitement and importance which now belongs to the degree examination; which is always, under the present system, liable to be looked upon as an end, instead of being merely a test of a man’s progress towards one. This is put very forcibly by Mr. Hussey (pp. 16-18). Undeniably then, professors, working professors, are required to complete the system of the university. One powerful reason for demanding their servi-

ces we have endeavoured to set before our readers at length, because we saw that it was assumed rather than proved in the pamphlets before us, and consequently was in danger of escaping all notice but that of the working men on the spot. Unless we are much mistaken, our statements on the subject are within the mark. Conversation with persons of various views and multiplied experience leads us to think that they are very much so. Of the other many concurrent arguments to the same effect, we cannot do better than take the following pithy summary from a quaint and able paper now before us, entitled, *A Convocation Catechism for March 14th, 1839*:—

‘Q. Is it desirable to extend and strengthen our professorial system?

‘A. It is; and for these, among many other reasons:—

‘1. Because, in most cases, the whole work of teaching is thrown upon each tutor independently; so that each tutor professes to be many professors in one; and so under-graduates do not receive (what you are bound to give them) the best possible teaching in each branch of the studies of the place.

‘2. Because for bachelors of arts to pursue the studies they have begun, there is scarcely any provision at all.

‘3. Because it is much to be wished that there should be a body of men in this university professing to follow knowledge in all its departments, each being able to devote himself to his peculiar branch; so that this university may have oracles, whereto men may come to inquire: and may assume her rightful office of guiding the age in the fitting paths, rather than submit to be led of others.

‘4. Because at all times inducements are wanting to make men apply themselves heartily to deep learning; and at the present time especially it is to be feared that the proposed abolition of Church dignities, and places of like kind, may diminish these inducements to an almost invisible quantity.’

But, after all, the practical difficulty remains untouched: How are your professors to be paid? It is unfortunately only too notorious that the university has not the means, at present, of securing the services of able men as professors, those rare cases excepted in which they are possessed of competent private fortunes. There are many who would gladly labour on very moderate terms for her good, if any prospect were held out to them of thereby eventually placing themselves or families in comfortable circumstances. But such persons have now little reason to expect the slightest reward for their labour from those in high places, whose duty it is, and whose interest it would be, to confer a real benefit on literary merit. The services of our universities are scoffed at; the labours of their sons are forgotten. Thus Oxford has no prospective inducements to hold out: and in herself she has no sufficient endowments to offer. Unfor-

fortunate as the abeyance of many of the professorships is, it is too easily accounted for by the poverty of their endowments. For instance, the Chair of Moral Philosophy, *nominally endowed with 100*l.* a year for five years*, is said to be totally unproductive to the present able and active professor; the Regius Professor of Greek still receives the stipend of 40*l.*, which was considered a competence in the reign of Henry VIII., before the treasures of Mexico and Peru had caused a revolution in the value of the precious metals throughout Europe; and when the Readership of Logic was lately revived, the only available funds for its endowment were about 240*l.* a year. Is it reasonable to expect that for pittance like these, even in the cases in which they are permanent, men of first-rate eminence will remain to devote themselves to the pursuits of their faculty with the singleness of purpose necessary for success? Hence it comes that the most distinguished members of the universities are year after year found seeking for situations as masters of schools, where the severe drudgery is at least rewarded, as far as money can reward it; or they retire early from their barren and overwhelming academical labours to the field of the parochial ministry. On the other hand, in the few cases wherein the chairs have been well endowed, it has not usually followed that the work has been slovenly performed. Quite the reverse is the fact, and naturally so. The amusing speech in a similar case, 'Sir, we pay a good price, and we expect a good article,' is a very shrewd one. The services of truly valuable men are indeed such as no money can measure; but it is not, therefore, by haggling with them, and trying to convince them that they ought not to regard such considerations, that you will secure their efficient services. Being bargained with—if they at all submit to be used so—they are of need brought to contemplate giving a quantum of work for a quantum of payment, a minimum for a minimum. They become hirelings, and work in the spirit of hirelings—as little as will serve the turn. It is far otherwise when they are placed in circumstances which satisfy their wants, and perhaps do a little more; you have them then *retained* for your service; the energies of the whole man are yours, instead of his formal services for a stated number of hours in the week.

It is easy to say that a literary man's wants are few. All excuses for saving money are easy. But your professor will be, or ought to be, a man of refined and elegant tastes: is he to be deprived of the pleasures resulting

from these, and restricted to such as are beneath him? Your professor will also have ties of relationship; is he to lose the means of doing his duty to his relations by binding himself to your thankless service? Your professor will have feelings and affections; is he to be debarred from all that makes a house blessed, and bound (especially in Oxford, and in these days of *Poperyphobia*!) to an unwilling celibacy, by the poverty with which you grind him?

What, then, is the remedy? Clearly to make the professorships valuable enough to serve as an inducement to all who may on other grounds be not unwilling to stay and study in the university. All cannot attain them; but the chance of success will suffice to ensure the services of many. The income of the chairs, then, must be such as will support a family (the absurdity of quinquennial and decennial professorships being of course exploded), so as to secure a man's devotion to his pursuit for life. Or in other words, a fund must be provided sufficient to pay the whole body, excepting the professors of Divinity and Hebrew, and one or two others, whose chairs are already respectably endowed.

How is this to be done? This is the practical question, by which the whole subject is perplexed; and various attempts have been made to answer it.

First, it is said, *by fees*. The 'Member of Convocation' proposes that a fee of 1*l.* 10*s.* should be charged each term on all who attend a professor's lectures; and by this means he proposes to raise 6650*l.* yearly. Now this is a point on which it seems presumptuous in us to stake our opinion against his experience; but we cannot persuade ourselves that anything like such a sum could be thus raised by any means short of a compulsory tax on every individual whether he attended or not. And further, an incredible and lamentable change has come over the university within the last few years, if there are not numbers of most valuable men availing themselves of her training, to whom the additional 4*l.* 10*s.* yearly would prove a serious infliction. It is true that the expense of a private tutor's services for one term is as great as the proposed fee for four years; but it is not reasonable to argue thus from an acknowledged grievance and nuisance, which ought to be, if possible, abated—at any rate not converted into a precedent.

Second, *by a subscription*. This seems neither creditable nor fair: because, if this were the resource, of course far the heaviest portion of the burden would fall on those who are experimentally most convinced of the necessity of the case; and these are pre-

cisely the working residents, who, as a body, can least afford to be taxed in purse; and who, as it is, are actually taxed to the full amount of their energies in carrying out and improving the system.

Third, *by annexing the free canonries of Christ Church to the more important unendowed professorships.* And certainly this would be a much better reform than that light-fingered appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues which threatens to shake the security of all the property in the country, by setting the example of *an agrarian law* in the most modern and most mischievous sense of the term. There is one, at least, of the starveling professorships—that of moral philosophy—to which such an endowment would be strictly applicable; and, possibly, the same might be fairly done for the professorship of Greek,* which, as stated above, has at present only the original 40*l.* yearly. Nor do we see why such an endowment should not still take place (if the principle were approved,) in addition to the two new divinity professorships now proposed to be created and annexed to two of the stalls. The chairs of ecclesiastical history and biblical criticism will be a great boon to the University, if they, as well as the existing ones, be well regulated so as to *systematise* the study of theology. Otherwise they will only be a source of perplexity, and perhaps of danger. To this end it will be desirable to assign definite departments to the two existing professorships, as well as to the proposed ones. This is done in Germany, perhaps overdone, but still with good effect: though it is too often nullified by the right which each professor has to lecture in any other department of his faculty as well as his own. For instance, suppose the professor of *Dogmatik* wishes to increase his income, or annoy his colleagues, he gives, over and above his doctrinal lectures, one course on *Liturgik*, another on *Apologetik*, another on *Hermeneutik*, another on *Exegetik*, and so on, notwithstanding the existence of professors in these various departments. This, of course, must be guarded against; but it will not be difficult to do so.

But there are still two out of the eight stalls which might, it would seem, be annexed to the above-named professorships. And most certainly nothing could seem more likely to further the interests of the University than that a body of her most distinguished

members should always have the adventitious influence of such a position, in addition to their personal and official authority.

Fourth, *by aid from the crown.* We believe that England stands alone in civilized Europe as a country where the government does not acknowledge and attempt to fulfil the duty of providing for the efficient university education of its subjects by aiding the professors. But in England, though kings, as individuals, have done much, and though certain pensions charged upon the private estates of the crown have by exchange come to be paid out of the supplies, nothing has been ever done by the government, as such, except to tax the university.

* The stamp-duty on degrees and incorporations (3*l.* for the B. A. degree, 6*l.* for all higher), for the year ending Oct. 1838, amounted to 2058*l.*; the duty on matriculations is about 400*l.*: thus the government receives as much as 2400*l.* from the university. The direct payments from the government for professors' salaries or pensions amount to about 872*l.* clear, after some small sums have been deducted from some of the salaries, on account of fees paid in the government offices. Besides this, there is an annual payment of 500*l.* as compensation for an ancient privilege of the university to print almanacs. *The whole receipt of the university from the government is therefore 1372*l.*; leaving a balance of more than 1000*l.* which the government receives from the university!*

* If newspapers have been relieved from a heavy duty for the purpose of reducing taxes on knowledge, there is reason to hope that if ever the legislature should come to think the knowledge given by a university education worth as much as that conveyed by newspapers, they would be led by parity of reasoning to remit or reduce the taxes on the universities.—*Hussey*, p. 40.

We agree with the author in thinking that 'at present there does not seem much ground for expecting more (?) assistance from that quarter.' It is not from those who interpret zeal for thorough education as bigotry, and construe care for the inculcation of good principles into a direct personal insult to the Queen's ministers, that any favour can be expected. But, however little may be expected from such persons, we are bound to place before the eyes of public men this fact—that *the state in no way interests itself with the university education of the country, except by wringing 10*l.* from every poor scholar who struggles to avail himself of it.*

A fifth proposal, which we have heard of lately, though we have not found it in print, is, to invest for this object some part annually of the funds of the Oxford university press, so long as it continues to prosper. The advantage of this is, that it would maintain the independence of the university. And we are told that at present it would be practicable: which is something, in contrast with

* Only one regius professor of Greek in Oxford (Henry Cuffe, 1590—1597) has died a layman. See Wood's Annals. And Professor Pusey, we believe, has observed that, with the exception of Stanley and Porson, all the great scholars of England have been of the clerical body.

most schemes suggested. But we speak only from report: and of course cannot, from the absence of data, attempt to judge how great or how small the obstacles to such a measure may be. Perhaps some scheme which would combine an endowment with fees, so that the professor should have not less than a certain sum, but might raise his income by strenuous exertion, would be the most advantageous, as avoiding the two opposite dangers of such appointments. In this case, of course the fees would be so low as not to prove a burden to any one.

But these are matters which can only be judged of on the spot. Our attention has necessarily been confined to the general question: and its importance can hardly be overrated—as bearing not only on the most vital question which at this day divides politicians, but, moreover, on the training and welfare of future generations. It may be, some considerable time will elapse before difficulties are overcome, and plans digested; but we trust to see the university pursuing her serene course,

‘Like a star, unshining,
Like a star, unshining,’

as she has hitherto done. And if she does so, it would be wrong to doubt that difficulties will pass away, and resources come to light for a new order of things: which is yet not new, but the perfecting of that which is old.

ART. VII.—*The Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*. Edited by William Stanhope Taylor, Esq., and Captain John Henry Pringle, executors of his son, John, Earl of Chatham. 4 vols. 8vo. London. 1839–40.

THE temper, habits, and position of Cicero were naturally congenial to a good epistolary style, and his letters are to our taste among the very best of his works: they were, no doubt, carefully revised and polished for publication, and probably lost in that process something of their lighter merits, but they are still easy and graceful, and full of miscellaneous yet interesting matter which we should in vain look for elsewhere.

The letters of Demosthenes also were extant in the time of Cicero, but the half-dozen which have come down to us under his name—if, indeed, they be not altogether spurious—excite no great regret for the loss of the rest. A mind so laboriously trained to the severest style of eloquence would

probably have little taste for, and still less command of, those light but not facile graces which constitute the chief merit of a familiar correspondence; and if we had it in our power to evoke a volume of real ‘*Athenian Letters*’ from the tomb, we should (at least for amusement) have no great hesitation in wishing for those of Demades rather than of Demosthenes himself. So it is with Lord Chatham. His style of mind, manners, and expression was of too high a scale to be lowered to the familiar or colloquial. It seems as if he thought it necessary to conduct the most ordinary correspondence, as Virgil was said to manure his fields, with an air of dignity: even in his most affectionate letters to his wife and children, he appears to descend with reluctance from his pedestal: and most readers, we think, will be of opinion, that he makes a much more interesting and striking figure in *Horace Walpole’s Letters* than in his own. Indeed, this publication fully corroborates Wilkes’s designation of him as ‘the best orator and worst letter-writer of his age.’*

Not knowing what materials the editors† have had at their disposal, we can give no opinion as to the judgment with which their selection has been made; but we certainly looked for much that we do not find, and we find a great deal which might have been as well omitted. The original materials seem to have been much less valuable than might reasonably have been expected; but the editors, in the course of the publication, fortunately obtained from Mr. Calcraft a series of letters from Mr. Pitt, and a few from Mr. Gerard Hamilton to his grandfather, and from Lord Lansdowne a correspondence between Lord Chatham and his lordship’s father, while Earl of Shelburne, which are very valuable. Indeed these two classes of letters give us more insight into Lord Chatham’s feelings and proceedings during the latter years of his life than we possess of any former period, and exhibit more of his personal objects and motives, and of his style of playing his political game, than all the rest of the volumes put together.

One great desideratum strikes us on opening the very first pages, which, however, the editors could probably not supply. With the exception of two insulated letters to Lord Chesterfield, (of the date of 1741,) the cor-

* Wilkes’s Works, ii. 217.

† The editors are, we believe, the nearest male descendants of Lord Chatham. Mr. Taylor is the grandson of Lady Hester, his eldest daughter, first wife of the late Earl Stanhope, and Captain Pringle the grandson of Lady Harriet, the second who married Mr. Elliot. An advertisement expresses the thanks of the ostensible editors to Mr. Wright, editor of the ‘*Parliamentary History*.’

respondence commences with the summer of 1746, when Mr. Pitt was already a *Privy Counsellor* and *Paymaster of the Forces*; thus leaving a *hiatus* of the whole of his earlier life, and for those eleven years of his parliamentary career which had elevated him to a station and importance in public opinion superior to those who enjoyed the nominal distinction of Cabinet Ministers. It is to be, on every account, regretted that the editors have not been able to find something illustrative of that interesting period, of which we know absolutely nothing, but from the very meagre reports, in the periodical papers of the time, of a few of his parliamentary speeches.

We believe that even under the most favourable circumstances Mr. Pitt's peculiar style of eloquence could not have been *adequately* preserved; but just about the time of his first, and probably most vivid displays, these reports, which had always been meagre and imperfect, became little better than miserable travesties.

When *Æschines* exclaimed to those who applauded his recitation of the great speech of Demosthenes, 'What, then, would you have said, if you had heard it from himself?' he put in the strongest view the impossibility that a mere report, even though literally accurate, could give any adequate idea of a first-rate speech. How inferior, then, we ask, must be even a modern report? And how much more imperfect the meagre shadows of Mr. Pitt's earlier speeches under the classical masquerade of *Julius Florus*, or the barbarous anagram of the *Hurgo Pitti*, in the London and Gentleman's Magazines!

Before we can satisfactorily bring before our readers the contents of the volumes before us, we must offer a slight sketch of the life of Mr. Pitt, (for so we at present must call him,) prior to the date at which this correspondence begins. Our materials are very scanty and very trite; but such as they are, it is necessary to reproduce them, in order to give any thing like a complete view of the political life of this extraordinary man.

Mr. Pitt came into the House of Commons in the year 1735—at the age of twenty-seven—for *Old Sarum*,* a family borough;

and he found himself enlisted, as it were, by his private connections, if not by his public principles, in the formidable opposition in which Sir Robert Walpole's too long tenure of office had now combined the Jacobites, under the advice of Bolingbroke, the Tories, headed by Sir William Wyndham, and the disappointed Whigs, led by Mr. Pulteney. At the head of this incongruous but powerful opposition, was soon to appear Frederick Prince of Wales; on whose early accession to the throne the ambition and self-interest of all who were from any cause dissatisfied with the existing government began about this period to speculate. Horace Walpole somewhere remarks, as a peculiarity in the *Hanover Family*, that the heir-apparent has always been in opposition to the reigning monarch. The fact is true enough; but it is not a peculiarity in the house of Hanover. It is an infirmity of human nature, and to be found, more or less, in every analogous case even of private life; but our political system develops it with peculiar force and more remarkable effects in the royal family. Those who cannot obtain the favours of the father will endeavour to conciliate the good wishes of the son; and all arts are employed, and few are necessary, to seduce the heir-apparent into the exciting and amusing game of political opposition. He is naturally apt enough to dislike what he considers a present thralldom, and to anticipate, by his influence over a faction, the plenitude of his future power. This was the main-spring of the most serious part of the political troubles of the last century, and will, we doubt not, be revived—if our present constitution should last so long—whenever a similar occasion for rivalry shall arise in the royal family.

Mr. Pitt's maiden speech was on Mr. Pulteney's motion (29th April, 1736) for a congratulatory address to the king on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. How it happened that it was left for the leader of the opposition to originate such a motion, has not been explained; but there seems reason to suspect it arose from the king's own *reluctance* to be congratulated on an event which gave him no great pleasure. Mr. Pitt's speech made a considerable sensation; it was separately published; and Tindal applauds it, as 'being more ornamented than *Demosthenes*, and not so diffuse as *Cicero*;'—praise which the report that we have of it by no means justifies. Literally understood, it seems to us at once turgid and jejune; but, we suspect that, under the inflated panegyric upon the king which runs through it, there lurked a strain of bitter irony and sarcastic insinuation, which, in those decorous days, would appear a very startling

* If every tree be known by its fruits, it would seem that the Reform Bill has 'hewn down and cast into the fire' the stocks that have produced the most illustrious members of the British senate. The Walpoles—the Pitts—the Foxes—the Yorkes—the Grenvilles—the Scotts; Murray—Pulteney—Pelham—Burke—Barré—Thurlow—Dunning—Ervine—Sheridan—Canning—to say nothing of the most eminent of living statesmen—all, we believe, were introduced into public life by the means of nomination boroughs. When will *Gateshead* or *Salford* add a name to this list?

novelty. There is no doubt, however, that the result of this debate—the warm eulogies on the Prince, and the cold, if not invidious, compliments to the King—widened the breach between them, and eventually threw them into open hostility.

Mr. Pitt had adopted the profession of arms, and was at this time a cornet in Lord Cobham's regiment of dragoons. It is well known that Sir Robert Walpole dismissed him from the army, in consequence of his parliamentary opposition; but it has not, that we know of, been stated at what precise time, nor on what particular occasion, this stretch of power was exercised. We have ascertained that the vacancy made by 'the supersession of Cornet Pitt' was filled up on the 17th of May, 1736. So that he must have been dismissed a *very few days* after he had made his first speech, which we have this additional reason for believing to have been of a peculiarly offensive character. This dismissal was soon followed by his appointment as groom of the Prince's bed-chamber, and celebrated by his friend Lyttelton in a copy of verses, which, though poor enough in themselves, have the historical importance of showing how early the superiority of Mr. Pitt's parliamentary talents was acknowledged:—

'Long had thy virtues marked thee out for fame,
Far—far superior to a cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and grieved to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy free-born hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.'

Mr. Pitt, now inspired by the concurrent feelings of resentment and gratitude, and probably still more by the natural aspirations of his genius, took a bolder and more frequent part in opposition to the court—but the reports of his speeches are few and unsatisfactory. One on the 8th of March, 1739, on the Spanish Convention, contains some traces of his characteristic vigour—(*Parl. Hist.* x. p. 1291.)—but the whole debate, and particularly this portion of it, must be very imperfectly given; for a private account says—'Mr. Pitt spoke very well, but very abusively, and provoked Henry Fox and Sir Henry Liddell both to answer him.' Of any thing like personal abuse on the part of Mr. Pitt, we find no trace in the report, and no mention whatsoever of the replies of Fox or Liddell. We should have been very curious to see the first dawn of the memorable rivalry and conflict which separated during their lives, and have united after their deaths, the illustrious names of Pitt and Fox.

The next remarkable speech which is reported is that celebrated reply of Mr. Pitt to

Horace Walpole the elder—beginning 'The atrocious crime of being a young man.' We know that this speech was modelled into its present shape by Dr. Johnson, and it certainly is a striking specimen of sententious sarcasm; but the balanced structure of the phrases and the measured amplification of the ideas are so entirely Johnsonian—so ultra-Johnsonian indeed—that we are satisfied that it affords little resemblance to the vivid and energetic invective of the original. Archdeacon Coxe asserts indeed (and the *Parliamentary History* adopts his statement) that this 'celebrated retort' existed only in Johnson's imagination,* and repeats an anecdote, told him by Lord Sydney, to show 'how slender was the foundation on which this supposed philippic was formed.' In a debate in which Mr. Pitt and some of his young friends had violently attacked old Horace Walpole, the latter complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men of the date, on which Mr. Pitt got up with great warmth, beginning with these words: "With the greatest reverence for the grey hairs of the honourable gentleman"—upon which Walpole pulled off his wig, and showed his head covered with grey hairs, which occasioned a general laughter, in which Pitt joined, and the dispute subsided.' (*Life of Lord Walpole*, ii. 184.) Now Lord Sydney's anecdote is perfectly true; for we find it told, at the time it happened, in one of the younger Horace's letters to Sir Horace Mann:* but this does not decide the question: for however strange and improbable it may appear that there should have been *two* incidents of this nature between the same parties, the fact seems certain. The affair of the wig occurred on the 21st of November, 1745, whereas the 'celebrated retort' was delivered on the 10th of March, 1741, and is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year. So that Archdeacon Coxe was certainly mistaken in supposing that Johnson's report was an amplification of an event that did not happen till four years later.

* *Walpole's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 83. We quote (as far as it has gone) from Mr. Bentley's general edition of Walpole's Letters, now in course of publication; a collection into one view and regular order of that vast correspondence, which, besides its unequalled gaiety and brilliancy, has the more important merit of being the liveliest picture of manners and the best epitome of political history that not only this but any country possesses. It is also exceedingly well edited; and though much is still left obscure which might be explained, we are, on the whole, very grateful both for the work itself and the style in which it is executed. We believe it appears under the auspices of the Misses Berry, whose friendship did honour to Lord Orford's taste, and now does justice to his memory; but that the detail has been intrusted, as in the case of the Chatham papers, to Mr. Wright.

Amongst the numerous vicissitudes of political friendships and enmities which Mr. Pitt's life exhibits, it is amusing to find, fifteen years after this fierce encounter, old Horace and Mr. Pitt confidential friends, and the latter consulting, in 1755, as a kind of oracle, the political Nestor—on whom he had, so long before as 1740, pronounced sentence of dotage.

Mr. Pitt had by this time satisfied both himself and the House as to the growing importance of his parliamentary talents; yet at the great *débâcle* of the Walpole administration, in 1742, he had no share of the game which he had assisted in running down. In the crisis of Walpole's fate he made two or three very fine speeches—one particularly, in support of a committee of inquiry into Sir Robert's conduct, in which, while recapitulating all the varieties of his ministerial corruption and oppression, he alluded to the *dismissal of officers* for their political conduct; but while he enforced this topic with great energy, he abstained, with that noble pride and accurate taste which always distinguished him, from alluding to *his own case*, or even to any particular case that could be supposed to typify his own. We notice this the rather because—though no man's speeches were more full of personalities, and, consequently, of *allusions* to himself, he never descended into egotism, but contrived by the perfection of art—if indeed it did not rather spring from an innate grandeur of mind—to direct the thoughts of the audience to his own case, while he himself seemed solely occupied with a lofty solicitude about the wrongs of others. We shall see that in private, in the *souterrains* of politics, he was pliable enough—sometimes almost obsequious when he had a turn to serve—but before the public his deportment was proud, uncompromising, and dignified.

There can be, we think, little doubt that it was the offence given to the King by Mr. Pitt's parliamentary conduct, and probably by his first speech, which rendered it impossible to the new ministry to bring him into any office; and the offence must have been something peculiar, for the great body of the Prince's friends went over to the new government, and the Prince himself was, in appearance at least, reconciled at St. James's.

Indeed, we see reason to suppose that Mr. Pitt was dissatisfied with the Prince's conduct towards him on this occasion. He probably thought that His Royal Highness ought not to have submitted to the exclusion pronounced upon him, for we find that on the re-assembling of parliament in December, 1742, Lyttelton, supported by Pitt and the

Grenvilles, revived the proposition for a secret committee to inquire into the misconduct of Sir Robert Walpole—an embarrassing question to the new ministry, and one which was therefore so displeasing to the Prince, who had become their patron, that it was surmised (*Wal. Lett.* vol. i. p. 246) that the Prince would resent this interference by *dismissing* Pitt and Lyttelton from his household.

It has been generally supposed that this small but able party (which Walpole calls the *Cobhamites*) held off from the administration on some grounds of displeasure personal to Lord Cobham himself. We doubt it. Lord Cobham seems to have been much considered in the first arrangements; he was even of the Cabinet; and it was not till he found a second exclusion put upon his friends that he fell back into opposition; and we shall soon see abundant proof of and excuse for Mr. Pitt's being actuated by something like *personal* resentment.

On the 9th of December, 1742, there occurred a remarkable debate, of which we find no trace either in the contemporary reports, or in the parliamentary history. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann:—

'We have had another great day in the House on the army in Flanders, which the Opposition were for disbanding: but we carried it by 120. Murray spoke for the first time with the greatest applause: Pitt answered him with all his force and wit of language; but on an ill founded argument. In all appearance, they will be great rivals.'—*Lett. to Mann*, vol. i. p. 264.

Another private letter, too, from Mr. Oswald to Lord Kames, says:—

'On the first day (9th December) Murray was introduced to support the Court, which he did in a speech extremely methodical, with great perspicuity, and very fine colouring. He was replied to by Pitt in the most masterly manner. . . . Murray had laid a good deal of stress on exposing the inconsistency of advising one thing the one year, and the next abusing it merely through a spirit of opposition. Pitt showed how the object was varied, but varied by the ministers; and then turned every argument Murray had employed against himself. The one spoke like a pleader, and could not divest himself of a certain appearance of being employed by others. The other spoke like a gentleman—like a statesman, who felt what he said, and possessed the strongest desire of conveying that feeling to others for their own interest, and that of their country. Murray gains your attention by the perspicuity of his arguments, and the eloquence of his diction. Pitt commands your attention and respect by the nobleness, the greatness of his sentiment—the strength and energy of his expressions—and the certainty that you are in of his always rising to a still greater elevation of thought and style, &c.'—*Memorials of the Right Hon. J. Oswald*, p. 3.

The next day (10th Dec., 1742) the debate was renewed on another and more in-

teresting branch of the same subject, the maintenance of 16,000 Hanoverian troops in the pay of Great Britain, for the alleged support of the Queen of Hungary. On this occasion, Mr. Pitt delivered another speech, which is reported, and is very remarkable, not only as an indication of the personal feeling which we have mentioned, but for the serious and important—though, as far as we know, hitherto unnoticed—results which it produced. Mr. Pitt, in this *Philip*, attacked not merely the Electorate of Hanover, but even the *Elector* himself, with peculiar and, in those times, very startling asperity.

‘If,’ he asked, ‘our assistance to the Queen of Hungary be an act of *honesty*, why may it not be equally required of *Hanover*? If it be an act of *generosity*, why should this country alone be expected to sacrifice her interests for those of others? or why should the *Elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain*?’

‘It is too apparent, Sir, that this powerful, this great, this mighty nation is considered only as a province to a despicable Electorate. . . . How much reason the transactions of every year have given for suspecting this absurd, ungrateful, and perfidious partiality, it is not necessary to declare!—To dwell on all the instances of that partiality, and the yearly visits which have been paid to that DELIGHTFUL country—to reckon up all the sums that have been spent to aggrandise and enrich it, would be an irksome and invidious task, invidious to those who are afraid to be told the truth, and irksome to those who are unwilling to hear of the dishonour and injuries of their country.’

This, in any times, would be thought violent language, and there can be little doubt that the force of what was really spoken was attenuated in the *Report*; but when we recall to memory the predilection of George II. for his German dominions, we cannot but admit that this speech sounds like a personal defiance of the sovereign, and that, whatever disinclination his Majesty might have previously had on other grounds to admit Mr. Pitt into office, he had now a direct and personal cause of displeasure, which no candid man can call unreasonable.

At the opening of the next session Mr. Pitt was still more offensive. In the recess, the battle of Dettingen—won by George II. in person—had not only vindicated in public opinion the conduct of the war and the employment of the Hanoverian troops, but raised the personal character of the King and very much gratified his private feelings. On the meeting of parliament (1st December, 1743), the usual address was on this occasion seasoned with congratulations to the King on his victory, and with thanks ‘to Divine Providence for the protection of His Majesty’s sacred person, amidst the imminent danger to which his invaluable life had

been exposed,’ &c. Mr. Pitt opposed the address in a great speech, which was reported in the ‘*London Magazine*’ at considerable length. The argument, a very able one, is, we may presume, pretty well stated—but we know *altruisme* that the energy and spirit are imperfectly given; there is, however, enough to show how personally offensive it must have been to the King. Mr. Pitt depreciated the success, and censured the conduct of the royal hero of Dettingen:—

‘The ardour of the British troops was restrained by the *cowardice of the Hanoverians*, and, instead of pursuing the enemy, we ourselves ran away in the night with such haste, that we left all our wounded to the mercy and care of the enemy, who had the honour of burying our dead as well as their own. This action may therefore be called, on our side, a fortunate *escape*; I shall never give my consent to honour it with the name of *victory*.’

And as to the statements of the King’s personal gallantry, he more than insinuates that they are ‘*false*,’ and asks—

‘Suppose, Sir, it should appear that His Majesty was exposed to *few or no dangers* abroad, but those to which he is daily liable at home, such as the *overturning of his coach*, or the *stumbling of his horse*, would not the address proposed, instead of being a compliment, be an affront and insult to the Sovereign? Now what assurance have we that all these facts will not turn out as I have imagined?’

Unless we carry ourselves back into those times, and imagine such sentiments as these, enforced by the most rapid variety and volubility of diction—the most impressive and commanding powers of utterance—the most energetic, yet dignified action—an eye that flashed lightning to the thunders of his voice—and an air of supreme, not to say audacious, authority over his audience—unless, we say, we endeavour to picture to ourselves the Mr. Pitt of that day, we shall have a very inadequate idea of the peculiarity of his position, or of the difficulties in which the self-relying impetuosity of his character involved almost equally his enemies, his friends, and himself. To this, we are satisfied, may be traced many important transactions, which seem to float vaguely and unexplained on the surface of history.

In the ministry which succeeded Sir Robert Walpole’s, the person who had most of the King’s favour and confidence was Lord Carteret, who, as secretary of state, had attended him in the late campaign: there is little doubt that he—as well as Lord Bath—who was in the cabinet without office—supported the King in his determination against Pitt; and, accordingly, we find (not in the *Report*, but) in Philip Yorke’s *Parliamentary Journal*, and in Horace Walpole’s ‘*Letters to Mann*,’ that he attacked Carteret

in this speech with great virulence, calling him '*an execrable minister—a sole minister—who had renounced the British nation, and seemed to have drunk of the potion described in poetic fictions, which made men forget their country.*' And Walpole tells us, that in one of the numerous speeches in which Mr. Pitt assiduously followed up this first blow, he called Carteret '*the Hanoverian minister—a flagitious taskmaster*; adding, that the '*sixteen thousand Hanoverians* were all the party he had.'

Mr. Pitt had early established his reputation as an orator:—this bold and pertinacious opposition to Hanoverian interests and influence now gave him the character of a patriot; and he obtained so fast a hold of the public mind, that we shall see him, by and by, passing with little loss of influence into diametrically opposite principles, ceasing with Lord Carteret, and carrying with him, in support of a German war, the popularity he had acquired by resisting it.

It was about this period of his life (1744) that the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough died, leaving him a legacy 'of 10,000*l.* on account of his merit in the noble defence he has made of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country.*' We do not find in the debates, nor in the meagre biographies of Lord Chatham, anything quite justifying the peculiar expression of 'a defence of the laws of England.' Either her Grace must have used the words in a vague and general sense, or something was meant which has escaped our notice.

As Mr. Pitt's patrimonial fortune was small, this legacy was very convenient to him. We may as well here mention that, twenty years later (1765), he received a still more important legacy by the will of Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet of very eccentric character,† who left him the estate of Burton Pynsent, in that county, worth, it was said about 2500*l.* a-year, and about 30,000*l.* in ready money.

Mr. Pitt's opposition—for we reckon his coadjutors, Lyttelton, and the Grenvilles, and even Lord Cobham, as but make-weights in the balance—had now become

so embarrassing, that Mr. Pelham, the leader of the House of Commons, and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, found it necessary to get rid of Lord Carteret, and enlist Lord Chesterfield, the chief of the opposition in the Lords, the *Cobhamites*, and some leading Tories in what was called the *Broad-bottom* administration (November, 1744). Lord Chesterfield was on this new coalition appointed at once Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Ambassador to Holland. He executed both, as a man who rides two horses at the amphitheatre, with extraordinary cleverness—and posterity only wonders how he came to be so simultaneously employed. The truth was, that, as the foreign policy had been of late the chief butt, and an intimate alliance with Holland the favourite theme of the Opposition, it was thought necessary, to render the coalition tolerably decorous, that Lord Chesterfield should have a mission, which should indicate something like a change of foreign policy, and give some colour of consistency to the heterogeneous arrangements at home.

But these home arrangements were more difficult. It was easy to give Lord Cobham a better regiment, and to make Lyttelton a Lord of the Treasury, and George Grenville a Lord of the Admiralty, but the real strength—the *res* of the Cobhamites—was not so easily to be disposed of. '*The great Mr. Pitt,*' says old Horace Walpole—using in derision a designation soon confirmed by the serious voice of his country—'*the great Mr. Pitt insisted on being Secretary at War;*'—but it was found that the king's aversion to him was insurmountable, and, after much reluctance and difficulty, his friends were persuaded to accept office without him, under an assurance from the Duke of Newcastle that 'he should at no distant day be able to remove this prejudice from his Majesty's mind.' Mr. Pitt, on his part, was, or appeared to be, satisfied with this engagement, and promised his support to the new administration. When he was quieted, the terror of an opposition vanished—and, accordingly, the session of 1744-5 was one of the most unanimous ever known. But Mr. Pitt, though out of office, was not out of power; and his appearance during this session of truce is remarkable and very characteristic. Mr. Pitt had been even from his youth subject to the gout, which is supposed to have been hereditary, and he was during his whole life afflicted with it to a degree that frequently and seriously interfered with his parliamentary and official duties. Of this we shall see abundant proof in the sequel; but it must be observed that his contemporaries, friends and foes, all be-

* She also left for similar reasons £2500 to Lord Chesterfield, who at this time pursued the same line of politics as Mr. Pitt.

† The editors quote Horace Walpole's account of this transaction, but they suppress (not quite candidly) his concluding sentence:—'The scandalous chronicle of Somersetshire talks terribly of his morals; * * *';—on this blank, the editor of Walpole observes, 'The original contains an imputation against Sir William Pynsent, which, if true, would lead us to suspect him of a disordered mind.' (Letters to Hertford, p. 178.)

lieved that Mr. Pitt and his hereditary enemy occasionally understood each other, and that a *convenient* fit of the gout was always ready, upon adequate occasion—either to excuse his absence, or to enhance the merit and effect of his attendance, on particular questions. It was even remarked that, when Mr. Pitt came down in all the paraphernalia of gout, he would sometimes, in the ardour of debate, forget his disease, and throw about his muffled limbs with great agility. The circumstances of his appearance during this session of 1744–5 afford some colour for these suspicions. Mr. Pitt's position must have been rather embarrassing; nothing was changed in the administration which he had so lately opposed—and which he must now support—but a few persons; the measures were substantially the same. The ministry had, indeed, consented to diminish the Hanoverian troops by one-half—but, on the other hand, the vote for the British army in Flanders was to be increased by 7000 men, nearly the number struck off from the Hanoverians; and the whole expense for the Hanoverians was to be not merely incurred, but *increased*—in the form of a subsidy to the Queen of Hungary. We are not surprised that Mr. Pitt should have felt some twinges of the *gout* at the approach of these questions.

'Mr. Pitt,' says Philip Yorke, 'who had been laid up with gout ever since the Session began, came down [on the vote of the addition to the army in Flanders] with the mien and apparatus of an invalid. What he said was enforced with much grace, both of action and elocution. He opened by saying, that if this was to be the last day of his life, he would spend it in the House of Commons, since he judged the condition of his country to be worse than that of his own health. . . . He showed how much the question was changed from what it was last year, when a certain fatal influence [Granville] prevailed in His Majesty's Councils. . . . He complimented Mr. Pelham on his love of his country and capacity for business. He thought a dawn of salvation to his country had broke forth, and he would follow it as far as it would lead him. He should be the greatest dupe in the world if those now at the helm did not mean the honour of their master, and the good of the nation; if he found himself deceived, nothing would be left but to act with an honest despair, &c.'—*Par. Journ.*

Our readers will see that all this was open to much personal imputation; but Mr. Pitt treated an allusion of that kind, which was made by a young member, with such an 'air of disdain' as silenced further criticism; and, as Mr. Yorke adds, 'his *fulminating* eloquence deterred all opposition, and the motion passed with only one dissentient voice.' With equal boldness and success he supported the subsidy of 500,000*l.* to the Queen of Hungary, to enable her to maintain the Hanover troops which were put out of

our pay, though he had—in his speech of the last session—when inveighing with the greatest vehemence at the expense of these troops—rated it at only 400,000*l.* This was too flagrant an inconsistency to pass altogether unnoticed; and Sir Henry Lyddel, who had before supported the Hanover troops, made a few observations, 'with sense and propriety, but with a good deal of warmth; and said, that provided the services of the Hanoverians were not lost to the public, it was indifferent to him through what channel they were paid.' This was not to be treated with an '*air of disdain*;' and Mr. Pitt, with admirable tact, changed his style of defence.

'He carried himself, in his reply, with all the art and temper imaginable; he soothed and complimented Sir H. Lyddel, and at the same time put the question in a more just and acceptable light: that the honourable member had quoted his words exactly, but mistook his meaning, which was not to give offence to a head so honourable and honest as his. He deprecated any invidious retrospect to what had passed in former debates; and heartily wished all the differences they had occasioned might be buried in oblivion, and not revived again to the reproach of any gentleman whatever.'—*Yorke's Journal.*

This conciliatory exhortation, from lips so long precluded in asperity, must have surprised the House almost as much as the change in Mr. Pitt's sentiments in the matter of troops and subsidies; but it was effective. The session went off without any symptom of opposition; and, what was still more remarkable, without any further allusion to the change of sentiments in Mr. Pitt and his friends. The truth is, that Lord Granville, who was the only leading person displaced, had few followers in the House of Commons, where every important mouth was stopped by the acceptance or expectance of place.

The rebellion of '45, which broke out in this unprecedented political calm, did not disturb it; and was exceedingly opportune to Mr. Pitt's personal objects, by enabling him, without obloquy or reproach, to connect himself still more closely with the Government, and to take a part which might tend to overcome the royal prejudice. The public danger would of itself have been a justification of the union which we see had been in progress on other grounds; yet even now Mr. Pitt's course was not without difficulties, which he met and surmounted with his usual confidence.

In the last session, the King had sent a message to both Houses announcing the Pretender's preparations to invade the kingdom. To this, of course, a loyal and zealous answer was moved (15th February, 1744),

pledging the lives and fortunes of both Houses in support of the House of Hanover; but it was proposed by the opposition to tack to this address an untimely and offensive amendment, pledging the Commons to an inquiry into the naval administration. This amendment was supported by Sir F. Dashwood, Lyttelton, and warmly by Pitt; but was negatived by 257 to 123. When a similar address was proposed to his Majesty (17th October, 1745), on the actual landing of the Pretender, Sir Francis Dashwood—remembering the precedent of the year before, and probably hoping to embarrass the recent converts to the Court—thought proper to tack on to the address an amendment about triennial parliaments; Lyttelton was the first to oppose it, as ‘highly inopportune and dangerous’—which it certainly was, but not much more so than the amendment which he had supported in the preceding year. Pitt took the same line. ‘He spoke handsomely of the mover, but pronounced the motion to be unseasonable, and of a dangerous tendency. He professed himself favourable to the principle of preventing a corrupt dependency in parliament, but he would not entertain it till the rebellion should be first extinguished; and he endeavoured to persuade his friends to withdraw the amendment, which was so liable to misconstruction. It was not withdrawn, but negatived without a division, and the original address carried *nem. con.*’

Another measure was soon after proposed, to which, a few months before, Mr. Pitt’s vehement opposition might have been anticipated; but he now supported it with a high hand. On the emergency of the rebellion and the want of troops at home, fourteen lords offered to raise each a regiment, two of horse, twelve of foot, for this temporary service—this, which was at first sight a handsome offer, degenerated, says Walpole, into ‘a job; not much to the honour of the undertakers or the ministry—for the public was to bear the whole expense, while these *disinterested* colonels named none but their own relations and dependents for commissions, who are to have permanent rank in the army, and consequently both the colonels and all these subalterns will interfere with the brave old officers of the army.’ ‘This,’ he adds, ‘has made a great clamour,’ particularly when it was found that a small proportion of the men were likely to be actually raised. The king himself was very doubtful about the question, particularly as to the permanent rank—and the ministry was divided, Winnington (the Paymaster) and Fox being against it. We have no account of the debate on the main question, except a sketch from Horace Walpole, who

says that ‘Pitt defended the regiments warmly, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Gower, and Lord Halifax being at the head of the job.’ The regiments were voted, 192 to 82, but an address against the army rank was only defeated by two—126 to 124. Walpole adds, that ‘Pitt, who has alternately bullied and flattered Mr. Pelham, is at last to be Secretary at War.’ On the 4th of November the question of the rank was again raised on a direct motion against it—which was defeated by 23. This second debate is reported, and Mr. Pitt opposed the motion, ‘which he had heard with equal *surprise and indignation*,’ in a very able speech. But still these services to the government did not enable Mr. Pelham to introduce Mr. Pitt—‘the King,’ says Walpole, ‘will scarce speak to Pelham, and he cannot get Pitt into place.’

Support having thus failed, Mr. Pitt now seems to have tried what a little *opposition* would do. On the 22d November Walpole writes (Let. ii. 83)—‘The ministers had yesterday a *baiting* from Pitt, who is *ravenous for the place of Secretary at War*: they would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the continent.’ The motion was to increase our naval force. In this motion it appears that he was supported by Lyttelton and the Grenvilles, and that his whole party numbered but 36—‘in short,’ says Walpole, ‘he has nothing left but his *words*—his haughtiness—his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles.’ Horace Walpole had yet to learn how high *eloquence* and *grandeur of mind*—which he so flippantly calls ‘*words*’ and ‘*haughtiness*’—were to carry Mr. Pitt.*

During all these proceedings Lord Cobham had not ceased to press the Duke of Newcastle to redeem the pledge that he had given of reconciling the King to employ Mr. Pitt, and the Duke and Mr. Pelham had probably done their best; but in vain. It was now that the real importance of Mr. Pitt was proved by one of the most extraordinary incidents in our political history. We shall give the account of ‘this most surprising scene,’ as the Duke of Newcastle calls it, from his Grace’s own letter,† dated 18th of February, 1746, to Lord Chesterfield, who had announced his resolution to resign the Lieutenancy of Ireland, if the Pelhams had been displaced.

* It was in this debate that the incident, already mentioned, of old Horace Walpole’s taking off his wig occurred.

† It is to be found in the most recent of the series of works with which Archdeacon Coxe has enriched our domestic history—his *Memoirs of the Pelham administration*.—vol. i. p. 292.

A few days before the meeting of Parliament (14th January, 1746) Mr. Pitt, who had for some time before had no connection upon business with the ministers, went to the Duke of Bedford, expressed a disposition to fall in with their foreign policy, and wished that some of the ministry would speak to Lord Cobham, into whose hands they (Pitt and Co.) had entirely committed themselves. The Duke of Newcastle accordingly saw Lord Cobham next day, and explained their foreign policy, which he thought reasonable, and seemed very desirous to join the ministry, and to bring in *his boys* as he called them. The terms were, Pitt to be Secretary at War—Lord Barrington to have the Admiralty, and James Grenville an office of 1000*l.* a-year—with some other minor points not absolutely insisted on. When the Duke stated this to the King, it was better received than he expected—the only objection was giving Mr. Pitt the particular office of Secretary at War—any other the King was willing he should have. All the ministers in successive and separate conferences tried to overcome this difficulty—the King at first persisting in his absolute refusal—then saying that, if Pitt was forced upon him, he would use him ill—and finally, that if he gave him office, he would never admit him to his presence to do his business. This the ministers represented as worse than the absolute refusal, but the king persisted, openly supported in his opposition by the advice of Lord Bath, and secretly by that of Lord Granville. Mr. Pitt 'very decently and honourably' authorized his friends immediately to renounce all his pretensions to the office of Secretary of War; but after the *éclat* which Lord Bath had given to his opposition, the ministry felt that they could not give up the point without some compensatory mark of confidence—meaning no doubt the ejection of Lord Bath from his honorary place in the cabinet, or some appointment for Pitt, or both. The King would do nothing—and so plainly showed his disposition to the other party, that the ministry thought they had no option but to resign; and in consequence, on Monday, 10th of February, a general resignation began by that of Lord Harrington and the Duke of Newcastle, the two secretaries of state. The King immediately gave both the seals to Lord Granville, one for himself, which he wrote to announce to all the courts, and the other for whom he pleased; while Lord Bath was to be first Lord of the treasury; but the number and importance of the resignations struck a terror into the new ministers, and on Wednesday Lord Bath went into the closet to declare that he could not un-

dertake it: and the King had no resource but to solicit the return of his old servants; to this they consented, but only on condition that Lord Bath should be removed from the cabinet, and his half-dozen followers turned out of office—to which the King was forced to agree. Mr. Legge and Lord Barrington had seats at the board of admiralty, and James Grenville one at the board of trade; but Mr. Pitt, the pivot of the whole movement, was obliged to submit to the King's unabated dislike to have him in the war office, and to put up with the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland.

Although this might seem to be, as far as Mr. Pitt was concerned, a drawn battle, since the King carried his point of admitting him only to a subordinate office, it was really a solid victory to the ministry. The short-lived administration of *forty-eight hours* became an object of public ridicule, and added contempt to the odium which Lords Bath and Granville had already incurred. They were effectually put *hors de combat*. The King too was taught that he could not maintain a personal exclusion, and that he had indeed no resource but his present servants; and Mr. Pitt obtained, in the Irish office, a kind of reparation for the past, and a footing for the future.

Of this he soon and ably availed himself. A subsidy of a million—viz., 400,000*l.* to Austria, 310,000*l.* for 18,000 Hanoverians, and 300,000*l.* for Sardinia—was proposed and carried by a majority of 255 to 122. Mr. Pitt supported these subsidies, Hanoverians and all. There is no trace of the debate except in private letters; but in one of these, from the Duke of Newcastle to the Duke of Cumberland—it is stated 'that Mr. Pelham said that *Pitt had the dignity of Sir W. Wyndham, the wit of Mr. Pulteney, and the knowledge and judgment of Sir Robert Walpole*,—and, adds the Duke, 'Mr. Pitt said all that was *right*' [that is, respectful and conciliatory] 'towards the King.'

Another opportunity, not so personally embarrassing to him, soon occurred, of making himself still more agreeable in that quarter. The ministry took advantage of the great popularity of the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden to propose for his Royal Highness a parliamentary pension of 25,000*l.* a-year, into which Mr. Pitt came so warmly that the King—with great tact, whether it was a compliment or a snare—desired that this proposition should be made by Mr. Pitt; but the Duke of Cumberland thought it more proper, as it certainly was, that it should be introduced by the first Minister, Mr. Pelham. The ice that had impeded Mr. Pitt's advance was now broken;

and in about three months after his admission into office the death of Mr. Winnington made way for his advancement to that of Paymaster of the Forces, which, for emoluments and consideration, was always considered as next to the cabinet; and in those days was often held by persons, like Mr. Pitt, more really important than many who sat in the cabinet. And here the publication before us takes up Mr. Pitt.

Before we proceed with our examination of it, we must pause for a moment to consider Mr. Pitt's position and place in public opinion at this remarkable crisis of his political destiny. We have already stated that it was his extraordinary good fortune—or, to speak more truly, the result of *his own extraordinary talents and boldness*—that he preserved his popularity in *vicissitudes* (to use the gentlest term) of sentiments and connections, under which, we believe, any other politician of the day would have sunk—though the day was, it must be owned, not very scrupulous about such variances. But he did not altogether escape censure, which was sharpened by the observation that he had hardly pocketed the Marlborough legacy, when he changed the conduct for which it had been given. So formidable, however, were 'the terrors of his tongue and lightning of his eye,' that we find few traces of such reproaches having been made in parliament, and to his face. One instance has been preserved by Horace Walpole. On the occasion of the large vote of subsidies which we have just mentioned, he writes to Mann (Lett. ii. 113):—

'15th April, 1746.

'You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are to be all in our pay, but the nation's digestion has been much facilitated by the pill given to Pitt, of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 265 against 123. Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles, and Lord Barrington, all voting roundly for them, though the eldest Grenville two years ago had declared in the House, that he would *seal it with his blood*, that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian—don't you shudder at such perjury? Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth, and it was to add *impudence to profanacy*,—but no criminal at the Place de Grève was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who gave him the question, both ordinary and extraordinary.'

Dr. Lee was the *Prince's* spokesman, a sensible man, and a respectable speaker, but we believe that his powers of *breaking Mr. Pitt on the wheel* could have existed only in the strength of his facts. Mr. Pitt seems to have thought it prudent to make no reply; and we have no information of any other person's having had the courage to beard

the tame lion with allusions to his present servility. But, out of doors he was very severely, though we can hardly say unjustly, handled, both in prose and in verse. One ballad had a considerable vogue, rather from a spice of truth, which gives it pungency, than from its poetical merit, which is very small: a specimen of it is worth adding to our biographical sketch.

'THE UNEMBARRASSED COUNTENANCE.

'A New Ballad.

'To a certain old chapel well known in the town—
The inside quite rotten, the outside near down—
A fellow got in who could talk and could prate;
I'll tell you his story and sing you his fate.

* * * * *
He always affected to make the house ring
'Gainst *Hanover* troops and a *Hanover* king:
He applauded the way to keep Englishmen free,
By "*digging* *Hanover* quite into the sea."
By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
'Tho' many believed it would cost him a shame;
But Nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
An unfeeling Heart, and a Front unembarrass'd.'

* * * * *
This doggrel, and much more that appeared in a higher tone both of wit and argument, provoked Lyttelton to address a panegyrical epistle to his friend on his appointment as Vice-Treasurer. As this poem has not been reprinted in Lyttelton's works, nor indeed, that we are aware, ever printed with his name, we shall venture to quote some passages of it. The first is a kind of defence of Mr. Pitt's political conversion—

* * * * *
'Blest Genius, with each shining talent born,
Whom letters polish, and whom arts adorn,
Fit as thy country calls, with equal skill,
To watch her dangers, or her triumphs fill;
Erst, Tully-like, ordained to loud applause,
You pleaded Liberty's, and England's cause;
Foremost in ardent patriot bands you stood,
A firm *Opposer*,—for the public good—
While power's rude hand, tho' by yourself disdain-
ed,†

You felt, indignant for an injured land.
This danger past, becalmed you now declare
A generous truce, nor wage a needless war.
By sharing power, be now your candour seen,
A private station would be arrant spleen;
To prove your Justice you must greatness bear,
And suffer honours you are doom'd to wear.

* * * * *
But boldly, thou, thy Sovereign's call obey;
To courts—to kings—new ornaments display.
Let fainter worth the light discreetly shun;
Yours shall, like diamonds, brighten in the sun.
Go, soar and shine in yon resplendent sphere;
'Tis such as You alone that triumph there;
Exalted merit shall for once be own'd,
A patriot still, tho' in a palace found:
Yes; 'tis reserved for your peculiar fame
To change your station and be still the same.'

* One of Mr. Pitt's strong phrases, which has not, we believe, been preserved in the *Reports*.

† Allusion to his dismissal from the army, and his speeches against other dismissals, without noticing his own.

These are, even for the time and purpose, but indifferent verses, and it must in reading them be remembered that Lyttelton was not quite disinterested in the cause. He was a patriot who, having lost his own tail in the trap of office, was now consoling Mr. Pitt for the loss of his. This, we suppose, was the cause why these verses were published anonymously—and Lyttelton's subsequent rupture with Pitt may have prevented his reclaiming them. The concluding passage is, however, still better worth quoting for its prophetic anticipations of Mr. Pitt's future glory, as minister of his country. The poet admits that the *Irish office* is hardly what should have rewarded such transcendent merit—but adds—

'Yet fear we not; tho' now in western skies
You seem to sink, 'tis but again to rise.
When in those strains, which wondering senates
hear,
You win with sacred truth the royal ear;
And stand ore long a *Favourite* near the throne—
—For to be favoured, is but to be known—
Then British annals shall new wonders trace,
Wide power unenvy'd, and domestic peace;
Charmed into rest, loud Factions shall agree,
Nor fear a Minister, when Pitt is he?'

Towards those days of glory we are now to proceed.

The volumes open with some letters from Mr. Pitt's deputy-paymasters, hardly worth publishing, but we wish that the editors had found the record of two official acts reported in Almon's Anecdotes, which do honour to Mr. Pitt, namely, his placing his balances in the Bank of England, instead of keeping—as had been usual before, and we believe after, his time—a large sum in hand—the interest of which was an acknowledged perquisite of the Paymaster. The other was his refusing to accept a fee of one-half per cent., which foreign powers had been used to pay on the receipt of their subsidies—which, in those subsidising days, was one of the great emoluments of the Pay Office.

On Mr. Pitt's appointment to the Pay Office, which raised him to the rank and confidence of a Privy, though not a Cabinet, Councillor, it now appears that he was treated by the leading ministers with great deference, and admitted to a very fair share of confidence and power. We take the first instance that occurs; it is also remarkable as affording a clue to some important events of Mr. Pitt's subsequent career.

The Duke of Newcastle writes on the 19th of Jan., 1748:—

'I hope, in a very short time, your health will be perfectly re-established. The public, and your friends, are infinitely concerned in it. During your absence I have not failed to use my best endeavours towards promoting a perfect union and good cor-

respondence with Prussia. I have, in some measure, succeeded beyond my expectations, though I cannot say I have had much assistance in it.'—vol. i. pp. 26, 27.

He then mentions that the King has consented to the appointment of Mr. Henry Legge to the mission to Berlin—a point at that moment of great interest—and a letter from Mr. Legge himself leaves no doubt that he was named through the influence of Mr. Pitt.

Berlin, May 21st, 1748.

'DEAR PITT,

'Though it is too much the practice of godfathers and godmothers to neglect all they promise and vow in the name of those they represent, yet give me leave to say, you, Sir, have made yourself so responsible to the public for the conduct of your humble servant, that it imports you now and then to inquire a little what he is about.'—Vol. i. pp. 28, 29.

We shall see by and bye that Mr. Legge became still more prominently connected with Mr. Pitt's line of politics.

It is well known that the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham had many and serious differences; but we were not before aware that Mr. Pitt was so soon and so deep in their confidence as to have been a mediator on such delicate occasions. The Duke's communications with him on this subject, as well as on public affairs, are intimate and affectionate; and the following extract of a letter from Mr. Pelham to his brother will explain the high position in which Mr. Pitt stood between them:—

'“I have had a long discourse with Pitt. He seems mighty happy with an opinion, that his interposition, and his truly friendly offices, have had a good effect in bringing you and me nearer to each other. I most sincerely desire you to go on in your correspondence with him, with all the frankness and cordiality you can; I do so, in all my conversations with him. I think him, besides, the most able and useful man we have amongst us; truly honourable, and strictly honest. He is as firm a friend to us as we can wish for; and a more useful one there does not exist.”' (Coxe's *Pol. Adm.*, vol. ii. p. 370.)

We find few traces of Mr. Pitt in the parliamentary history of this period:—but one is remarkable.

A bill introduced in the spring of 1748 by the Grenvilles for restoring to the town of Buckingham the summer assizes, recently and very improperly removed to Aylesbury, gave rise to an acrimonious contest, which at last became a struggle between the Ministry and the Opposition. In one of the debates Sir William Stanhope attacked the Cobhamites for their political greediness and apostacy in very violent language:—

'They were,' he said, 'a family who coloured over ambition with patriotism, disguised emptiness by noise, and disgraced every virtue by wearing

them only for mercenary purposes:—a family, sir, who, from being the most clamorous incendiaries against power and places, are possessed of more employments than the most comprehensive place-bill would include, and who to every indignity offered to their royal master have added the greatest of all—*intrusion of themselves into his presence and councils*, and who show what He has to expect from them by their scandalous ingratitude to his Son:—a family, sir, raised from obscurity by the petulance of the times, drawn up higher by their bribing kinsman [Lord Cobham,] and supported by the timidity of two ministers [Pelham and Newcastle,] who, to secure their own persons from abuse, have sacrificed their own party to this all-grasping family, the elder ones of which riot in the spoils of their treachery, and the younger—

Here Sir William was called to order—but he concluded by saying that he trusted the house would have 'more spirit than to be made the tools of so hotheaded a faction—agents of their jobs—instruments of their malice—and, as all parties had hitherto been, dupes of their self-interested politics.' (*Par. Hist.* xiv. 205.) To this Mr. Pitt replied with—all that could well be expected on such an occasion—very hard words—such as, 'foul language'—'false assertions'—'scurrility'—and so forth; but we can see that many points of this invective must have been very galling. It should, however, be recollected that Sir William Stanhope, besides having these local feuds with the Grenvilles about Aylesbury, was considered an 'odd man,' and his natural irritability might have probably been, just at this moment, increased by the recent removal from office of his brother, Lord Chesterfield.

Another speech of Mr. Pitt's in this session, in favour of repaying to the city of Glasgow a contribution of 10,000*l.*, raised on it by the rebels, is reported at much and tedious length by Gordon, to whom we suppose the subject was peculiarly interesting. There is also a short note of a more important speech in the session of 1748, when Mr. Pitt, contrary to what might reasonably be expected from his former opinions, supported with considerable warmth some new and more restrictive provisions in the mutiny bill—one especially, which we cannot now look back at without surprise, that officers on half-pay should be subject to military law. This was certainly a placeman's speech; and his former *friend and ally* Glover tells us with great indignation, that Mr. Pitt had become very forward and very unhesitating in his support of the administration on all occasions.

'Pitt co-operated with the Pelhams in every point, and brought himself to a level with the Earl of Bath in the public disesteem, not more by his votes than by his hot and unguarded expressions in Parliament; the most unguarded of which was a needless eulogium on the late Sir Robert Walpole, re-

proaching himself for his opposition to him, and *professing a veneration for his ashes*.'—*Glov. Mem.* p. 38.

When we recollect Mr. Pitt's zeal against Walpole so keen and so recent, we cannot be surprised at the reproaches of his old confederate Glover, but we confess that his tardy candour towards Sir Robert—even supposing it to have been prompted by a desire to conciliate his Walpolean allies—is in our judgment more creditable than the former hostility, which had probably no better motive.

Be that as it may, it was by no means unreasonable that—giving so hearty a support in public, and partaking so largely in private confidence—Mr. Pitt should have looked to more prominent office; and he seems, about the autumn of 1750, to have dropped some hints to this effect in a letter (which does not appear) to the Duke of Newcastle, who was then with the King at Hanover. The Duke replies vaguely that 'he had not failed to acquaint the King with the zeal, satisfaction, and regard for his Majesty's honour and service, which was shown in Mr. Pitt's letter.' He adds that the King proposes 'some alterations at home,' and hints his hope that some arrangement may be made for Pitt, 'which may be accepted *with pleasure, or seemingly so*,' (vol. i. p. 47.)

To this Pitt replies—after some observations on other arrangements, for instance, as to quieting or disarming the Duke of Bedford, about which Mr. Pelham had consulted him—

'I cannot conclude without assuring your Grace of my warmest gratitude for the kind use you were so good as to make of some expressions in my letter: nothing can touch me so sensibly as any good office in that place [with the King,] where I *deservably* stand in need of it so much, and *where I have it so much at heart to ERASE THE PAST by every action of my life*.'—Vol. i. p. 49.

We are inclined, on reading this last paragraph, to participate in the feelings of Glover and Walpole; for, considering the circumstances in which this extraordinary paragraph was penned, and the object at which it aimed, we do not know that Bubb Dodington himself has exhibited a more humiliating instance of place-hunting.

This abject submission failed, however, to diminish the king's aversion, and was not likely to increase his respect; and though the Pelhams continued to amuse Mr. Pitt with hopes of an amnesty, it seems doubtful whether they ventured to propose to the king the only thing that Pitt could have been looking for—admission to the cabinet.

On the opening of the session, January, 1751, treaties of commerce with Spain, and of subsidy with Bavaria, lately negotiated

by the Duke of Newcastle, were laid before the House, and objected to by a powerful opposition recently organised under the Prince of Wales. Mr. Pelham, and the other members of the government, were silent, but the treaties were warmly defended by Mr. Pitt—

‘in a remarkable speech in recantation of his former speeches on the Spanish war, and in panegyric on the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he is pushing himself, and by whom he is pushed at all rates.’—*Wal. Lett.*, vol. ii. p. 369.

Lord Egmont, in pointed allusion to Pitt’s former doctrines against the *right of search* of British vessels on the coast of Spanish America, claimed by Spain, observed, that ‘this *essential point* had been totally abandoned.’ To this Mr. Pitt replied, that it was true

‘he had once been an advocate for resisting that claim, but it was when he was a *young man*. He was now ten years older, had considered public affairs *more coolly*, and was convinced that the British claim of *no search* could never be conceded by Spain.’—*Anec.* i. 212.

This *palinode* must have delighted his former antagonists, the Walpoleans; and it amuses even us, to find Mr. Pitt thus confessing ‘the *crime of being a young man*,’ and of having made those hasty judgments, with which old Horace Walpole had reproached him. But these volumes give still more zest to this apology, for we now find that this very speech was probably *prompted by old Horace himself*, whom Mr. Pitt had previously, and with great deference, consulted on the subject, (vol. i. pp. 56, 57.)

A few days after this Mr. Pitt exhibited another scene quite as extraordinary, though in a very different style. The government, in proposing the vote of seamen of the year, had limited it to 8000 men. The opposition moved for 10,000 men, on which Mr. Pitt and his friends, *all in office*, voted against the minister for the larger number. Of this, at first sight, incomprehensible mutiny, these volumes make no mention; and in the writings of the time we find little notice of it, and no solution, except what Horace Walpole affords—

‘Mr. Pelham had determined to have but 8000 seamen this year instead of 10,000. Pitt and his cousins, without any notice given, declared with the opposition for the greater number. The key to this you will find in his whole behaviour; whenever he wanted new advancement he used to go off. He has openly met great discouragement now: though he and we know Mr. Pelham so well, that it will not be surprising if, though baffled, he still carries his point of Secretary of State.’—*Wal. Lett.* ii. 370.

But Coxe (*Pelham Administration*, ii. 143) affords a sequel to the story, and a key to the enigma. In the committee, Mr. Pitt

and his friends had voted without speaking; on the report Mr. Pitt supported his opinions with great warmth, though he affected mighty concern and reluctance in opposing the views of Mr. Pelham. He protested he did not even know it to be his [the First Minister’s] measure (!) and added, ‘my fears of *Jacobitism* (!) alone have induced me to differ on this only point from those with whom I am determined to lead my life.’ This harangue produced a *scene*. Mr. Hampden attacked Pitt and his friends very sharply for their inconsistency; and, after bewailing the mischiefs which *rhetoric* had brought on the nation, alluded sarcastically to the effect of place and emolument on the great orator himself. This drew from Pitt an indignant reply of so personal a nature, that the Speaker was obliged to intervene with his authority to prevent an appeal to arms.

The conduct of Mr. Pitt excited a general sensation in and out of parliament, which was not allayed by the discovery that it was probable that his strange escapade against Mr. Pelham had been made in concert with the *Duke of Newcastle*! Certain it is, that, if it had not his Grace’s previous concurrence, it had at least his subsequent approbation; and the Duke circulated amongst his own political friends a letter, in which, after stating ‘his obligations, in honour and gratitude, to Mr. Pitt, for the able and affectionate manner in which he defended his treaties, when no other persons would open their lips in his vindication,—he entreated his friends not to join in any cry or clamour against Mr. Pitt for his conduct on the vote of seamen, and declaring that he should not consider any man his friend who did not join in discouraging any such clamour.’—(*Pel. Adm.*, vol. ii. p. 144.) We very much regret and wonder that these volumes contain no trace of these curious events. The little that we know about them we gather from the Pelham papers; and they, as well as the known facts, excite in our minds a strong suspicion that the desire of the Duke of Newcastle, and the reluctance of the King, to make Mr. Pitt Secretary of State, was at the bottom of the affair. This is a conjecture, against which there is, we admit, the plausible objection, that the duke was too ambitious to have wished for such a colleague; but on the other hand he was jealous of the supremacy of his brother, and might have hoped to succeed him as first minister, with such a leader in the House of Commons as Mr. Pitt.

His Grace had not long to wait. The almost sudden death of the Prince (20th March, 1751) dissolved the Opposition; and after three quiet years the equally unexpected

death of Mr. Pelham (6th March, 1754) left the stage clear for the Duke of Newcastle, who succeeded his brother as First Lord of the Treasury.

When this event happened, the parliament had nearly run out its time, and the first business of the new premier was the dissolution, which Mr. Pelham had already arranged. At this crisis Mr. Pitt not only continued his allegiance to the Duke of Newcastle, but cemented it by the strongest political pledge,—the acceptance from his grace of a seat in the new parliament for the borough of Aldborough.

Mr. Pitt could have been in no difficulty in obtaining a seat either from his family or his friends;* and the acceptance of *Aldborough* must be therefore understood as a proof of his satisfaction with the past, and his hopes from the future conduct of the duke. These expectations were, however, not realised. The duke was forced, we suppose, by the King's firm dissent, to leave Mr. Pitt in the office of Paymaster, though he employed to soften his Majesty the powerful agency of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. All Mr. Pitt's friends were amply provided for; but as to himself the King was inexorable.

Mr. Pitt was naturally dissatisfied with an exclusion so personal and unconstitutional; but the state of parties, and perhaps a public feeling that Mr. Pitt's violence and versatility afforded the king some justification, induced him reluctantly to submit. He, however, wrote on the 24th March a letter of remonstrance to the Duke of Newcastle, of which—say the editors—it is to be regretted that no copy has been preserved. We are enabled to supply not only that deficiency, but also two or three other papers elucidating the same transaction.

On Saturday, 23d March, Sir George Lyttelton writes to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke:—

'I hear from good hands that Mr. Fox says he wishes to serve with and under Mr. Pitt. I wish to have Mr. Pitt serve with and under your lordship.'
—Hardwicke MSS.—

and he therefore presses the chancellor to write to Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt's own letter to the Duke of Newcastle was dated 24th March, and was to the following effect:—

'—— I had flattered myself that the interests of your grace's own power were so concerned to bring forward an instrument of your own raising.' &c., &c.

* In fact, when he vacated Aldborough in December, 1756, on being appointed Secretary of State, he had a double return for Buckingham and Okehampton, both which might be called family seats.

'—— if anything can colour with decency my acquiescence, it can only be the consideration given to my friends; and some degree of softening obtained in his Majesty's mind towards me, &c. &c.

'—— I am most sure that my mind carries me more strongly towards *retreat* than towards court and business.'—Hardwicke MSS.

This letter the Duke answered (2d April) by lamenting the difficulty he finds in making a suitable arrangement for Mr. Pitt himself, protesting his zeal in his favour, and corroborating these assertions by reminding him that his leading friends, Legge, Lyttelton, and Grenville, were made respectively Chancellor of the Exchequer, Treasurer of the Navy, and Cofferer, the three best offices which were at his grace's disposal. The Duke also requested Lord Hardwicke to endeavour to pacify Pitt. The Chancellor accordingly wrote Mr. Pitt a long and able letter, in which, touching cautiously on the real difficulty, the royal reluctance, he suggests the danger of throwing, by any inconsiderate resentment, the game into the hands of Mr. Fox, who had already shown a great anxiety to get into play on any terms.

On the draft of that letter, Philip Yorke the second Lord Hardwicke, has endorsed a note, which, from one who lived in the midst of the transaction, is worth preserving:—

'N. B.—The fact is, that this letter, though prudently and skilfully drawn, had no effect with Mr. Pitt. His ill humour broke out at the beginning of the next session, and he never thought the old ministers [the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor] were in earnest to serve him. The truth is, that one [the Duke] had no mind to have an efficient minister in the House of Commons; the other, Lord Hardwicke, knew that it would be drawing the king's resentment on himself to propose Mr. Pitt for the only office which would have satisfied him.'—Hardwicke MSS. 'H.'

Mr. Pitt paid back Lord Hardwicke's '*prudence and skill*' in a letter, whether more prudent and skilful we will not pretend to say, but which seems to us inordinately tedious, affected in phrase, and poor in spirit; but it is so characteristic of Mr. Pitt's mode of dealing with the ministers of that day, and, on the whole, so important to a due appreciation of his position at this crisis, that, though we cannot find room for it in *extenso*, we must extract one or two paragraphs which will also serve as a specimen of Mr. Pitt's *verbosa et grandis epistola* style:—

'Mr. Pitt to Lord Hardwicke.

Bath, April 6, 1754.

MY LORD,

'No man ever felt an honour more deeply than I do that of your lordship's letter. Your great goodness in taking the trouble to write, amidst your perpetual and important business, and the very condescending and infinitely obliging terms in which your

lordship is pleased to express yourself, could not fail to make impressions of the most sensible kind. I am not only unable to find words to convey my gratitude, but I am much more distressed to find any means of deserving the smallest part of your lordship's very kind attention and indulgence to a sensibility carried, perhaps, beyond what the cause will justify, in the eye of superior and true wisdom. I venerate so sincerely that judgment that I shall have the additional unhappiness of standing self-condemned if my reasons already laid before your lordship continue to appear insufficient to determine me to inaction.

'It is very kind and generous in your lordship to suggest a ray of distant, general hope to a man you see despairing, and to turn his view forward from the present scene to a future. But, my lord, after having set out under suggestions of this general hope ten years ago, and bearing a load of obloquy for supporting the King's measures, and never obtaining in recompense the smallest remission of that displeasure I vainly laboured to soften, all ardour for public business is really extinguished in my mind, and I am totally deprived of all consideration by which alone I could have been of any use. The weight of irremovable royal displeasure is a load too great to move under; it must crush any man; it has sunk and broken me. I succumb; and wish for nothing but a *decent and innocent retreat*, wherein I may no longer, by continuing in the public stream of promotion, for ever stick fast aground, and afford to the world the ridiculous spectacle of being passed by every boat that navigates the same river. To speak without a figure, I will presume upon your lordship's great goodness to me to tell my utmost wish—it is, that a *retreat, not void of advantage or derogatory to the rank of the office I hold, might, as soon as practicable, be opened to me*. In this view I take the liberty to recommend myself to your lordship's friendship, as I have done to the Duke of Newcastle's. Out of his grace's immediate province accommodations of this kind arise, and to your joint protection, and to that only, I wish to owe the future satisfaction of my life.'

Surely this is a pitiable letter; and whether he was sincere or not in his solicitation for a sinecure retirement from public life, it must infinitely lower our estimate of his spirit; but the truth probably is, that it was all a game. Mr. Pitt had, we are satisfied, no idea of retiring into the contempt of pensioned inactivity, but he seems to have used these obsequious and desponding forms with no more scruple than one subscribes oneself to one's greatest enemy '*his obedient humble servant*.' Mr. Pitt—like a great actor,* and, like the Grecian orators, who were great actors—reserved all his dignity for the *proscenium*, and seemed to think of the shiftings, and changes, and managements behind the scenes, as inconsiderable circumstances, with which one whose ambition was to fill a great share in the public view must necessarily comply. If it were not for this hypothesis we should wonder that any man could think the publication of a great portion of these volumes would be otherwise than injurious to the public character of the great Lord Chatham.'

* Wilkes, in his letter to the Duke of Grafton, calls Mr. Pitt 'the first orator, or rather the first comedian of the age.'—*Works*, iii. 101.

We have thus brought together so much of this transaction as relates to Mr. Pitt individually; but there are some other circumstances which incidentally connect themselves with his history, and must therefore be noticed. At the death of Mr. Pelham there were three men, to any one of whom the new first Lord of the Treasury might have confided the lead of the House of Commons—Pitt, Fox, and Murray; all competent to the duty, both by their personal abilities and by their station in public opinion. His grace, however, came to the strange resolution of having no leader in the Commons. This has been always attributed to his personal jealousy and love of power, which could not submit to give to any of his colleagues the importance which must attend the management of the House of Commons. This feeling may have operated as a make-weight; but the Duke surely must have had too much prudence and experience—or, as his enemies would say, too much cowardice and cunning—to have voluntarily based his administration on a principle so absurd and untenable. We are satisfied that he only adopted the scheme of having no leader, from finding it impossible to reconcile the views and objects of the different parties. We are told that he would have preferred Murray, as more his *man* than either of the others; but Murray had, fortunately for himself and the country, fixed his eye on the Bench, and he would not abandon his professional objects for the irksome duties and precarious advantages of a political leader. And even if the Duke could have over-persuaded him, we cannot believe that Mr. Pitt (notwithstanding the humility of his letter to Lord Hardwicke) would have submitted to serve under him. Mr. Fox, as we learn from Lyttelton's letter, would have served under Mr. Pitt (as he, in fact, did soon after). But Mr. Pitt assuredly would not have served under Fox.

If, therefore, there must be a leader, it could be no other than Pitt. But we have seen that, to his advancement even to a less confidential station, the king was resolutely opposed. It seems, therefore, that the only mode of keeping the parties together was the temporary expedient of having no leader at all. Such is the best solution that our judgment can suggest of this political enigma. Be that as it may, the seals of Secretary of State were given to Sir Thomas Robinson, a man of good sense, long our ambassador at Vienna, and well acquainted with foreign affairs, but who had no pretension to the management of the House of Commons; and still less to any parliamentary rivalry with Fox, Murray, or Pitt.

But this scheme, as might have been fore-

seen, soon exhibited its futility. Pitt and Fox, aware probably of the Duke's preference of Murray, were alarmed at their prospects. They saw that they were equally the victims of this manœuvre, and were naturally induced to make common cause against a common exclusion, and to enter into an understanding towards obtaining a more rational and constitutional arrangement.

About this time also (Nov. 1754) Mr. Pitt had strengthened his public position by a matrimonial alliance with Lady Hester, the sister of Lord Temple and of George and James Grenville, with whom he had been so long politically connected—an auspicious match, let us observe in passing, even less conducive to his public importance than it fortunately turned out to be to his domestic happiness.

In October, 1754, the understanding between Pitt and Fox had, as Dodington tells us, ripened into an agreement that Fox should be at the head of the Treasury, and Pitt Secretary of State. This union, though not avowed, must have alarmed the Duke of Newcastle, who made an overture to Mr. Pitt, under colour of asking his opinion on an expedition then in preparation, which he rejected coldly and sarcastically, by reminding his grace that such matters belonged to the *Secretary of State*—an office for which the Duke must be aware he had no capacity. This delusive communication (of which we have no information beyond a slight note of Dodington's) seems to have offended Mr. Pitt, who was still further additionally exasperated by the desertion of Sir George Lyttelton, who about this time withdrew himself from the *Cobhamite* connection to attach himself to the Duke of Newcastle.

Mr. Pitt now thought it high time to exhibit his dissatisfaction—not by *resigning*, which he probably thought would have only relieved the Duke of Newcastle from his difficulties—but by taking the opportunity of some incidental questions to humiliate the administration, and particularly Sir Thomas Robinson—whom he handled both roughly and contemptuously, while Mr. Fox affected to extend to the unlucky Secretary of State an insulting protection. Of some of these exhibitions we have an account from the hand of Fox himself, in letters* to his friend

Lord Hartington, of which we shall quote one or two passages—

Nov. 26, 1754.

'I did not come in till the close of the finest speech that ever Pitt spoke, and, perhaps, the most remarkable.

'Mr. Wilkes, a friend it seems of Pitt's, petitioned against the younger Delaval, chose at Berwick, on account of bribery only. The younger Delaval made a speech on his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour, and buffoonery, which kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. Mr. Pitt came down from the gallery, and took it up in his highest tone of dignity. He was astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth. Was the dignity of the House of Commons on so sure foundations that they might venture themselves to shake it?—Had it not, on the contrary, been diminishing for years, till now we were brought to the very brink of the precipice, where, if ever, a stand must be made? High compliments to the Speaker,—eloquent exhortations to Whigs of all conditions, to defend their attacked and expiring liberty, &c. "Unless you will degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject." Displeased, as well as pleased, allow it to be the finest speech that was ever made; and it was observed that by his first two periods he brought the House to a silence and attention that you might have heard a pin drop.'

This was on the 25th November, 1754. On the 27th Mr. Pitt made two other brilliant speeches, ostensibly against *Jacobinism*—but 'in both speeches,' writes Mr. Fox,

'every word was MURRAY, yet so managed that neither he nor anybody else could or did take any public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat next to Murray, who suffered for an hour. It is the universal opinion that business cannot go on in this state of things, and that offers will be made to Pitt or me. On this subject Pitt was with me for two hours yesterday morning—a difficult conversation. I managed it as well as I think such a conversation could be managed. I am sorry it is too long to give you any account in a letter.'—*Id.*

We are sorry too,—as we should have been glad to know the exact terms on which the great rivals were at this critical period; probably the arrangement before mentioned was still in their contemplation. It is obvious, from Fox's expressions as well as from other circumstances, that their communications had not settled down into any distinct agreement; but enough was, no doubt, visible to convince the Duke of Newcastle that Pitt and Fox had come to an understanding, which would render the system of a puppet secretary of state no longer endurable; and he accordingly attempted, first,* by old Ho-

* Given as an Appendix to Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs. Our readers may remember a brilliant description of one of these debates extracted by us from Horace Walpole's Memoirs, Quarterly Review, Vol. XXVII., which is so nearly in the words used by Mr. Fox that it is clear that Walpole must have reported the matter to Fox, (Fox says that he had the earlier part of the scene from hearsay) or that Fox had communicated his letter to Walpole. It is

hardly otherwise possible the two reports should have been so identical.

* We have not the exact date of Walpole's interference, and Lord Waldegrave says that, in his negotiation, it was thought advisable to apply first to Mr. Fox, as the more tractable; but the application to Mr. Pitt was certainly prior to Lord Waldegrave's application to Mr. Fox.

race Walpole, who failed, and afterwards by Lord Waldegrave, who succeeded—to disunite this formidable coalition. Walpole seems to have addressed himself more especially to Mr. Pitt; but Pitt required that the proscription which excluded him from the cabinet should be removed, and that he should have a distinct promise of the seals on the very next vacancy. To these terms the Duke either would not, or, perhaps, could not accede. The King himself then charged Lord Waldegrave to negotiate with Mr. Fox. The understanding between Pitt and Fox was at this period so close, though there was no absolute engagement, that Fox communicated to Pitt Lord Waldegrave's overtures, and consulted with him both personally and by letter as to the answers which he should return. But, strange to say, secrecy was thought so necessary, in interviews between the *Paymaster and Secretary at War*—whose offices and places in the House of Commons would naturally bring them into daily and hourly communication—that they only met by night at the houses of third parties, and in the most mysterious manner. Indeed the whole affair is mysterious; for it is not easy to see what his Majesty either offered to, or expected from, Mr. Fox. At first, Fox understood he was offered the lead of the House of Commons; but the king said, 'that was a mistake; he only expected Mr. Fox to take an active part in debate, as well on other topics as on those connected with his office and the army; but he would hear of no leader.' The king desires, to prevent further mistakes, that Fox would put his demands in writing; these demands, concocted with the Duke of Cumberland and Pitt, amounted to no more than this—

'Some such mark only of your Majesty's favour as may enable me to speak like one perfectly informed, and honoured with your Majesty's confidence, in regard to the matters I may be speaking of,'—vol. i. p. 129.

and an explanatory phrase, to say that this mark meant being called to the Cabinet, was omitted by the Duke of Cumberland's advice. So that it seems the original basis of this great negotiation was, that his Majesty's Secretary at War should be induced to support the general measures of his Majesty's Government.* And though Fox makes

* For a summary view of these proceedings, and our opinion on the negotiations of the Duke of Newcastle, with his own *Paymaster and Secretary at War* for their support of his administration, we beg leave to refer our readers to our review of Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs.—*Quarterly Review*, July, 1821, vol. xxv. p. 404, 5.

some obscure allusion to 'a certain event, which Pitt understood as referring to himself, it does not appear what it was, nor whether it was intended that Pitt should have been at all consulted in the matter; for Fox, in his first communication, tells Pitt,

'Your name has not been mentioned, otherwise than casually, between Lord Waldegrave and the Duke of Newcastle, and not materially in all these conversations.'—vol. i. p. 127.

And the last letter of the correspondence leaves the matter, as regards Mr. Pitt, even more obscure than the first:—

Mr. Fox to Mr. Pitt.†

DEAR SIR, April 26, 1755.
'The King, about four this afternoon, sent me word by Lord Waldegrave that he graciously condescended to admit me into his cabinet council. I want to tell you more than I can pretend to write. My house has proved as bad for our meeting as at yours. Pray think of some other place, and let me know a sure one. Whether the determination is likely to be wise or foolish with regard to you, I have taken so much pains in vain to learn, that I conclude there is no determination yet. I find nothing is so terrible as what, if they knew us, they ought to wish, our being in conjunction with them and in their service. This makes it important that we should not be known to meet—and yet we should. Adieu!

'H. Fox.'

To all this the editors have appended a paper, in Mr. Pitt's hand-writing, which they call '*Observations on the preceding Correspondence*.' This is a misnomer; as these '*Observations*' do not allude to any details of the correspondence, but seem to have been made for the consideration of Lord Temple and his other friends, on the prospect of some such negotiation. They are in the same verbose yet low-toned and querulous strain as the letter to Lord Hardwicke; they throw little or no light on the transaction, and do no credit to Mr. Pitt's style either of writing or thinking.

The result of all was that Fox was called into the Cabinet; and—the King going abroad that very day—was named one of the Council of Regency, while Mr. Pitt, though still in the office of Paymaster, was left neglected and mortified—not to say insulted. It does not appear that he either made any complaint of Fox's conduct, or had any grounds to do so, but he certainly resented it.

Why a man of Mr. Pitt's station and spirit did not immediately resign, is, at first sight, quite unaccountable; but there were two or three reasons which might render him reluctant to take that step. The first was, his connection with, what is called in the language of the day, '*Leicester House*'—the court of the Princess Dowager and of

the young Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., to whom Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, and the Grenvilles now paid assiduous court, as they had done twenty years before to Prince Frederick. The person highest in favour at Leicester House was Lord Bute; and with him Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple connected themselves in great intimacy, and it seems to have been under their advice that the prince took measures for emancipating himself from the control of preceptors and governors, and for forcing the king's very reluctant consent to place Lord Bute as groom of the stole at the head of the independent establishment of the Prince of Wales. It is probable that the princess dowager would deprecate any violent outbreak—such as Mr. Pitt's angry resignation would have been. It is certain, moreover, that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke were still endeavouring to gratify Mr. Pitt, or at least to keep terms with him—for during the summer they obtained the king's consent to make new overtures to Mr. Pitt, of which Lord Waldegrave has preserved the following notice :—

‘Terms being proposed, Pitt was very explicit; and fairly let them know that he expected to be secretary of state, and would not content himself with any meaner employment. Neither was it his intention to be a secretary merely to write letters according to order, or to talk in parliament like a lawyer from a brief; but to be really a minister. He also declared against continental measures, and against all treaties of subsidy; but as this declaration was reserved to the last, it seems possible it might have been totally forgot, if the answer to the preceding articles had been satisfactory. On this occasion his grace had recourse to the never-failing excuse, that, for his own part, he had the greatest honour and esteem for Mr. Pitt, and wished to satisfy him in every particular; but that the king would never give his consent; and so this treaty ended.’—*Waldegrave's Memoirs*, 44, 45.

But, besides these motives for Mr. Pitt's apparent acquiescence, we find in the foregoing extract a clue to what, we have no doubt, was the main and deciding cause. He probably foresaw that the continental alliances and subsidiary treaties then negotiating would afford a higher and more popular ground of resignation than mere personal disgusts; nor was he mistaken. In September, 1755, the king returned from Hanover with a subsidiary treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse for 12,000 men; and another with Russia, for 40,000, was signed soon after his arrival. Within a few days, and before the treaties had received the sanction of parliament, a draft for 100,000*l.* on account of the Russian subsidy was presented at the British exchequer. Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, consulted Mr. Pitt; they concurred in refusing to pay

the bill. Parliament met on the 18th November, 1755, and exhibited the extraordinary scene of the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* and the *Paymaster* opposing the treaties of the Crown both in their details and principles. On this occasion Mr. Pitt renewed his ‘*Pitticks*,’ as Horace Walpole calls them, against the *Electorate* and all the other objects of the king's personal predilection. The ministry he treated still more severely. The reported speeches give little idea of the variety and vigour of these harangues. We must borrow the dramatic sketches of Walpole.

In a letter to General Conway (15th November, 1755), after mentioning the brilliant speech of Mr. Hamilton (which earned him his cognomen), he proceeds :—

‘You will ask what can be beyond this? Nothing—but what was beyond what ever was—and that was Pitt.. He spoke at past one for an hour and thirty-five minutes. There was more humour, wit, vivacity, fine language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not very abusive, yet very attacking on all sides. He ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough; crushed poor Sir George [Lyttelton]; crucified the attorney [Murray]; lashed my Lord Granville; painted my Lord of Newcastle; attacked Mr. Fox; and even hinted up to the Duke of Cumberland himself.’

No wonder that on the 20th Pitt and Legge were dismissed. George and James Grenville followed them; but their late friend Lyttelton remained behind, and was rewarded with Legge's office of chancellor of the exchequer.

Mr. Fox now took a further step in advance; he was appointed secretary of state, and some minor promotions filled the vacated places; and a ministry was constituted under the countenance of the Duke of Cumberland, united in opinion, powerful in parliament, strong in the closet, not at first unacceptable to the public, and, in short, with every element of strength and stability but one—Mr. Pitt did not belong to it.

A very important circumstance attended Mr. Pitt's dismissal, of which it is strange that no trace should be found in these volumes,—he accepted a pension of 1000*l.* a year. We cannot be surprised that, loose as was the political morality of the day on such points, the public was not a little shocked at a pension given and accepted under such circumstances. It looks like a bribe offered by the Duke of Newcastle's fears to Mr. Pitt's venality; but it admits of another, and, we hope, truer construction. The Duke of Newcastle had been on terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Pitt, and, whatever were his faults, was at least of a most

placable and generous disposition; he might, therefore, have been honestly reluctant to permit a colleague who had held such high office, and still filled so large a space in the public eye, to fall into the sordid inconvenience of a narrow fortune; nor is it discreditable to Mr. Pitt, that, strong in his conscious honour and integrity, he was not afraid to accept a favour which he thought his services had earned.

However that may be, the pension at least did not mollify Mr. Pitt's opposition. It probably made him take a still higher and bolder tone—*contra audentior ire*—in order to exclude all suspicion of being influenced by such personal considerations. The debates are, as usual, scantily and feebly reported, and what we know of those lively and vehement discussions is from Horace Walpole's *Memoirs*: but his notes, though made with his usual spirit, are necessarily imperfect and frequently very obscure; striking images, personal satire, and occasionally a brilliant passage, are preserved, but the train of argument and the substantial matter of the debate is generally lost; and they give us rather sketches of the manner than a view of the objects and arguments of the speakers: but such as they are, they are very able and very curious pictures of conflicts no where else to be found, and form, as we formerly said, by much the most valuable part of the *Memoirs*; which, when the writer speaks in his own person, are disfigured by as much prejudice, partiality, passion, and what is still worse, insincerity, as any party libel that ever was written.

In the course of 1756, the loss of Minorea, the failure of Admiral Byng, the capture of Oswego in the West, and of Calcutta in the East, completed the unpopularity of the ministry, and of course exalted in a proportionable degree the opponents of their measures. They had also a serious internal loss—Chief Justice Ryder died; and Murray, in spite of the Duke of Newcastle's intreaties, insisted on his right to succeed him. At no time would Murray have foregone this great and fitting preferment; but in the prospect of such a storm as was now impending, he was infinitely happy to find such a high and honourable refuge. In this posture of affairs Mr. Pitt was become, even in the opinion of the King himself, an inevitable necessity. The first project was to graft him on the old stock, but he boldly refused to take any part till the Duke of Newcastle should be removed. He likewise refused civilly, but firmly, to act with Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox thereupon suddenly resigned—the Duke, much offended with Fox,

held on and attempted other arrangements—all failing, he was himself (in November, 1756) obliged to abdicate, after having filled the offices of secretary of state and first lord of the treasury for thirty-two years. The King had now no alternative but Mr. Pitt and his friends. Mr. Pitt took for himself the office of Secretary of State. The Duke of Devonshire was placed at the head of the treasury, Lord Temple became first lord of the admiralty, Mr. Legge, again chancellor of the exchequer, George Grenville, treasurer of the navy, and the rest of the small Pittite connection were provided for, with little change, in the subordinate offices.

During all these arrangements Mr. Pitt was confined by the gout—*conveniently* enough to a man of his taste, who professed to hate the personal details of patronage. Lord Temple and Lord Bute (for there was a complete understanding with *Leicester House*) seemed to have the chief management. The King was exceedingly reluctant to the whole system, both principles and persons, and was particularly displeased at the speech put into his mouth by the new ministers—a feeling which he expressed pleasantly enough: a printer was prosecuted for publishing a spurious speech, on which the King expressed 'a hope that the man's punishment might be of the mildest sort, for he had read both speeches, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.'

The state of public affairs at the accession of this administration was discouraging, and, to anybody but Mr. Pitt, would have been in every way embarrassing; but Mr. Pitt was—by that species of moral courage which his adversaries called impudence, and which certainly was a very bold self-confidence—always equal, nay superior, to the emergencies of his position. Notwithstanding his former and his recent protests against German alliances, a treaty of subsidy was signed with the King of Prussia, for the avowed defence of Hanover, and Mr. Pitt's first appearance as *Minister* in the House of Commons was to propose a vote of 200,000*l.* on that account. Mr. Fox reminded him with some bitterness of a phrase which he had lately used, that 'Hanover was a millstone round the neck of England;' but Pitt, as was usual with him on such occasions, replied with temper and moderation, and wisely declined to push a recriminatory discussion to extremities which could not be otherwise than embarrassing. In his office and in the Cabinet he immediately adopted the most vigorous measures for repairing our disasters in the

East and the West—he sent a successful expedition against the French settlements on the coast of Africa, and he adopted, if he did not originate, the fortunate idea of raising two regiments of Highlanders, a measure very useful in the then low state of the army, but still more important towards reconciling the highland clans and Scotland in general to the Hanoverian dynasty. Under his countenance George Townshend brought in a bill to establish a national militia, by which England would be relieved from the disgraceful necessity she had lately undergone of hiring over foreign troops on any menace of rebellion or invasion.

The only point in which Mr. Pitt appears to have shown any weakness, was the affair of Admiral Byng. It seems generally admitted that he was willing that the unhappy officer should be pardoned—but he wished to throw the unpopularity of the act on the King personally. This, if true, was a lamentable deficiency of moral courage and of right feeling, and a grave error in a constitutional point of view. We, however, confess we have some doubt of what has been stated of Mr. Pitt's sentiments on this melancholy occasion. Mr. Pitt must have believed the sentence to have been not only legal but just—for else, he, who permitted the execution, would have been guilty of the worst of murders; but we even doubt whether he really thought it a case for the royal mercy—for when a respite of the sentence became unavoidable in consequence of the parliamentary inquiry into some circumstances connected with the Court Martial, Mr. Pitt himself announced it in a message from the King—worded with superfluous severity, for the obvious purpose of removing all suspicion that the respite implied any disposition to pardon, if the sentence should be found legal. It begins thus:—

“His Majesty, agreeably to his royal word, for the sake of justice, and of example to the discipline of the navy, and for the safety and honour of the nation, was determined to have let the law take its course with relation to Admiral Byng, upon Monday next, and resisted all solicitations to the contrary.”—*Thackeray's Life of Chat.* v. i. p. 275.

And after stating that the King thinks it right to suspend the execution till the alleged illegality be inquired into, it concludes:

“His Majesty is determined to let this sentence be carried into execution, unless it shall appear from the said examination that Admiral Byng was unjustly condemned.”—*Id.*

Surely Mr. Pitt—though he spoke in a short debate which followed with becoming humanity towards the prisoner—could not

have penned and presented this message, if he had not fully determined in his own mind that the sentence, if legally valid, was morally just, and ought to be carried into execution.

From the moment that the new ministry was formed there existed a formidable combination of all the excluded politicians, and a series of intrigues, even in the royal closet, to overthrow it; and these efforts were aided by a great indiscretion committed by Lord Temple, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, even before the ministerial arrangements had been fully completed. On a recent panic of invasion parliament had addressed the King to bring over some of his Hanoverian troops: they were now to be sent back; and in the address of the House of Lords to the King on this occasion, a clause of thanks was inserted to his Majesty for having brought them over. This Lord Temple resented as a slight upon those who, like himself, had formerly opposed the introduction of the Hanoverians, and he came down out of a sick-bed to condemn it; and Mr. Pitt protested that he would not accept the seals if any similar clause was proposed in the House of Commons. This early opposition of the new ministers to a very ordinary and proper mark of respect to the King created a bad impression, and emboldened the intriguers to commence their attempt at dissolving the ministry, by persuading the King to dismiss Lord Temple. The Duke of Cumberland was just about to set out to command the army assembled for the protection of Hanover, and he positively refused to go while Mr. Pitt and his friends continued in power. The King, who had been at first pleased with Mr. Pitt's conduct, both in the closet and in the cabinet, had, since Byng's affair, taken a decided aversion to him, as well as to Lord Temple. He was, therefore, easily persuaded to adopt the proposition of the Duke of Cumberland. Lord Temple and his board of admiralty were dismissed in the first days of April, 1757, and Lord Winchelsea and a new board appointed. It was expected that on this Mr. Pitt would have resigned; but he wisely determined ‘not to save his enemies any trouble, and attended his duty at court with increased assiduity.’ He showed no symptom of retiring. Time pressed—the day appointed for the duke's departure was come, but he would not go till the ministry was changed—and so, about a week after Lord Temple's removal, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge were also formally dismissed, even before any arrangement had been made to replace them.

It is impossible to conceive the ferment that this rash proceeding excited throughout the country. The names of Pitt and Legge were everywhere the signal for the most enthusiastic acclamations. The freedom of almost every corporation in England was presented to the patriot martyrs in costly boxes. It was a general frenzy, which had no small effect in increasing the difficulty of finding men bold enough to take the vacant offices in such a storm of unpopularity as menaced them. The Duke of Devonshire remained at the head of the treasury till his successor should be named; but no successor was to be found. Those who had made the mischief were afraid to profit by it; all was anarchy. The King had reckoned on the Duke of Newcastle and Fox. The Duke, who was offended with Fox, refused, and Fox could do nothing alone.

The King at last, through the mediation of Lord Chesterfield, consented that an administration should be formed on a union of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pitt, and *Leicester House*; but when it was proposed, under this new arrangement, to dismiss Lord Winchelsea, who had so lately accepted the Admiralty to oblige the King, and to replace Lord Temple in the cabinet, the King at once rejected the proposals, and all was at sea again. Throughout this affair his Majesty had employed Lord Waldegrave, as *amicus curiæ*, to negotiate with the different parties. He was now reduced to the necessity of applying to him to take the lead in a ministry as First Lord of the Treasury. To this wild scheme Lord Waldegrave assented, with the concurrence of Fox, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Winchelsea, and Lord Granville, who was as bold and adventurous as in his earlier days; but Fox and the Duke of Bedford soon took fright; the whole system broke down; and the King was at last forced to employ Lord Mansfield to negotiate with Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle on their own terms. The negotiation thus opened by Lord Mansfield was continued and concluded by the more acceptable mediation of Lord Hardwicke; and on the 29th June, 1757, it was announced in the Gazette that the King had been pleased to re-deliver the seal of Secretary of State to Mr. Pitt. The Duke of Newcastle, whom a few months before Mr. Pitt had peremptorily excluded, again became First Lord of the Treasury; the 'flagitious' Lord Granville, President of the Council; Lord Temple was Privy Seal; the Attorney-General, Henley, afterwards Lord Northington, became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; and Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, succeeded as Attorney-General; but the

appointments that excited most surprise were those of Lord Anson, who, after all the obloquy that Mr. Pitt and his friends had recently showered on him—most unjustly as they now confessed—was replaced at the Admiralty, and of Mr. Fox, who, after all his higher projects, was content to fall back into Mr. Pitt's former place of Paymaster.

Now began that brilliant period of our history, Mr. Pitt's administration; and however liable to the imputations of faction and inconsistency was his road to power, it cannot be denied that he exercised it with patriotism, spirit, and success. At his accession the fortunes of England and her allies were at the lowest ebb: discord at home; disasters abroad; a general despondency. His appointment seemed, like an electric shock, to awake and vivify and invigorate all. It may be said that many of his projects were injudicious, and many of his measures failures; that he owed something to luck, and a great deal to the indomitable spirit and astonishing success of the King of Prussia. All this is true; but it rather enhances than detracts from the fame of the man, that his projects, even when injudicious, were noble; that he triumphed over failures; seemed to guide Fortune; and was capable of appreciating the genius, of invigorating the spirit, and of anticipating and improving the successes of Frederick the Great.

From this period the biography of Mr. Pitt is the history of Europe—indeed we may say of the world: for there was no quarter of the globe in which, for near twenty years, in or out of office, his commanding influence was not felt; and we shall have henceforth only to notice those points of his conduct or character on which this correspondence affords any new or explanatory light.

One of the most remarkable of these is a secret project which he opened to our minister at Madrid, soon after he received the seals, for ceding Gibraltar to Spain in exchange for Minorca, and on condition of Spain's joining in the war we were then carrying on against France. We can easily imagine how Mr. Pitt would—a few months earlier, or a few years later—have fulminated against this attempt to purchase a diversion in favour of Hanover at the expense of Gibraltar; for so, without much exaggeration, this project might be characterised; and we at this day can hardly imagine how such a sacrifice could have been the unanimous proposition of the cabinet; but the cause—we will not say the justification—arose from the spirit of the times. Faction had so inflamed the public mind on the recent loss of Minorca and had so greatly exaggerated its importance, that the delusion extended itself

even to those who had raised it, and blinded the sagacity of Mr. Pitt himself.

As a specimen of the lofty spirit with which Mr. Pitt did the public business, it has been confidently related that

'A fleet and an army were assembled: the destination was kept a profound secret. It is not a little remarkable, that when Mr. Pitt ordered the fleet to be equipped, and appointed the period for its being at the place of rendezvous, Lord Anson said, 'it was impossible to comply with the order: the ships could not be got ready in the time limited; and he wanted to know where they were going, in order to victual them accordingly.' Mr. Pitt replied that if the ships were not ready at the time required, he would lay the matter before the King, and impeach his Lordship in the House of Commons. This spirited menace produced the men-of-war and transports, *all ready, in perfect compliance with the order.*'—*Almon's Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 271.

It is strange that this writer should have thought such an extravagant usurpation as is here stated either possible in fact, or creditable to Mr. Pitt if he had attempted it; or that he could have remained an hour the colleague of Lord Anson, after having thus convicted him of ignorance, falsehood, or disaffection. The truth is that the story is *altogether unfounded*.

Equally so is another story told by the same authority, and still more generally believed:—

'During Mr. Pitt's administration he wrote the instructions [for the naval officers] himself, and sent them to the Lords of the Admiralty to be signed; *always ordering his secretary to put a sheet of white paper over the writing.* Thus they were kept in perfect ignorance of what they signed, and the secretaries and clerks of the board were all in the same state of exclusion.'—*Ib.* vol. i. p. 269.

It is astonishing how such an absurd story could have been for a moment credited; a proceeding so unconstitutional, so destructive of all legal and official responsibility in public servants, would, indeed, have deserved impeachment; it would have been also an idle and gratuitous insult—for the same object might have been accomplished by the regular and not unusual form of an order from the Admiralty Board to their sea-officers to obey such instructions as they should receive from his Majesty through the Secretary of State—a mode of proceeding convenient, and, indeed, almost necessary in conjoint expeditions, and particularly where great secrecy is desirable; but we can venture to say that the *modes* of transacting business between the Secretary of State and the Admiralty were in no respect different in Mr. Pitt's time from what they had been in the Duke of Newcastle's. It was Mr. Pitt's happiness and glory to infuse life and spirit into all the departments of his administration; but the alleged usurpation of author-

ity would have been at once illegal and absurd, insulting to his colleagues, and injurious to the public interests. In short, we can take upon ourselves to assert that both these anecdotes are *utterly false*.

About this time an incident occurred which had nearly occasioned Mr. Pitt's resignation. Lord Temple, who was on every account displeasing to the King, asked for the Garter, through the Duke of Newcastle, concealing, out of delicacy, as he stated, the solicitation from Mr. Pitt. When the affair came to Mr. Pitt's knowledge, he, without any concert with Lord Temple, urged his suit with great earnestness as a *personal favour* to be done to *himself*; but finding that the King was not disposed to comply, he addressed to the Duke of Newcastle the following characteristic but surely very unreasonable letter:—

September 27, 1759.

'My Lord,—A continuation of the slight eruption I had upon me, together with a large increase of the deep sense I must have of unexampled depressions, prevents my having the honour of meeting your Grace at Kensington to-morrow.

'Unconscious as I am of want of fidelity and diligence, in sustaining the vast and dangerous load his Majesty has been pleased to lay on my feeble shoulders, I will forbear now and for ever entering into a subject where I may possibly judge amiss, and wherein, above all things, I must wish not greatly to err. I shall therefore rest it on the judgment of others, at all times much better than mine, whether, considering Lord Temple's station and my own, the pretension in question has anything in it exorbitant, or derogatory to the King's honour, or contrary to the good of his affairs. All I mean at present to trouble your Grace with is to desire, that *when next my reluctant steps shall bring me up the stairs of Kensington, and mix me with the dust of the antechamber*, I may learn, once for all, whether the King continues finally inexorable and obdurate to all such united entreaties and remonstrances, as, except towards me and mine, never fail of success.

I beg your Grace to believe that I am particularly sorry to be forced to add this to all the obliging trouble you have been so good as to take already on such an occasion, and that I am ever, with great truth and respect, &c. &c. &c.—vol. i. pp. 443, 434.

It is a strange contrast to Mr. Pitt's proud and proudly-expressed contempt for '*the dust of the antechamber*,' that the object of this indignation was no greater than a riband for Lord Temple—to which the two other candidates—Prince Ferdinand, who had just won the battle of Crevelt—and the Marquis of Rockingham, who had an old promise—had infinitely better claims; and still less justifiable is Mr. Pitt's readiness to cast off '*the vast and dangerous load*' of public interests which at that moment was imposed upon him, on account of this comparatively trifling offence. The truth we believe to be, that Lord Temple was dis-

satisfied with the King's personal deportment towards him, and threatened to resign if he did not receive this garter by way of reparation. His resignation, however unreasonable, would, probably—circumstanced and connected as they were—have rendered that of Mr. Pitt unavoidable; and he probably penned this strong and menacing remonstrance to prevent such embarrassing consequences. Lord Temple, however, did resign on the 13th November, beseeching Mr. Pitt and his brothers not to follow his example; but on further consideration, he was induced, three days after, to resume the privy seal, and in the following February was invested with the Garter. It was during this discussion that the news arrived of Wolfe's victory, and the capture of Quebec, which raised Mr. Pitt's fame and popularity so high that we cannot understand why, whatever concessions induced Lord Temple to return to office on the 19th, should not have been readily made to prevent his resignation on the 18th.

This internal schism being healed, the affairs of the ministry and of the country flowed in a full tide of success—in the very height of which died, suddenly but not prematurely, King George II.; an event which, for the moment, made no alteration, either in domestic, foreign, or military affairs. Mr. Pitt had been, of late years, intimately connected with Lord Bute, who had the greatest share of the young king's favour and confidence. The speech was drawn, in its general form, by Lord Hardwicke. Mr. Pitt added one paragraph; and it appears, from the Hardwicke Papers, that after the whole had been settled by the cabinet, the king added the following words in his own hand:

'Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton; and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne.'—*Ib.* vol. ii. p. 89.

The first political event that disturbed the placid current of domestic affairs was the substitution, on the 19th March, 1761, of Lord Bute for Lord Holderness, as the other secretary of state; and the dismissal of Mr. Legge from the office of chancellor of the Exchequer. Of these events, the Correspondence gives no account; except in some extracts from the intercepted letters of some of the foreign ministers at our court, from which, as well as from other sources, we gather, as indeed might naturally be supposed, that these changes had Mr. Pitt's concurrence. Though he and Mr. Legge had been accidentally coupled in popularity,

they had become somewhat estranged, Mr. Legge having re-attached himself to the Duke of Newcastle; and these changes were by some supposed to be but preludes to an attempt against the Duke himself, (vol. ii. p. 101.) All went on, however, with apparent cordiality till the autumn of 1761, when Mr. Pitt, discovering that Spain had signed with France the alliance called the Family Compact, proposed to the Cabinet an immediate declaration of war against Spain. The Cabinet, with the exception of Lord Temple, being against this measure, which seemed to them precipitate, Mr. Pitt and his lordship resigned. When he waited on the young king to resign the seals, the interview was cordial and almost affectionate; and the dignified and gracious demeanour of the king affected Mr. Pitt, (who had rather expected a different reception,) to tears. The king lamented the loss of such a servant, but intimated that he was adverse to the sudden declaration of war; adding, that if his cabinet had even been unanimous for it, he would have found great difficulty in consenting. The king next day signified, through Lord Bute, his desire of conferring on Mr. Pitt some substantial mark of favour—suggesting the sinecure government of the newly-conquered province of Canada, with a salary of 5000*l.*; or the Chancellorship of the Duchy, with a similar salary. To this proposition Mr. Pitt replied in that strange and stilted style which was habitual to him on such occasions:

'October 7, 1761.

'My Lord—Overwhelmed with the extent of his Majesty's gracious goodness towards me, I desire the favour of your Lordship to lay me at the royal feet, with the humble tribute of the most unfeigned and respectful gratitude. Penetrated with the bounteous favour of a most benign sovereign and master, I am confounded with his condescension in deigning to bestow one thought about any inclination of his servant, with regard to the modes of extending to me marks of his royal beneficence.

'Any public mark of his Majesty's approbation, flowing from such a spontaneous source of clemency, will be my comfort and my glory; and I cannot but be highly sensible of all those circumstances, so peculiarly honourable, which, attending the first of the two ideas suggested to me by his Majesty's direction, have been mentioned. Commanded, however, as I am by the King, in a manner so infinitely gracious, not to suppress my thoughts on a subject of this extreme delicacy, I trust it will be judged obedience, not presumption, if I express the doubts I have as to the propriety of my going into either of the offices mentioned, or indeed, considering that which I have resigned, going again into any whatever.

'Thus much, in general, I have presumed, not without pain and fear, to submit to his Majesty's consideration: too proud to receive any mark of the King's countenance and favour, but, above all, doubly happy could I see those dearer to me than myself comprehended in that monument of royal

approbation and goodness, with which his Majesty shall condescend to distinguish me.

'I cannot conclude this letter, already much too long, without expressing my warm thanks to your Lordship for the most obliging manner in which you have conveyed to me his Majesty's gracious intentions, and assuring your Lordship that I shall always set a high value on the favourable sentiments which you are pleased to express on my subject.

'I have the honour to be,' &c.

—*ib.* vol. ii. pp. 149, 150.

In consequence of this letter, and in compliance with the suggestion above printed in italics, a peerage was conferred on Lady Hester, by the title of Baroness Chatham, descendible to her sons; and a pension of 3000*l.* a year to himself, and any two lives he should name. He named Lady Hester and their eldest son.

Mr. Pitt's popularity again suffered considerably by this peerage and pension; but a short course of *opposition*, as always happens, very soon and very completely recovered it, while there arose a prejudice against Lord Bute, the most unjust, but, for that very reason, the most violent, that ever, we believe, assailed any minister: 'he was,' says Walpole, 'abused every where, even before he had time to do the least wrong thing.'

Lord Bute was desirous of peace, and, as the first step towards it, wished to withdraw all pecuniary aid from the King of Prussia: the Duke of Newcastle, very consistently with his own opinions, but, no doubt, also influenced by those more recently adopted by Mr. Pitt, was for continuing the system of continental alliances; but, having now no support in the Cabinet, he resigned on the 29th May, 1762. Lord Bute became First Lord of the Treasury, and was succeeded, as Secretary of State, by Mr. George Grenville, who had separated from his brother and brother-in-law, and adhered to Lord Bute. Mr. Fox continued to lead the House of Commons, as he had done since the retirement of Mr. Pitt.

In December peace was made—in our opinion a good peace—but it became, chiefly through the potency of Mr. Pitt's eloquence, generally unpopular, and accelerated the downfall of those who had hoped that it would have confirmed their power.

The authority of Mr. Pitt, at this moment, is strikingly expressed by Lord Chesterfield.

'I should naturally think that this session will be a stormy one; that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is *pleased*, as the ministers say he is, there is no other *Æolus* to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire have no better troops to attack with than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*.'—*ib.*, vol. ii. p. 196.

But *Æolus*, unfortunately, was not pleased, and did raise a storm of unpopularity against Lord Bute, much more fierce, we have little doubt, than he intended, and which produced consequences of a most serious and deplorable character long after Lord Bute had ceased to take any share whatsoever in public affairs.

Before this storm Lord Bute retired. Proud, sensitive, and disinterested; not trained, in early life, (which alone gives nerves for such encounters,) to the *bull-fights* of politics, he was sick of his painful pre-eminence, and suddenly, on the 8th April, 1763, to the surprise of friends and foes, resigned; Mr. Fox, at the same time, abdicating the lead of the House of Commons, a distinction which he had so long coveted and for so short a time enjoyed. Mr. George Grenville succeeded to both, in the united offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. This change, instead of appeasing, only inflamed the virulence of faction against Lord Bute, whose mere puppets the new ministers were supposed to be.

This administration, rickety from its birth, was still further weakened by the sudden death of Lord Egremont, one of the secretaries of state, on the 20th of August, 1763; and Lord Bute, not only without any concert with them, but with entirely opposite views to theirs, undertook, by the king's commands, to endeavour to mediate the return of Mr. Pitt to his Majesty's service, which he justly thought would be a panacea for all the public diseases.

Lord Bute's interference seems to have been confined to mediating an interview between the King and Mr. Pitt, at which every thing was graciously conducted, and, as appeared, amicably arranged. This was on Saturday, the 27th; and on Sunday Mr. Pitt went down to communicate the whole to the Duke of Newcastle, fully persuaded, from the King's manner and behaviour, that 'the thing would do.' On Monday, however, Mr. Pitt had another interview, at which the scene changed, and the whole design was abandoned. How or why so promising a negotiation so suddenly failed has always been a mystery—which we had hoped these papers would have explained; but they do not.

We look upon the failure of this projected administration as, in all its various consequences, one of the most important and lamentable events of the reign of George III.: it would probably have stifled the nascent insanity about Wilkes, prevented the American Stamp Act, and all the other circumstances of George Grenville's subsequent administration, which were both directly and

consequently so disastrous to this country. The failure was certainly not imputable to Lord Bute, who must have been mortified, as well from duty to the King as for personal reasons, at the ill success of a negotiation which he had prosperously begun, and in the defeat of which he could have no under-hand object of his own; for it seems that he had himself determined to take no part in the arrangement, whatever it might be. We now know that, from this time forward, he retired into absolute *bond fide* privacy, and did, in fact, contrary to the incendiary accusations of the time, so scrupulously abstain from all communication with the King, that he never once saw him in private, and resented, as a personal offence, the indiscretion—perhaps accidental—of a person who once attempted to bring him into the presence of his Majesty in the garden of a country house. Lord Chatham spoke of ‘something behind the throne greater than the throne itself.’ We think we may assert that, as far as applies to Lord Bute, it was a vision or a falsehood. It is more near the truth to say, that there was something *before* the throne greater than the throne itself, and that was the talismanic power of Mr. Pitt; the lamp of his talents had obedient slaves and a magical power, which were called into omnipotent activity whenever he chose to *rub it*.

Lord Hardwicke’s indisputable authority, who was privy to the whole negotiation, leads us to suppose that it failed, because the King, with that justice which was a marked feature of his character, was desirous of doing something for his present minister, George Grenville, whom the King proposed to Mr. Pitt for the place of Paymaster, saying, ‘Poor George Grenville; he is your near relation, and you once loved him.’—This kind suggestion, thus graciously expressed, Mr. Pitt rejected by a cold and silent bow. The King then proposed Lord Temple for the head of the Treasury; but that Mr. Pitt also received with a negative observation, that ‘the alliance of great Whig interests, which had supported the revolution-government, were indispensable’—alluding clearly to the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he was now in confidential communication. Here the negotiation seems to have broken off; though we have no explanation why the king should have been adverse to, or Mr. Pitt so determined on the introduction of the Duke of Newcastle. The King’s last words were, ‘Well, Mr. Pitt, I see that this will not do; my honour is concerned, and I must support it;’—which can have no meaning, but that his Majesty thought that he could not in honour aban-

don George Grenville, and those other servants who had so recently come to his assistance, and whom Mr. Pitt seemed resolved to sweep out; though Mr. Pitt declared afterwards that he had no such intention; he admitted ‘that he had mentioned a great many names, but only five or six for stated offices.’ Strange vicissitude of political connections! to find Mr. Pitt insisting, as a *sine quâ non*, on the admission of the Duke of Newcastle, whom he had so lately excluded; and the exclusion of George Grenville, his near relation, and so lately his friend and follower.

The result was, that George Grenville remained minister, and, being opposed with more than Theban inveteracy by his brothers, the affair of Wilkes was blown into a conflagration. Our readers have already seen (*ante*, p. 117) that Mr. Wilkes was, at his entrance into public life, ‘a friend of Pitt’s,’ and these volumes show that he continued to profess to be so, and was a candidate for office under him. He was still more intimately connected with Lord Temple, who assisted in his election for Aylesbury, and made him colonel of the Bucks militia, and Wilkes entered, as was his nature, headlong into all his lordship’s politics; in furtherance of which he now set on foot the paper, more celebrated for its accidental consequences than for its intrinsic merits, called the *North Briton*, directed avowedly against Lord Bute and the Scottish nation generally, and, with great indecency, against the person of the sovereign himself, all of whom Wilkes accused of being parties to a *Jacobite* conspiracy against the liberties of the country. A young king of the house of Hanover, who held his crown only by the exclusion of the Stuarts, a *Jacobite*! We can now look back at that astonishing accusation—which nevertheless produced the most violent and disgraceful dissensions that have disgraced modern times—as an almost incredible example of the frenzied credulity of party. Mr. Wilkes himself, in his soberer years, laughed pleasantly enough at the folly of his *quondam* dupes. One day, in his later life, he went to court, and George III. asked him, in a good-humoured tone of banter, ‘how his friend Serjeant Glynn was.’ Glynn had been one of his most furious partisans. Wilkes replied, with affected gravity, ‘Pray, Sir, don’t call Serjeant Glynn a friend of mine; the fellow was a *Wilkite*, which your Majesty knows I never was.’ In truth, such a ridiculous bugbear could not have imposed for a day even on the lowest rabble, if it had not been supported by the countenance and co-operation of the great political

leaders. But even that would not have given consistency to such a shadow, if it had not unfortunately happened to mix itself up with the two constitutional questions of 'general warrants,' and 'parliamentary privilege.' The intermixture of these legal questions enabled such men as Mr. Pitt, who disapproved the violence and despised the calumnies of Wilkes, to use him as the tool of their own ambition. Wilkes, encouraged by such support, and hurried on by his own natural indiscretion, with the recklessness of a man who had nothing to lose, and the prospect of gaining at least notoriety, proceeded to extremes of sedition, obscenity, and blasphemy, which even faction itself hesitated to adopt. Lord Temple, though he supported Wilkes, at first with his countenance, and throughout with his purse, found it necessary to disclaim (though in very inadequate terms) any approbation of his extreme violence, and professed (no doubt very truly) to have endeavoured to dissuade him from proceedings which gradually assumed the appearance of infatuation and insanity, rather than faction. Mr. Pitt took a still more becoming tone; he professed only to look to the constitutional questions; and censured the proceedings of the individual in the most decided and unequivocal manner.

24th Nov. 1763.—Mr. Pitt, though very ill, came down to the House on crutches, and vehemently reprobated the facility with which parliament was surrendering its own privileges; but he carefully impressed on the House, that he was merely delivering a constitutional opinion, and not vindicating the libel, or its author. He condemned the whole series of North Britons, and called them illiberal, unmanly, and detestable. "He abhorred," he said, "all national reflections: the King's subjects were one people; whoever divided them was guilty of sedition. His Majesty's complaint was well-founded; it was just; it was necessary. The author did not deserve to be ranked among the human species; he was the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his King. He had no connection with him; he had no connection with any such writer. It was true, that he had friendships, and warm ones; he had obligations, and great ones; but no friendships, no obligations, could induce him to approve what he firmly condemned. It might be supposed that he alluded to his noble relation (Lord Temple). He was proud to call him his relation; he was his friend, his bosom friend; whose fidelity was as unshaken as his virtues. They went into office together, and they came out together; they had lived together, and they would die together. He knew nothing of any connection with the writer of that libel."—*ib.* vol. ii. 269.

At this period we find Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle in close and confidential intercourse with each other and with the Duke of Cumberland, with the view of displacing, as Mr. Pitt expresses it to the Duke

of Newcastle (12th Oct. 1763) 'the rash and odious ministry, by some solid union on revolution principles' (ii. 269.) The first step towards this object was to have been the adoption of Wilkes's side in the privilege question, in which Mr. Pitt had been led to suppose that Mr. Charles Yorke, then Attorney-General, would have concurred; but it turned out that Mr. Yorke was of a different opinion; and, though he soon after resigned his office, he adhered to the legality of the course taken by the ministry; and his dissent seems to have disconcerted the plan contemplated by Mr. Pitt and the Duke. Their confidential connection, however, seems to have continued down to October, 1764, when, upon some overture, (but whence or of what nature does not appear*) made to the Duke, and by him communicated to his ally, Mr. Pitt, the latter took the opportunity of dissolving his connection with his grace, in a decisive letter, in which, after stating his resolution to act for his 'single self,' to keep himself 'free from all stipulations,' and to oppose or support measures 'independent of the sentiments of others,' he proceeds:—

'Having seen the close of last session, and the system of that great war in which my share of the ministry was so largely arraigned, given up by silence in a full house, I have little thoughts of beginning the world again upon a new centre of union. Your grace will not, I trust, wonder, if after so recent and so strange a phenomenon in politics, I have no disposition to quit the free condition of a man standing single, and daring to appeal to his country at large, upon the soundness of his principles and the rectitude of his conduct.'—vol. ii. p. 297.

But even this separation was not final, for we find that in 1770 Lord Chatham was desirous of renewing his alliance with the Duke of Newcastle. We had hoped that these volumes would have cleared up some of the obscurity which involves the extraordinary alternations of alliance, neutrality, and opposition, between these two statesmen, which had so large a share in the political events of half a century; but unluckily the few additional lights which they afford, seem only to render the intricacy more perplexing. It is quite clear, (though, perhaps, the editors give us all they have found) that we have but a small and imperfect portion of Mr. Pitt's correspondence.

While the complicated and tumultuous

* The matter, whatever it may have been, was conveyed to the Duke of Newcastle in two letters from Sir George Yonge, M.P. for Honiton; and the Duke, in submitting the letters for Mr. Pitt's advice, says, 'the subject seems to be delicate, and to require many explanations.'

discussions arising out of Wilkes's affair were shaking the ministry from without, they were additionally damaged by internal weakness and blundering pusillanimity.—About this time (April, 1765) his Majesty had a serious illness—its peculiar character was then unknown, but we have the best authority for believing that it was of the nature of those which thrice after afflicted his Majesty, and finally incapacitated him for the duties of government—and it is highly probable that this illness was produced by the great anxiety which these struggles of faction had produced in the royal mind. On his recovery, he, with his natural firmness and good sense, saw the necessity of providing for a regency, in the too probable case of his dying, before his son (then a few years old) should be of age, and he commanded his ministers to prepare and present a bill for this important object. The bill was to designate persons of the royal family whom the king should have the power of investing with the regency; and surely, of all possible persons, no one, after the Queen herself, could appear more fit to be named in that list than the Princess Dowager—the grandmother of the infant prince—the mother of the King—who had educated him with the most successful care, and whom he repaid with the most unbounded and well-merited confidence and affection. But the name of the Princess Dowager had been so scandalously implicated in the unpopularity of Lord Bute, that the pusillanimous ministry did not dare to include her name in the list of possible regents—giving, by this omission, a public sanction to all the odious imputations of which she was the object. The mode of inflicting this insult was as mean as the insult itself was gross—for the bill provided that the Queen, or *any other member of the royal family*, might be regents; and Lord Halifax, the Secretary of State, being asked what was meant by the term '*royal family*,' answered, '*the descendants of George II.*,' which of course excluded his daughter-in-law, and so the bill passed the House of Lords, on this absurd quibble (only to be equalled by the celebrated case in *Tristram Shandy*) that the 'King's mother' was *not* one of the '*royal family*.' It was naturally expected, that in the inflamed and balanced state of parties, this incident should produce some violent scenes in the House of Commons. But on a proposition by the friends of the Princess, for the special insertion of her name, the minister gave way at once—throwing the whole of the responsibility on the House, and hoping by this shift to conciliate the King, without incurring any share of the unpopularity of the princess. The

amended bill passed with little difficulty, to the great disappointment of the turbulent party, who seemed taken by surprise, and could hardly comprehend how so *promising* a quarrel had been averted. It was soon evident that the real cause of this ominous event passing off so quietly, was Mr. Pitt's declining to take any part in it (vol. ii. p. 307)—though his party very naturally looked with 'great expectations' to the course he might adopt. The inaction of such a man, on such a point, in such a case, can hardly be accounted for on any other supposition than that he did not like to risk his mob-popularity by supporting the princess, nor the king's favour by opposing her; and he probably thought that the ministers, however imbecile for any other purpose, were still strong enough to destroy themselves without any direct intervention of his. Walpole, an eye and ear witness to the whole transaction, sketches, in his clever way, Mr. Pitt's inactivity:—

'Mr. Pitt, who, if he had been wise, would have come forward to help the princess dowager, chose to wait to see if she was to be left there, and gave himself a terrible fit of the gout, and nobody was ready to read his part to the audience.'—*Letters to Heriford*, p. 215.

A few days after the Regency Question, about the middle of May, the Duke of Cumberland undertook, by the King's command, a negotiation with Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, who was sent for from Stowe, for the dismissal of the existing ministry, and their own return to power. This failed, because, though the parties were agreed upon public measures, the King stipulated for the retention of Lord Northumberland and Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, whom Lord Temple objected to as creatures of Lord Bute. Upon this the negotiation broke off, but the ministry having insisted on the dismissal of these same persons, the King had again, through the Duke of Cumberland, recourse to Mr. Pitt, who on the 19th of June had a personal audience with his Majesty, and again on the 23d, in company with Lord Temple, when from some reasons which are neither here nor anywhere else that we know of intelligibly stated, but which seem to have been essentially of the same character as the difficulties in the previous attempt, this negotiation was also abandoned, and the King was most reluctantly obliged to go on with his former ministers.

It has been generally supposed that—at least in the second negotiation—'Mr. Pitt would have accepted the King's terms, but that Lord Temple was intractable'—and probably in Mr. Pitt's opinion unreasonable—for it is remarkable that immediately after

this transaction, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's recent declaration that he was united to Lord Temple *for life and death*, an estrangement took place between them. Lord Temple separated himself from Mr. Pitt, reconciled himself with his brother George and declared himself suddenly, as Walpole says, the 'warmest friend of the present administration.' Mr. Pitt, as Gerard Hamilton tells us, mentioned this negotiation in parliament (11th Feb. 1766), but 'passed over studiously everything that related to Lord Temple's refusal:' and both Pitt and George Grenville seemed to exculpate Lord Bute from having created the difficulty. Walpole concludes his account by saying that 'there is a mystery still to be cleared up' (*Let. to Hert.* p. 230); he might well say so, for it is still a mystery to us.

But though the precise grounds of difference can only be conjectured, some more recent light has been thrown on the general aspect of this transaction, which it is proper to re-produce. Walpole writes to Lord Hertford (20th May, 1765) that the 'hero of Culloden' had been sent down to Hayes to tender to Mr. Pitt

'almost *carte blanche*—*blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red-book of places, but brought back nothing but a flat refusal.'—*Let. to Hert.*, p. 223.

He then describes the peace of the capital and of the country as endangered by 'mobs and mutinies,' and a 'general spirit of dissatisfaction,' amounting almost to 'rebellion,' and adds, that

'in the mean time there is neither administration nor government; and this is the crisis in which Mr. Pitt, who could stop every evil, chooses to be more unreasonable than ever.'—*Id.*, p. 225.

Mr. Burke, too, who at this time was in the confidence of Lord Rockingham, in a letter to Mr. Flood, 18th May, 1765, describes, in a striking manner, Mr. Pitt's conduct on this occasion:—

'Nothing but an intractable spirit in your friend Pitt can prevent a most admirable and lasting system [of administration] from being put together, and this crisis will show whether pride or patriotism be predominant in his character; for you may be assured, he has it now in his power to come into the service of his country upon any plan of politics he chooses to dictate, with great and honourable terms to himself and every friend he has in the world, and with such a strength of power as will be equal to anything but absolute despotism over king and kingdom. A few days will show whether he will take this part, or continue on his back at Hayes talking fustian.'—*Prior's Life of Burke*, p. 81.

It was not till these volumes had made us acquainted with the verbose pomp of Mr. Pitt's private style that we could appreciate the full merit of this last characteristic stroke of Mr. Burke's pencil.

The circumstances under which the King was forced to capitulate with his old administration, now called the Duke of Bedford's, from that nobleman's accession to it as President of the Council, were in every way distasteful to him, and their personal conduct made it still worse. They were disrespectful, nay, it is said insolent, in the closet*—they questioned his veracity—they attempted to tie him down by offensive stipulations—and all this, in the wretched policy of endeavouring to gain mob popularity at the expense of their master, whose private virtues, excellent understanding, and a constitutional and conscientious appreciation of his public duties, could not save him from the odium which, in fact, ought to have fallen on the factions by which he was encompassed and oppressed.

The King, thus abandoned by Mr. Pitt, misrepresented to his people, and insulted by his cabinet, soon found his thralldom as intolerable as it was undeserved, and was forced to make another, and at last successful effort to relieve himself from so painful a servitude. The Duke of Cumberland now addressed himself, on his Majesty's behalf, to the Duke of Newcastle and the more moderate section of the Opposition, and through the mediation of these two dukes, the ministry called the Rockingham administration was formed, with a facility and on grounds so fair and liberal, and comprising so many respectable names, as afforded some hope of strength and duration—but there was one element of strength and duration wanting. It did not, unfortunately for the King and the kingdom, comprise Mr. Pitt—and, therefore, notwithstanding all its other merits, hardly dragged itself through one year of existence. Another great misfortune! It was yet time to have healed the American wound, and if the one mastermind had been guiding instead of distracting the public councils, what dissensions and disasters might have been prevented!

Though Mr. Pitt had '*unaccountably*' (as he always said) failed in making an administration, there seems to have been a reasonable expectation that he would have soon taken a share—the lion's share, no doubt—in the Rockingham ministry; or that at least he would have given it that countenance and support without which it could not hope to exist a session. But it was not so.

The warmest panegyrists of Mr. Pitt are obliged to confess that his conduct towards the Rockingham administration is the least satisfactory part of his history (*Thackeray*,

* Junius to the Duke of Bedford.

vol. ii. p. 76.) They had only accepted the government when Mr. Pitt had declined it, and accepted it (some of the principals at least,) if not with Mr. Pitt's advice, at least with his concurrence: they repealed the stamp-act, conferred a peerage on his friend, Lord Camden, and showed on every occasion the greatest deference to Mr. Pitt. A small but remarkable circumstance proves how well disposed they were to conciliate him. His solicitor, Mr. Nuthall, appears to have been much in his political as well as his legal confidence: one of the first acts of Lord Rockingham was to appoint Mr. Nuthall to the important and confidential office of Solicitor to the Treasury—an appointment which, as Mr. Nuthall states, he could only owe to the friendship with which Mr. Pitt honoured him.

We know enough of politicians in general, and of Mr. Pitt in particular, to be assured that the very fact of not being in office inevitably produces an alienation from, and dissatisfaction with, those who are; but we suspect that Mr. Pitt was additionally dissatisfied, not to say mortified, at the Duke of Newcastle's share in forming the Rockingham administration (ii. 345,) and that this indisposition towards that Duke was extended to the whole ministry.

In the debate on the address, Mr. Pitt made a kind of double speech in his best style. He was civil to the ministers, but could, he said, *not give them his confidence*; and then, bowing to the Treasury bench, in a manner not quite in order, but full of grace and dignity, addressed them: 'Pardon me, gentlemen, but confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.' This apostrophe made a great sensation at the moment, and is still quoted as a specimen of Mr. Pitt's peculiar style; but in truth the interest created was not by the dramatic manner, but by the important fact—that the new ministry had not the confidence of Mr. Pitt; or, in other words, that, unless they could satisfy him, their days were numbered! He expressed with an eloquent enthusiasm; tempered, however, by much courtesy and moderation towards the present ministers, his strong disapprobation of the recent course of American policy, its folly and its danger. This called up George Grenville, who defended the measures of the late ministry as right in themselves, and sanctioned as to their *principle* by parliament, without a dissentient voice; and he added (we believe too truly,) that 'the seditious spirit of the colonies owed its birth to *factions in that House*.' To this Mr. Pitt replied, in what—to evade the rules of the House against speaking twice in the same debate—he call-

ed a *portion* of his speech which he had reserved, but was now forced from him. He answered Grenville with a contemptuous gravity, designating him as 'the gentleman who had spoken,' without the usual prefix of honourable—he defended himself from the charge of having by his speeches given birth to sedition in America—he asserted, in the broadest terms, the supreme right of the mother country on all points except the taxation of an unrepresented people—the distinction between legislation and taxation being,' he said, 'essential to liberty;' which is, we confess, a distinction not very intelligible to us; and concluded by recommending lenient measures, with a quotation from a ballad which, in any other mouth, would have appeared trivial, but from his was accepted as the apophthegm of a sage:—

'Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind.'

This speech, powerful in its effect at the moment, is also remarkable for containing the first germ of *Parliamentary Reform*:—

'There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here? Is he represented by any knight of the shire, in any county in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number! or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough—a borough which its own representatives never saw? This is what is called "the rotten part of the constitution." It cannot continue a century; if it does not drop, it must be amputated.'—*Speech, 14th Jan. 1766.*

Lord Chatham, many years after, reproduced the same image on the same subject, but with a different and, we think, a much juster conclusion:—

'The boroughs of the country have been properly enough called the rotten parts of the Constitution, and without entering into any invidious particularity, I have seen enough to justify the appellation. But, in my judgment, my Lords, these boroughs, corrupt as they are, must be considered the natural infirmity of the constitution. Like the infirmities of the body, we must bear them with patience, and submit to carry them about with us. The limb is mortified; but the amputation might be death.'—*Speech, 22d Jan., 1770.*

We will not here enter into the question of *Parliamentary Reform*, thus doubtfully and awfully opened by Lord Chatham, and subsequently adopted and again rejected by his wisest son: but thus much we will say, that the authority of neither of the Pitts can be adduced in defence of the *special* measure of reform inflicted upon us in 1832, which was conceived in party rancour, framed in fraud, executed by violence, and must terminate, as Lord Chatham foreboded, in *DEATH* to the constitution!

There was also another important point in this speech of Mr. Pitt on American taxation, which requires special notice, namely, an insinuation that the *secret influence of Lord Bute* still guided the favours and councils of the Sovereign. To this, however, General Conway replied—'An overruling influence has been hinted at. I feel nothing of it. I disclaim it for myself, and (as far as my discernment can reach) for all the rest of his Majesty's ministers;' but such was the virulence of faction, that this disclaimer by a popular minister, and by a man of such scrupulous integrity and delicate honour as Mr. Conway, seems to have had little or no effect in correcting the calumny. Mr. Pitt, in his long reply, did not even notice it. When, within a few months, Mr. Pitt himself became a minister, it was equally asserted—and by no less an authority than Wilkes himself (*Works*, vol. iii. p. 183)—that *he* too had become the tool of Lord Bute; so difficult is it to eradicate a falsehood, however notorious it may be, which faction finds an interest in propagating.

This speech of the 14th January decided, no doubt, the great public question of the day,—the repeal of the stamp-act; but it also convinced all parties that the ministry, as then constituted, could not go on. Mr. Thackeray had found in the papers of Mr. Nuthall traces of an overture made through that gentleman by Lord Rockingham to Mr. Pitt, about the end of February, 1766; but these volumes inform us, for the first time, of a still earlier and more important negotiation, one evidently produced by the events of the 14th January:—

'Grosvenor Square, January 18, 1766.

'Sir,—Lord Rockingham and myself are charged to deliver you a message from his Majesty, which I think and hope will be preliminary to great good to this country.

'I have the honour to be, &c.

'GRAFTON.'

—vol. ii. pp. 371-373.

All we know of the failure of this overture is from a passage in a letter from Mr. Pitt to Lord Shelburne (afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne, who about this time had peculiarly attached himself to Mr. Pitt), which states:—

'4 o'clock, January 21, 1766.

'My dear Lord,—The riddle of negotiation is at an end. I have seen Lord Rockingham from the King, and am informed that his Majesty does not judge proper, upon the report of my answers, to have any further proceedings in this matter.'—vol. iii. p. 6.

Two other overtures were made by Lord

Rockingham; one personally to Lord Shelburne, on the 23d February, and by him communicated to Mr. Pitt; and a second on the 26th, through Mr. Nuthall. It seems clear, from Lord Shelburne's letter and Mr. Pitt's answer, that the cause of Mr. Pitt's haughty rejection of these overtures was, that Lord Rockingham only invited Mr. Pitt to *join* the ministry, of which his lordship was, and was to continue, the head:—

'His tone,' Mr. Pitt complained, 'being that of a minister, master of the court and of the public, making openings to men who are seekers of offices and candidates for ministry.'—vol. iii. p. 11.

Lord Rockingham appears to have felt that he could not in honour abandon the friends who had so lately helped him to form his administration. It is probable and natural that he should also cling to his own position as *head* of the administration; and these were conditions to which the pride of Mr. Pitt would not submit.

The distrust of his own power, thus early shown by Lord Rockingham, soon became general in the public—and even in the cabinet; the most influential members of which, the Chancellor, the Duke of Grafton, and General Conway, began to feel the influence of the great magnet. The Duke of Grafton actually flew off and attached himself openly to Mr. Pitt, with the remarkable declaration in the House of Lords, that '*he would take a spade and mattock, and work in the trenches under such a commander.*' Lord Rockingham found it very difficult to fill up this vacancy, or indeed any other; and the administration at length became so dispirited and so feeble that the chancellor, Lord Northington, thought it necessary to acquaint the King that they could not go on, and advised him to send for the great cause and cure of all political diseases, Mr. Pitt! The advice was not unacceptable to the King, who must have been fully aware of Mr. Pitt's public importance, and seems to have had, at this time, a personal kindness—certainly no personal dislike—to the individual.

So ended the Rockingham administration, after an existence of one year. If respectability of persons and of talents, wholesome measures, good intentions, and sound principles, could have given stability, that ministry would have been strong and permanent; but faction—not even *party*, but *faction*—was the predominant evil of the times. Ministries and Oppositions had so crossed and jostled each other in the race for office, that any steadiness of object or consistency of principle was quite disregarded. Lord Bute's administration was denounced as

'corrupt and profligate;' George Grenville's as 'rash and odious;' Lord Rockingham's as 'ridiculous and contemptible.' It was now Mr. Pitt's turn to find that he himself was unable to struggle against that spirit of faction and disorder which he of all men had the most contributed to spread.

On the 12th July, 1766, he received the King's personal commands to form an administration: his Majesty acquainting him that he had no terms to propose, but should place himself altogether in his hands; and the King's confidential correspondence with the new minister, pending the negotiations, shows with what cordiality, tact, and good sense his Majesty exerted himself to facilitate Mr. Pitt's arrangements. Mr. Pitt took for himself the office of Privy Seal, which rendered indispensable his translation to the House of Lords. This choice very much surprised the world;* the reasons then assigned—and we have no trace of any other—were age and infirmity, which rendered a constant attendance in the House of Commons impossible. This reason did not satisfy the public. His age was but fifty-eight; and although severely afflicted by his constitutional gout, he had never distinguished himself in the House of Commons by greater vigour and brilliancy than in the preceding session. This correspondence throws no light on this point, except, indeed, that the private letters of the family represent his malady as more real and more severe than his contemporaries were inclined to believe.

Having fixed on this secondary office for himself, the next question was, who should be First Lord of the Treasury. It was first offered to Lord Temple; but under conditions which Lord Temple could not accept. The cordiality between Mr. Pitt and his Lordship had, it seems, ceased for some time past. Wilkes mentions the disunion so early as November, 1765 (*Works*, ii. 217), and in February, 1766, Mr. Pitt, in relating to his wife something that had passed in the House of Lords, said, 'I am sorry to say that *Lord Temple rises in passion and sinks in consideration*' (vol. ii. p. 374)—an epigram which proves that, though

* 'I cannot figure to myself,' says his friend and admirer, Sir A. Mitchell, 'any solid reason that could induce him to accept the peerage at this time,' &c.—vol. iii. p. 43. 'Everybody,' writes Lord Chesterfield, 'is puzzled to account for this step: such an event was, I believe never heard nor read of, to withdraw in the fullness of his power and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons (which procured him his power, and which could alone ensure it to him) and to go into that Hospital of Incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive could make me believe it—but so it is.' *Chester. Lett.*, 1st August, 1766.

they still called each other 'Dear Brother,' and 'Loving Brother,' there must have been a serious solution of their ancient friendship. Yet Lord Temple was treated by both the King and Mr. Pitt with great deference; and the proposition to him had the additional grace and weight of being made by the King in person. We shall extract *in extenso* his Majesty's account to Mr. Pitt of his interview with Lord Temple:

'*Richmond Lodge, 15 m. past 7, July 15, 1766.*

MR. PITT,
LORD TEMPLE has been with me, and has desired me not to see you to-morrow, that he may have time fully to talk with you. I have, therefore, intrusted him to acquaint you I shall not expect you then; but, on recollection, I think it may be both of utility and not void of amazement, for you to know the substance of what has passed.

'I opened to him a desire of seeing him in the Treasury, and, in conjunction with you, chalking out such an administration as can be formed, considering the unhappy divisions that subsist between men, yet taking the present administration for the basis to build on, with such alterations as might appear necessary.

'I am sorry to see, though we only kept in generals, that he seems to incline to quarters very heterogeneous to my and your ideas, and almost a total exclusion to the present men,—which is not your plan; but as we did not come to particulars, I hope I am not quite founded in my apprehensions.

'I concluded with saying, I should only agree to such a plan as you could with pleasure be a part of; but not to one wherein you had not a principal share.

'I should wish to see you on Thursday at eleven, at the Queen's house; as that will give you time to consider the whole of this weighty matter. This letter remains a perfect secret betwixt me and you, if you think it best that it should.

—vol. ii. p. 442.

'GEORGE R.'

It seems that Mr. Pitt wished to retain a considerable proportion of the late ministry; and Lord Temple who was much keener and steadier in his political attachments and resentments, wished for a larger introduction of his own friends. We have an account of the conference announced in the King's letter, which was clearly furnished by Lord Temple himself. Lord Temple complained that Mr. Pitt having chosen a 'side place with little responsibility' for himself, had dictatorially nominated to all the other offices, while he, Lord Temple, who was to have the most responsible office in the state, was to have no voice in the subordinate appointments. He insisted on an equality of influence: and some of his own friends in the cabinet, Lord Lyttelton, for instance, as Privy Seal. 'That,' exclaimed Mr. Pitt, 'cannot be.—Great God! can you compare him to the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, or General Conway?'—but added, 'Lord Lyttelton may have a pension.' Two of the candidates for the Treasury Board were also to be satisfied with pensions. Lord Temple

answered, 'that would never do; he would not stain the bud of his administration by an accumulation of such burthens.' Lord Temple then proposed Lord Gower as Secretary of State—Mr. Pitt insisted on retaining General Conway—upon which Lord Temple said that he saw, as he had said at the outset, that Mr. Pitt was resolved to be sole and absolute *dictator*—to which no consideration would induce him to submit, and that he thought himself ill-treated by Mr. Pitt's assumption of superior authority." So ended—in what Wilkes calls 'a violent breach—a dissolution of all friendship' (*Works* iii. 181)—the negotiation with Lord Temple; who thought, and perhaps justly, that there was no real anxiety to admit him into the administration—a suspicion confirmed by the fact that an offer was soon after made to Lord Gower, who had been negatived when proposed by Lord Temple. Indeed Mr. Pitt seems to have been willing to enlist men from all sides, except his old connections and friends, the Grenvilles and Newcastles. The result was, the Duke of Grafton, instead 'of a *spade and mattock in the trenches*,' was invested with the chief trust and dignity in the office of First Lord of the Treasury—Lord Shelburne and General Conway were Secretaries of State—Lord Camden, Chancellor—the late Chancellor, Northington, President of the Council; and after some characteristic hesitation and wavering, '*that prodigy*,' Charles Townshend, was persuaded to become Chancellor of the Exchequer. The subordinate offices were filled with very heterogeneous materials. This was the ministry which Mr. Burke described with such profuse pleasantry and truth.

'He [Lord Chatham] made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white: patriots and courtiers, king's friends, and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues, whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?"—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives; until they found themselves they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.'—*Sp. on Amer. Tax.*

We cannot omit extracting the autograph note in which the King announced to Mr. Pitt his creation as Earl of Chatham:

'*Richmond Lodge, July 29, 1776.*
'25m. past 5, p. m.

'MR. PITT,

'I HAVE signed this day the warrant for creating you an Earl, and shall have the pleasure of receiving you in that capacity to-morrow, as well as intrust you with my privy seal—as I know the *Earl of Chatham* will zealously give his aid towards destroying all party distinctions, and restoring that subordination to government which can alone preserve that inestimable blessing, Liberty, from degenerating into Licentiousness.
—vol. iii. p. 21.

'GEORGE R.'

And we add an anecdote of the younger, and we think the greater William Pitt, who, at the age of seven, already anticipated his future destiny. The children's tutor, Mr. Wilson, writing to congratulate the *Countess* on the new rank, adds:—

'My Lord Pitt is much better, Lady Hester quite well, and Mr. William very near it. The last gentleman is not only contented in retaining his *papa's name*, but perfectly happy in it. Three months ago he told me, in a very serious conversation, "he was glad he was not the eldest son, but that he could serve his country in the House of Commons like his *papa*."—vol. iii. p. 27.

Non sine diis animosus infans!

We are now arrived at the most extraordinary, and to us incomprehensible, epoch of Lord Chatham's history. A third time First Minister, with an almost dictatorial power, leading a cabinet composed rather of creatures than of colleagues; enjoying at once the whole confidence of the Crown, and the supreme favour of the people, this great and omnipotent statesman does—nothing, absolutely nothing. He was himself a name, but only a name—*magni nominis umbra*; and the little that was done by his subordinates seemed at variance with all his own former professions, and was, in fact, pregnant with the most disastrous and fatal consequences to the empire.

The ostensible cause or excuse of this strange desertion of his public duties was the *gout*—a violent accession of which about this time, say his apologists, enervated his body, enfeebled his mind, and soured his temper. This may be true, but it still would afford no apology for his continuing for two years to hold nominally so great a trust, without having been—after the first six weeks—able or willing to execute any of its duties: but in truth we believe that the *gout*, whatever may have been its real severity, was exaggerated in order to excuse a line of conduct, for which, even if true, it would have furnished no excuse.

All his contemporaries were, as we have already stated, of opinion that the *gout* was a frequent pretext; and in reference to this very ministry, Mr. Burke hints as much in the celebrated speech we have just quoted.

'If ever he [Lord Chatham] fell into a fit of gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, when his face was for a moment hid, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass.' Mr. Burke spoke while Lord Chatham was still living and acting with Mr. Burke's party, and so would make such an allusion as tenderly as possible; but there can be no doubt that he knew and indicated that there were other causes for Lord Chatham's '*withdrawing himself from public cares*' besides the ostensible one of the gout.

The editors produce with some triumph a letter from Lady Chatham to Mr. Nuthall, the solicitor, dated 17th August, 1767, desiring him to prepare for his Lordship's signature 'a general power of attorney, empowering her ladyship to transact all business for him, as the continuance of his illness makes the transacting of any business uneasy to him;' and they say that 'nothing can more forcibly contradict the *incessant insinuations* of his lordship's enemies, that his illness was entirely *political*.' We see no force at all in this argument—if the illness was assumed, or (which is more likely) much exaggerated for some political object, this letter to Mr. Nuthall—the *Solicitor of the Treasury*—would have been a *blind*, quite of a piece with the rest of the transaction; and indeed we cannot guess what other purpose the power of attorney could have served. But however that may be, since the power of attorney could not enable Lady Chatham to execute the office of Prime Minister, or even of Lord Privy Seal, it seems wonderful that, when his lordship was thus obliged to devolve his small private business on his wife, he should have persisted in holding those great public offices. We had no idea, till we saw these volumes, how entirely and how pertinaciously Lord Chatham had withdrawn himself from all share in his own administration. He would see nobody—write to nobody—hear nothing—do nothing. In vain did the King write to him on every important occasion with the utmost confidence in his counsels, and the greatest tenderness and consideration for his indisposition; in vain did he appeal to his sense of duty and patriotism with an ability and earnestness approaching to eloquence: the crisis, he tells him on one occasion,

'would almost awaken the great men of former ages, and should therefore oblige Lord Chatham to cast aside any remains of his late indisposition.'—vol. iii. p. 277.

To a series of similar appeals His Majesty could obtain nothing but such '*fustian*' answers as this:—

'The Earl of Chatham to the King.

June 25, 1767.

'Under health so broken as renders at present application of mind totally impossible, may I prostrate myself at your Majesty's feet, and most humbly implore your Majesty's indulgence and compassion not to require of a devoted servant what in his state of weakness he has not the power to trace with the least propriety for your Majesty's consideration, &c.'—vol. iii. p. 277.—

and many others *ejusdem farinae*. His colleagues were equally unsuccessful. On his way from Bath in February, 1767, he stopped at the inn at Marlborough, and was there confined for a fortnight. There were several most important affairs depending, and the Duke of Grafton, his own special friend, and indeed nominee, offered to go down to receive his personal '*directions*:' this proposition Lord Chatham declined with a stately negative. And again, some months after (May 27, 1767), Lord Chatham being at Northend, a villa close to London, and the affairs of the Government, both in the Lords and Commons, in a most critical state, the Duke of Grafton solicited, as a personal favour and 'relief to himself, an interview of one quarter of an hour, or of even a few minutes,' to receive the Minister's 'advice and direction.' To this application, urged with all earnestness and delicacy, Lord Chatham pompously replies that he is under

'the painful necessity of most earnestly entreating his Grace to pardon him, if he begs to be allowed to decline the honour of the visit the Duke of Grafton has so kindly proposed. Nothing can be so great an affliction to him as to find himself quite unable for a conversation, which he should otherwise be proud and happy to embrace.'—vol. iii. p. 256.

At last, the emergency becoming more pressing, the King was induced to propose, as Lord Chatham could not come to him, He would go down to Lord Chatham at Northend. The King in his chariot was the *Deus ex machina*; and, under this pressure, and to escape the royal visit, Lord Chatham consented to see the Duke of Grafton—but, as it seems, only once, or at most twice, for a few moments, and to no purpose!

Of this tenacity of office, and this incapacity or reluctance to execute its duties, we have an instance which, whether Lord Chatham's illness was real or feigned, happened very inopportunistically, and seems to have greatly perplexed him and his circle. A charter for a certain mining company was to pass the privy seal, but some objection being made to it, it became necessary that the Lord Privy Seal should hear the parties.

The confusion into which this unexpected difficulty threw the court, the cabinet, and Lord Chatham's family, is quite ludicrous; every one, even the King himself, seemed afraid to take any step that could in any way offend or even discompose Lord Chatham: at least, after a six weeks' search for precedents and expedients, Lord Chatham was forced to resign the seal into the hands of three commissioners, who heard the cause, and on the 21st of March, 1768, the seal was immediately re-delivered to Lord Chatham by a deputation of the Privy Council.

It is quite clear that it could not be *gout*—mere gout—which for upwards of two years disabled Lord Chatham so utterly and without intermission. As this publication affords no clue to the real cause, we are driven to conjecture—though no conjecture seems to meet all the ascertained facts of the case. The most plausible and probably the substantially true one is that Mr. Pitt was surprised and shocked at the sudden loss of popularity which his acceptance of the peerage had occasioned—weakened by his breach with Lord Temple—disconcerted by the powerful opposition which exhibited itself against him—disappointed as to the parliamentary ability of the colleagues for whom he had abandoned his former friends—mortified at the failure of some rash and mysterious attempts to strengthen his Government—and, above all, seeing the violent commotion in the public mind which Wilkes's affair had generated, and being determined never to be on the unpopular side—all these considerations were likely to make him very soon regret that he had descended from his commanding position as the GREAT COMMONER:—he probably felt some reluctance to come forward in his new character, and perhaps clung to office only that he might find some striking and popular occasion for resignation. The volumes disprove, we think, the idea that there was any insincerity on the part of his colleagues; they seem to have been all (except perhaps Charles Townshend) most obedient followers; and very certainly there was no ground of complaint against the King, whose correspondence is clear, candid, confiding, and cordial, even to the last—full of esteem and respect for his Minister, and affording, both by the strong good sense of the matter and the dignified simplicity of the style, a vast superiority over the bombastic and hollow verbiage which it was Lord Chatham's taste to employ.

It was under this palsied administration that the unhappy project of taxing America was revived in the shape that led to the dismemberment of the empire. Mr. Burke

seems to hint that Charles Townshend made the proposition without Lord Chatham's consent. That is possible—as we have seen that Lord Chatham took great pains to keep aloof from business, and refused at this very time to see any of his colleagues even for *five minutes*—but surely this is rather an aggravation than an apology. Charles Townshend was his colleague—forced by himself into the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. If Lord Chatham disapproved the proposition, and if Townshend had persisted in it, either he or Townshend should have left the cabinet. But the First Minister, if he did not approve, at least connived at the measure, when a word or look would have stopped it, and must therefore be held, in the first and greatest degree, responsible for the disastrous result: and, finally, it must not be forgotten that Lord Chatham remained in office above a year after the death of Charles Townshend (4th Sept., 1767), without expressing the least disapprobation of his American measure, or taking the smallest step to mitigate or correct its operation.

It is very remarkable that in the various notes in which Lord Chatham evaded, on the score of physical inability, the humble requests of his colleagues and the urgent desire of his sovereign for his assistance, or even his advice, he never once should have thought of offering to resign: at last, however, Lord Shelburne retired (on what particular ground does not very clearly appear), and then, October, 1768, Lord Chatham discovers for the first time that his deplorable *state of health* renders it necessary that he also should resign an office of which, for almost the whole period he held it, he had declined to execute the slightest duty.

It is idle to talk, as has been sometimes done, of the intrigues, and affronts, and insincerity of which Lord Chatham was the victim—all his contemporaries felt, and these volumes prove beyond all question, both by what they tell and by what they cannot tell, that Lord Chatham, if a victim, was his own—that he abandoned his friends and his Sovereign, and not they him; and, finally, that his conduct throughout was so *unaccountable* as to afford some colour to the supposition which Lord Chesterfield tells us that he and many others entertained at the time—that anxiety and vexation, working on his hereditary malady, had actually *affected his intellect*. This suspicion of insanity has been supported by some plausible arguments, and was once, as we shall see, uttered to his face in parliament by his friend the Duke of Grafton; but we can

make no such excuse for Lord Chatham, when we find that, as soon as he was out of office, there was a sudden improvement of his health; that he made a reconciliation with Lord Temple; soon resumed his attendance in the House of Lords; and threw himself, with a vigour and brilliancy of genius, equal or superior to those of his best days, into all the violence and faction of the most factious and violent period of our history.

The difference between the public feeling on this and on his former resignations must have been mortifying to the proud spirit of Lord Chatham. His abstraction while in office from business had been so complete, that his final secession was hardly noticed; and he prudently *lay by* for a year, either really to recover his health, or, more probably, to leave a decent interval between his ministerial lethargy and a vigorous opposition.

In the mean while the affair of Wilkes at home, and the disturbances in America, which had been encouraged by the paralysis of the Ministry, assumed a still more formidable character on Lord Chatham's resignation: which was also followed (within three months) by the appearance of those celebrated letters under the title of Junius, which 'more embroiled the fray,' and partly by their intrinsic merit as compositions, but still more by the accidental circumstances and temper of the times, produced an effect unparalleled in the annals of political literature: even now, when their injustice, malignity, and falsehood are fully appreciated, the elegance of the style, the keenness of the sarcasm, and the mystery which envelopes the author, still preserve them from the ordinary fate of political libels, and secure them no mean rank among the classic models of our language. It was hoped that this correspondence would have thrown some light on the authorship of these celebrated letters—it does not. There are two letters addressed by Junius* to Lord Chatham, but they are of no importance, unless it may be as specimens of the *hand* by which the letters were written. As such,

* It is to be observed that one of these letters thus, without any explanation, ascribed to Junius, has no signature, and is dated a year prior to the first of Junius's acknowledged letters—the editors judging, we suppose, from the apparent identity of the handwriting of the other letter, which is certainly by Junius. But this should have been distinctly stated; particularly as the letter in question seems inconsistent with other letters of the same period, which Woodfall attributes to Junius. This letter, written before Junius had any very imperative motive for concealment, should be carefully examined; it might afford a clue to the author.

the editors have given *fac similes* of them, accompanied by *fac similes* of the writing of Sir Philip Francis; intimating, and indeed supporting by several plausible reasons, an opinion that Sir Philip was the author of Junius. We will not now pursue that inquiry. We will only express our contrary conviction that Sir P. Francis was not the *author* of Junius; and that of all the candidates for that very questionable honour, the weight of suspicion still preponderates towards Lord Sackville.

After a year's seclusion, Lord Chatham appeared in his place in the House of Lords on the 9th of January, 1770, and exhibited another instance of the versatility with which he could vary his political associate according to the accident of his own being in or out of office.

We have just seen that in the summer of 1766 he had overthrown the Rockingham administration by attracting from it the Duke of Grafton, and for no other motive than that it included the Duke of Newcastle and his friends. In forming his own government, the Newcastles were excluded—Lord Temple was rejected—Lord Gower negatived—the Duke of Grafton was raised to the first post—most of the individual ministers whom he had just overthrown were adopted into the new system—but Lord Rockingham himself was so '*ill-treated*,' as he alleged, that he declined to hold any communication with Lord Chatham: whose administration, however, was scarcely formed when he found it expedient to introduce some of the Newcastle party so recently excluded—to apply to Lord Gower, so recently negatived—and, in short to make such important changes as forced the Duke of Portland, Lords Scarborough, Besborough, and Monson, with other respectable and influential members of his Government, to retire; and when his Government was decried and weakened by these resignations, he abandoned it to its fate, and seemed to take no more trouble or interest about it than if he had not belonged to it.

After his own resignation, however, all was again changed; and on his re-appearance in Parliament he exhibited himself in direct hostility to the Duke of Grafton and the other ministers whom he had himself placed in office—re-united with Lord Temple, from whom he had so lately separated—in avowed coalition with Lord Rockingham, whom he had so lately expelled and '*ill-treated*'—and supported by the Duke of Portland and the other lords and gentlemen whom he had so lately driven from his own administration. Such unprincipled variations were indeed the fashion of those times; and

all men (except perhaps Mr. Burke) unhesitatingly practised them : but no one, we believe, so largely or so boldly as Lord Chatham—certainly no other man was ever able to cover them with such a splendour of genius and such blazes of popularity.

On the first night of the session he made two vigorous speeches comprising all the opposition topics of the day, and concluding with an amendment to the address, condemnatory of the proceedings of the House of Commons in the affair of Wilkes's expulsion, and the subsequent elections for Middlesex. This was negatived by a large majority. A few nights after, Lord Rockingham made a motion for a Committee on the state of the nation, which was supported by Lord Chatham in a brilliant and forcible, but, we must also add, in our opinion, most indiscreet and mischievous speech. Amidst many other inflammatory topics, he represented the proceedings against Wilkes as a gross and mortal violation of the constitution. After asserting that nothing but a retraction of the proceedings of the House of Commons could restore the country to a state of tranquillity, he exclaimed,—‘*if not, may discord prevail for ever!*’—as if that were not strong enough, he added—‘I know to what point my language may appear directed; but if the ministers will not permit this question to be decided according to the principles of the constitution, it must then be decided in *some other manner*;’ and rather than it should be given up, ‘he hoped, old as he was, to see the question *brought to issue, and fairly tried between the People and the Government.*’—(*Sp.* 22d January). In the then state of the public mind, such language seems to us utterly indefensible. It was in this speech, too, that he reproduced and explained the proposition for parliamentary reform to which we before alluded—but, even in the heat and whirlwind of his passion, he never contemplated the extinction of the nomination boroughs, but proposed, by an addition of county members, ‘to infuse into the constitution a portion of new health, to enable it to support the inveterate diseases,’ which he was not so rash as to think of removing by ‘amputation.’ At the close of this speech he avowed the coalition of ‘Lord Rockingham and his friends, with *him and his*—an union which he hoped would be indissoluble.’

We have seen that such was the wonderful power of this man's eloquence, that from his first appearance, no ministry had been able to withstand his avowed hostility. It would seem as if he could neither be minister himself, nor permit any one else to be. The Duke of Grafton was no exception.

Already harassed by the virulent satire of Junius, his Grace was decided by Lord Chatham's declaration, and immediately resigned: Lord North, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, succeeding him as First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister. This event, of course, rather stimulated than weakened Lord Chatham's opposition, and in all the questions (except one to be noticed hereafter), which arose in endless and unhappy variety out of the Wilkes affair, he took a forward, and, in our judgment, a very factious part. In following this course, he revived, and indeed never failed when out of office to produce, the vulgar calumny, that Lord Bute was all-powerful in the closet, and still poisoning the royal mind with secret, irresponsible, and *Jacobite* councils, dangerous to the constitutional liberties of England. On one occasion Lord Chatham almost directly accused the King of insincerity, of treachery to him during his late administration—‘graciously and amiably *promising*, in repeated audiences, not only to forgive but to supply defects of health, by cheerful support and ready assistance—instead of which, all difficulties and obstacles to his public measures were suggested, nourished, and supported by that secret influence to which he alluded’—an assertion which these papers completely disprove. The Duke of Grafton warmly defended the King—denied, as Mr. Conway had done before, that he had, while in office, seen or felt any such influence, and added, that the charge was so utterly groundless that it could only be ‘the effect of a distempered mind brooding over its own discontents.’ To this remarkable retort, Lord Chatham only replied by reiterating the accusation, and adding the celebrated assertion that he had been at length unwillingly convinced that ‘there was behind the throne something greater than the throne itself.’

If we would suppose Lord Chatham to have really believed this, we could only smile and wonder at the infatuation; but knowing as we know, and as we think Lord Chatham must have known, that Lord Bute had not for many years seen the King except in public—that he had not given, nor had the opportunity of giving, any political, or, indeed, any kind of advice,—and that he had wholly withdrawn himself from political life—Lord Chatham's periodical renewal of this calumny, whenever he was out of place and of humour, excites in our mind a very painful feeling for the infirmities of even the noblest natures. Lord Chatham's natural nobility of heart was incapable of treating a dog, as party spleen, overweening pride, and a morbid love of

popularity, induced him to treat his young, ingenuous, upright, and indulgent Sovereign.

Nothing indeed in these volumes, full as they are of political frailties and turpitudes, is so surprising and shocking as the injustice and cruelty with which the King's feelings, peace of mind, and character were sacrificed to the personal interests, and even caprices, of contending politicians. This publication will raise,—even with those who already admired and revered George III.—the reputation of that excellent man and wise sovereign. His confidential communications with Lord Chatham will convince the public of what was already known to all who had seen any portion of his Majesty's correspondence with his official servants—his sound knowledge and zealous pursuit of the great interests of his country—his love of his people—his reverence for the constitution—the total absence of all selfish views, and the sacrifice, when the public interests required it, of all personal partialities—his own conscientious diligence and accuracy in business, tempered by a gracious indulgence towards others—a courage, *conscia recti*, which never was shaken, and a temper which, under the severest trials, never permitted itself to be disturbed.

It has been so much, the habit to undervalue his intellectual powers, that we may gladly borrow from the Historical Sketches of Lord Brougham the following passage, which is peculiarly applicable to the topic of secret influence which we have been discussing:—

'George III. set one example which is worthy of imitation, in all times. He refused to be made a state puppet in his minister's hands and to let his name be used either by men he despised, or for purposes he disapproved. No one could ever accuse him of ruling by favourites; still less would any one, by pretending to be the people's choice, impose himself on his vigorous understanding.'—*Hist. Sket.* vol. i. p. 14.

Lord Brougham, while he applauds the amiable and steady affection with which the King cherished his friends, thinks that he bore his enemies an equally implacable hatred; and of this latter feeling he cites Lord Chatham as the most conspicuous example. We doubt whether this extent of either praise or blame was entirely deserved. The King, like any other man, could not be without his private likings and aversions, but we believe that no man ever lived who allowed either to influence so little his public duties. As sovereign, he appeared to be above both friendship and enmity. When the public service seemed to require it, he—with, no doubt, some secret and natural reluctance, but with a good grace and good faith—parted with the servants to whom he was suppo-

ed to be most attached—Lord Bute, Lord North, Mr. Pitt the younger, Mr. Addington—and he accepted those who were thought most obnoxious to him—The Duke of Bedford, Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Fox—not to mention the more frequent and more painful changes of the officers of his household. His friendships were, therefore, not obstinate, nor his enmities implacable. His supposed hatred of Lord Chatham, Lord Brougham dates from the American question, adding very candidly, that up to that time the King's correspondence with him was 'most friendly.' But even in this restricted period we see no indications of *personal hatred*; that the King was mortified, afflicted, and offended by Lord Chatham's waywardness and apathy during his last ministry, and by the violence and faction of his subsequent conduct, no one who reads this correspondence can wonder; but again we say, we find no proof of *personal hatred*, nor even of so much asperity as any private gentleman must naturally have felt in any analogous case. Let any impartial man carefully read and consider this correspondence—the publications of the day—and the general history of the reign, and then say whether, in respect to personal persecution, King George, like King Lear, was not 'more sinned against than sinning.'

Though Lord Chatham's taste and pride forbade his mixing himself with the personal follies and impurities of the Wilkite cause, his public conduct was certainly calculated to countenance and encourage that disgusting delusion and insanity. It is really lamentable to find in these volumes evidence (supplied chiefly, not from his own, but from the Calcraft and Lansdowne papers) that *he*, who, as we have seen, could not for two years move a finger in the discharge of his official duties, was so renovated by immersion in the Medean caldron of faction, as to be capable not merely of performing the arduous duties of a leader in successive parliamentary campaigns, but of preparing and directing all the petty and partisan details of political warfare. *He* who had not strength to inquire, or even to hear when the information was urged upon him, what his own administration was doing, was now curious about the smallest intrigues of party, and active and astute in framing and directing every various form of opposition. The fable of Antæus seems a type and parable of him—powerless while elevated, he recovered, when overthrown, his spirit and his force, and rose from every fall with more than his pristine energy and power.

We find him in the closest confidence

with Mr. Calcraft (formerly the devoted follower of his rival, Mr. Fox), and employing him in the busiest exertions and intrigues to embarrass the ministry; we find him, for that same object, urging, one day, his own friend and follower, Lord Camden, *not* to resign, and next day using every art of entreaty and flattery to persuade Lord Granby to resign. We find him holding confidential conferences with his late *déle noire*, the old Duke of Newcastle. We find him dissatisfied at the slow progress of faction in the city, when other people thought the city absolutely faction-mad. We find him obstinately persisting in making motions in the House of Lords, which Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Richmond, keen as they were, dissuaded; which even Lord Temple declined to countenance; and Lord Camden refused to support: in short, we find him far in advance of an opposition which comprised the wild violence of Barré, and the more reasoned vehemence of Burke.

'The Earl of Chatham to John Calcraft, Esq. Hayes, Friday Night, July 28, 1770.'

'Dear Sir—I was in town on Wednesday last, saw Lord Rockingham, and learnt nothing more than what I knew before; namely, that the Marquis is 'an honest and honourable man, but that "moderation, moderation!" is the burthen of the song among the body. For myself, I am resolved to be in earnest for the public, and shall be a *scarcrow of violence* to the gentle warblers of the grove, the moderate Whigs and temperate statesmen.'—vol. iii. p. 469.

And all this against men whom he had himself placed in office, and against measures of which the seeds had been sown during his own administration; and of which we may at least say, that, had he done his duty by the king and his colleagues, they would never have arisen to the lamentable urgency and importance which they had now attained.

In the midst of these domestic troubles arose the case of the Falkland Islands; and here again Lord Chatham, with more consistency but with even greater imprudence, would have added to all our growing difficulties a foreign war in a petty squabble on a doubtful right, and for a worthless object.

This affair, however, gave rise to an incident more honourable to Lord Chatham. Press warrants had been issued. Some city magistrates, in the general spirit of resistance to all authority which the Wilkite proceedings had generated, refused to back them. Lord Chatham's martial spirit would not brook this; he openly discountenanced the objection—advised the lord mayor against it, and even went so far as to talk, in a vivid oration in the House of Lords, 'of bringing the refractory Aldermen to the

bar of that House to answer for their disobedience.' This gave, it may be supposed, great offence; for the city really fancied itself above all control;—but Lord Chatham thought otherwise: 'The city, respectable as it is, deems of itself *as I do not*, if they imagine themselves exempt from question.' (vol. iv. p. 24.) The great ruler of the storm could, when he pleased, allay as well as excite. The city submitted at once—

'Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt'—

though it must be confessed that the idea of settling the legality of press-warrants and the duties of magistrates by calling the latter to the bar of the House of Lords was a high-prerogative road that, if any other man than Lord Chatham had ventured upon it, would have caused a much greater, and certainly much juster outcry than any of the proceedings in the case of Wilkes.

But all these affairs, which were in fact nothing but the squabbles of faction, were now thrown into the shade by a question of real and vital importance—the dispute with our American Colonies, whose discontents, after smouldering with occasional bursts of flame, ever since the Stamp Act, now broke out in a general, and, as it turned out, unquenchable conflagration. It would occupy our whole number to give even a summary of the proceedings of Lord Chatham in this great affair; in which, though he was, as on all exciting occasions, frequently carried away into contradictions, inconsistencies and even faction, yet on the whole his motives were honest—his councils wise, and the abilities with which he developed them transcendently admirable. It is in this part of his history that this great man seems to us to be greatest. A life of tortuous policy is not likely at its close to resolve itself into a course of straightforward simplicity—that was not to be expected from a veteran tactician like Lord Chatham. But his personal circumstances, as well as the real magnitude of the public interest at stake, appear to have given more candour and sincerity, and consequently more force and effect to his exertions on the American question, than, in our judgment at least, are visible in any former period of his life. It is here that we recognise the longest views of his sagacity, as well as the loftiest flights of his genius and his eloquence.

But let us not be misunderstood. We do not believe that if he had continued minister the calamity would have been averted—because it was his ministry that made the most important step towards the mischief; we do not believe that, if he had been re-

called to power after the discontents had exploded, he could have arranged the differences—because to the last, the very last, he stickled for an imperial and legislative sovereignty, which the colonists would and could have no more submitted to than to taxation. In fact, as we have before said, we see no solid reason for Lord Chatham's distinction between general legislation and that portion of legislation which includes taxation: indeed, on the contrary; there might seem more reason why the mother country should tax the colony to bear a *share* of the cost of the general defence of the empire, than why she should legislate on civil and administrative matters which concerned the colonists alone. The truth was, the Colonies had outgrown their tutelary institutions—the boy had become a man, and had an instinctive desire to assume the *toga virilis*: the first occasion that offered *happened* to be, as it generally is in the analogous cases of private life, a question of money—and Lord Chatham, whose sense of the justice of the American case was clearer than his view of the real question at issue, and who probably also hoped to preserve his popularity on both sides of the Atlantic—hit upon the *mezzo termine* of conceding to America the disputed point of taxation, while he vindicated for England a vague, a barren, and what must have been, at best, a nominal sovereignty.

It is impossible to judge, and therefore it were idle to speculate on what the result might have been of different premises; but although we believe that, if Lord Chatham had been in the place of Lord North, the final issue would have been the same, there seems every reason to suppose that if Lord Chatham's counsels had prevailed, the disruption might have been effected with less of immediate calamity, and less of subsequent animosity.

We need not—for they are familiar to everybody—and indeed we could not recapitulate all the solemn warnings, all the wise, eloquent, and enthusiastic appeals which, in the course of that long struggle, he addressed alternately to the hopes and fears, the feelings and interests of the mother country. Never had his parliamentary exertions been more active, more assiduous, or more applauded; and in proportion as they dismayed and distracted our councils at home, they excited courage, confidence, and ambition in the hearts of the Americans.

We confess that we are unable to reconcile the practical effect of Lord Chatham's speeches with his theory of British sovereignty, but the same facility in adopting

opposite opinions, and the same confident grandeur in maintaining them, which we have remarked all through Lord Chatham's life, attended him to its close. For several years his whole energies had been exerted in defence of the American cause, in all its vicissitudes and aspects; and at last, when that cause was on the eve of its final triumph, he came dying to the House of Lords to utter his last breath in a solemn protest against American independence, to which he, perhaps, of all mankind, except Washington alone, had the most contributed.

Before we arrive at the last solemn scene, there are two circumstances personally relating to Lord Chatham, and illustrative of his character, which must be noticed. In one of the debates on the conduct of the war, Lord Suffolk had said, in reply to an objection which had been made to the employment of the Indians, that 'we were justified in using all the means which God and nature had put into our hands.' In reply to this, Lord Chatham burst out into one of his finest strains:—

'I am astonished!' exclaimed he, 'shocked, to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country:—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. "That God and nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that *right reserved* bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of *this learned* bench to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution: I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord

frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.* In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds*, I say, of *savage war*! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these *savage hell-hounds* against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion: endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and this country from this sin.

My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.—vol. iv. pp. 458, 459.

Splendid oratory; but it was retorted on Lord Chatham—and his friend Lord Amherst was obliged reluctantly to confess—that the Indians *had been* employed in the Canadian war in Mr. Pitt's own administration. Lord Chatham attempted to make some distinction between the cases, which, however, did not altogether protect him from the recoil of his own eloquence.

The other circumstance was of a more private nature. Early in 1778 Lord Bute seems to have expressed among his private friends a strong sense of the public danger, and an opinion that the wisest course to be pursued was the calling Lord Chatham to the head of the government. This opinion was repeated by Sir James Wright (a friend of Lord Bute's) to Dr. Addington, Lord Chatham's physician. Dr. Addington understood it as a direct overture for something like a coalition between Lord Bute

and Lord Chatham, and so conveyed it to the latter. Lord Chatham dictated a civil and conciliatory reply, but stated that nothing but '*new councils and counsellors—a real change and not a palliation*—could prevent the public ruin.' This answer (as Dr. Addington reported) was coldly received by Sir James Wright, because the words '*real change*' seemed to point to the exclusion of Lord Bute from the new arrangements. Upon this Lord Chatham, in an angry and contemptuous note, directed Dr. Addington to break off all intercourse. In the meanwhile, Lord Chatham's first answer reached Lord Bute, who desired Sir James Wright to state, that '*observing by the expression "real change," that Lord Chatham seemed to imagine Lord Bute had some influence in the administration, he wished Lord Chatham to be informed that ill health and family distresses had accustomed him to a perfectly retired life, to which he hoped to adhere as long as he lived; that his long absence from all sort of public business, and the many years which had intervened since he saw the King, prevented his knowing more of public affairs than he gathered from general conversation and the newspapers. This total ignorance, notwithstanding his zeal for the country, love for the King, and very high opinion of Lord Chatham, put it out of his power to be of the least use in this dangerous emergency, but that from his heart he wished Lord Chatham every imaginable success in the restoration of the public welfare.*'

This affair gave rise, after Lord Chatham's death, to a controversy whether he or Lord Bute had commenced this negotiation. The truth seems to be, that the go-betweens had been over zealous, and had misconstrued Lord Bute's private wishes into a political overture. The only importance the matter now has is the unequivocal denial by Lord Bute of that secret influence which Lord Chatham so obstinately, and after this explanation so illiberally, persisted in imputing.

It has been surmised that the nice distinction on which Lord Chatham encouraged American resistance and opposed American independence was acceptable in the closet; and there cannot be, we think, much doubt that if he had lived a few weeks longer, he would have been invited to undertake the work of reconciliation on these principles. We ourselves consider the distinction as in itself visionary, and we are satisfied that even the great abilities and commanding influence of Lord Chatham would have found any such accommodation impracticable. But Heaven spared him, the anxiety of the at-

* Above thirty years before Lord Chesterfield made a similar allusion in a speech on the then war: '*he turned with a most rhetorical transition to the tapestry, and said with a sigh, that he feared that there were no historical looms at work now.*'—*Walpole to Montague, 13th July, 1745. Lett. ii. 48.*

tempt, and, as we believe, the mortification of a failure.

We are now arrived at the closing scene of this illustrious life. On the 7th April, 1778, the Duke of Richmond, hitherto the ally and supporter of all Lord Chatham's American policy, moved an address to the Crown, recapitulating in detail the expenses, losses, and misconduct of the war, entreating his Majesty to dismiss his ministers, and to withdraw his forces, by sea and land, from the revolted provinces. There was hardly a topic in this motion which Lord Chatham had not himself repeatedly urged; and it was, no doubt, so framed with a view to secure his concurrence; but he saw that it involved, though not in direct terms, the acknowledgment of American independence; and on the motion's being communicated to him the day before it was to be made, he apprised the Duke, 'with unspeakable concern, that the difference between them, on the point of the independence and sovereignty of America, was so very wide, that he despaired of bringing about any reasonable issue. He was still ill, but hoped to be in town to-morrow.' On that morrow he appeared in the House of Lords for the last time:—

'Lord Chatham came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose, and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes towards heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House." The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting: if any one had dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. . . .

'He rejoiced that he was yet alive to give his vote against so impolitic, so inglorious a measure as the acknowledgment of the independency of America; and declared he would much rather be in his grave than see the lustre of the British throne tarnished, the dignity of the empire disgraced, the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be, when the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain was given up.'

After speaking for some time with great enthusiasm he sat down exhausted, and the

Duke of Richmond rose to explain. While he was speaking, Lord Chatham listened to him with attention and composure, and, when his grace had ended, rose to reply; but his strength failed him, and he fell backwards in convulsions. He was immediately supported by the peers around him, and by his younger sons who happened to be present as spectators. He was conveyed first to the house of Mr. Sargent in Downing Street, and thence to Hayes, where he lingered for three days, and Monday the 11th of May terminated a glorious life by a death, it may be said, in the service of his country, and on the very field of battle.

That same evening—on the motion of Colonel Barré, formerly the bitterest of his enemies, but lately become a close ally—the House of Commons voted him a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey, a tribute in which men of all parties generously and cordially joined;—*ὁ γὰρ γίγας ἐστὶ θανόντων.*

We have so fully expressed, as we proceeded, our opinions on the several points of Lord Chatham's policy and the varying features of his character, that we have little more to add.

That he was the most powerful orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of this empire—that for nearly half a century, he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but 'the foremost man in all the world'—that he had an unparalleled grandeur and affluence of intellectual powers, softened and brightened by all the minor accomplishments—that his ambition was noble—his views instinctively elevated—his patriotism all but excessive—that in all the domestic relations of life he was exemplary and amiable—a fine scholar, a finished gentleman, a sincere Christian—one whom his private friends and servants loved as a good man, and all the world admired as a great one—these are the praises which his contemporaries awarded, and which posterity has, with little diminution, confirmed.

But, on the other hand, there were serious defects which decreased his splendour, impaired his authority, and rendered his great abilities rather glorious to himself than, for any practical purposes, beneficial to his country. These defects, though of course well known to the political circles in which he moved, and deplored and censured by the sober few, were so much in the fashion of the times, and were so glossed over by his own wonderful powers, as to excite comparatively little contemporaneous observation—but since his life has become history, and

been elucidated by contemporaneous letters and memoirs, they have appeared every day more and more flagrant: and the present publication—an honest publication we will say—has brought them out in still bolder prominence.

In the first place, it would not be easy to specify any positive advantage (except, perhaps, the possession—*valeat quantum*—of Canada) which the country has inherited from Lord Chatham. The very existence of so great a man is, no doubt, a national glory, and therefore a national good; and his indirect influence may have been highly useful. Can we calculate the extent to which his *lectures*, so to call them, may have educated and improved the public mind in both the science and the art of government? How many statesmen may his example have formed? How many improvements may his precepts have produced? How many errors and evils may his authority have repressed? But of direct, permanent, practical ameliorations of our social and political condition, few of our statesmen—even those who had not a thousandth part of his abilities—have, we believe, left such scanty traces.

Though so sagacious and so accomplished a mind could not be insensible to, and did in fact highly appreciate, the value of mental cultivation, social improvements, commercial enterprise, and all the fair and fruitful arts of peace, yet he did little for them. His genius and his voice—'quo non præstantior alter—*Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu*'—were still for *War*—a fearful lottery, in which one or two brilliant prizes are dearly purchased by the misery of individuals and the calamity of nations. We believe the world is by this time pretty well disposed to subscribe to Sir Samuel Romilly's opinion that the *glories*, as they are called, of Lord Chatham's administration, produced no solid advantage to his country' (Mem. II. 402):—and how short a space of his career was that epoch of doubtful glory!

As to his personal qualities, it must be admitted that his temper, naturally reserved and haughty, was, as he advanced in life, soured by disease and disappointment. *It is not good for man to be alone* in political, any more than in social life; but, he endeavoured to release himself from the obligations of political connection—affected to stand alone, and to guide himself by his individual lights, feelings and interests—he grew, at first, impatient of contradiction, and afterwards, of advice, and even of assistance—he used to shut himself up in the impenetrable solitude of an eastern despot, from which he emerged occasionally to dazzle the world with his

pomp and splendour. This isolation could not fail to produce singularity and selfishness, and to foster a dictatorial habit of mind very ill fitted for a minister under our constitution.

We have already mentioned with regret his indiscreet and offensive language towards George II., which had, we believe, the effect—more injurious to the interests of the country than even to his own—of keeping him out of efficient office at a time when he could have served the state with distinction, and his own mind might have been trained to habits of practical business, which he never afterwards attained. And we cannot, in truth and candour, designate his conduct towards George III. otherwise than as alike ungrateful and unconstitutional—unjust in its spirit, mischievous in its effect, and pernicious in its consequences.

He lived, too, at a time when public principle, as we now understand the term, was at a very low ebb amongst public men: and his practice brought it still lower. He thought too steadily of his own individual interests, and in pursuit of them was strangely versatile both as to persons and principles. We do not, as the world in general does, reckon *consistency* as one of the first virtues of public men. Sagacity to detect, and candour to avow one's own errors, we rate much higher; besides, all is not inconsistency that at first sight seems so—circumstances change, and to be consistent in principle a statesman may be forced to inconsistencies in practice. But the inconsistencies, or at least the majority of them, which are alleged against Lord Chatham, are not of this class. There is not, we believe, to be named any one of his various adversaries who did not successively become his political associate—nor any one of his various associates who was not, on some other turn of the wheel, his decided adversary. There is not, we believe, to be found any one considerable measure which he ever advocated that he did not at some other time oppose; nor any that he ever opposed which he did not at some other period advocate. Conscious of his vast superiority to all the politicians who surrounded him, he probably had sincerely persuaded himself that his being in place was a *sine quâ non* to the prosperity of the country, and he seems to have acted all through life as if he thought that all means were just and honourable which could lead to so desirable an end. There was some truth in that self-flattering idea. Endowed as he was with irrepressible ambition and irresistible talents, he must inevitably have either ruled or disordered the state; but the misfortune was, that an overweening self-confidence disinclined, and a haughty and capricious temper disabled

him from conciliating and associating in his designs the humbler but still necessary utilities of other men. He fancied he could make a political clock which should go by the mere force of the *main-spring*; without the help of cog-wheel, pendulum, or balance—the consequence was, that his system, whenever it was set a-going, ran itself out in a moment.

The sum of all seems to us to be, that the qualities of the orator were more transcendent than those of the statesman, and that his public character, when calmly considered, excites rather admiration than applause. The generosity of his sentiments did not always guide his practice; and the majestic stream of his declamations for the rights and liberties of mankind was always accompanied by eddies and under-currents of personal interest. He was too fine a genius for lower, and too selfish a politician for the higher duties of a minister—

Graced as he was with all the power of words—his talents were neither for conducting an office nor managing a party—he was neither *the sun to rule the day nor the moon to rule the night*—but a meteor which astonished and alarmed mankind by its supernatural splendour, but left the world, when it expired, in deeper darkness than before.

ART. VIII.—1. *Allgemeine Theorie des Erdmagnetismus. Resultate aus den Beobachtungen des Magnetischen Vereins im Jahre 1838.* Herausgegeben von C. F. Gauss und W. Weber. Leipzig, 1839.

2. *Intensitas Vis Magnetica Terrestris ad Mensuram absolutam revocata.* Auctore Carolo Fridérico Gauss. Göttingæ, 1838.

3. *Lettre de M. de Humboldt à S. A. R. Monsieur le Duc de Saxe, Président de la Société Royale de Londres, sur les moyens propres à perfectionner la connaissance du Magnétisme Terrestre par l'établissement des stations magnétiques et d'observations correspondantes.*

4. *Report of the Committee of Physics, including Meteorology, on the objects of Scientific Inquiry in those Sciences. Approved by the President and Council of the Royal Society.* London, 1840.

AMONG the great branches of science which the present generation has either seen to arise as of new creation, or to spring forward by a sudden and general impulse into a fresh and more luxuriant state of development, there is none more eminently practical in its bearings

and applications than that of Terrestrial Magnetism. It might naturally have been expected that the directness and importance of these applications would have secured to it, at all times, a more than ordinary share of attention, and at all events have preserved it from that state of torpor into which, during the latter years of the eighteenth century, it had begun to lapse; especially since the general subject of magnetism continued from time to time to receive large and valuable accessions both in the line of theory and experiment. But terrestrial magnetism is a science of *observation*, in contradistinction to one of *experiment*, and this character, along with some remarkable peculiarities which it possesses as such, sufficiently explain a neglect that might otherwise appear singular, and even in some degree blameworthy. No single observer, whatever be his zeal and industry—no series of observations, however long continued and exact, made at a single place, can add much to our knowledge of the highly intricate laws and relations which prevail in it. For this purpose the assemblage and comparison of observations, made in every region of the globe and extending over long periods of time, are requisite. In order to master so large a subject, multitude must be brought to contend with mass, combination and concert to predominate over extent and diffusion, and systematic registry and reduction to fix and realise the fugitive phenomena of the passing moment, and place them before the eye of reason in that orderly and methodical arrangement which brings spontaneously into notice both their correspondences and their differences.

For similar reasons the progress of all sciences which are properly and purely sciences of observation, such as astronomy, meteorology, &c., has necessarily been hitherto more slow, and interrupted by longer intervals of dormancy, than those in which appeal can be made to experiment. An experiment, if it lead to any new view or striking conclusion, may be instantly followed up, while the mind is excited and alert, by others adapted to its verification or extension; while, for corroborative observations or interesting conjunctures, we must wait—a condition especially adapted to blunt the keenness of inquiry and obscure the connections of thought. An experiment mistated or misinterpreted, may be repeated, rectified, and studied with better attention and success. An observation omitted leaves a blank which never can be filled;—inaccurately or erroneously stated, it poisons the stream of knowledge at its source, and exercises an influence the more baleful, as it tends, in proportion to its apparent importance, to

warp our theories, and thereby prevent or at least retard the detection of its faultiness.

Nor does the progress of such sciences suffer less from our ignorance of what is and what is not of primary importance in the natural development of phenomena—of what ought to be diligently recorded, and what may be allowed to pass without notice. Hence it happens that great masses of knowledge are daily perishing before our eyes without the possibility of recovery, because, in fact, our eyes are not open to them, and we have nothing to awaken our attention to their transient display. It is on this account that a theory is of so much more consequence, and forms in fact so much larger a part of our knowledge in these sciences of observation than in those conducted by the way of experiment. In the latter, facts are realities; they stand of themselves, may be reproduced, touched, and handled, and admit us, as it were, by appeal to our senses, into the most direct and intimate knowledge which we can attain of their efficient causes. To such substantial forms theories sit loosely, as an airy investiture, easily accommodating themselves to the changes of attitude and general growth of that body they adorn and symmetrise; while, to the incoherent particles of historical statement which make up the records of a science of observation, theories are as a framework which binds together what would otherwise have no unity. They give to a collection of fleeting impressions the power of presenting itself to our intellect as an existing whole. In these, then, it is perhaps not using too strong an expression to assert that the theory *is* the science. In it alone we must look for indications that we are on the safe track towards the detection of efficient causes—from it only we can receive hints to guide us in our choice both of things *to be* observed, and of the best and most available mode of making and recording our observations—and to it we must look for our only means of reproducing the past, and recovering the lost history of bygone time. It is when they first become capable of performing this office, that theories begin to assume their places as corner-stones in the temple of science—a building always altering, always enlarging, and combining in every age, in its several departments, every form of architecture from the rudest to the most refined that age admits.

In erecting the pinnacles of this temple, the intellect of man seems quite as incapable of proceeding without a scaffolding or circumscription foreign to their design, and destined only for temporary duration, as in the rearing of his material edifices. A philosophical theory does not shoot up like

the tall and spiry pine in graceful and unencumbered natural growth, but, like a column built by men, ascends amid extraneous apparatus and shapeless masses of materials; nor is that column in its fair and harmonious proportions more different in its aspect, when erect and complete, from what it was when so surrounded and overborne, than such a theory, presented to us in its simplicity, from the tentative, transient and empirical conceptions which have helped to its construction.

In the science of Physical Astronomy the scaffolding has been long stripped away, and its theory stands august and stately, with that air of nature which marks it as the intellectual shadowing forth of a sublime reality. In that of Terrestrial Magnetism, a science which is not without its analogous features, we are yet busied in building and pulling down, casting and recasting our design, piecing together our scaffolding, and securing our foundations for a far greater and more massive edifice than was at first contemplated. But already some portions have begun to assume a symmetry, and to convey to the experienced eye glimpses, if not of the plan and dimensions, at least of the general style and character of the future whole; glimpses, however, not obtained by viewing it from the lower ground of its first foundation, but by ascending to a higher level, and surveying it from the 'coign of vantage' afforded by the more advanced and rapid progress of its nearest related experimental science, Electro-dynamics, or from the commanding heights of Physical Astronomy, to which, as already remarked, it stands in no remote connection of analogy. To the former of these it owes its essential character and the direction of its leading lines, since it is there we are to look for the *vera causa* of the Newtonian philosophy. From the other it has already begun to borrow largely, in point of style and manner, in the adoption of its mode of treating the complicated problems which occur in the estimation of its resultant forces on the most general suppositions as to the distribution of the magnetic power through the substance and over the surface of the globe.

Regarded as a branch of that great assemblage of facts and theories which relate to the physical constitution of this our planet—the forces which bind together its mass, and animate it with activity—the structure of its surface—its adaptation for life—and the history of its past changes—the nature, movements, and infinitely varied affections of the air and ocean, and all which our continental neighbours understand by their term,

physique du globe—(a phrase of which our 'terrestrial physics' is rather a faint and inexpressive reflection)—the science of terrestrial magnetism occupies a large and highly interesting place. Its relations lie among those mysterious powers which seem to constitute the chief arcana of inanimate nature, and its phenomena form a singular exception to the character of stability and permanence which prevails in every other department of the general subject. The configuration of our globe—the distribution of temperature in its interior—the tides and currents of the ocean—the general course of winds and the affections of climate—whatever slow changes may be induced in them by those revolutions which Geology traces—yet remain for thousands of years appreciably constant. The monsoon, which favours or opposes the progress of the steamer along the Red Sea, is the same which wafted to and fro the ships of Solomon. Eternal snows occupy the same regions, and whiten the same mountains—and springs well forth at the same elevated temperature from the same sources now as in the earliest recorded history. But the magnetic state of our globe is one of swift and ceaseless change. A few years suffice to alter materially, and the lapse of half a century or a century to obliterate and completely remodel, the form and situation of those lines on its surface which geometers have supposed to be drawn in order to give a general and graphical view of the direction and intensity of the magnetic forces at any given epoch.

It is this feature which constitutes, in fact, the great and peculiar difficulty of the subject. Were the magnetic forces at every point of the earth's surface invariable, like the force of gravity, or nearly so, we should long ago have been in possession—and that without extraordinary effort—of complete, or nearly complete, magnetic charts. The report of every seaman and traveller would have added something permanent to our accumulating stock of knowledge, and truth would have emerged, even from inaccurate determinations, by the conflict and mutual destruction of opposite errors. As it is, the case is widely different. The changes are so rapid that it becomes necessary to assume epochs, which ought not to be more than ten years apart, to which every observation should be reduced. But to do this, it is requisite to know the rate of change for each locality; information we are so far from possessing that there are great regions of the globe over which we do not even know in what direction the change is taking place.

For want of this information, nothing

can be more disheartening than the mass of confusion and apparent error which, under the title of magnetic observations, comes to be *discussed* whenever some laborious and self-devoted inquirer girds himself to the task of comparison and reduction. The instruments with which all the earlier, and many modern, magnetic observations have been made, were of rude construction, or otherwise incapable of yielding much accuracy. The effect of unknown change has thus in innumerable cases become entangled with presumed instrumental error, so as to render it very difficult to decide whether or not to retain, and how, if retained, to employ the observations so made. Hitherto, however, when it has been possible to apply a correction for lapse of time, the result has been, generally speaking, favourable to the exactness of even very early magnetic determinations, at least on land; so that such early records, like the ancient eclipses in astronomy, become, as time flows on, of great importance and value, which will not fail to be felt hereafter, when theory shall find itself strong enough to leap the interval, and declare the magnetic state of the globe a century or two back. But all earlier observations at sea, or rather all up to a comparatively recent period, are vitiated by another source of error, arising from the iron of the ship, and that in a manner the more hopelessly irrecoverable, because the error so induced is not constant, but varies not only with every change of geographical situation, but with every alteration in the position with respect to the points of the compass in which the ship is lying at the moment of observation. Fortunately for magnetic science, this vexatious source of error, first detected by Captain Flinders, has been greatly alleviated, and in ordinary cases nearly destroyed, by Mr. Barlow's ingenious adaptation of a *compensating iron*, purposely placed near the compass so as to counteract, by an equal and opposite attraction, that of all the rest of the iron in the vessel. And even in what might at first appear the desperate case of a vessel *built entirely of iron*, the recent elaborate and admirably conducted inquiries of Mr. Airy have furnished the means of reducing to a mere trifle, or annihilating altogether, the complicated errors arising from two distinct sources of magnetism: the one transient, induced in the soft iron of the vessel by the earth's influence:—the other permanent, originating in the rolled and hardened plates and other masses deviating from the condition of pure soft iron, employed in its construction.

In neglect, or in spite of these difficulties,

the exigences of navigation have necessitated the construction, from time to time, of charts expressive of the variation of the compass, or the angle by which the needle *declines* from the true meridian at every point of the earth's surface; whence the term *declination* now used instead of *variation*. The first chart of this sort, based upon the idea of employing, for their construction, a series of curves drawn through the points of equal declination, (in itself a scientific invention of no mean order,) is due to Halley. It was constructed by him with infinite labour and research, by the collection of all such observations as that age had furnished. This chart, and the very remarkable papers by which its communication to the Royal Society was preceded, (in 1683 and 1692,) to say nothing of his own personal labours and devotion in his memorable voyages of magnetical discovery to St. Helena, must ever form a leading epoch in the science of terrestrial magnetism, and justly entitle him to be regarded as the father and founder of that science, considered as a body of knowledge bound together by laws and relations.

To him we owe the first appreciation of the real complexity of the subject, and the first attempt at a rational *coup-d'œil* of the whole in the announcement of a theory which, though rude and unabstracted in the form of its statement, and rendered thereby liable to obvious and fatal objections *in limine*, has at least the merit of affording a handle for exact reasoning and distinct comparison with facts; joined to that of giving a not unpalatable account (the postulates being granted) of several important features of the phenomena. Especially it is designed to account for the existence of not two only, but four points, or rather regions of apparent convergence of the magnetic needle, two in each hemisphere, and for the changes going on in every part of the globe, in the direction assumed by it with respect to the meridian, both which, the latter as an undeniable physical fact, the former as an unavoidable conclusion from the course of the variation lines in his chart, are broadly declared by him in these papers. It is wonderful indeed, and a striking proof of the penetration and sagacity of this extraordinary man, that, with his means of information, he should have been able to draw such conclusions, and to take so large and comprehensive a view of the subject as he appears to have done. The following passage in his paper of October 19, 1692, will be considered as having especial interest at the present time, when the spirit of inquiry is excited on the subject to a degree never before known, and when an expedition of magnetical ex-

ploration and discovery, forming part of by far the most extensive combined scientific operation the world ever witnessed, has recently left our shores.

'The nice determination of this and several other particulars in the magnetic system is reserved for a remote posterity. All that we can hope to do is to leave behind us observations that may be confided in, and to propose hypotheses which after ages may examine, amend, or refute. Only here I must take notice to recommend to all masters of ships, and all other lovers of natural truths, that they use their utmost diligence to make, or procure to be made, observations of these variations in all parts of the world, as well in the south as the north latitude (after the laudable manner of our East India commanders), and that they please to communicate them to the Royal Society in order to leave as complete a history as may be to those that are hereafter to compare all together, and to complete and perfect this abstruse theory.'

We may refer with complacency to such a passage from the pen of our illustrious countryman, himself a seaman,* at the moment that his brother officers of a later age, Ross and Crozier, on their adventurous voyage, and imbued with his own spirit, are engaged in realising his anticipations, 'making observations of these variations in all parts of the world,' and 'communicating them to the Royal Society.†' and in conjunction with the directors of our magnetic observatories, maintaining and perpetuating our national claim to the furtherance and perfecting of this magnificent department of physical inquiry.

The theory, or rather hypothesis of Halley, to which reference is made above—and which regards this our globe as a great piece of clockwork, sphere within sphere, by which the poles of an internal magnet are carried round in a cycle of determinate but unknown period—may be regarded, in respect of the secular variations of the magnetic phenomena, in the light of a specimen of that sort of scaffolding to which we have figuratively alluded. With such additional epicycles as the progress of magnetical discovery might necessitate from time to time, it might serve to represent several of the leading phenomena—much in the same way as the Ptolemaic orbs served to convey something more than a vague and general idea of the celestial movements. But even as the rude and cumbrous celestial mechanism of Hipparchus and his successors has tapered into the lofty and florid '*mécanique céleste*' of modern times, so the pursuit of those slow and intricate changes in the

* Halley held a captain's commission in the navy.

† Their observations up to the end of 1839 are already received.

magnetic elements of each particular terrestrial locality which presented themselves to Halley under the aspect of mechanical revolutions, begins to assume, in the eyes of modern theorists, under the influence of more general views as to the origin and distribution of the magnetic forces, the semblance of those ever varying and never overstepping, those inherently equipoised and self-bridled oscillations which, so far as we can see, afford the best expression of the planetary movements.

The variation chart of Halley had been hardly forty years completed when, by the effect of these secular changes, it had already become obsolete, and to satisfy the wants of navigation it became necessary to reconstruct it. This was performed by Messrs. Mountain and Dodson about the middle of the last century, and their labours are highly deserving of notice by reason of their having attempted to execute this task systematically for several equidistant epochs, viz., for 1711, 1722, 1733, 1744, by the aid of observations drawn from official and other records, which were furnished them in great abundance by the Commissioners of the Navy, and the East India, African, and Hudson's Bay Companies. Thus they expected to be enabled, by comparing the charts so obtained, to form a *predicted* chart for 1755; a bold and praiseworthy attempt, which, however, was baffled by the discordances offered by the observations before them, discordances owing doubtless to the causes above enumerated. They appear therefore to have given up this course in despair, and to have formed their final chart for 1756 in a way little calculated to inspire confidence, viz., by mixing together observations of different dates, and by the exercise of a pretty arbitrary discretion in accepting some and rejecting others.

In this unsatisfactory state, the subject of the magnetic variation appears to have remained until 1811, when on the occasion of a prize proposed by the Royal Danish Academy, M. Hansteen, whose attention had for many years been turned to the magnetic phenomena, undertook its re-examination, with a view to determine how far it might be possible to reconcile the observations accumulated up to that time with the supposition of two magnetic poles revolving round the pole of the world in indefinite periods, an opinion which had been defended by Euler, Churchman, and others—or whether, as Halley had asserted, four such poles were necessary—or, lastly, whether any such suppositions as to the revolutions of polar points be competent at all to represent the pheno-

mena. His work, '*Ueber den Magnetismus der Erde*,' published in 1819, is in every way most remarkable.

With indefatigable labour he has traced back the history of the subject, and filled up the interval from Halley's time, and even from an earlier epoch (1600), with charts constructed for that epoch, and a great many intermediate ones, up to 1800, so as to present before us in one view, as far as it can now be done, the succession of states or phases through which this element has been passing during the last two centuries. The result, apart from all theoretical considerations and ideas of poles, axes, &c., is most curious and instructive. The whole system of variation lines, with their intricate convolutions, loops, ovals, intersections and asymptotic branches, are seen to be sweeping westward—not however, as it were bodily, but each in its progress undergoing most singular modifications of form and flexure, and gliding by gradations, which it now becomes possible to trace, but which without such restorations would baffle every attempt of the imagination, through all varieties of conjugate oval, cusp, and node, in which the geometry of curves luxuriates. It would be interesting, but far beyond our limits, to show how beautifully this sort of moving magnetic panorama explains, or rather how easily it enables us to conceive, the puzzling facts presented by the history of the variation at particular spots:—by what a felicity of accident, for example, the whole mass of West India property has been saved from the bottomless pit of endless litigation by the invariability of the magnetic declination in Jamaica and the surrounding archipelago during the whole of the last century, all surveys of property there having been conducted solely by the compass (Robertson, *Phil. Trans.* 1806)—by what a curious *absorption* of a conjugate oval and transition to another system it has happened that the needle has passed, within the period of recorded observation in London and Paris, from 11° east of the true meridian to 24° west, having attained the former direction by a gradual movement eastward—there remaining a while stationary—thence receding with a westward movement to the direction last indicated, where it again became stationary about 1806 or 1807, and is now again on the move towards the east;—by which curious changes taking place immediately under their eyes, the secular variation of the magnetic elements has been forced on the attention of the philosophical world—and we might specify a multitude of interesting cases of the same nature.

Mr. Hansteen declares himself in favour

of four poles and no more, thus adopting so far the Halleian hypothesis. But he is obliged to complicate it with additional cycles, by declaring each pole to have a separate and independent movement and period—a modification which goes a great way towards divesting them of any attribute of physical reality. But on the other hand, Mr. Barlow, who, so recently as 1833, has published a variation chart, perhaps the most elaborate which has yet been produced, declares quite as strongly against them. 'I can see (says he, speaking of the variation lines in the Pacific Ocean) no possible position of four poles which can lead to such a configuration.' And again, in discussing their course in the Indian seas, he considers it 'equally inconsistent with the notion that all these phenomena are due to the action of four or more magnetic poles.' For this hypothesis he accordingly substitutes one more general, 'That there is no determinate pole to which all needles point, but that each place has its own particular pole and polar revolution, governed probably by some one general but unknown cause.' On this we have only to remark that it amounts to giving up altogether the hypothesis of 'poles,' and 'magnetic axes,' since there is no conceivable law of change in the magnetic lines to which a proposition so general will not apply. It declares, in effect, that the true law of these changes is still to seek—a position in which we fully agree. It is clear that the possibility or impossibility of representing the magnetic action of the globe on every point of its surface by that of two or more fixed points within it, must depend on the geometrical resultant of the sum of its molecular attractions and repulsions passing or not passing through an invariable attractive and another invariable repulsive point, or being equivalent to several others so passing, a condition in the abstract generally incapable of fulfilment, and in the highest degree improbable in any particular case. In effect, we may conceive the magnetic force of the earth on a boreal molecule at its surface, as being the difference of two forces whereof the austral, or attractive, is the total attraction of a solid of unknown form and density, but approaching to a sphere whose particles attract with a force identical in law with gravity; and the boreal, or repulsive is the total repulsion of a solid exactly similar and equal, whose molecules repel with equal forces, but of which each particle is removed from the corresponding particle of the attractive solid by an infinitesimal quantity, according to an unknown law of displacement. From this view of the matter (which strikes us as new and as offering some advantages), it follows

without any calculation, that the total magnetic action of the earth on a needle at a given place is equivalent to that of one infinitely small magnet of infinite power placed at a point not very remote from the centre. But it by no means follows (except in the single case of an *equal* and *parallel* separation of the opposite magnetisms in each molecule of a homogeneous sphere), but quite the reverse, that one and the same such magnet, or any finite combination of such, should possess this property for every point in the surface. We cannot help concluding, therefore, that it is lost labour to make further attempts to reconcile the phenomena with any hypotheses of this nature.

In considering the distribution of the earth's magnetic action over its surface, the variation lines have hitherto received by far the greater, and, theoretically speaking, an undue share of attention, by reason of their nautical importance. They have the disadvantage (as a graphical representation of phenomena) of offering nothing distinct to the imagination except their own unaccountable flexures—and rather tend to complicate than to aid conception of the play of forces in which they originate. It has been proposed to substitute for them a system of lines perpendicular at every point to the direction of the needle. This would be a great improvement, were it practicable to construct such lines from direct observation, which it unfortunately is not, by reason of a difficulty purely mathematical—our inability to integrate differential equations, whose variable co-efficients are only given by observation.

It is otherwise with what are called the isoclinical and isodynamic lines. Their course, graphically projected, speaks not only to the eye but immediately to the mind. It is only, however, within a comparatively short period that charts of their course have been constructed. The work of Mr. Hansteen exhibits the specimens of such charts, or fragments of them, for 1600, 1700, and 1780, which, so far as they can be depended on, (and he considers them entitled to considerable confidence,) confirm the general westward tendency of the magnetic system, though in a manner less striking than in the case of the variation or *isogonal* lines, by reason of their gentler flexures and more general parallelism to the equator of the globe.

The direction taken by the magnetic needle is determined by the two elements, its horizontal position, or declination from the meridian, and the dip or inclination. Complete charts of the dip and declination, therefore, did such exist, would afford complete knowledge of this direction over the globe.

But another important element remains, viz. the intensity of the total magnetic force, or of the power with which, when withdrawn from its position of equilibrium, it tends to revert to it. The discovery that this power is not equal in all parts of the globe, as a matter of observed fact, (for, theoretically, it may be said to have been always understood,) is of comparatively recent date. Major Sabine, to whom we are indebted for a report on this subject, (Seventh Report of the British Association,) remarks, that this important fact 'remained, at the commencement of this century, unattested by a single published observation,' while, such has been the diligence with which they have been since accumulated, that the charts with which that report is accompanied, representing the course of the isodynamic lines (lines of equal intensity) over both hemispheres, rest on no less than 753 distinct determinations at 670 stations, collected, arranged, and discussed, with a care, precision, and luminous order which it is difficult to estimate too highly. We consider this report, indeed, as one of the most finished things of the kind that have ever been produced, and as having accomplished, in the completest manner, the objects proposed by that association in calling for such reports, by so comprehending in one view the results of our knowledge and the amount of our ignorance, as to afford the greatest possible stimulus to further inquiry. It is, indeed, impossible to inspect these charts without perceiving that a new branch of magnetic science has been created, and here for the first time embodied. The observations on which they are grounded are, for the most part, those of Humboldt in his travels and voyages in Equinoctial America—of Hansteen and Due, in their journey through Siberia, in which they traversed the whole north of Europe and Asia, and carried their researches to the polar circle; and of Erman, who, with the same object, encircled the globe by a mixed land and sea voyage, setting out from Petersburg, embarking in Kamtschatka, and returning by the Cape. Major Sabine's personal contributions to the same stock, also, are both numerous and important, the scenes of his labours having the unique interest of having been chosen in the most inaccessible, the most desolate, and the most unhealthy regions upon earth—such as Spitzbergen, Melville Island, St. Thomas's, &c. The general result is, that the isodynamic lines appear to be arranged on the globe in forms which strongly remind us of the lemniscate curves exhibited by crystals exposed to polarised light, when referred to a sphere traversed in all directions through its centre by

the polarised rays—somewhat wanting in symmetry, it is true, but, especially as regards the two northern systems, of isodynamic ovals, very definitely marked out; while in the south, unequivocal traces, shadowing out the existence of two similar ovals, point to a distribution of magnetism in that hemisphere analogous to what obtains in the northern. Observations are yet wanting to determine whether this system of lines be in a similar state of secular progress westward over the globe, with those of the dip and variation, (though that such is the case can hardly be doubted,) and whether and what changes of form and mutual relation they undergo in its course.

The direction taken by a needle freely suspended, and the force by which it tends to settle in that position, being known on every accessible point of the earth's surface to a certain degree of approximation, the next step in the inductive process of discovery is to embody this knowledge in a law mathematically stated, and either derived from some rational theory of magnetic action, or at least shown to be not inconsistent with such a theory. In the remarkable work which we have selected as part of the subject matter of these pages, (*Allgemeine Theorie, &c.**) M. Gauss has succeeded in obtaining such a formula by a mixed process of theoretical investigation in general, and empirical adaptation in particular, which represents, in a most striking and unexpected manner indeed, the whole mass of these complicated phenomena, so far as they have been yet developed. Setting out with the most general suppositions as to the distribution of magnetism over the surface and through the substance of the earth, and assuming only that the magnetic force follows the same law of decrease with that of gravity, he applies the Laplacian method of representing the attraction of a spherical or spheroidal solid to the expression of the resultant magnetic force considered as resolved into three components, one perpendicular to the horizon at any point producing the dip, the other two in the horizontal plane. The whole investigation, after the examples of Laplace and Poisson, is made to turn upon the properties and development of that peculiar function which represents the sum of the active molecules, whether attractive or repulsive, each divided by its distance from the point attracted or repelled—a function which much wants a name, and for which we would venture to propose that of the 'integral proximity' of the attracting mass.

* This work will be found extremely well translated in Taylor's 'Scientific Memoirs.'

The differential co-efficients of this function express the resolved components of the total magnetic action; and the art of the analyst is shown in the elegant and masterly manner in which he succeeds in obtaining laws and relations susceptible of practical verification, without compromising the generality of this auxiliary function, and involving himself in the difficulties which would attend its expression in terms of any presumed law of distribution of magnetic power, such as, for instance, its concentration in poles, axes, &c. Some of these relations are propositions of considerable interest; as, for example, M. Gauss demonstrates that—whatever be the law of magnetic distribution—if there be any series of stations forming a polygon of inconsiderable dimensions compared with the area of the globe, the dip, horizontal direction, and intensity at each of these stations, must satisfy a certain very simple equation of condition, by which, if all but one of them be given, that one may be calculated—and taking the case of a triangle formed by Paris, Göttingen, and Milan, he finds the condition to be, in fact, exactly satisfied by the actual elements furnished by observation for those stations. Another of these propositions may be instanced as still more general and remarkable, viz., that the knowledge of the value of that particular component of the horizontal magnetic force only which acts in the direction of the meridian, supposing that knowledge complete, and to extend to every point of the earth's surface, would enable us to assign the nature of the function expressing the 'integral proximity,' and thence to deduce every other particular of terrestrial magnetism.

The development of this function, and thence of the three magnetic components depending on that function in terms of the latitude and longitude of the point acted on, without any compromise of its generality, is performed by the aid of those co-efficients introduced by Laplace in the analysis of the attraction of spheroids and the figure of the earth, which have been found to facilitate in so high a degree these difficult investigations. The *form* of these developments as functions of the sines and co-sines of arcs, arranged into successive orders by their powers and products, is thus generally assigned, but the special values of the co-efficients remain to be discovered; and this can only be done in two ways, viz., *à priori*, by a knowledge of the actual law of the distribution of magnetism in the earth, and the performance of the requisite integrations; or *à posteriori*, by comparing the developments of each component force with actual observation; and thus, by the usual aids

which analysis, assisted by the theory of probabilities, supplies in such cases, eliciting the numerical values of those co-efficients which suit the observations best. This method is familiar to geometers by the extensive application which has been made of it in the lunar theory, in which the forms of the equations, or, as they are termed, their arguments, being assigned by theory, the comparison of their series (with unknown co-efficients,) with an extensive series of observations, has been resorted to as a means of determining the values of those co-efficients, otherwise too complicated to be directly investigated. Such is the process followed in this case by M. Gauss, assisted, however, and stripped of the worst part of its otherwise almost insuperable labour and difficulty, by a choice of data in the highest degree ingenious and artificial—which is rendered possible by the possession of the charts above alluded to—and to which, as a fine example of the kind of power placed in the hands of geometers by the method of graphical representation in general, we are desirous to draw especial attention. It consists in comparing the series expressing the elements in question, not with their values, as actually assigned by observation at real stations, but with values 'graphically interpolated by the aid of the charts,' to correspond to a set of imaginary stations, so distributed over the globe as to afford the greatest possible facility to the calculations, and to break up the mass of unknown quantities, which in the general case would be hopelessly entangled one with another, into groups of easy management. Thus, in the case before us, M. Gauss distributes his stations over seven parallels of latitude, so as to divide each parallel into twelve equal parts.

It has been usual to consider such charts and graphical representations as mere helps to the imagination, or as rough registers, giving by inspection approximate values for ready practical use; but this we consider to be quite an under-estimate of their importance. We regard such projections, when carefully executed, not only in this, but in every other science in a similar stage of progress, as necessary instruments and adjuncts to the highest applications of theory—as the only means we possess, or ever can possess, of purifying great masses of observational data from the effects of local influence and personal casual error. They furnish, in short, and will, henceforward, as this their important office becomes better understood, every day more and more furnish that intermediate step between observation and theory which has long been

wanting to the perfection of both. They enable the theorist in particular to choose his ground above all individual place and circumstance, and to select his data, not where casualty or convenience shall have led the observer to collect them, but in pure accordance with the requirements of his geometry, and the simplification of his calculus. In consonance with this view of the subject, we anticipate the time when no computist will ever take the trouble to compare formulæ with single observations in their crude state, *for the purpose of determining elements*, such comparison being reserved for finally testing the validity of theories.

The charts used by M. Gauss for this purpose were, that of the dip published by Horner (*Physicalisches Wörterbuch*, b. 6), and those of the variation and intensity, by Barlow and Sabine already mentioned. We may be proud as Englishmen to have furnished two out of the three digested masses of data for this vast undertaking, especially as it is to the appearance of the last of these charts that M. Gauss expressly ascribes his having been induced to enter upon the formidable calculations it involves.

The success of this remarkable attempt we consider as signally encouraging. M. Gauss has himself compared his resulting formula with actual observation, at ninety-one of the best stations in every variety of latitude and longitude, and in all the particulars of dip, variation and intensity. In one instance only does the error in dip exceed 4° ; in only two does that of the variation amount to 5° ; while the intensity is represented throughout within an extremely minute fraction of the whole, with exception of two stations, Port Famine and Santa Cruz, where there is no doubt some error of observation.

This comparison becomes more interesting, and assumes almost the character of ocular evidence, when as is done in the report made by the Committee of the Royal Society now before us, charts constructed from the formulæ alone are placed side by side with those derived from observation. This comparison with his own variation chart constructed from observations made between 1827 and 1830 has been made by M. Erman, and accompanies a most interesting letter from him appended to the report in question; and a similar comparison with Mejer Sabine's chart of the total intensity is also annexed; and the resemblance in both cases between the type and the antitype is so close as to justify a conviction of our having at length made a real approach to a geometrical expression of the phenomena. In particular, the singular courses of the varia-

tion lines, in the Pacific and Indian seas, noticed by Mr. Barlow as so characteristic and unaccountable, are made perfectly intelligible as parts of a connected system which would be incomplete without them. The northern magnetic pole too, or point of perpendicular dip given by M. Gauss's formula, coincides, within little more than 200 miles, with its place actually observed, or at least closely approached, by Ross in 1832; while the European, African, and Atlantic lines exhibit a correspondence approaching to identity. Some small, but not unimportant, systematic deviations have been pointed out by M. Erman, which a resumption of the calculations with more dependable data will, no doubt, cause to disappear.

A feature we cannot help noticing in this work of M. Gauss is the uniform predominance of the philosopher over the mere geometer. From his well known eminence in the latter line, we might have expected undue prominence to be given to methods and artifices, and have looked for displays of formulæ ostentatiously spreading into luxuriance; but, on the contrary, the analysis is everywhere kept subordinate to the physical inquiry, and, though handled throughout with the skill and power of a consummate master, is nowhere suffered to appear as a primary object.

One incidental result of these investigations will appear very striking—astounding indeed to those whom habit has not familiarised with the enormous numbers which occur when the operations of nature are measured by man's diminutive units. It is the estimate of the total magnetic power or 'moment of magnetism' of the Earth, as compared with that of a saturated steel bar one pound in weight. This proportion M. Gauss calculates to be as 8,434,000,000,000.-000,000,000 to 1, which, supposing the magnetic force uniformly distributed, will be found to amount to about six such bars to every cubic yard.

Besides the secular changes in the magnetic forces which gradually carry the needle far from a fixed direction, according to laws at present unknown, but which at all events act with steadiness and regularity, observation has recognised two subordinate systems of fluctuation to which it is subject, the one periodical, the other, so far as we can see at present, quite capricious and irregular—in consequence of which the name of magnetic *perturbations* has been assigned to them, as if the needle were disturbed by some external influence of a transitory nature.

The periodical oscillations of the magnetic needle were first observed by Graham in 1722, and have since been studied with

much diligence and perseverance by several assiduous and careful observers, among whom our countryman Mr. Gilpin deserves especially to be noticed as having made these observations his constant occupation during the whole period from 1787 to 1806, and having for upwards of sixteen months kept an hourly register extending to twelve hours of every twenty-four, a process by which alone the true laws of such oscillations can be deduced. By these and similar observations by Canton, Wargentin, and Cassini, the existence of periodical movements, both diurnal and annual, has been established. The deficiency of nightly observations has since been supplied by Baron Von Humboldt, who, by investigating the particulars of the nocturnal progress of the oscillation, has completed the outline which Gilpin and others had begun, and enabled us to state with some degree of precision the nature and extent of these periodical changes. The horizontally suspended needle is found to make, each twenty-four hours, two eastward and two westward deviations from its mean position, those which occur in the day time being greater than those taking place in the night. It is curious to remark that this irregularity seems to extend to all similar cases of diurnal fluctuation. In that of the barometer it is a marked and striking feature; and in the case of the tides, a phenomenon holding a strong analogy to this, called the diurnal inequality, constitutes one of their most singular, and at present, mysterious characters. It is also observed that the extent of excursion differs in summer and winter, as does also the difference between the daily and nightly oscillations. Finally, when the mean places of the needle for each day of a whole year are cleared of the regularly progressive effect of the secular movement, a fluctuation having an annual period is disclosed. Similar periodic changes have of late been traced in the position of the dipping-needle, and there can be no doubt that the total intensity is also subject to periodical increase and diminution.

The periodical oscillations of the needle, then, form a regular and compact system, of which there can be little doubt that the cause is to be sought in superficial changes of temperature developing electric currents either in the crust of the earth or in the atmosphere. Be this as it may, their general nature and laws may be considered as tolerably well sketched out, though they still require much study in detail. It is otherwise with those irregular and sometimes almost convulsive movements of the needle which constitute the magnetic pertur-

bations, which have of late and deservedly attracted great attention by reason of some very extraordinary facts brought to light by their comparison at different and remote stations.

The illustrious Humboldt, to whom every department of science owes so much, and to whom the rare glory belongs of being the first to push onward in so many different lines, gave the forward impulse in this. During the course of those his most memorable voyages and travels in the equinoctial regions of America, in which, all eye, all ear, all thought, he seemed to have received on the expansive *retina* of his mind the picture of universal nature, and to have treasured up its images in the stores of a memory and an intellect worthy of such a prospect—the observation of the magnetic phenomena in all their particulars occupied a large portion of his attention. On his return to Europe, as he informs us in his letter to the Duke of Sussex, he conceived the project of examining the hourly changes of the variation, and the perturbations with which its progress of those changes appeared to be affected, on a scale and in a mode not before attempted, and with instruments of superior accuracy. Established in a large garden at Berlin, he observed at the solstices and equinoxes of 1806 and 1807 the changes in the direction of the horizontal needle every half hour during four, five, or six days, and the intervening nights. The immediate object of this undertaking was the establishment of the nocturnal portion of the daily oscillation already mentioned. But the delicacy of his instrumental means allowing him to appreciate the smallest changes, his attention was excited by the singular and apparently capricious march of the instrument, which appeared agitated by frequent and occasionally sudden and rapid movements, attributable to no accidental or mechanical cause. To these, regarding them as indications of a reaction propagated from the interior of the globe to its surface, he gave the name of *magnetic storms*, in analogy to the sudden changes of electric tension which take place in thunderstorms. In consequence of this discovery M. Von Humboldt conceived the project of procuring magnetic observations to be established to the east and west of Berlin with a view of tracing the limits and correspondence (if any) of these perturbations. Political events, however, frustrated this project; nor did the subject receive further elucidations till the year 1818, when it was ascertained by a comparison of simultaneous hourly observations by M. Arago at Paris, and M. Kupffer at Kasan, that on making

a proper allowance for the difference of longitudes of the stations (no less than 47 degrees) the observed perturbations *were in fact synchronous*. In other words, we are here presented with the surprising phenomenon of an unceasing series of natural signals or pulsations, which, whether propagated from regions deep within the globe, according to Humboldt's first idea, or transmitted down to us from without, as the later discoveries in electrical science seem to indicate, arrive at points of the surface separated from each other by an interval equal at least to the whole breadth of Europe at the same precise moments of time.

A discovery of this magnitude might have been expected to be instantly followed up, yet several years elapsed before any further step was made in this direction; nor was it until 1828-30 that the subject was resumed on a scale of such extent as to secure its successful prosecution. It is again to the indefatigable zeal and great personal influence of Von Humboldt that magnetic science is indebted for this fresh impulse. Taking advantage of his eminent position as a man of science, his free intercourse with persons of rank, power, and official station, and his immense correspondence, and availing himself especially of the opportunity afforded him by his mineralogical visit to Siberia in 1829, he succeeded in procuring the establishment of magnetic observatories not only at Petersburg and at Kasan, but also at Moscow, at Barnaoul, at Nertschinsk, and even at Pekin itself, where the Russian government has constantly supported, by 'celestial' permission, a Greek monastery. These establishments have ever since subsisted, and, as we shall presently see, form important elements in the great system of simultaneous magnetic observation now in progress. At Nicolajeff, also in the Crimea, in the mines of Freyberg in Saxony, at Sitka in Russian America; and even in Iceland, the establishment of magnetic stations was solicited and obtained.

The first fruits of this extensive combination appeared in 1830, in the form of a comparison of the hourly observations received from Nicolajeff, Petersburg, Kasan, Freyberg, and Berlin; and by these the synchronism of the magnetic perturbations at these distant localities was placed in full and striking evidence. A confirmation so remarkable of the observations of Arago and Kupffer excited general attention, and led to fresh researches, conducted on a system of maturer concert, and with instruments of far greater precision than had previously been regarded as attainable. As these researches not only embrace the perturbations, but cover

the whole ground of magnetic observation, it is necessary to be somewhat particular in our account of them.

It is to M. Gauss that we owe both the new instrumental means employed, the method of reducing their indications to a definite standard, and the establishment of a concerted system of simultaneous observation (having Göttingen for a centre of reference) performed at stated *terms* by observers provided with similar instruments, and dispersed over Europe. The results of the observations made by this 'Magnetic Association' at fourteen such terms, and sixteen stations, extending in latitude from Upsal in Sweden to Catania in Sicily, and in longitude from Petersburg to Dublin, during the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, have been arranged, graphically projected, and published by M. Gauss and his indefatigable coadjutor M. Weber, with a full description of the instruments or magnetometers employed, and a complete detail of every particular of their use, in a work entitled, '*Resultate aus den Beobachtungen der Magnetischen Vereins.*' In this system of observation, the perturbations of the horizontal needle (if a bar of steel weighing from four to twenty-five pounds can be called by so familiar a diminutive) are observed both in respect of direction and intensity, not merely at hourly intervals, but at every fifth minute—it having been found that, in proportion as the intervals are narrowed, the coincidence of the projected curves becomes more striking, owing to the great number of momentary fluctuations which escape notice in the longer intervals. Of such coincidence, every sheet of the projections in the work referred to offers one continuous example. Indeed, so numerous in this improved procedure are the opportunities afforded for fixing on sudden and remarkable movements of the bars, that there would seem to be no difficulty in determining from them, as from any other simultaneously observed signals, the difference of longitudes of the stations.

Other distinguishing features of this method are—1st, the employment of none but telescopic means of measuring the excursions of the bars, the observer never approaching them with his person; 2dly, the maintenance of the bars in a state of continual vibration, owing to their suspension on silk threads, the limits of their excursions and the instants of their attaining those limits being the sole objects of observation; 3dly, the superaddition of a very ingeniously devised *statical* method of ascertaining the horizontal intensity to the usual dynamical method of observing the time of a given number of vibrations made by the suspended

bar. The principle consists in determining the amount of torsion of two parallel fibres separated by a given interval, used to suspend the bar, which shall suffice to retain it at right angles to the magnetic meridian. The momentary changes of intensity are measured, not by continual fresh adjustments of the torsion, but by noting the limits of excursion of the bar in its vibrations on either side of its original situation. The instrument destined for this purpose is called by M. Gauss the *bifilar magnetometer*.*

The last and not the least important distinguishing feature in M. Gauss's system of observation is the adoption of a process by which the intensities concluded from either the statical or dynamical measurement are freed from the perplexing source of error occasioned by loss of magnetism in the bars employed, and referred to a standard unit verifiable under all circumstances. His work entitled '*Intensitas vis magneticæ, &c.*' is devoted to this object, but as the principle of the method—though embraced in formulæ and exemplified in numbers, in that work—is yet nowhere very clearly stated in words, it may not be amiss to explain it. It consists, first, in vibrating a magnet horizontally suspended in the usual manner. By this operation the *product* of the earth's directive force by the magnetic virtue of the bar is obtained. The same bar, in a position at right angles to the magnetic meridian, is then successively presented at given measured distances from the centre of another suspended bar or compass-needle, which it thereby deflects from its position of rest, according to known laws. The angular amount of this deflection at each distance being observed gives the *ratio* of the two

forces in question, and their product and ratio being thus both known, the forces themselves are determined.

One element, however, is left unprovided for in these arrangements of M. Gauss, viz. the measurement of the vertical component of the magnetic force and its momentary changes, without knowing which, it is impossible to conclude anything as to the real nature, amount, and direction of the perturbative forces. The absolute dip, indeed, may be obtained with much precision, by means well known, but the mode of suspension in ordinary dipping-needles is quite inadequate, in point of freedom and delicacy, to place in evidence, far less to measure, the momentary changes of this element. This important desideratum, the only thing wanting to complete our means of observation, has been recently supplied by Professor Lloyd, by the construction of an elegant apparatus termed by him a '*Vertical force magnetometer*.' It is a species of magnetic balance, in which a needle, or magnetized bar, placed in the magnetic meridian, is coerced by the action of small weights moved by screws from its natural direction to a horizontal one. This condition renders it possible to rest it, by knife-edges invariably fixed in and forming a part of it, on planes of agate, and thus to secure for it in all geographical situations the same delicacy, sensibility, and freedom of motion which belong to the ordinary weighing balance. Thus coerced, adjusted, and counterpoised, whatever movements take place in it are referable directly to changes in the amount of the vertical magnetic force which opposes, and in its mean situation neutralizes the action of the weights, and, being read off by microscopes and subjected to calculation, afford a measure of the amount of those changes. Mr. Lloyd, we understand, considers that, by the aid of this instrument, a chance to the extent of $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the total magnetic intensity may be detected.

To Professor Lloyd we also stand indebted for the geometrical determination of the conditions of situation under which the instruments or magnetometers destined for observing the three essential elements can co-exist in one apartment of moderate dimensions without disturbing each other's indications—a consideration of the last importance to the further extension of this system of observation, as diminishing, in a most material degree, the cost of erecting a magnetical observatory, and the amount of personal assistance necessary for carrying on the observations. The simple and convenient practical conclusions to which his analysis has led him on this point are given in a pa-

* The essential principles of this method—viz. 1st. The employment of a suspended needle forcibly distorted to a right angle with the meridian; and, 2dly, the measurement of changes in the directive forces by the fluctuations in its newly-assumed position of equilibrium under such distortion—are of much earlier date, having both been employed by Mr. Christie in his elaborate Memoirs published in the Phil. Trans. for 1823 and 1825, papers which have attracted far less attention than their great merit deserves, and which mark a decided epoch in the history of modern refinements in magnetic observation. Mr. Christie used magnets to deflect his needle; but the application of the torsion balance, undoubtedly a most essential improvement as a means of measuring the directive force, is expressly suggested by him.—Ph. Tr., 1825, p. 23.—M. Gauss had also been preceded in the ingenious idea of the application of a reflector to his suspended magnet which plays so important a part in his apparatus—at least we know that the idea occurred many years before to Mr. Babbage, though whether applied by him to practice, or even announced otherwise than verbally, we are unable to state.

per recently communicated by him to the Royal Irish Academy, to which we must refer.

The effect of these improvements has been to give to magnetic determinations, at least on terra firma, the precision of astronomical observation; while at sea, the limits of obtainable accuracy, in any moderate weather, have been greatly enlarged by the use of an apparatus recently invented by Mr. R. Were Fox, which also serves to measure the intensity. Armed with such instruments, and in possession of a theory which has proved competent to represent with fidelity all the principal and many subordinate features of the phenomena, even in the present imperfect state of the data—(which, in fact, it reproduces nearly as well as the observations from which they were obtained would probably do could they be repeated)—it is clearly impossible longer to rest content with loose or inaccurate determinations, or to sit down in patient expectation that casual visits of travellers or voyagers shall fill in the great *lacunæ* which still subsist in our charts. Voyages and travels especially destined to this object must be undertaken—particular districts traversed and retraversed—stations not only visited but resided in. In a word, the time is evidently arrived for a powerful and united effort, on the part not of individuals but of nations, to place on record the actual state of those data, on a scale and with an exactness worthy of the subject, and so to render the present epoch a secure point of departure for future ages. Such an effort is now in course of being made, and it will be our object in the remainder of this article to explain the immediate circumstances which have led to it—the nature, aim, and extent of the operations themselves—the leading part which our own country has taken in them—and the general views which ought to guide, and which we conceive to have guided, its promoters in recommending and urging its adoption on their respective governments as a matter of national concern.

The extension of the system of simultaneous observation, ever a favourite object of its original projector, Von Humboldt was made by him, in April, 1836, the subject of a distinct appeal to the Royal Society, in his Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex (then President of that venerable body). In this letter, which contained a brief but lively statement of the history of the magnetic perturbation (from which we have borrowed freely in what precedes)—of the progress made and making in the magnetic survey of the globe—and of the chief desiderata of the science as it then stood

—he urges the establishment of regular magnetic stations in the British possessions in Canada, Australia, the Cape, and between the tropics, not only for the observation of the momentary perturbations of the needle, but also for that of its periodical and secular movements. Assuredly no nation was ever so favourably situated for such a purpose, nor so strongly called on as a maritime and commercial country for co-operation in a cause directly connected with nautical objects. Nor did this appeal fall on deaf ears. The subject was readily taken up by the Royal Society, and an application to government for a grant of money for the purchase of instruments, as readily listened to. The organization, however, of a plan of operations adequate to the ends proposed proved no light or easy matter; nor were the funds thus placed at their disposal by any means sufficient to carry out a large and well-arranged scheme. Delays, in consequence, intervened, most fortunate in their event, as giving time for the mature consideration of the subject, and the just appreciation of its magnitude and practical difficulties. While thus in abeyance, a movement from another quarter gave a decisive turn to the whole project, by striking at once an outline so full and sweeping as to meet all the exigencies of the case.

This outline is contained in a series of resolutions adopted by the British Association for the Advancement of Science at their meeting at Newcastle in 1838; and, exhibiting as these resolutions do, a clear view of the general nature and objects of the operations contemplated and now in progress, we cannot do better than extract them from the most authentic reports of that meeting which have hitherto appeared:—

‘Resolved, 1. That the British Association views with high interest the system of simultaneous magnetic observations which have been for some time carrying on in Germany and various parts of Europe, and the important results to which they have already led: and that they consider it highly desirable that similar series of observations regularly continued in correspondence with and in extension of these should be instituted in various parts of the British dominions.

‘2. That this Association considers the following localities as particularly important:—Canada, Ceylon, St. Helena, Van Diemen’s Land, and Mauritius, or the Cape of Good Hope; and that they are willing to supply instruments for their use.

‘3. That in these series of observations the three elements of horizontal direction, dip, and intensity, or their theoretical equivalents, be insisted on, as also their hourly changes, and, on appointed days, their momentary fluctuations.

‘4. That the Association considers it highly important that the deficiency yet existing in our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism in the southern hemisphere should be supplied by observations of the magnetic direction and intensity, especially in

the high southern latitudes between the meridians of New Holland and Cape Horn; and they desire strongly to recommend to her Majesty's government the appointment of a naval expedition expressly directed to that object.

'5. That in the event of such expedition being undertaken, it would be desirable that the officers charged with its conduct should prosecute both branches of the observation alluded to in Resolution 3, so far as circumstances will permit.

'6. That it would be most desirable that the observations so performed, both at the fixed stations and in the course of the expedition, should be communicated to Professor Lloyd.

'7. That Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Peacock, and Professor Lloyd be appointed a committee to represent to government these recommendations.

'8. That the same gentlemen be empowered to act as a committee, with power to add to their number, for the purpose of drawing up plans of scientific co-operation, &c., relating to the subject, and reporting to the Association.

'9. That the sum of £400 be placed at the disposal of the above-named committee for the above-mentioned purposes.'

In consequence of these resolutions, a memorial was addressed to Government by the Committee named in them, embodying the chief arguments for taking up the cause as a national concern, and specifying more particularly the objects proposed to be accomplished, and the means of accomplishing them. In this document the memorialists state that—

'In urging the subject on the attention of Her Majesty's Government, they wish to be understood as fully recognizing the principle of not resorting to national assistance—except where the object aimed at is of national importance; where private zeal and private means are already in full activity, and exerted to the utmost; and where other nations have set an example which may justly arouse our emulation. In this case too,' they add, 'where no private enterprise can accomplish the end proposed.'

That the full exertion of private effort is a fair criterion of the degree of importance attached in the estimation of the scientific world to any given branch of such pursuits, and one without which it would be quite unreasonable to look for public support in its favour, is, we think, evident enough. But that in the pursuit of great and worthy objects we are coldly to hold back, and wait till foreign nations shall have led the way and roused us by their example, is a doctrine which, as Englishmen, we must repudiate, and which, if acted on by all, would annihilate the principle of national support altogether. And in the case before us, we hold it by no means creditable to have allowed other nations, and Russia in particular, to precede us to the extent to which it must be evident, on a perusal of the foregoing pages, they have done. But let that pass, since a better era is arrived.

'Great physical theories,' they go on to observe, 'with their trains of practical consequences, are pre-eminently national objects, whether for glory or utility.' In effect such they ought to be considered by every nation calling itself civilized; and if we look to consequences, we have only to point to the history of science in all its branches, to show that every great accession to theoretical knowledge has uniformly been followed by a *new practice*, and by the abandonment of ancient methods as comparatively *inefficient and uneconomical*. This consideration alone we think sufficient to justify, even on utilitarian grounds, a large and liberal devotion of the public means to setting on foot undertakings, and maintaining establishments, in which the investigation of physical laws and the determination of exact data should be the avowed and primary object, and practical application the secondary, incidental, and collateral one. The example of astronomy, on which, as a theoretical science, the sunshine of public support has been hitherto almost exclusively concentrated, may teach us to what extent these collateral benefits conferred on society by such support may go. The perfection of nautical practice, and the establishment of a complete theory, are indeed great social and intellectual results. But we owe more than these to the public recognition of its claims to national support, in the universal impulse given thereby to every other branch of exact inquiry—in the erection everywhere of a higher standard of a physical investigation—and in a precision of every determination rendered practicable, and therefore practically insisted upon, which would never else have been dreamed of as attainable.

That the time is now fairly arrived when other great branches of physical knowledge must be considered as entitled to share in that public support and encouragement which has hitherto fallen to the lot of astronomy alone will, we think, be granted without hesitation by all who duly consider the present state and prospects of science. The great problems which offer themselves on all hands for solution, problems which the wants of the age force upon us as practically interesting, and with which its intellect feels itself competent to deal, are far more complex in their conditions, and depend on data which to be of use must be accumulated in far greater masses, collected over an infinitely wider field, and worked upon with a greater and more systematized power, than has sufficed for the necessities of astronomy. The collecting, arranging, and duly combining these data are operations which, to be carried out to the extent

of the requirements of modern science, lie utterly beyond the reach of all private industry, means, or enterprise. Our demands are not merely for a slight and casual sprinkling to refresh and invigorate an ornamental or luxurious product, but for a copious, steady, and well-directed stream, to call forth from a soil ready to yield it an ample, healthful, and remunerating harvest. We may wait, it is true, and consign to centuries to come, the toils, the glories, and the hopes of science, or we may rely on an easy effort distributed over length of years for the accomplishment of much that vigorous exertion might now effect; but we should recollect the admonition of the poet—

‘Nimm die Zögernde zum Rath,
Nicht zum Werkzeug deiner That.’

The feeling of the astronomer, labouring under the weight of his vast cycles, patiently watching the slow evolutions of cosmical events, and breathing forth his aspirations after a perfection which he perceives to be attainable in that tone of protracted hope which borders on resignation, has somewhat too much pervaded other sciences. There are secrets of nature we would fain see revealed while we yet live in the flesh—resources hidden in her fertile bosom for the well-being of man upon earth—we would fain see opened up for the use of the generation to which we belong. But if we would be enlightened by the one or benefited by the other, we must *lay on power*, both moral and physical, without grudging and without stint.

The presentation of this memorial was backed not only by the personal arguments and representations of its framers, but by similar and even more urgent representations on the part of the President and Council of the Royal Society, who, on this occasion, in a manner most honourable to themselves, and casting behind them every feeling but an earnest desire to render available to science the ancient and established credit of their institution, threw themselves unreservedly, and with their whole weight, into the scale, with immediate and decisive effect. The strong interest taken in the cause by their present President, the Marquis of Northampton, on all occasions a warm and zealous friend to science, contributed without doubt not a little to this result.

Science is of no party. Under the government whether of Whig or Tory, she has often had to complain of the difficulty of making herself heard in recommendation of her objects; but those objects, once recognised by a British government, are taken up in a spirit and with a liberality which ensures success, if success be possible. In the

present instance this has been eminently the case. Every point suggested in the above-cited resolutions has been ordered to be carried out into full execution, and every observation recommended provided for in the most ample manner. Ships, buildings, instruments, and, what is of infinitely the most importance, officers and observers selected with care and imbued with the full spirit of their work, have been provided and appointed; while, so far from the general intention being thwarted by lukewarmness or negligence in the execution, every department of the public service concerned in it, or to which it became necessary to apply in the arrangement of details, responded with alacrity to the call.

Of the four observatories recommended, three, viz. those at St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and in Canada, are placed under the direction of the Master-General of the Ordnance, Sir H. Vivian, by whom the necessary orders for their equipment were issued, and every disposition made for their establishment on a footing of complete efficiency, with a promptness indicating no small interest in the success of the undertaking. At the same time, Lieuts. J. H. Lefroy, J. Eardley Wilmot, and C. J. Riddell, of the Royal Corps of Artillery, young officers full of zeal and intelligence, were appointed as directors of those respective observatories, and directed to communicate with Major Sabine, R.A., as their immediate military superior. To each observatory are attached three assistants, with a view to the continuance of the observations through the twenty-four hours. Shortly after their appointment, these officers proceeded to Dublin to receive the necessary instructions in the manipulations of the instruments and practice of the new system of observation from Professor Lloyd, who has volunteered the performance of that highly important duty on this and on every subsequent occasion, sparing neither time nor pains in its performance.

The fourth observatory (at Van Dieman's Land) will be conducted by an officer (Lieut. J. H. Kay, R.N.), to be landed with a similar complement of assistants from one of the vessels destined for the antarctic voyage, which also carries out the observers and instruments for the Saint Helena and Cape stations.

One immediate effect of this hearty adoption of the project by the British Government, was to call into action the no less hearty and effectual co-operation of the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company. That great and powerful body, on every occasion where scientific

objects have come recommended to them from quarters which may be held a guarantee for their importance and utility, have shown themselves liberal, even to profusion, in their support—and in this instance, when applied to by the Royal Society to that effect, not a moment was lost by them in complying with the wish expressed by that learned body for the establishment of three (afterwards increased to four) magnetic observatories in their dominions and dependencies, similar and similarly equipped in every respect to those established by Government, and destined to a strictly simultaneous and corresponding course of observations. The stations thus ultimately fixed on are Madras—Semla, at an elevation of nearly 8000 feet in the Himalayas—Singapore, as the farthest attainable eastern point—and Aden on the Red Sea, as a point highly important in itself from its position with respect to the magnetic equator which passes nearly through it, as well as from its constituting a link in a chain of stations of high interest, extending in longitude from St. Helena to Singapore.

A basis so extensive, thus afforded for a great combined system of corresponding observation, by which the magnetic state of the whole globe at the present epoch should be, as it were, struck off at a blow, and placed on record for ever, not only justified but demanded that every exertion should be made to procure the co-operation of foreign countries on a regular and concerted plan. In performance of this duty, the Royal Society again bestirred itself by circulars addressed to the various scientific bodies and individuals in its correspondence, by representations to official authorities abroad, and, where it could be done without a breach of etiquette, to personages in the highest station; and in order that the plan of operations should be so arranged as to consult as far as possible the convenience of Russian and German observers, Professor Lloyd, accompanied by Major Sabine, at the request of the Society, visited Göttingen and Berlin, where being met by M. Kupffer, the director of the Russian magnetic observatories (who for that purpose had undertaken a journey from Petersburg,) in personal conference with that eminent and zealous observer, and with Messrs. Von Humboldt, Erman, and Gauss, they were enabled to agree on a scheme of co-operation, which, being subsequently matured by communication with other of the chief European observers, has ultimately been adopted by general consent.

The success of these measures to secure an extensive co-operation may be collected

from the following summary of stations at which it is now certain that magnetic observatories co-operating for the most part to the full extent, but at all events so far as the *personnel* of the establishment will allow, in the proposed plan, and furnished with instruments identical with, or equivalent to, those supplied to the British observatories, are either already established or in immediate course of being so, the instruments being ordered and the observers appointed.

British Stations.—1. Dublin (Professor Lloyd); 2. Toronto* (Lieut. Riddell, R.A.); 3. St. Helena† (Lieut. Lefroy, R.A.); 4. Cape of Good Hope (Lieut. J. Eardley Wilmot, R.A.); 5. Van Dieman's Land (Lieut. J. H. Kay, R.N.); 6. Madras‡ (Lieut. Ludlow); 7. Semla (Captain Boileau); 8. Singapore§ (Lieut. Elliot); 9. Aden (Lieut. Yule); in addition to which, each ship of the naval expedition, under command of Captain Ross, is provided with a corresponding set of apparatus, to be erected and used in concert wherever opportunity may offer (10, 11).

Russian.—12. Boulowa; 13. Helsingfors (M. Nervander); 14. Petersburg (M. Kupffer, General Superintendent); 15. Sitka; 16. Catherinenburg; 17. Kasan; 18. Barnaul; 19. Nertschinsk; 20. Nicolajeff (M. Knorre); 21. Tiflis; 22. Pekin.||

Austrian.—23. Prague (M. Kreil); 24. Milan (Sig. Della Vedova?).

United States.—25. Philadelphia (Professor Bache); 26. Cambridge (Professors Lovering and Bond).

French.—27. Algiers (M. Aimé).

Prussian.—28. Breslau¶ (M. Boguslawski).

Bavarian.—29. Munich (M. Lamont, Director of the R. Observatory).

Belgian.—30. Brussels (M. Quetelet, Director of the R. Observatory).

Egyptian.—31. Cairo (M. Lambert).

Hindoo.—32. Travandrum (Mr. Caldecott, Astronomer to the Rajah of Travancore).

There is every reason to expect that this list will be largely increased within the present year. Indeed six or seven more stations might already be inserted from

* Substituted for Montreal, originally proposed. This observatory is already in activity, and observations have been received from it.

† Already in activity.

‡ Substituted for Ceylon, originally proposed.

§ Substituted for Bombay, originally proposed.

|| From Pekin a complete series cannot be expected; but, so far as practicable, the observatory there [already in activity] will co-operate.

¶ This observatory is supplied with British instruments.

our knowledge of communications in progress.

The great development of the Russian system is partly owing to the continuance in activity of the observatories established at the instance of Baron Von Humboldt; partly to the indefatigable zeal and activity of M. Kupffer, on whom their general direction devolves—seconded by representations from England. The occurrence of an Egyptian observatory, established by the extraordinary man who now rules the destinies of that country—and of a Hindoo one maintained by the liberality of a native prince, and placed under the direction of an English observer, who has already rendered excellent service to magnetic science—are scientific novelties, which will be viewed with interest, as we believe them to be the first instances of potentates whom European pride regards as semi-barbarous, placing themselves so far within the pale of civilisation as to co-operate in any scientific proposition.

In casting our eyes over this list we perceive the whole continent of South America unrepresented, though abounding in stations of great interest. We could have wished also to see Otaheite included in the list of primary stations; for, though aware that measures have been taken to secure *some* observations there, yet its importance well merits for it this distinction. May we not hope that the omission will (before it is too late) be supplied by the missionaries, in whose hands the entire direction of the government and resources of that island may be considered as placed. We know not a point on the surface of the globe so interestingly situated for a physical observatory, or at which, independent of its magnetic interest, the tides, the winds, the barometric oscillations, the habitudes of earth, air, and ocean, all present themselves under aspects so peculiar and so highly deserving to be diligently noted and recorded.

We must now give some account, though necessarily a very succinct one, of the scheme of observations agreed on, which we are enabled to do by the ample and elaborate report of the Committee of Physics of the Royal Society, drawn up on this occasion and forwarded to each station, in which (traced, as we understand, by the able pen of Professor Lloyd) every detail of the construction, adjustment, and use of the magnetometers is clearly explained.

The magnetic apparatus with which each station will be provided consists of three magnetometers—one for the measurement of the declination and its changes, and the dynamical measure of the horizontal intensity;

one on the bifilar construction, for the statical measure of this latter element, and its momentary changes (which cannot be obtained by the dynamical process); and one for the measure of the vertical force and its changes on Professor Lloyd's principle; together with a dipping-needle of the best construction, and such astronomical apparatus as is required for ascertaining the time and the true meridian, referring to it the indications of the magnetometers. To these have been also added in each case a most complete and perfect set of meteorological instruments, carefully compared with the standards in possession of the Royal Society, not only for the purpose of affording the necessary corrections of the magnetic observations, but also with a view to obtaining at each station, at very little additional cost and trouble, a complete series of meteorological observations.

Each day is, in the first place, supposed to be divided into twelve equal portions, of two hours each, commencing at all the stations at the same instant of absolute time, which may be called the magnetic hours, viz., 0h. 0m. 0s., 2h. 0m. 0s., 3h., &c., of mean time at Göttingen, without any regard to the apparent times of day at the stations themselves, which will, of course, differ by their differences of longitude, so that the first magnetic hour, which at Göttingen commences at noon, will, at Dublin for instance (1h. 5m. 8s. west of Göttingen), commence at 10h. 54m. 52s. A.M.; at Madras (4h. 41m. 42s. east of it) at 4h. 41m. 42s. P.M.

At the commencement of every magnetic hour throughout the day and night, of every day, (Sundays excepted,) the magnetometers are observed, and the meteorological instruments read off. To multiply opportunities for observing remarkable coincidences, the observation at 2 h. P. M. Göttingen M. T. is, in all cases, a triple one, the magnetic readings being thrice repeated in a given order, at intervals of five minutes.

The Göttingen terms, commencing on the Friday preceding the last Saturday in February, May, August, and November, at 10 h. P. M., (Gött. M. T.) and continued at intervals of two minutes and a half, according to a settled order of the instruments, through the subsequent twenty-four hours, will be observed at all the stations; and, moreover, eight additional terms are introduced, viz., on the Wednesday preceding the 21st of each remaining month, commencing at the same hour, and extending to the same series as the other terms.

In this scheme of observation it is easy to see that all the great *quantities* of magnetic

science, so far as they can be at *fixed* stations, are provided for. The continuance of the series for a period of three years, which is contemplated, will afford, by the comparison of mean results, and when the extreme accuracy attainable is considered, abundant data for settling the direction and present amount of the secular variations of the magnetic elements at each station. The subdivision of the entire twenty-four hours into twelve equal portions will furnish more complete and ample data for the evolution of the arguments and co-efficients of every periodical equation; while the simultaneous nature of all the observations, and especially of those of the term days and triplets, cannot but lead us to a knowledge of the nature, laws, and intimate dependencies of the perturbations—with their connection with meteorological processes, and especially with those which are concerned in the production of the aurora borealis.

Printed forms of registry, drawn up with uncommon care by Captain Boileau, director of the magnetic observatory at Semla, under the advice and inspection of Professor Lloyd, for the magnetic, and others by Mr. Daniell, at the request of the council of the Royal Society, for the meteorological observations, are adopted in all the British stations, and will, no doubt, be so at every other, so as to preserve a complete uniformity of registry—a point of great importance, or, rather, of indispensable necessity, in an immense operation of this nature, the details of which could by no other means be mastered by any one mind. As it is, the comparison of so extensive a collection of data with theory in the developed form it must be expected to assume under their influence will be a task truly herculean; and we know not which most to admire, the enthusiasm and devotion with which the distinguished individual whom the universal suffrage of his compatriots declares most competent to the task has consented to undertake it, or the resources of mathematical skill and practical experience he brings to its execution. The observations, it is understood, are to be continued during three years, and the results, from the British stations, officially forwarded at brief intervals to their proper departments at home, and thence to the Royal Society, which will also become a centre of communication from the foreign stations.

Voluminous beyond all former precedent as the mass of data thus accumulated must of necessity be, we trust the whole will be printed (each nation and each department of course providing for the publication of its own). No consideration of economy should be allowed to interfere with the performance

of this necessary duty, without which we look upon all that shall be done as virtually thrown away. Highly as we respect the illustrious body above mentioned, and applaud their selection of the individual into whose hands the results will in the first instance pass; yet their full, fair, and effectual discussion can be secured by no other means than by inviting to it the collective reason of the age, and of all succeeding ones, and affording every one who may think proper to engage in the task, now or hereafter, ample opportunity to do so. To handle so enormous a mass, even in the preliminary and merely mechanical arrangements, is in itself, however, no slight or inconsiderable task, and will demand a well-organized and well-considered system. We have calculated, from the specimens of the registers contained in the report above alluded to, the number of magnetic observations, and such meteorological ones only as are absolutely necessary for their reduction, which will come under discussion, supposing complete series furnished by each of the thirty fixed stations enumerated; and we find them to amount to 1,958,040, a startling sum, and one which, though subject no doubt to large deductions, must still afford matter for serious consideration.

To follow up with full effect the above-described scheme of magnetic observation, it is more than ever desirable that attention should be turned to the subject of magnetic survey of particular districts, as well in the immediate neighbourhood of the stations as in countries remote from them. In the former, indeed, the necessity of such surveys to connect the stations with the general body of the magnetic lines is so obvious, that we are surprised to see no official provision for it, though the subject is referred to in the memorial already cited in the following terms:—

‘In concert with such primary stations, it would be both natural and highly desirable that travellers provided with the requisite instruments, or officers in other stations who may be willing to devote a portion of their time to this service, and who may for that purpose be temporarily provided with the instrumental means, should act. Every such primary station then; supposing such to be established, would henceforth become a point of reference and comparison by which short and desultory series of observations in other localities might be rendered available; including under this head such as might be made in the course of nautical surveys and voyages of discovery, or where, from other causes, it might be impracticable to remain for any considerable time.’

If ever magnetic surveys of particular districts can be carried on with advantage, it must be when based on, and in concert

with, a series of regular observations made at stations of reference. We hold it, therefore, to have become the duty of every civilized nation to set on foot and urge to its completion a regular and careful magnetic survey of its own territory and dependencies. For such surveys we have excellent models. Professor Forbes has given us an admirable specimen of this kind in tracing out the course of the isodynamic and isoclinical lines in Switzerland (*Ed. Trans.* xiv.); and for another and very complete example of what such a survey ought to be we may refer to that of the British Isles, published in the English Report of the British Association, the joint production of Professor Lloyd and Major Sabine, from the collation of their own observations with those of Captain J. Ross and Messrs. Phillips and Fox. In the chapters of this report supplied by Professor Lloyd we are put in possession of every requisite formula of reduction, and with the best and most available mode of combining the observations so as to deduce from them the elements of each magnetic line in its passage through the district under survey, cleared of local irregularities. It is evident that such surveys cannot be considered as complete unless referred to central stations, and unless provision be made for the re-determination, at stated intervals, of the magnetic elements, not only at such centres but also at several extreme points, from which to infer the local co-efficients of the secular changes going on throughout each district. It is easy to point out particular fields for such researches. Throughout the whole of North America a wide one exists, which the establishment of a Canadian station renders particularly desirable should be entered upon immediately; the deficiency of trustworthy magnetic observations in all that vast region being lamentable. In the United States, at least, there is no lack of individual spirit and enterprise for the task, and it is with pleasure we learn that a private association, comprising the most distinguished names in American science, Bache, Bartlett, Henry, Locke, Loomis, Renwick, Rogers, &c., is already preparing to distribute that country among them for survey, each taking his share. In Southern Africa, too, a magnetic survey, in correspondence with the proposed station at the Cape, would be most desirable; that vast colony being in this respect at present a mere blank. The difficulties presented by the nature of the country and the mode of travelling to the transport of instruments might easily be overcome; and among the multitude of wealthy, intelligent, and enterprising Indians who resort thither for health,

and to whom mere active locomotion in that favoured climate is, literally speaking, the breath of life, it may not be too much to hope that some may be found to whom the determination of a magnetic dip or intensity may have as high attraction, and offer as good sport, as a long shot at a lion or an antelope. In India itself an excellent example has been already set by the surveys of Messrs. Taylor and Caldecott, of the southern part of the peninsula, which we trust to see extended to every part of the Anglo-Indian territory, in connection with those central stations which the liberality of the East India Company is on the point of establishing there.

In Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales especially, the subject is of crying and urgent practical importance, and indeed in every new settlement where the allotment of land is going on, and where, as a matter of necessity, the compass must be appealed to for the direction of boundary-lines.

The consideration of magnetic surveys naturally leads us to the second branch of this great public undertaking, the naval expedition which has lately left our shores. This expedition, under the command of Captain J. Clerk Ross, consists of two ships, the *Erebus* of 370 tons and *Terror* of 340, the latter commanded by Captain F. Crozier, an old and long-tried shipmate of Captain Ross, and bound to him by strong ties of mutual attachment and esteem, a circumstance of no small importance on the long, dangerous, and difficult service contemplated. As a winter near the South Pole is among the contingencies to which they may be subjected, and at all events much exploration among the frozen seas which surround it is inevitable, the vessels are strengthened for their conflict with the ice by every means which the art of the shipwright could devise, nor has any arrangement or contrivance for the warmth, comfort, and accommodation of their inmates, which previous experience could suggest, nor any imaginable resource in case of accident (such as subdivision of the vessels into distinct watertight compartments, &c.), been omitted in their fitting up. The crews are all picked volunteers on double pay, and both officers* and men animated with the finest spirit. In the choice of a commander the expedition has been singularly fortunate—Captain Ross,

* *Erebus*—Captain J. C. Ross; Lieutenants E. J. Bird, J. F. L. Wood, J. Sibbald; Master, Charles Tucker; Surgeon, R. Maccormick; Purser, T. R. Hallett; Assistant Surgeon, J. D. Hooker. *Terror*—Captain F. R. M. Crozier; Lieutenants A. Mac Murdo, C. Phillips, J. H. Kay; Master, P. P. Cotter; Surgeon, J. Robertson; Assistant Surgeon, D. Lyall; Clerk, G. H. Mowbray.

to say nothing of his many excellent qualities as an officer and a man, having already signalized himself in the voyage undertaken in search of the wreck of the *Fury*, as much by his conduct and resource as by the actual discovery of the northern magnetic pole, and having ever since his return been engaged, as a matter of taste and private pursuit, in magnetic observations both at home and abroad, and being perfectly familiar with the principles of the new methods.

The object of this expedition is, emphatically, the collection of magnetic observations in the southern hemisphere, and more especially in those regions which, owing to their high south latitudes, are little accessible, and unlikely to be visited for purposes of commercial intercourse or enterprise, and in which, from the analogy of the northern hemisphere, as well as from the general configuration of the magnetic lines, so far as the existing charts can be trusted, there is reason to believe the most interesting points and inflexions of those lines are situated, such as the southern magnetic pole or poles and the points of maximum intensity. To the former of these points, considering it as probable that only one exists, M. Gauss has assigned, by the interpretation of his general formula, a probable situation in latitude 66° S., longitude 146° E., or on the meridian, nearly, of Hobart Town. On the correctness of this conclusion Captain Ross's observations will of course enable us to decide; but it ought to be borne in mind that, owing to the great deficiency of antarctic observations, this theoretical position can only be regarded as a first approximation, open to large corrections. By a singular and most fortunate coincidence, an island or islands have been recently discovered, nearly in this latitude, and so situated in respect of longitude as to afford a station certainly on one side, and possibly also on the other, of the point in question. Should this discovery be verified to its full extent, a base will be afforded, the convergence of the needle at whose extremities will hardly fail to point out nearly the situation of the pole, should direct access to it prove impracticable. We say nearly, for it is a mistake to suppose, as is commonly done, that the magnetic pole or point of perpendicular dip is a *precise* point of convergence to the needle in its neighbourhood. The probable situations of the points of greatest intensity are in latitudes 47° and 60° S., longitudes 130° and 225° E., respectively, and are both, therefore, accessible. To traverse the isodynamic ovals which surround these points, in their immediate neighbourhood, will be also an object of prominent interest. In fact, however,

there is no point in those unexplored or imperfectly explored seas which surround the South Pole at which magnetic observations will not be of extreme interest. Wherever it may be practicable to land and observe, especially on the polar ice, the determinations, being there obtained with perfect precision and free from all local influence, will possess the highest value, especially in those cases where it may be practicable to erect the magnetometers with which also the expedition is furnished, and observe for the diurnal changes and perturbations.

The *Erebus* and *Terror*, having taken in the officers and assistants for the establishments at St. Helena, the Cape, and Van Dieman's Land, with the instruments for the equipment of those observatories, dropped down the river and sailed from Margate on the 30th September, 1839; a day for ever memorable in the annals of British science. After touching and observing at Madeira, Porto Praya, St. Paul's Rock, Trinidad, &c., and crossing the magnetic equator in $14^{\circ} 2' \text{ S.}, 30^{\circ} 30' \text{ W.}$, they made St. Helena on the 31st January, 1840, where they remained only so long as was necessary for landing Lieutenant Lefroy and his party, and selecting a favourable site for their establishment. The point selected is one calculated to give rise to reflections of no ordinary interest on 'the various turns of fate below,' being no other than Longwood, a spot in every respect, except one, admirably calculated for the purpose, and in that one (*viz.* in the extraordinary amount of local magnetism) no worse than the rest of the island, which, being entirely of volcanic and basaltic formation, is, in fact, a magnetic nucleus. This circumstance, however, though fatal to absolute determinations of the elements on it, no way interferes with the principal objects of its selection as a station, their secular, periodic and perturbative changes being quite as well deduced in the presence as in the absence of local attraction. Meanwhile the great amount of such attraction at this island is understood to have given occasion for several very interesting and important observations on board the ships, producing singular anomalies in their results, assuming the form of discordancies between the results obtained on board the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which were only obviated by quitting the anchorage and standing off to sea, out of the reach of the local influence; while, on all other occasions, the observations on board both ships manifested the most satisfactory accordance, the dips often agreeing to the same minute, and being seldom more than a few minutes apart.

The establishment at Longwood being satis-

factorily arranged through the hearty co-operation of the insular authorities, who seemed bent on emulating those at home in removing everything like an obstacle, the expedition proceeded, on the 9th of Feb., in its voyage to the Cape, where it arrived on the 17th of March, having traversed in its course the system of isodynamic ovals surrounding the point of least intensity in the South Atlantic, passing as nearly as was practicable over that important point itself, and thus accomplishing satisfactorily, it may be presumed, one of the objects pointed out in the instructions furnished to Captain Ross, by procuring data for settling with accuracy its true situation, and ascertaining the amount of the *absolute minimum* of magnetic intensity at present existing on the globe. Arrived at the Cape, Lieutenant Wilmot and his party were landed, and a site selected for them close to the superb astronomical observatory maintained there by the British government, where, aided by the same prompt attention on the part of the colonial government, and the scientific assistance and local knowledge of the distinguished and public spirited director of the observatory (Mr. Maclear), the latest accounts we have been favoured with a sight of left them in full and satisfactory progress towards the completion of their establishment.

In the establishment of the Canadian observatory (it may here be mentioned) delays equally unforeseen and unavoidable occurred. The party under Lieutenant Riddell, having landed at New York after narrowly escaping shipwreck, and still more narrowly the destruction of all their instruments in the confusion of lightening their vessel by throwing overboard all its heavy stores, proceeded to Montreal, the point originally pitched on for the station. It proved, however, so objectionable by reason of local magnetism as to render it advisable to alter the locality to Toronto, a situation apparently quite free from this annoyance; but before a proper site could be selected and the preliminary arrangements made for building, the setting in of winter had suspended all proceedings of that nature, which could not be resumed till April, but are probably by this time complete. Meanwhile, the activity and resource of Lieutenant Riddell supplying the want of every convenience, the observations, so far as their nature would permit, were commenced and are in progress—the first term having been observed in March, as agreed on.

The expedition quitted the Cape on the fourth of April, since which of course no account of its further progress can have been received. The advanced state of the season must preclude any attempt to penetrate

southwards, as originally proposed, during the voyage to Van Dieman's Land, so that the exploration of the land discovered by Kemp and Enderby will necessarily be left for another season. The establishment of the Van Dieman's Land observatory being a point of primary importance, the voyage thither will probably be direct, taking in the way only those few points of land which offer stations of interest, such as Prince Edward's and the Crozet Islands, and the desolate shores of Kerguelen's Land, where, should time and circumstances permit, a magnetic term will be observed. Arrived at Hobart Town, the party landed and settled, and the instruments erected, preparations will be made for a push to the southward with the earliest return of the warm season, in search of the magnetic pole or poles, and in prosecution of the general objects of the voyage. Ulterior to this, the circumnavigation of the southern pole, the magnetic exploration of every accessible point of land in the polar basin, and the observation of terms in strict correspondence with those in the fixed observatories at every station where the vessels may remain long enough, will be distributed over the remaining duration of the enterprise, in such order as shall seem most practicable to its able and experienced commander.

Although, as has been said, the object of Capt. Ross's voyage is emphatically the collection of magnetic data, yet it must not be supposed that the many other important scientific objects attainable in such a voyage have been anywise overlooked or disregarded either in its plan or in the provision made for its execution. Never, on the contrary, we believe, has an expedition of discovery left our shores so largely provided with apparatus of every description for physical research, and with instructions embracing so many parts of scientific interest, and so distinctly and expressly stating the desiderata which it may supply, and the most available means of supplying them. These instructions have been furnished in the form of reports by the several scientific committees into which the Royal Society has of late thought proper to break up its line of battle, each in its own department; but of these reports, one alone, that of the committee of physics (including meteorology), has been hitherto published for general circulation. It is not our intention very minutely to criticise this report. Were it so, we might object to the ambitious form of its title, assuming as it does a generality and a unity of design, which neither its contents nor its original purpose warrant. We know how difficult it is for two or three, much more

for a committee of thirty, acting under the subsequent revision and remodelling of a council of twelve, to indite and publish a connected work. Accordingly, to such a title the work before us has no claim, being in fact rather remarkably the reverse. Nevertheless it is full of interest to the voyager and traveller. It abounds with pertinent and useful suggestions relative to every species of physical observation, such as magnetism, the tides, the measure of the force of gravity, the distribution of temperature over sea and land, the depth and currents of the ocean, refraction, eclipses, variable stars, meteors, aurora borealis, &c. &c. The instructions relative to terrestrial magnetism are especially full and precise, as the occasion required, and are accompanied with abstracts of the forms of registry intended to be followed in the magnetic observatories. Those relating to meteorology amount in effect almost to a practical treatise on meteorological instruments, the management of a meteorological observatory, and the systematic registry of its observations, and, coming now from authority entitled to so much confidence, we do hope they will have the effect of inducing something like order, system, and unity of co-operation into this most important, but, at the same time, most straggling, disjointed, and imperfect science.

The requisitions for information relative to the depth, constitution, temperature, and currents of the ocean, are both numerous and calculated to excite a lively interest. The explanation of the oceanic currents can never be complete till we know the elements which affect the density of the water at different depths, and the seat of action of the forces which produce the disturbance of its equilibrium of density and pressure. Those elements are the temperature, saltness, and compression of the sea-water; the two former of which are determinable by direct observation—the latter by calculation from the depth. As regards the seat of action of the motive forces, it is justly remarked in the 'Report,' that the order of the phenomena is precisely the reverse of what obtains in the atmosphere. In the sea, the sun's rays are totally absorbed at the surface, or within a few fathoms of it, and, having no tendency to penetrate deeper by conduction, and but little liability to be carried down by superficial agitation, are merely, as it were, floated on the surface without any tendency whatever to produce *ascensional currents*, such as arise in the atmosphere from the heated surface of equatorial continents or seas. On the other hand, as the density of sea-water goes on increasing by cold to its

freezing point, it follows that there must be constantly in action, in the two polar basins, but chiefly in that where winter, or rather the maximum of cold at the surface of the sea in contact with the floating ice, prevails, a *descensional* force producing subaqueous currents radiating outwards from the poles, which in their progress towards the equator are of course modified by the earth's rotation, in analogy with the trade-winds, whenever the form of the bottom or the depth and extent of the channels by which the deeper seas communicate will permit. The depth and form of these channels, therefore, and of the subaqueous basins which they connect—or, in other words, the configuration of the subaqueous mountains and valleys, enters as a most material element into the problem, and adds greatly to the geological interest attached to deep-sea soundings. On this head we understand that Captain Ross has already arrived at some very remarkable results, having so completely overcome the great difficulty which attaches to this operation as to have procured soundings at a depth beyond all former experience, and in one instance especially to have attained a depth below the surface exceeding the altitude of the summit of Mont Blanc above it!—and that too with a facility and certainty which promises to afford a speedy solution of the long agitated question of the mean and maximum depths of the ocean. In fact we may already fairly conclude from these experiments a *general* depth of sea far exceeding the *general* elevation of the continents, since it is extremely improbable *either* that the deepest, or nearly the deepest *region* should have been the scene of the few successful trials yet made—or that within the particular region attempted precisely the deepest *points* should have been those which have now, for the first time, received the lead.

Appended to this report are two highly interesting communications from Baron von Humboldt and M. Erman, respectively suggesting a multitude of observations and experiments, in addition to those recommended in the body of the report, and which, being by this time, as well as the report itself, in the hands of all the parties concerned, will of course receive every attention. Independent of the very great value of many of these suggestions, this proof among an infinity of others which have occurred of the lively interest this great scientific operation has excited, and is exciting abroad, cannot but be most welcome.* Though we may

* While these pages are going through the press, additional proofs of this interest are afforded in the form in which it is most desirable it should be exhibited, that of active co-operation on the part of

not perhaps entirely coincide in the great stress laid by M. von Humboldt in the document emanating from him on the precise tracing out of the course of the magnetic equator, and the line of no declination, in preference to precise determinations spread over a wider range, yet it is impossible not to agree with him in the strong view which he appears disposed to take of the extreme value of the present conjuncture for securing observations in all parts of the ocean, by taking advantage of every practicable opportunity, by a liberal supply of instruments, and by every sort of encouragement and inducement held out to those who are willing and competent to use them.

We cannot close this imperfect sketch of the great combination thus happily set on foot and we trust to be as happily brought to a conclusion, without remarking one peculiarity attending the expedition under Captain Ross's command, which cannot but be most encouraging and satisfactory to those who have embarked in it as well as to all who have had any share in recommending its being undertaken. If it return at all, after

foreign governments. Of such co-operation on the part of Holland we are now assured—a point of the utmost importance by reason of her colonial possessions in the East, where two observatories at least will be established. Report also speaks of observatories at Kremmunster, Cadiz, Bologna, Alton, &c.

covering any considerable extent of the antarctic seas, it cannot return otherwise than successful. It is hardly conceivable that the existence and situation of the actual magnetic pole or poles should escape detection by observations made in the course of an antarctic circumnavigation; though the points themselves may prove inaccessible; nor is there any one *geographical* point to be pushed for in preference to another on which the success of the enterprise can be said to be in any way staked. The harvest of discovery will be reaped alike either at sea, on land, or on ice. No insuperable barrier interposed by nature between our brave countrymen and the object of their toils can frustrate their exertions. They will gather as they go, and whatever they shall collect is sure to be of value. That the actual circumstances in which they must be occasionally placed in the prosecution of their objects will here, as on every other such occasion, call forth the manifestation of those great and glorious as well as most endearing qualities of the British seaman which have shone so conspicuously on former similar occasions, we cannot doubt; nor that the public sympathy will be as warmly excited on this as it has been on any such occasion, in favour of those who are thus leading the forlorn hope in the siege which science lays to the strongholds and fastnesses of Nature.

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- ART. I.—1. *Le Opere di Georgio Vasari, Pittore e Architetto, Aretino.* Firenze, 1838.
2. *Storie dei Municipii Italiana illustrate con documenti inediti da Carlo Morbio,* Membro della Regia Giunta Sarda di Statistica. Milano, 1839.
3. *Storia delle Famiglie celebri Italiane, del Conte Pompeo Liua.* Milano, 1820-1839. Fascicolo XVII.

AMONGST the various classes of books, two are prominent,—those which everybody praises and nobody reads, and those which everybody talks of and everybody dispraises. To the latter species, at least so far as the word is in the mouth of critics and historians of art, the long-established standard work of Georgio Vasari belongs. Errors, inaccuracies, mistakes, and false judgments, are the continual subjects of fault-finding with the 'Vite degli Artefici.' Yet, in all investigations of art, the work must, and always does, form the substratum of our inquiries.

Vasari must be put into the witness-box. The judge cannot dispense with his testimony; and to those who are willing to accept his collection of facts, opinions, anecdotes, and even legends, in its true character it is a manual from which the greatest pleasure and information will be derived. Vasari may be termed the Herodotus of art. Living just at the termination of its triumphant and palmy age, he preserved those materials for its history, which, had he delayed his

labours but a little later, must have perished. But for him we should have been in the same perplexing doubt and uncertainty concerning the authors of the works of art and monuments still adorning Italy, as we are with respect to the Gothic architects and sculptors of France and England. Vasari has not merely individualised the artists, but he also identifies a large proportion of their productions. He connects the works with their authors; and in tracing the progress and mutations of Italian art, as embodied in most of the best subsisting examples, we can examine the painting, or the structure, or the statue, with a knowledge of the studies or models which led to its conception, and of the circumstances under which it was produced. It is from this identification, this connection of the object with the hand which gave it shape and form, that so much of the pleasure imparted by Italian art arises. Possibly some portion of the amusement and interest with which you pace the Aisle or walk the Gallery, may be traced to the national and characteristic earnestness with which the Custode tells his tale. How much cleverness there is in his epithets! And then, the expressive modulation of his tone, varying from the sonorous confidence with which he commands you to worship the unquestionable Raphael, down to the considerate tenderness with which he introduces you to the dubious specimen, unwilling either to deceive you or to let you be undeceived. 'Questo quadro vuol' essere di Corregio—ma, ha paùto molto nel tempo de' Francesi!'

—spoken in an under-voice, and as he wished to spare the feelings of the chalky Magdalene, by not letting her hear any implication against her legitimacy. But abstracted from all such extraneous considerations, our author possesses unparalleled recommendations.

He lectures, so to speak, surrounded by the apparatus and specimens upon which he discourses, and always with the greatest fullness and glee. His command and flow of language, savoured with idiomatic raciness, adds also, if not to the absolute value of his lectures, still very much to the pleasure with which they are listened to. It is droll to hear him talk away. Vasari was brought up to the honest calling of a goldsmith. His application to the pursuits now termed 'the fine arts' arose out of his trade, a circumstance of very common occurrence in the lives of the Tuscan artists, and upon which we shall hereafter enlarge. He became an excellent architect. In this branch of art, the *Uffizij*, the building containing the Medicean gallery, is a fine example of his skill. As a painter, he was far above mediocrity; and there is often much ingenuity conjoined to cleverness of conception in his compositions. But he was very hasty in his execution, and, as is so often the case in things of more consequence than painting, he was a man who loved himself for being in the wrong: he prided himself upon his faults, glorying in his undue rapidity; and his colouring is hard and inharmonious. When his frescoes in the cupola of Sta. Maria del Fiore were uncovered, all the virtuosi in Florence were up in arms to criticise them; and whilst the multitude talked and sneered, the profligate Lasca lampooned the painter in his madrigals. The demerits of the paintings, however, are by no means such as to deserve all the vituperations which they received; and we shall probably not be very far from the mark, if we diminish the value of contemporary criticism by a good round discount, 'quoted,' as stock-brokers do in the 'share market,' from 33½ to ¾ per cent., in consequence of Vasari having had the good or ill fortune to stand high in the favour of the Medici family, and more particularly of the Grand Duke Cosmo I. Placed in the position of a court favourite, he had to suffer the usual tribulation of a very liberal degree of detraction from those whom the sun of royalty did not gild by its rays.

Vasari's chief claim upon posterity, however, should be sought in the part which he has performed, not by the pencil, but by the grey-goose quill. It is not Vasari the painter, but Vasari the author of the '*Vite degli Artefici*,' who will be so long recollected

with honour. The plan of the book was suggested in a familiar conversation which took place at Naples, somewhere in the year 1544, at a supper in the house of the Cardinal Farnese.* Amongst the company was one not very worthy personage, who shows by his writings that he forgot he was a bishop; his memory must hold us excused if we forget his episcopal character also.

This was Paolo Giovio, who had then composed his well-known work, the '*Vitæ Illustrium Virorum*.' The book does not appear to have been published, but it had probably been circulated in manuscript, as was then much the custom in the literary world. Giovio wished to append a biography of artists from the time of Cimabue, upon whose productions, as Vasari says, he began to discourse with judgment and knowledge of art, making, however, terrible mistakes with respect to the artists themselves, confounding names, surnames, birth-places, specimens. In reply to a question put by the Cardinal, Vasari replied that such a biography would be very instructive, if compiled with accuracy; and the company, amongst whom was Annibal Caro joined in urging Georgio to undertake the task of giving a better outline to Giovio. This he did. And he performed his task so satisfactorily, that, when the sketch was presented to Giovio, the latter declined using it, and advised Vasari to complete the book for himself.

Vasari ever since his youth had been collecting materials for such a work, yet the instinct of authorship was not strong upon him. Before the existence of the advantage, if it be one, stingily, grudgingly, and unthankfully yielded to men of letters, by the creation of literary property, writers were not urged by the yearnings of realising the worth of their productions in hard cash, or paper as good as gold. And in Italy, moreover, the approbation received from a small and chosen number of judicious readers, to whom, as we have just said, the works were communicated, was more than equivalent to the pleasures now derived from wide-extended popularity. Vasari hesitated—asked advice—a rare thing in authors—and what is more rare in the said race of authors, he took it (they never will do so from us, let it be ever so good); and his advisers were sound;—Annibal Caro; Molza; Tolomei; and he worked diligently, until, being urged by Cosmo to bring it out, the first edition was printed at the grand du-

* Vasari quitted Naples in 1548; and the first edition of his book is said to have been published at Florence in 1549, or 1550.

cal press, and under the special auspices of his patron. In this first edition he inserted no life of any contemporary, excepting that of Michael Angelo, who received the presentation copy with great pleasure, testifying his gratitude by a sonnet, a thing like most complimentary poems, a column of fine words, containing an infinitesimal quantity of meaning; therefore we will let it alone. Still the sonnet was a high token of approbation, and it increased the intimacy subsisting between them; and this friendship enabled Vasari to profit the more by the verbal information received from Michael Angelo, as well as by his correspondence. Other valuable materials Vasari obtained from the manuscripts of Ghirlandajo, Ghiberti, Rafael d'Urbino, and many more who are not named. It was the custom in Florence for the heads of families to keep a book of remembrances—'ricordi,' as they were termed—of the events happening to themselves, their children, and kindred; and from these memorials he gleaned abundantly. Vasari was also well versed in the general and particular history of Tuscany and the adjoining states; but besides these sources, all the traditions of art were yet ripe and lively, and much information of the greatest importance had been handed down from mouth to mouth. The chain of tradition, if once broken, can never be replaced. Interesting as such traditions of art may be in relation to the personal anecdotes they preserve, they were perhaps even more important with respect to the knowledge which they imparted of the mechanical proceedings employed by the artists, the identification of the portraits introduced in historical subjects, and the meanings of allegorical compositions, without which many would have remained unintelligible mysteries—enigmas to be gazed at, and nothing more—like hieroglyphics of which the key is lost. For example, the great fresco of Simon Memmi in the ancient chapter-house of Santa Maria Novella, representing the Church Militant, in which the portraits of Petrarck and Laura are introduced, would, without this aid, be completely inexplicable.

Very much more might be said upon Vasari, were we discussing the fine arts scientifically. Such, however, is far from our object, and beyond our province; at present, we only propose to offer a few observations upon their connexion with history, and with what, in the phrase of the day, is termed the progress of civilization—aspects suggested by the other works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, and which in their different ways, are of much value, though but little known to English readers,

by whom, as a whole and on the whole, Italian literature is most strangely neglected. 'How does it happen,' said we to a respectable importer of foreign books, 'that your stock of Italian is so scanty, particularly since, in the Sardinian States, in Austrian Italy, and in Italian Switzerland, so many good new historical books, and cheap editions of standard works have been recently produced?'—'Why,' replied he, 'scanty as our stock is, we have more than we can sell; a few novels, Metastasio, Tasso, Ariosto, and a Dante now and then, is all that people ask for.'—But this by the way.

The truly classical work of Count Litta, as the '*Famiglie celebri Italiane*,' may be justly designated, is a genealogical history of Italy, illustrated by monuments. It consists of pedigrees of the principal families, in which are incorporated ample historical and biographical memoirs, written with great clearness and ability. Litta's style is pure and nervous; his views, philosophical, without affectation of philosophy. The main drawback from the utility of his text is the awkward typographical form which it has assumed. Instead of composing the pedigrees according to the usual fashion, of the names of the individuals, and giving references to the biographical and historical notices, these are included in the tables or pedigrees. Hence, though printed in a very small type they are spread over the broadsides in a way most inconvenient to the reader; and the troublesome manner in which they present themselves to the eye will be appreciated, from the statement that the matter of two *Table*s, reprinted by Morbio (in the work next noticed) as an introduction to his Chronicle, fills 50 octavo pages.

These genealogies are illustrated by the most important and significant memorials existing of each family—tombs, statues, portraits, medals, shields of arms. When needed, the plates are coloured, and splendidly, by hand; the work thus becomes an historic gallery. It contains many excellent representations of the best works of the finest period; but it is perhaps still more interesting as exemplifying the progress of pictorial design, of sculpture, and, in some degree, of architecture, from the first revival of the arts in Italy to the present day. The work is printed under the direction of Count Litta, at his palace in Milan. No expense or labour has been spared in the decorations, which unite excellent execution to the greatest accuracy (a most rare quality in continental drawings) and every means has been taken to ensure this most important element. Thus, in order to obtain true drawings of

the sepulchres of the Scaligeri at Verona, Count Litta caused casts to be taken from these magnificent shrines; an operation, which, from the compilation and delicacy of the sculptures and ornaments, was attended with great cost and difficulty, it having been necessary to build scaffolding completely round them. There is no mode of following history more pleasantly than through the guidance of biography; and, deducting the one drawback arising from its form, we have rarely met with any biographical work abounding with so much solid and useful information as that which we now describe.

Carlo Morbio belongs to a school of writers who, under the auspices and encouragement of the Sardinian government, are now cultivating history and statistics with great success. The '*Storie de' Municipii Italiani*'—of which, besides the volume now before us the parts or volumes relating to Ferrara, Pavia, Novara, Faenza, Piacenza, Milan, Urbino, Castro, Reggio, Bergamo, Lodi Aosta, and Vercelli, are either published or in the press—is a work which, without being a complete and systematic municipal history, throws much light upon places and periods of which little was known before. The collection, however, is not of an uniform character. In some cases Morbio has given his historical essays or dissertations, in others, he depends upon hitherto inedited documents. The principal piece in the present volume consists of a Chronicle of Florence, extending from 1548 to 1652, and which appears to have been composed contemporaneously. It is written by many hands, and the manuscript displays various corrections. It contains the news, sometimes the scandal of the day. Many notices relating to public structures and the fine arts are interspersed, but its principal merit consists, as the editor truly observes, in exhibiting the characters of the Medici of that period in their true light, and under their real deformity.

The sarcastic phrase attributed (as what *not* is not?) to Talleyrand, that 'history is grounded upon a general conspiracy against truth,' never, we suspect, came nearer to the fact, than with respect to those who have treated upon the Medici family: Sismondi and Litta being perhaps the only writers who have had moral courage enough to represent them as they lived, and not according to the ideal portraits by which we have been deluded.

When we consider the history of the Medici, so much praised in prose and in verse, it really becomes difficult to understand how the world has so long sat easy under the *prestige* of their name. Without placing too much dependence upon physiog-

nomy, look at them as they salute you in and about the Gallery, from the spurious mulatto Alessandro, and the hard pitiless statesman, Cosmo I., to the profligate buffoon Giovan Gastone, in whom the line expired in 1737, and ask yourself if there is one among them whom you would trust. The stranger usually rushes first to the Tribune—but, fair and softly,—if he would appreciate the price, which Florence paid for these treasures, let him first visit the huge *Fortezza da Basso*, which cuts into and defaces the old ramparts of the republic, the castle founded by Clement VII. for the purpose of keeping the city in the obedience of his base-born and supposititious nephews, whom he declared as its sovereigns. The first stone of this monument of tyranny, for there is no mincing the matter, such is the real word to be employed, was laid by the hands of the astrologer who cast its horoscope. In one year it was completed: and when you look upon this sullen pentagon, in whose dungeons the tortured Strozzi expired, you may consider whether the chains and fetters forged by the Medici did not well outweigh the toys and trinkets which they bestowed.

But the Medici were in a manner called upon to usurp these powers. As naturally as the blossom sets into the fruit, so does a republic mature, sooner or later, into absolute despotism or tyranny. 'The democracy of Florence was founded in the Piazza of Santa Croce: and the year of this remarkable event, being the exact middle of the thirteenth century (1250), may easily be retained in the memory. The government of the state had been vested by the emperor Frederic II. in the Ghibelline nobles, to the exclusion of all others. This oligarchy, selected out of an aristocracy, imposed taxes, considered, as all taxes are, burthensome by those upon whom they were imposed. But there was a real cause of complaint in the *morgue* of the nobility, and the Uberti in particular had given great offence by their pride. A sudden tumult arose; and 'the good men,' as they are styled by Villani, assembled before Santa Croce, with the determination of taking the power into their own hands, an enterprise which they accomplished without the slightest opposition or resistance. Having 'made themselves *people*,' according to the expressive term of the chronicles, a proceeding forcibly rendered by Hallam as a 'resolution of all derivative powers into the immediate operation of the popular will,' they elected Uberto di Lucca as *Capitano del Popolo*, appointing at the same time twelve military chiefs or *Anziani del Popolo*, the leaders in arms of the citizens.

Up to this period the Florentines had rendered a real, though not onerous subjection to the Emperor; but with the revolution of 1250 began an era of pure self-government, varied by those vicissitudes of turbulence, faction, and despotism, which led her great poet to compare the republic to the sick man, who, unable to find repose upon his weary couch, seeks, by change of position, a temporary release from pain:—

' *Firenza mia, ben puoi esser contenta
Di questa digression che non ti tocca,
Mercè del popol tuo che si argomenta,
Molti han giustizia in cuor, ma tardi scocca,
Per non venir senza consiglio all' arco:
Ma 'l popol tuo l' ha in sommo della bocca.
Molti rifiutan lo comune incarco;
Ma 'l popol tuo sollecito risponde
Senza chiamare, e grida: 'I mi sobbarco.
Or ti fa' lieta; che tu hai ben onde:
Tu, ricca! tu con pace! tu con senno!
S' i' dico ver, l' effetto nol nasconde.
Atene e Lacedemona che fenno
L' antiche leggi, e furon sì civili,
Fecero al viver bona un picciol cenno
Verso di te, che fai tanto sottili
Provvedimenti, ch' a mezzo novembre
Non giunge quel che tu d' ottobre fii.
Quante volte del tempo che rimembre,
Legge, moneta e ufficio e costume
Ha' tu mutato, e rinnovato membre.
E se ben ti ricorda, e vedi lume,
Vedrai te simigliante a quella inferma
Che non può trovar posa in su le piume;
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.**
—*Purgatorio*, c. vi. 127—151.

About 200 years after the foundation of the republic, it virtually expired under Cosmo de' Medici, to whom the epithet of Pater Patriæ seems to have been given in irony—'*Meglio città guasta che perduta*,' was the cool reply of this 'Pater Patriæ' to the remonstrance that his proscriptions had ruined

* 'My Florence! thou may'st well remain unmoved

At this digression, which affects not thee:
Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed.
Many have justice in their heart, that long
Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,
Or ere it dart unto its aim: but thine
Have it on their lips' edge. Many refuse
To bear the common burdens: readier thine
Answer uncalled, and cry, "Behold I stoop!"

'Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,
Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught!
Facts best will witness if I speak the truth.
Athens and Lacedæmon, who of old
Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd,
Made little progress in improving life
Tow'rd's thee, who usest such nice subtlety,
That to the middle of November scarce
Reacheat the thread thou in October weav'st.
How many times within thy memory
Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices
Have been by thee renew'd, and people chang'd!

'If thou remember'st well, and canst see clear,
Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,
Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft
Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain.'

—*Cery.*

the commonwealth. A father he may have been to the arts, to the sculptor, the painter, the man of letters, the poet, the courtier, the courtesan, the buffoon—but to his fatherland Cosmo was a parricide. The nominal existence of the republic after the age of Cosmo was a continued agony. No tragedy, however worked up by dramatic skill, can be more affecting than the last scenes of Florentine history, from the election of Capponi as Gonfaloniere (1527), to the accession of the venomous mulatto Alessandro as first duke, by virtue of an imperial decree (1531). The bold spirit, the cleverness of the Florentines, attach us to the people as to an individual; and when the fatal catastrophe of the republic comes on, it is like the death of an old friend, leaving a void which cannot be supplied.

Florence could boast of every worldly gift and every human talent, in which statist and politician find the sources of the power and prosperity of nations;—commerce, philosophy, art, literature, courage, policy: and, to all these, add a still more powerful and influential safeguard, patriotism in its true sense, in the sense in which our political economists and politicians now despise it, that is to say, love of our country because it is our own. All these Florence possessed in overflowing measure. But she possessed one thing more—a government entirely founded upon the quicksand of unmixed and unbalanced popular sovereignty, and whose principles exhibited, as we are told by the most honest and sincere of our modern historians, Sismondi, the fullest development of the purest and most exalted democracy. He calls upon us to venerate a community in which all power exercised over the people proceeds from the people—all authority derived from the people returns periodically to the people—and all who exercise such authority are responsible to the people for the exercise of the same. Such was the government of Florence—and under this government she succumbed.

But we must now revert to the lessons which Florentine art opens to our consideration. In these, there is much of practical application, not merely with respect to the actual product, whether painting or statue, the design, the colour, and the form, but to that question, now much agitated, both here and on the continent, of diffusing the love and knowledge of the imitative arts as a portion of the education of the people. Academies for the cultivation of the higher branches of art have long existed—schools of design have been instituted for the lower orders—and it has been considered that the fine arts should be rendered an element of national

education in the widest sense of the term. Most beneficial, indeed, would it be to us, if, in our artificial, convulsed, and overburdened state of society, any means could be found of giving useful and healthful cultivation to a people, who, self-applauding, are rapidly losing, in their supposed advance, all the qualities by which the real wealth of nations is bestowed. But there is no real art, except when it bears the impress of the artist's mind; and it is certain, that whenever any of the three sister arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture have become *poetical* in the true sense of the term, they have been, like all true poetry, the result of the feelings of the people, not their cause:—manifestations of the pre-existing mind and temper of the community:—interpretations of the sentiment of the age, and not its pedagogues. The fine arts have ever been the *consequences* of the teaching of the intellect, never its teachers. Necessity is the mother of invention; and the fine arts, whenever they have truly attained excellence, have, to use a familiar expression, *followed the lead* of society, rather than acted as a prompting cause. They have existed because the human intellect demanded these high and transcendent sources of enjoyment; it was the speaking forth of the fulness of the heart: and, if we advert to the process by which art has been evolved in the period of bright youth and nourished in vigorous adolescence, we shall find that the development was effected under circumstances differing as widely from those by which it is now attempted to be artificially fostered, as the growth of the vine, waving between elm and olive on the sunny height of Montepulciano, does from that of the same plant trained beneath the panes of glass, and flourishing merely by constant care: proving, it is true, how much can be effected by money and labour, but ministering merely to luxury, and giving, in the stove-heated graperly, no one pleasure to the heart.

At the era of the revival of art in Tuscany, artists were artificers in the strictest sense of the term. It was not in the academy that their genius was nurtured, but in the workshop. The 'Arte degli Orefici,' the goldsmiths' craft, was the chiefest school; Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Orcagna, Luca della Robbia, Massolino, Ghirlandajo, Pollajuolo, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Francia, Finiguerra, Andrea del Sarto, Baccio Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini, Salviati, Lione, Vasari (as before mentioned), and a host of other inferior names, all were brought up in this good trade, which some practised to the end of their lives. Painters were chiefly employed in church imagery and ornamentation, as

decorators of houses and furniture. The articles which gave occupation to their pencils were of various descriptions. The most costly seem to have been the ponderous well-lined chests in which the *trousseau* of the bride was conveyed to her new domicile, or in which the opulent citizens kept their robes and garments of brocade and velvet, no small portion of their inheritance. Bedsteads, screens, cornices, and other portions of the rooms, were adorned in like manner. Subjects for these decorations, when not devotional, were borrowed from the classical legend or the romance, the illustrations of the popular literature of the age.

Here also were exhibited the amusements of the world. Tilts and tournaments, the sports of the chase, and the pastimes of wood and field, were often particularly chosen; and upon such works, says Vasari, the most excellent painters exercised themselves without any shame. Even in Vasari's time when the altered spirit of the pursuit had rendered painting a *profession*, it was still *talked* of as a trade. It was in the *bottega*, and not in the *studio*, that the painter was to be found. The statutes of the company of St. Luke, or the 'Arti de' Dipintori,' at Florence. 1386, show that, as in London, they were a mere guild of workmen or tradesmen; and although this document mainly relates to their character as a spiritual fraternity, yet in their civil capacity they had no doubt existed long before:—it was a dedication of their worldly calling to heaven. There were the like fraternities at Bologna and at Venice; and all were equally comprehensive—admitting as their members, trunkmakers, gilders, varnishers, saddlers, cutlers, in short all workmen in wood and metal whose crafts had any connexion with design—however little that might be.

Most, perhaps all, of what we should now term the easel pictures of the older masters, have been detached from articles of ecclesiastical or civil furniture: and indeed, before the sixteenth century, it may be doubted whether any *cabinet pictures*, that is to say moveable pictures, intended merely to hang upon the wall and be looked at as *gays*, with out any objective application, ever existed. It was the *use* of pictures which gave strength and nutrition to art. Painting was not a mere *appliqué*, but an *essential* element. Upon the walls of the choir or beneath the arches of the cloister, the magnificent solid masses of fresco, each compartment of which would seem to demand years of toil, were included in the conception of the building, and rendered necessary as the adjuncts of architecture. The altar-piece was not suspended as an adventitious ornament, which may be put

up or taken down, but it appears as part of a solid structure, in which the venerated forms fill up the golden arches, which represent the façade of the fanè. The portraiture is not drawn simply to preserve the likeness : it has to perform a duty. You behold the individual kneeling at the foot of the cross, or otherwise introduced into the groups of history. Painting was therefore in this stage always *utilitised*. There was a certain standard which even mediocrity was sure to obtain : and this removed the temptation to extravagance and affectation, constituting the rant and bombast of art. But the conditions under which art was practised answered a further and much higher end : and, plebeian as the station of the artist may have been viewed under this aspect, his character as a workman really ennobled him by contributing mainly to his intellectual improvement. It is our *civilization* that has degraded the artisan by making the man not a machine, but something even inferior, the part of one :—and above all, by the division of labour. He who passes his life in making pins' heads will never have a head worth any thing more.

Of course there is no branch of the plastic or graphic arts which can be followed, unless the professor is, to a certain degree, a workman. But the connexion between *aesthetics*—we use this somewhat pedantic term out of pure necessity—and the *craft* was, so long as the habits or opinions of mankind did not run counter to it, of singular efficacy in the training of the man, giving to the artist a discipline which is now wholly irretrievable. 'Taste was called into constant action, without being talked about or thought of. In the daily manipulations of the *artefice*, his genius was constantly called out upon matters of practical application and need. All the higher modes of intellect, all that cleverness and sensibility of hand, quite as essential as inventive genius, were called into action, elicited, taught, by the calling in which he gained his daily bread. These are advantages which we have lost, and for ever, by the vast improvements which modern days have effected in machinery.

The means of multiplying elegant forms by punches, squeezes, moulds, types, dies, casts, and like contrivances, enables us to produce objects with a sufficient degree of beauty to satisfy the general fancy for art or ornament, but so as to kill all life and freedom. A permanent glut of pseudo-art is created ; the multitudes are over-fed with a superabundance of trashy food, and their appetite will never desire any better nutriment. Without pursuing the remark into the finer branches of art, let any one compare the iron

gates of what men call the Police Station at Hyde Park Corner—in the language of the gods, the Triumphal Arch—with the bronze net-work and foliage of Verrochio, which seems to grow and spring like living vegetation round the porphyry sarcophagus of Pietro de' Medici, in the basilica of San Lorenzo, or even with the iron gates of the choir of St. Paul's. Even in the latter, coarser example, there is that boldness and freedom which truly enable us to consider it a work of art, whilst the elaborate and showy park-gates are capital *Brummagem*, and nothing more.

Truly does the old Scottish proverb say, the *saugh* kens the basket-maker's thumb.' Grasped by man, the tool becomes a part of himself ; the hammer is pervaded by the vitality of the hand. In the metallic work brought out by the tool, there is an approximation to the variety of nature : slight differences in the size of the flower, in the turn of the leaf, in the expansion of the petal. Here, you have the deep shadows produced by undercutting ; there, the playful spiral of the ductile tendril. But in the work produced by the machinery of the founder, there can be nothing of all this life. What does it give you ? Correct, stiff patterns, all on the surface :—an appearance of variety, which, when you analyse it, you find has resulted only from the permutational and combinations of the moulds. Examine any one section or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, and you may be certain that you will find a repetition of the same section or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, somewhere else. The design is made up over again of tales already twice-told. The most unpleasant idea you can convey respecting any set of men is to say that they seemed all cast in a mould ; and whatever is reproduced in form or colour by mechanical means, is *moulded*—in short, is perpetually branded by mediocrity ; sometimes tame, sometimes ambitious, but always mediocrity. Nor must it be supposed that the effect of Brummagem art does not extend beyond the Brummagem article. In art, in literature, as in morals—in short, in all things—the tone is taken from those which you live amongst and which you copy, whether you will or no : and the same stiffness and want of life which is the result of mechano-graphic or mechano-plastic means, in paper, silk, cotton, clay, or metal is caught more or less in every branch of art. All ornamentation, out line, design, form or figure produced by machinery, whether the medium be block, mould, type or die, many be compared to music ground by a barrel-organ :—good tones, time well observed, not a false note or a blunder, but a total absence of the qualities without

which harmony palls upon the ear. You never hear the soul of the performer, the expression and feeling, speaking in the melody.—Even in that branch which is considered by many as art itself, *engraving*, the best judges all declare that, so far from benefiting art, the harm it has done has been incalculable, substituting a general system of plagiarism in place of invention;* and if such was the opinion of Lanzi and Cicognara, who only knew the processes of wood and copper engraving, what will not be the result of the means of multiplying the metallic basis, and fixing the fleeting sunbeam, which are now opening upon us by means of chemical science?—Steam-engine and furnace, the roller, the press, the Daguerreotype, the Voltaic battery, and the lens, are the antagonist principles of art; and so long as they are permitted to rule, so long must art be prevented from ever taking root again in the affections of mankind. It may continue to afford enjoyment to those who are severed in spirit from the multitude: but the masses will be quite easy without it. Misled by the vain and idle confidence which we place in human intellect and human faculties, we strive with childlike ignorance, though not with childlike simplicity, to unite the qualities of different, even discordant stages of society. We wish to possess the native energy of a simple state, and the luxury of the highest grade of civilisation; but we strive in vain; the assigned bounds cannot be overpassed. We must be content with the good we have: and, whilst we triumph in the 'results of machinery,' we must not repine if one of these results be the paralysis of the imaginative faculties of the human mind.

Whatever may have been the case in

* Sarebbe un problema da discutersi se la straordinaria voga che in quest' epoca ha avuto in Italia e dappertutto l' incisione, abbia apportato maggiori danni, o più sensibili utilità alle arti. Ognuno certamente noterà come con questo mezzo ingegnoso sianosi diffusi maggiormente le invenzioni e composizioni che possono avere servito a migliorare il gusto, rendendo di pubblica ragione ciò che era soltanto oggetto di privata ricchezza, e risparmiando agli studiosi il far lunghi viaggi per formarsi un' idea delle esime produzioni degli uomini in tutte le età. Ma d' altronde l' originalità delle invenzioni, ha ella fatto in ciò alcun guadagno, non ha piuttosto immensamente perduto per la tropa facilità con cui gli artisti hanno scorso sulle opere altrui? I quali talvolta per non mettere a prover le forze del proprio ingegno sono caduti in vero plagio colla tranquilla persuasione d' aver imitato i grandi modelli, &c. &c. &c.—Cicognara, *Storia della Scultura*, vol. vii. 28—30.

We quote textually from Cicognara, because his work is not of common occurrence. Linzi, libro i. c. 3, is equally decided in his opinion that the advance of engraving has been the cause of the decline of painting.

other parts of Italy nearer to the dominions of the eastern emperors, the influence of Byzantine art in Tuscany was of no great moment in essentials. Its type may be traced in painting, though perhaps not so extensively as is assumed. The opinion, for example, that Busketto, the architect of the Duomo of Pisa, was a Greek—arose, if the truth must be told, from our friend Vasari's inability to read and construe the inscription in front of the building.

Of Romanesque architecture, a style so splendidly and copiously displayed at Lucca and Pisa, only two examples of any importance now remain in Florence or its *contorni*. San' Miniato al Monte,* one of these structures, was built about 1080. It should be visited early in the morning, when the singular, perhaps unique, curiosity which it offers, the alabaster windows in the apsis, are illuminated by the rising sun; then they glow with rosy light—but when the sun ceases to dart on them, they are dull and obscure. The other is the Chiesa de' Santi Apostoli, which according to the inscription testifying the *facts*, was built by Charlemagne after his return from Rome, and consecrated by Archbishop Turpin, in the presence of those two veracious witnesses, Rowland and Oliver. The church, a basilica upon a very small scale, is however of remote mediæval antiquity; and the very early tradition, attributing the structure to the '*Reali di Francia*,' false as it is, proves that when the latter was adopted, the original time of its foundation has been long forgotten. The circular arches rise from pillars whose capitals display an imitation of the Composite order, and the stranger should examine it attentively and considerately, for we shall see hereafter how this rude model was destined to possess a great influence in the revival of art.

The pleasure which the mind receives from architecture is of a very complex nature; it is a sensation in which mere beauty of form is only one element; certainly one of great importance, yet by no means paramount. For it is a memorial of the state and condition of the people, as the visible embodying of the moral and physical condition of the nation, that architecture possesses its chief positive value; and it is perhaps from these latter causes that the structures of Florence derive their principal charm. You can tell at once that they are natives; they possess appropriateness and originality, qualities which redeem almost every defect short of absolute absurdity.

* Mr. Willis has given a scientific description of this curious building.

It is impossible to imagine any object more lovely than the view of Florence, her palaces, her domes, her towers, from any of the heights by which the city is commanded; but when within, the epithet of 'La Bella' may not appear so appropriate as many others which might have been chosen. 'L' Altiera' would, perhaps, suit Florence better; for in the general aspect of the streets and buildings, the feeling which most predominates is that of stern and sober dignity. The streets are narrow, shaded by lofty and solid palaces, all partaking more or less of a castellated type. The walls of these buildings are very frequently raised in bosses or rustic work, a mode of masonry, which, if not absolutely invented by Brunelleschi, was yet so frequently employed by him and his school in these structures, as to become almost a characteristic of the *Tuscan style*. This is the term employed by Vasari, very expressive of the thing, but unfortunately sounding so like the 'Tuscan order,' that it cannot be adopted without danger of ambiguity; and perhaps we may be allowed to designate as the *Florentine style* that peculiar character or aspect which the buildings presented until the accession of Cosmo I., when they became more analogous to those of other parts of northern Italy. A profusion of iron work adds, in our eyes at least, to the prison-like appearance of the palaces, which is again increased by the comparative scarcity of the windows and the smallness of their apertures—a mullion, or pillar, very generally dividing their deeply recessed arched concaves. The Gothic churches are also ponderous, unrelieved by the arches of the flying buttresses, or the varied outlines of foliated pinnacles, and partaking of the solid and massy character of the civil buildings. Very many of the façades are unfinished, displaying huge uncouth masses of dingy brick: and in the species of stone and marble generally employed, the prevailing tints, though always rich, are often of very dark and funereal hue. Yet the bright sky conquers all semblance of gloom. There is much appearance of age, but none of decay.

Modern Florence forms an irregular pentagon, unequally divided by the Arno, sometimes shallow and sluggish, sometimes rushing down from his mountains with irresistible fury. Three *quartieri* are at the north, and one on the south side of the river. The ancient city was wholly on the north, and an attentive observer may yet find indications of the successive enlargements which the municipal boundary has sustained.

The *Primo Cerchio*, or nucleus of Florence, was confined within narrow limits, forming nearly a rectangle, of which the frontage towards the Arno was comprised between two of the present bridges (*Ponte Vecchio* and *Ponte della Trinità*), a distance of about 400 yards, and extending from north to south about 600 more, the ancient church of the *Apostoli* being just without the ambit of the walls, and the Duomo or Cathedral (also called Santa Reparata or Santa Maria del Fiore) being just within. This was probably the precinct of the original Roman colony. The first distinct historical notice of Florence is found in the Annals of Tacitus, in relation to the embassy sent by the Florentines to Rome, A.D. 10, for the purpose of presenting their petition to the Senate against the proposed diversion of the Chiana into the Arno, a scheme devised for diminishing the then frequent overflowings of the Tiber, but by which operation the danger their district sustained from inundation would have been increased. A few indications of the existence of Florence after the barbarian invasions can be traced, but the history of the city is exceedingly obscure. Modern criticism equally rejects the legends of the foundation of Florence by the Roman Senate upon the site of the camp of King Fiorino, after the destruction of Fiesole, and the tales of its desolation under Attila, and of its restoration by Charlemagne. It appears, however, to have continued increasing in prosperity under the government of the celebrated Countess Matilda; and Florence in that early age still retained, at least in the opinion of the poet, those virtues which abandoned her in the days of her prosperity. The passage in which Dante expatiates upon the simplicity of the 'good old days,'—days which recede from us like the rainbow if we attempt to approach them—is singularly pathetic, its beauty not being in the least diminished by the homely quaintness of the picture drawn by the exile, speaking in the person of *Messer Cacciaguida*, his venerated ancestor.

• Fioronza dentro della cerchia antica,
Ond' ella toglie ancora e torza e nona;
Si stava in pace, sobria e pudica.

Non avea catenella, non corona,
Non donne contigiate, non cintura
Che fosse a veder più che la persona.

Non faceva, nascendo, ancor paura
La figlia al padre, che 'il tempo e la dote
Non fuggian quinci e quindi la misura.

Non avea case di famiglia vote:
Non v'era giunto ancor Sardanapalo
A mostrar ciò che 'n camera si puote.

Non era vinto ancora Montemalo
Dal vostro Uccellatofo, che com'è vinto
Nel montar su, così sarà nel calo.

Bellineion Berti vid' io an dar cinto
 Di cuojo e d' osso, e venir dallo specchio
 La donna sua senza 'l viso dipinto :
 E vidi quel de' Nerli e quel del Vecchio
 Esser contenti alla pelle scoperta,
 E le sue donne al fuso ed al penneccchio.
 O fortunate ! e ciascuna era certa
 Della sua sepoltura ; ed ancor nulla
 Era per Francia nel letto deserta.
 L'una vegghiava a studio della culla,
 E consolando usava l' idioma
 Che pria li padri e le madri trastulla :
 L'altra traendo alla rocca la chioma,
 Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia
 De' Trojani e di Fiesole e di Roma.
 Saria tenuta allor tal maraviglia
 Una Cianghella, un Lapo Salterello,
 Qual or saria Cincinnato e Corniglia.*
Paradiso XV. 98—129.

The in-dwellers of the *Primo Cerchio* are supposed to have been the Roman colonists, subjugated by the barbarians, but yet retaining what we should term their corporate existence. Many powerful and noble families from the adjoining country, principally, as it is thought, of Lombard lineage, or of the races of the conquerors, had, however, been from time to time settling themselves about the city, in the different *borghi* which grew up around it. These appear to have been very small *vills* or

* We quote with pleasure from the excellent version of Mr. Merivale—why does he not attempt the grateful labour of giving us a complete translation ?—

* Florence, enclosed within that ancient round,
 That calls her still to morn and even prayer,
 Sober and chaste, in pristine peace was found.
 Her dames nor carkanet nor crown did wear,
 Nor 'broider'd shoon ; nor did the fair one's zone
 Attract the gazer, than herself more fair.
 Nor yet a daughter's birth made fathers groan
 With thinking of the marriage and the dower,
 Earlier in years, and more in measure grown.
 No houses then, in faction's vengeful hour,
 Were desert made ; no soft Assyrian wight
 Yet taught lascivious arts in lady's bower.
 Nor yet the traveller saw a statelier sight
 In Arno's vale, than Tiber's : soon to be
 Lower in fall, as loftier in our height.
 Then might you Bellincione Berti see
 In bone-clasped leathern belt ; and, from her
 glass,
 His dame, with face unvarnished, follow free ;
 The lords of Nerli and of Vecchio pass
 In plain buff jerkin for their only wear,
 And armed with distaff every high-born lass.
 Thrice happy !—sure sepulchral rites to share
 In native soil, and none yet left to press
 A lonely couch, exchanged for Gallie air.
 Her cradled charge with matron watchfulness,
 One lulld asleep to the selfsame strains that,
 troll'd
 From infant lips, are wont the sires to bless—
 Another at her wheel grave legends told,
 To entertain her circling family,
 Of Rome, or Fiesole, or Ilum old.
 It had been then far greater prodigy
 A shameless quean, or ermined knave, to meet,
 Then Cato or Cornelia now to see.
Merivale's Poems, vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.

knots of habitations, which were gradually aggregated to the community ; and in 1078 it was decreed that the whole population should be included within the walls of the *Secondo Cerchio*, of which the Arno, frontage extends from the *Ponte alla Carraja* to the *Ponte alla Grazie*, about double the length of the first enclosure.

In the *Primo Cerchio*, the narrowness and complexity of the streets, or rather of the alleys, mark the ancient condensation of the population, crowded round the fane of their tutelary San Giovanni ; and the first and the second circle were both thickly studded with the towers of the nobility, varying from 120 to 150 *braccia* in height, at once the tokens of aristocracy and the means of abusing aristocratic power. Hence in the great revolution of 1250, which, as we have observed, established the democracy of Florence, it was ordained that all these towers should be reduced to the height of 50 *braccia*, an injunction which was rigidly executed ; and these truncated dungeons were afterwards either demolished, or incorporated in other buildings. Very remarkable and noble towers of this description yet exist at *Oneglia* on the *Riviera*, and, above all, at *San Gimignano* ;* bold, majestic, and crenellated, looking like an army of giants ; whilst Florence only retains one, the *Torre de' Girolami*, situated at the angle of a street, near the *Mercato Nuovo* ; and where, according to the popular belief, San Zenobio, the bishop of Florence, who flourished in the fourth century, was born ; from which legend it is also called his tower. Antiquarian zeal has, as is often the case, *bid higher* than popular credulity, and this massy, Gothicised relic has been quoted as an Etruscan building ; but it is very evidently not older than the twelfth century, with some alterations of a later date. It is sufficiently curious as one of the very few relics of the early republic which can now be discerned.

The *Terzo Cherchio*, or that of the existing walls, which include the *oltre Arno*, was begun in 1299, and completed about 1327. Arnolfo, the most celebrated of the Gothic architects of Italy, gave the plans and designs. In the usual spirit of magnificence which distinguished the republic, it was decreed that at the distance of every 200 *braccia* there should be a tower 40 *brac-*

* San Gimignano, is on the road from Certaldo to Colle, and will amply reward the traveller if he makes this digression from the beaten track. The towers of Pavia, and those of Bologna, the Garisenda, and the Asinelli, are of the same kind as those of Tuscany, but much less beautiful.

cia in height, * intended as well for beauty as for defence; and some were much loftier. Giovanni Villani, the historian, was director of the works; and he has described them with delight and pride. The aspect of the portion of the city in this last and outward zone differs much from that of the first and second circles. It wants their early historical monuments; but here are the convents of friars, whose orders did not rise or become of importance until after the building of the second circuit, and who, winning favour from great and small, here obtained the extensive sites which many yet enjoy. Instead of the narrow and tortuous lanes of the ancient city, you here find straight and well-planned streets, many of which, however, existed as *borghi* before they were taken into the town. Of these the *Via Larga* is the principal; yet even in this most modern portion, the character of the city is sober dignity rather than splendour. The citizens took a larger measure than they were able to fill: within the extensive circumference of the works there is yet much void ground; and in the *oltr' Arno* nearly half is occupied by the grand ducal garden of Boboli.

The walls, which mark this last enlargement of the city, continue entire and unbroken throughout the whole extent, excepting where the more modern citadels of the *Belvedere* and the *Fortezza da Basso* have been inserted. Generally they retain their battlements; but unfortunately the towers which ornamented their circuit have generally been demolished, or lowered to the level of the curtain; in their original condition they were much more beautiful. 'These towers,' says the historian Varchi, who had seen them in his younger days, 'encircled the city like a garland.' They were demolished in 1627, when the Florentines were menaced by the imperial army under the renegade Bourbon. This was about the era when the modern system of fortification may be said to have been invented in Italy; and outworks being cast up by the celebrated engineer *Antonio di San Gallo*, it was thought that the ancient towers rather diminished than increased the defensibility of the city. The most perfect are on the southern side of the *oltr' Arno*; and the walk beneath their shade, as they rise in great masses, winding along the brow of the hill, is full of picturesque beauty. Yet, even where the walls have lost their towers, they are not without grandeur, particularly when, as viewed from any of the adjoining heights, they are seen to divide and to mark

out the city, severing its varied structures from the sweet and bright country by which they are surrounded.

There may be some doubts as to the names of the masters, but there can be none as to the fact, that Gothic architecture, or rather a modification of the Gothic style, was introduced into Tuscany from Germany. *Tedesco* is the appellation which it bore and bears, and in all its concomitants it has the token of a sudden origin; for nothing in the nature of a transition style can be discerned. In the adaptation of this style, Arnolfo attained greater excellence than any of his contemporaries. About the close of the thirteenth century, the Florentines, who had hitherto neglected the adornment of their city, became suddenly anxious to render its appearance a testimony of their increasing power and wealth. Arnolfo, appointed *Capo-Maestro del Comune*, was intrusted with the duty of rendering the city of the Lily worthy of the pride of her opulent and warlike children; and, by a *rimformazione*, or decree, made in 1294 he was directed to make a model or design for the rebuilding of *Santa Reparata*, such that it should not be surpassed, either in size or beauty, by the production of any other man's industry or powers; and truly did they testify that, 'by the wisest of the city, it had been said and advised in public and private, that nought should be attempted by the community unless the determination were adopted with one heart and mind.' As the building now stands, it is the result of the labour of successive architects; yet on the whole, it continues to bear the impress of the original designs. Arnolfo sought not the complexity of the transept Gothic; and, as at Genoa, the general aspect of the building can leave no reasonable doubt but that the architect was in some degree influenced by the taste of the Saracenic buildings of Egypt and Syria. From them he borrowed the bands and compartments of coloured marble, so much censured by the popinjay tribe of hypercritics, and yet so truly splendid. A single mullion divides the lofty narrow windows; and throughout the building, the effect is produced by the size and importance of the parts, rather than by their decorations or multiplicity. Of the great members composing the edifice, the chief was to be the cupola, rising immediately from the central octagon.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that no such feature as a dome is found in any real Gothic cathedral; and the nearest model was perhaps the cupola of San Giovanni, the celebrated baptistry, close at hand. The original era of this latter structure is one of

* The *braccia* is, inches 21.60: 100 feet are therefore about 55½ *braccia*.

the most vexed questions of Florentine archæology: but even the reverend shade of Theodolinda (to whom it is attributed) must not tempt us to discuss such a theme. It is clear, however, that the plan of San Giovanni greatly resembled the Pantheon; and that when Arnolfo proposed to crown his structure with an adaptation of this model, he anticipated Michael Angelo in his boldness as well as in his fate; each master having sunk into his honoured grave without having completed his design. That Arnolfo could have fulfilled his intentions is indubitable: when he died, in 1300, he left a complete model of the whole building, including the cupola. This model is unfortunately destroyed; but representations of it are introduced in several ancient paintings: amongst others, in the frescoes of Simone Memmi in Santa Maria Novella; and from these we can ascertain how nearly it corresponded with the present structure. The works, at various intervals, were resumed by those great masters, Giotto and Orcagna; but the Florentines were delayed and hindered by other matters. The unanimous will, so emphatically counselled by the '*Riformazione*'—a beautiful theory upon paper—can never subsist under a democracy. Sometimes money fell short, and sometimes a good heart to the work; and sixty years elapsed without any material progress having been made, till it became a proverb in Florence, 'such and such a thing will be done when *Santa Maria del Fiore* is finished.' The bright flame of popular enthusiasm was extinguished, until the one man arose by whom it was to be revived.

The interval produced individuals of the greatest talent, but who in architecture did not alter the general taste and feeling. As an architect, Giotto was of the school of Arnolfo; somewhat more elaborate and elegant, but not exhibiting any change of principle. Orcagna, who like Michael Angelo, was painter, sculptor, architect, and poet, possessed more originality. Had the Florentine Gothic style continued to make progress, that invented by Orcagna would, as exemplified in '*Or San Michele*,' have borne the same relation to its predecessors that the Florid Gothic does to the simple Gothic in England. The principal characteristic of Orcagna is the reintroduction, if indeed it can ever be said to have been abandoned, of the circular arch, employed with great effect in the '*Loggia de' Lanzi*;' but all the ornament is *Tedesco*; and although in Orcagna's works of painting and sculpture there is much more maturity of design than in his predecessors, still we cannot trace any

influence of what is usually termed classical art.* He and they were attaining excellence through a road of their own. This is peculiarly evident in the ideality of the allegories which they adopted, and which are so truly in keeping with the religion and with the opinions of the age. In this respect the conceptions of Giotto are pre-eminently poetical. Faith, trampling on a horoscope, and displaying the creed, is far more congenial to a Christian monument than any loan from the iconology of heathenism: but another impulse was about to be given, of which the first effects imparted vigour, though bearing within it the germs of premature decay.

'What man has done, man can do,' is one of those fallacious truisms with which grown-up folks bore poor schoolboys, and think themselves very wise. They are usually administered in the horrible shape of 'round-hand' copies: and it makes our knuckles ache to remember them.—Man can only do 'what man has done' when he has a mind to do it; and the study of the heathen idol as a model was so irreconcilable with the Christian religion, that it was impossible for any Christian man to bring himself to such a worship as the duty of art is supposed to require. In the earlier ages, the Church was literally founded upon the ruins of paganism. The most costly and graceful works of Grecian art were broken into fragments, and buried in the foundations of the basilica or the monastery. There is no reason to conceal or to extenuate these deeds, as if they were objects of regret or shame. It is a violation of truth to explain away or to censure this conduct on the part of the primitive Christian priesthood. Their duty was the propagation of Christianity. As long as the visible signs of heathenism remained, they would, while any remembrance of the false worship yet lived or lingered, be

* Brunelleschi's drawings for the centering are still in existence. They were first published by Nelli, in 1753, and repeated by Bouchard and D'Azincourt. An architectural description of the Duomo, combining an actual survey, with the information to be derived from the documents, which exist in great abundance, would produce a work of extraordinary interest and importance. Various selections and extracts from the records of the Duomo have been given by Richa and Bouchard; but in the present advanced state of archæological inquiry, much more is required. The contracts are exceedingly curious. Although Brunelleschi had been already entrusted with the cupola, still the lantern was to be erected by competition. The competitors for this portion were six, and the models were referred to a committee composed of two architects, two painters, two goldsmiths, one 'arithmetician,' and two citizens, who awarded, as was to be expected, in favour of Brunelleschi. It is a most amusing specimen of the *maccaronic Latin* dialect.

constantly the causes of apostacy and offence, delusions to the weak, sources of sorrow to the strong. And in the same manner as, in our age, the missionary in Polynesia is compelled to burn the hideous idol of the Morai, so it was imperative upon the bishop to cast down the Jove or the Venus, not less abominable, if tried by the only true test, or less affronting to the glory of the Most High. So long as this sincere and pious feeling, or any tradition of it, subsisted, all study of the antique was repelled: but various causes had been silently concurring to effect that great change, which, about the middle of the fifteenth century, came over the human mind, by the development in Italy of the most ardent desire for classical literature, immediately followed by affection scarcely less ardent for classical art.

The objects of antiquity to which any regard was paid, were engraved gems. They were useful as seals, and were also valued, if not for the workmanship, yet for the substance, and as such were often employed, however incongruously, in the decoration of shrines and sacred vessels. The shrine of the Three Kings at Cologne is a remarkable instance of this practice: and not less are those in the treasury of Aix-la-Chapelle, where, by the side of Greek and Roman intaglios, are many Babylonian and Sassanian gems, gifts probably offered by the Caliph to Charlemagne. Others, particularly cameos, were prized on account of their supposed magical or medicinal properties. About the fourteenth century, the increasing propensity to the study of astrology and alchemy revived somewhat of ancient heathen iconology, though in a rude way. Apollo and Diana, proscribed as deities, were tolerated as types of the sun and the moon; and Mercury, bearing his caduceus, might be portrayed without any scruple at the head of the mystic formula of the *alcahest*, although rejected as a demon elsewhere. A further and more generally popular advance towards a toleration of paganism was made by the adoption of classical imagery in vernacular poetry, either in narrative, or in the pleasant guise of allegory; familiarising the reader with the attributes, and teaching him to seek for the forms, of the deities of Olympus.

But stronger and more effective than all these causes, was the inborn, traditional veneration, for the Roman name. We are only now beginning to understand the continuity of political existence, subsisting between the Roman empire and the kingdoms which sprang forth from the great Fourth Monarchy, the young stems sprouting from the old trunk with renewed vitality. When

the barbarians subdued, or rather were absorbed by the Roman empire, they themselves submitted to the majesty of her laws. Her imperial monuments ruled their minds, and, for the first ages at least, furnished them with models, however imperfectly followed, for such structures as they raised. This adaptation, however, was principally confined to architecture; and the discovery of the Gothic style, a phenomenon deeply connected with a new moral feeling in Christendom, partially drove back for a time the recollection of the Roman world, when new political sentiments arose, which again rendered ancient Rome present and living in men's minds, and led to the desire of investing their outward world in its costume. With us, the admiration we entertain for republican Rome is an artificial, school-bred enthusiasm, founded simply upon books, and without any congeniality. But, in the middle ages, it was unsought, the result of habits and opinions naturally germinating in men's minds.

These feelings were the more powerful in consequence of their arising from two opposite sources;—Ghibelline and Guelf—the partisans of lofty monarchy and of popular liberty participated equally in the sentiments which rendered Rome the culminating point of the aspirations of mankind. From the time of Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperors had been labouring to support and extend their authority by identifying themselves with the Cæsars. In this attempt the jurists, men at once the organs and the despots of public opinion, powerfully supported them; and the institutions and policy of the Roman empire, or at least as far as the *corpus juris* preserved them, became interwoven in theory and practice with the constant and daily transactions of society.—But not less active had these reminiscences become amongst the popular party. The great cities in southern Gaul traced their municipal institutions to the Roman age; and as their strength increased during the great republican developments of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they had become the prouder of their republican lineage. In the free cities of Italy the same reverence and affection subsisted; but the great revival of these sentiments was effected at Rome. Checked and restrained, but never dormant, and often obtaining a real and effective political existence, this seeking of the spirit of Rome expanded into the most gorgeous and enthusiastic character when Petrarch sat crowned with laurel on the Capitol, whilst the grey ruins echoed with the shouts of freedom—*‘Viva la popolo Romano! Viva lo Senatore! Dio lo mantegna in libertade!’*

—and when the Tribune unfolded his banner, displaying the effigy of the triumphant mistress of the world.

Now it was from such union of the reminiscences of Rome with practical politics that men began to take an interest in the remains of Roman art, which they never would have felt had they considered antiquities merely as objects of curiosity. Frederick II. impressed a close imitation of the imperial type upon his coins, not because it was elegant, but because it was recommended to him as exemplifying the authority which he claimed. Rienzi built his house of fragments taken from the edifices raised by the people whose pre-eminence he attempted to revive. Petrarch formed the first collection of medals, as exhibiting the token of the power and intellect which he revered. A taste thus began to form itself for antiquity, not pedantic or extraneous, but arising from habits of thought, and which, when the era arrived, enabled, or rather compelled them to assimilate the architecture and arts of Rome with their state of society.

The rays—if we may employ this metaphor—which are to produce human invention and science, pass through the atmosphere without heating it, until the individual appears who is destined to collect them into a focus, and to kindle the pile. This individual, with respect to architecture, was 'Filippo di Ser Brunellesco di Lippo Lapi,' born 1377. His father and his grandfather before him were notaries: but Pippo had no affection for the inkhorn which hung at their girdles, and he was placed as apprentice to a goldsmith, a craft, which in the manner before mentioned, he practised with great success. No one could set a gem with more taste and skill than Pippo. He also worked and chased many shrines and basso-relievos in silver, of which some specimens exist, the most remarkable being a portion of the fine altar-table in the cathedral of Pistoia. Filippo was exceedingly well versed in mechanics, and manufactured clocks, which were equally valued for their goodness and their beauty. Perspective, which hitherto was scarcely understood, he reduced to its true rules, so that he may be said to be the inventor of the science. Upon this point, Vasari is precise. Brunelleschi was a most eloquent expositor of the Bible. He excelled in that species of inlaying which is termed *intarsiatura*; and as a sculptor he exhibited extraordinary cleverness, but his main vocation he felt to be architecture, and upon this he concentrated his talent, making every other acquirement subservient to his favourite art.

Brunelleschi had two great and absorbing conceptions—'aveva in se due concetti gran-

dissimi:—the one was the restoration of ancient architecture, by which he hoped to gain as much honour as ever had been won by Giotto or by Cimabue; the other was the completion of Santa Maria del Fiero, which seemed to stand in mockery of all modern skill. He had repaired to Rome in company with Donatello, and he employed himself with the utmost diligence in studying the remains of Roman art, making excavations in search of fragments, an employment which caused him and his companions to be considered as seekers of treasure by art geomantic, or adepts of the Doutsawivel breed. He not only drew every building of importance, but also the minuter and minutest details, carefully studying and examining their construction. But with the object which he had in view, his attention was most particularly directed to the Roman vaultings, especially to that of the Pantheon; and thus he learned the lessons which he soon practised with such wonderful skill.

Brunelleschi supported himself at Rome by working at his trade; but the air disagreed with him, and in a good hour his friends persuaded him to return to Florence, in the year 1407, where he was immediately employed, not in any new erections, but in repairing some buildings which were in an unsafe condition. In the same year the 'operai,' or building trustees of the Duomo, thought about going on with the fabric, and a meeting was held of skilful workmen. Filippo gave in his plans, and declared boldly that, if they would allow him to follow his own course, he would undertake to finish the cupola; but the zeal of the 'operai' slackened, and it was not till 1420, when they determined to resume the work in earnest, that a meeting (in masonic language, a chapter) was held of the principal masters, not only of Tuscany and Lombardy, but from beyond the Alps. The space to be covered by the cupola was so much larger than the spread of any vaulting which had yet been attempted, that the execution of Arnolfo's plan appeared almost impracticable; and various schemes for completing the fabric were proposed, some very idle. Brunelleschi suggested the centering which he afterwards carried into effect, and detailed his proposed mode of construction. As he proceeded, the worthy magistrates and other substantial citizens composing the building committee, cavilled and objected; and the more Brunelleschi tried to make them understand, the more teasing and irrelevant questions did they ask, and the more doubts did they raise. He grew angry, and so did they. They gave him his dismissal over and over again. Brunelleschi would not go, until, by an 'order of the Board,' th

young men, the *donzelli*, or ushers, lifted him fairly off his legs, and carried him bodily out of the audience-chamber, as one who was crazed. The original account is so characteristic, that it must be inserted:—'Laonde, licenziatolo parecchie volte, alla fine non volendo partire, fù portato di peso da i donzelli loro fuori dell' udiienza, tenendolo del tutto pazzo.'—The immediate sequel to this adventure proves the true grandeur of Brunelleschi's mind, even more than his stupendous powers in architecture. His ruling idea was the completion of the work to which he had devoted his talent. To everything else he was insensible. He was too proud to be offended. He scorned the scorn which he had encountered, worked more carefully at his designs, and, having obtained a hearing, he wrote a report, simply stating his plans, which he presented to the magistrates by whom he had been so slighted and affronted. They were conquered by his steadiness of purpose. The work was given to Brunelleschi, though not without encountering many difficulties from the bricks and stones, but far more from the flesh and blood with which he had to deal.

Every Englishman will assuredly begin by comparing the Duomo at Florence, and all similar edifices, with our metropolitan Cathedral. Unquestionably none surpass, perhaps none equal, Saint Paul's in elegance of form and in effect of altitude. Wren's eye for harmony of proportion is unrivalled; but it must be recollected that the dome of St. Paul's is *not* a dome, but a roof of timber, shielded with lead, and built round a brick cone, exactly like a glass furnace. Skill for skill, our countryman is not inferior to Brunelleschi; but in the Florentine cupola we behold pure and scientific vaulting, and though the absolute height be less than St. Peter's yet, as a dome, it is the largest in the world. This will appear from the measurements below.*

The finest and most characteristic view of the exterior is obtained from the south-west. Here the proportions of the dome, rising from amidst the smaller cupolas by which it is surrounded, can best be appreciated. The elevation of the cupola upon the drum which forms its base is the result of the boldness of Brunelleschi; for, according to the original plan of Arnolfo, the cupola was to have sprung from the arches within. The general combination of the smaller surrounding cupolas, the projecting

bracketed balustrades, and the gay and varied compartments of the marbles which cover the walls, all concur in giving so Asiatic an aspect to the building, that it is difficult, as we have already observed, to resist the supposition that many of the ideas here embodied may have been borrowed from the Syrian Arabs or their disciples in the far East; thus much may at least be asserted, that the style approximates much more closely to the mosques of Egypt, and the Moslem edifices of Hindostan, than to any cathedral which Arnolfo could have seen on the borders of the Rhine. Over one of the south side doors is an Annunciation in mosaic by Orcagna, all glittering in the sun with its gold ground and brilliant blue and green and red colours; this is Christian of course in its design, but possessing an Alhambra gaiety and brilliancy.

Within the duomo all is solemn and severe; plain, almost to nakedness—and dark—for the very fulness and richness of the brilliant painted glass adds to the gloom—a gloom doubly felt as you enter this shadowy pile with your eyes all dazzled by the bright hot sun; and the monuments and sculpture, though numerous in reality, seem scanty in proportion to the extent of the area. The impression of size is much enhanced by the vast proportions of the four arches which in three steps stretch along the whole length of the nave. But the great merit of Santa Maria consists in the impression given by the cupola of difficulties overcome; a sentiment which, quite abstracted from architectural beauty, always produces the strongest effect upon the observer's mind.

But we must now advert shortly to the productions of Brunelleschi as the restorer of Italian architecture. The great problem which he had to solve, was to retain the character which the rites and traditions of the spiritual church required in the material church, and yet unite this strict ecclesiastical character with so much as could be usefully borrowed from that of Roman art. This he accomplished with singular felicity, and his happy union of classical refinement and Christian feeling may justly entitle him to be considered as the Tasso of architecture. Taking the old Lombard or Carolingian church of the *Apostoli* as his model of general arrangement, he formed his interiors of arches resting upon columns, with the entablatures squared and interposed. This disposition of members, found only in some

* *St. Peter's.*

From the pavement to the top of the cross
Cupola, lantern, ball and cross

Braccia —
227
100

Sa. Maria.

Ditto
Ditto

Braccia.
202
104

examples of the Lower Empire, of course is not consecrated by rule—neither did Michael Angelo after him; all he sought was to imbibe the spirit and elegance of the patterns by which his taste had been formed.

Santo Spirito, belonging to the Austin Friars, is perhaps the finest of the works of Brunelleschi, though, having been continued after his decease, it does not entirely agree with his design. For, as Vasari observes, in his odd emphatic language, the 'maledizione' of those who fancy themselves more knowing than artists, operated in needless change and departure from the original design. Yet this appears to have taken place principally in some of the minor ornamental portions, and not to have affected the general conception, which is in the highest degree splendid and graceful. The plan of the interior forms a Latin cross; the side aisles, which are carried round the transepts, are formed by the most elegant Corinthian columns, from which spring circular arches; a basilica of the middle ages, strictly *catholic*, but adorned by all the delicacy of work of Imperial Rome. In the plan there is a remarkable peculiarity and deviation from the usual proportions. The centre aisles of naves and transepts are double the width of the side aisles. Therefore, at the extremities of each arm of the cross there are four windows instead of the usual number of three, so that, in viewing the compartments, the centre ends with a column, and not with an arch and an aperture beyond. And, however irreconcilable to rule, the combinations of perspective offered by this portion of the edifice are most magical in their variety.

As *Santo Spirito* now stands, the first column of the interior is supposed to have been raised in 1454; but much confusion has arisen in the history of the building in consequence of an older church which existed concurrently with the present one, and which was burnt in 1470—the fire being occasioned by some negligence in the management of the theatrical decorations of a mystery representing the descent of the Holy Ghost, a show exhibited upon the solemn entry of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan. It is said that in this conflagration the autograph of the Decameron, bequeathed by Boccaccio to Fra Martino da Signa, and after his death to this convent, was consumed.—Certainly this was a strange and not a very edifying legacy.

We must now quit, but with great regret, the ample field offered by Florentine architecture, and bestow a very few remarks upon the progress of sculpture in Tuscany.—Pisa, that 'vituperio delle genti,' the rival of Florence in arts and arms, had in this branch

of art the precedence both of time and skill. At a very early period, the Pisans became collectors, bringing home in their vessels various objects of ancient art from the shores of the Mediterranean, visited by them as merchants or as conquerors; characters they so successfully conjoined. Antique columns were thus largely imported by them: and, brought from the shores of Africa and Asia Minor, they formed those forests of shafts of rich marble or of more precious materials which deck the Baptistery, the Campanile, the Duomo, and other splendid churches by which their city is adorned. Occasionally some of these objects seem to have been appropriated upon the supposition that they possessed a secret virtue or talismanic power. The Hippogryph, which has descended from the pinnacle of the Duomo to the cloister of Campo Santo, and whose Cufic inscriptions still baffle the skill of the orientalist, belongs without doubt to this class. Such also are the two shattered shafts of oriental porphyry which flank the eastern gate of San Giovanni at Florence. It was believed that, when the Florentines (1117) assisted the Pisans by guarding their city whilst their forces were absent, during the expedition which terminated by the conquest of Majorca, the victors offered to their allies a choice of the trophies won in the island, certain bronze gates, or two splendid columns of porphyry. The latter, being chosen, were duly transmitted to Florence, covered with scarlet cloth; but, when the drapery was removed, they had lost all their beauty, for the rival republicans had spitefully passed the gift through the fire, ruining the polished and mirror-like surface; and hence, it is said, arose the proverb—*Fiorentini ciechi, Pisani traditori*.*

In our age of civilisation, when similar acquisitions are made, we build them up in artificial 'ruins,' or we place them as a show in a museum; but at that period men attempted, however ignorantly, to give back the fruits of their industry or success to the source which alone imparts industry or success to human faculties and energies.

Ancient sarcophagi, also, were copiously brought home by the Pisans. These they

* This tradition which, like others that we shall have occasion to quote, is recorded by the Froissart of Tuscany, Giovanni Villani, was probably invented to account for the injured surface and dull hue of the broken shafts, which possibly were never polished at all. They are now encircled and kept together by iron bands: for the piazza being entirely filled with water during a violent storm in April, 1424, occasioned, as it should seem, by the bursting of a water-spout, conjoined to an inundation of the Arno, the columns were undermined, thrown down, and broken by the fall. Above are the rusty links of the massy chain, which, borne away from Porto Pisano in 1362, was here suspended in triumph.

employed as sepulchres, adding an inscription on the verge, or within the wreath or tablet which had contained the epitaph of the Roman matron or senator. In the Campo Santo are several examples of tombs, thus employed as early as the eleventh century. At later periods, heraldic bearings and shields were introduced, forming strange combinations of mediæval and classical antiquity. Amongst the monuments so transported is one of a Greco-Roman sculptor, and of which the beauty is as unquestionable as the subject is doubtful. Meleager and the Calydonian Boar, Hippolytus and Phædra, and Atalanta starting for the chase, have all been discerned by antiquaries in the bold but mutilated bas-reliefs by which it is surrounded.* This sarcophagus, in which the remains of Beatrice, mother of the celebrated Countess Matilda, are still deposited, became, as it is said, the favourite study of the artist known by the name of Nicolo Pisano, whose first great work is the tomb of Saint Dominic at Bologna (erected about 1225), and who suddenly, as it were, and without any precursor, appeared to have imbibed the spirit of classical art. At this period, those whom we now denominate sculptors, were also architects, and formed, like the painters, a craftsmen's guild, as Master masons or 'Lapidarii.' It is, therefore, almost superfluous to add that Nicolo practised in both callings. In architecture he became a pupil of the Tedeschi; witness the magnificent church of the *Frari* at Venice, and the still more sumptuous church at Padua, dedicated in 1231 to *Il Santo*, who, we need not say, is St. Anthony. Both these are Gothic, but with many peculiarities. In the latter is a very remarkable attempt to unite the cupolas of St. Mark with a pointed style; but it is to be observed that in none of his buildings is there any approach to that classical taste which so signally marks him as a sculptor. Probably the Italian Gothic, then in its vigour, and possessing a beauty of its own, though very different from the Transalpine, was sufficient to satisfy and fill his mind. Of his studies we know but little, nor much of his personal career, yet, if it be true that he was high in the favour of Frederick II., and employed by that emperor, we again find reason to ascribe some degree of his affection for Roman art to the political feeling of the age. The sculptures of the pulpits of Pisa and Sienna are the most splendid examples of his skill. In all his compositions there is a general similarity in the grouping to the best Roman works—as, for example, the Trajan column—and in some particular

figures there is a direct adaptation of the antique; but he is never in the slightest degree fettered by it; all his conceptions are original: the cast of his characters is that of his own age, and yet, guided by a singular degree of tact, he avoids all uncouth combinations; even when in treating such subjects as the Last Judgment, he is not seduced out of the dignity of his art.

Nicolo, who died in 1264, was succeeded by his son and pupil, Giovanni, who often followed his father with no inconsiderable success: he imitated, however, rather than invented; he worked after a receipt, and he could not always apply the lessons he had been taught. Giovanni is often coarse and careless; and instead of the happy colouring of classical antiquity which distinguished his father, we find in him the beginning of that servility of imitation, by which, in the subsequent age, art was overlaid. As an architect he was successful; and the beautiful oratory, or rather shrine of Santa Maria della Spina on the Lungo l' Arno of Pisa, is an evidence of his skill: but it is much less Gothic than the buildings produced by his father, and without the richness and boldness of Orcagna's style.

The art of sculpture which had hitherto flourished at Pisa, was now transplanted to Florence by that gifted individual, who, towards the beginning of the 14th century, is noticed in the account books of the Duomo of Pisa, and described as '*Andreuccio*, the servant of Maestro Giovanni.' This was between 1299 and 1305; but the man became his master's partner, and he afterwards settled at Florence, where the best of his works are found. Andrea Pisano was also an excellent architect. It is not, however, an agreeable passage in his history to find that he was much patronised by the bitter tyrant, Walter de Brienne, Duke of Athens, who employed Andrea to convert the Palazzo Vecchio, the seat of the republican magistracy, into a species of dungeon, and also to begin another strong fortress, the better to restrain the unruly community. Andrea's demerits as an abettor of illegal despotism are now forgotten; and we value him by his most celebrated production, the brazen doors of San Giovanni, or the Baptistery, which, with the two others executed by Ghiberti, were declared by Michael Angelo worthy of being the gates of Paradise. They are certainly of extraordinary beauty; but, at the same time, we must also acknowledge that this, and many other laudatory remarks proverbially attributed to Buonarroti, are quite as much proofs of his own tact, as of the merit of the work which called them forth. Instead of attempting to raise himself by depreciating the performances of others,

* It has been removed from the Duomo to the Campo Santo.

he taught the public to admire and not to criticise, being assured, as every artist of merit must be, that the more pleasure be taken in art in general, the greater will be the share which he in particular will obtain. In some respects, perhaps, these gates are now seen to greater advantage than in the time of Michael Angelo; for the gilding which then covered them is now entirely worn away, and we enjoy the undisturbed lights and shadows of the exquisite relief implanted upon the metal. And let it here be observed, that no one who has only seen bronze sculpture corroded by London fog, clothed by the sooty deposit of London atmosphere, and saddened by the sickly rays of London sun, can possibly have any idea of the effect of the material under the bright sky of a more genial climate. The door executed by Pisano is the one towards the south; it was completed in 1330. Giotto, as we are told by Vasari, gave the designs for the bas-reliefs. Later authorities have doubted this fact, but apparently with no other reason than the pleasure of scepticism: for the figures, and particularly the allegorical personifications of Virtues in the lower compartments, are completely *Giottesque* in conception and design, allowing for the difference between relief in bronze and flat fresco wall. Hope stretching forth her hands towards the celestial crown, may be instanced as an excellent example of Christian allegory. Above are the principal events in the life of St. John the Baptist. When this gate was fixed and exhibited, the event was celebrated throughout all Tuscany as a festival. The Signoria, who never came forth from the Palazzo in state except upon the most important occasions, attended the first exposition of the work which they justly deemed the pride of their city. They were accompanied by the ambassadors of the then rival crowns of Naples and Sicily; and the rights of citizenship were granted to the Pisan, as the highest honour which could be awarded to him, by whom Florence had been thus adorned.

How unwise would it have been for Michael Angelo to have breathed a syllable detracting from the homage thus rendered to that art of which he was himself a professor; or, for the sake of displaying his own ingenuity in criticism, to have dispelled the traditional illusion!

Not much less than a century elapsed before the northern and eastern gates were added (1400—1424) to the portal of Andrea Pisano, at the expense of the merchants' guild. The work was thrown open to general competition, and Ghiberti, Donatello, Jacopo della Quercia, Nicolo d' Arezzo, Francesco da Valdanbrina, and Simone da Colle, all strove for the prize. In the casting and execution

of the north gate, Ghiberti, who is said to have been only twenty years of age when he began his work, was assisted by his father, Bartoluccio, and by nine other artists, all of whose names are preserved in the annals of the wardens of the Baptistery. Upon this gate are displayed the principal events in the ministry of our Lord. The third, or eastern gate, and which is the most beautiful, represents in the compartments the most leading events of the Old Testament, whilst the frame-work is filled with statues and busts of patriarchs, saints, and prophets of the Mosaic dispensation, in basso relievo.*

The elegance of design, especially (if any portion can be particularised where all is so fine,) in the recumbent figures at the lower portion of the door, and the skill displayed in the projection of the foregrounds and receding of the distance, is peculiarly remarkable. When seen at the proper time of day, no drawing in chiaro-scuro can be truer in the perspective. The statues and heads, all in 'ronde bosse,' are equally fine: as delicate and highly finished as a piece of jewellery, and yet exhibiting the utmost boldness and freedom.

The design of this gate was suggested, and the subjects chosen, by the celebrated Leonardi Bruni, surnamed Aretino from his birthplace, in a very remarkable letter addressed to the committee (as we should call them) to whom the arrangement of the work was entrusted. In this letter he insists upon the necessity that the artists should be well informed in the histories, so as to represent them with accuracy; from whence we can collect, not only that a knowledge of Holy Scriptures was more easily attainable than is now usually supposed, but, also that there was a strong desire to render these representations the means of useful instruction, the only ground on which they can be defended. Indeed, not only in this but in the other gates, and in the greater portion of the earlier and coeval monuments of Florence, the simplicity as well as the truth of the subjects taken from the Bible is very remarkable, being neither degraded by mean conceptions nor adulterated by legendary fables; and evincing from the details a most thorough acquaintance with the text from which the scenes are portrayed. Could art be thus retained in purity, how gladly might it have been welcomed as a tribute to the sanctuary;—and most satisfactory and pleasant it is to be able to point out these, in some degree redeeming, examples of art, amidst the crowd of imagery which testifies only of its abuse.

* The statues of Miriam and Judith are particularly to be distinguished.

The payments to Ghiberti and his assistants for the two gates amounted to 30,798 florins; a sum which, like most of the prices paid about this period, shows the exceedingly high standard by which such proficiency was measured in the market of labour.

We have noticed incidentally Donatello, the fellow-student of Brunelleschi, delving amidst the monuments of ancient Rome, and imbued with the same enthusiasm. He was the great rival of Ghiberti, in common opinion excelling him—an opinion which may perhaps require more examination than it has yet received; and his St. George, in the singular church of Or' San' Michele, is distinguished as best exhibiting the grandeur and living boldness of his style. Donatello was considered as forming the connecting link between ancient and modern art. One may begin to discern in him the transition, of which the general character in his successors is an increasing departure, from the ancient conventional or traditional types in religious subjects, and a more direct imitation of the antique in costume, and in *no* costume, i.e. the nude, until, as in Canova, the praise you give the work is wholly resolved into its vain rivalry of Grecian art. But if the distinguishing tendency of modern art is its slavish subordination to the spirit of classical antiquity, in this respect it may be confidently denied that Donatello compromised his independence, excepting in some very few examples. Grace was the peculiar gift of Donatello, but it was united to complete command of the chisel, and a thorough knowledge of all the resources of chiaro-scuro, in which perhaps no other sculptor attained an equal mastery. He worked 'con furia,' and when he cried out to his 'Zuccone,' or bald-head, representing his friend Cherichini in the character of St. Peter, 'Parla!' Speak! the exclamation was a burst by which the work and its maker were equally characterised.

Of Michael Angelo's skill, the most striking if not the most perfect specimens which Florence offers are to be found in the basilica of San Lorenzo. In the Sagrestia Nuova we have the rare union of architecture and sculpture arising out of one conception; the building planned for the monuments, and the monuments planned for the building which contains them. We here see sculpture in its true position, the handmaid waiting on the mistress, connected with and ancillary to architecture. That such is the real bearing of sculpture may be tried by a very easy test: did ever any statue produce a good effect without a back-ground? or at least some edifice near which it is placed, or out of which it arises?

Perhaps the strongest test of the talent of

Michael Angelo is found, not so much in the perfect dignity and grandeur of the two prominent, finished statues, the pensive Lorenzo, and the hard, bold soldier, Julian, half-rising from his seat, nor in the half-awakened Morn, and the Night, plunged in sweet slumber, as in the yet unfinished statues, the male figures allegorically denoting Evening and Day, and the incompleated group of the Virgin and Child in the same chapel. So completely did Michael Angelo transfer his conception to the marble, as it took its shape beneath his powerful chisel, that, seen from the opposite side of the chapel, these sketches in stone are entirely effective: and it is only by a near examination that you discern the noble design to be merely indicated in the marble. Yet there is one fault which is very obvious; it is, that the allegory on the monument is neither very intelligible nor very appropriate; nor can any reason be assigned for thus bestowing the elements of mundane time upon the Princes to whom they are assigned. There is also, it may be said, rather too much *individuality* as opposed to ideal beauty, in the finished female figures. The muscles are displayed with a distinctness approaching to coarseness, as if the models had been selected from the working class. But, with every deduction, the statues have transcendent merit; and this merit was appreciated when first they appeared. They are praised in prose and in verse, and the *Notte* in particular, suggested to Giovanni Battista Strozzi the elegant quatrain:—

'La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme ha vita;
Destala, se nol' credi, e parlaratti.'

Michael Angelo, well pleased with the compliment, replied with equal, perhaps superior, elegance:—

'Grato m'è l' sonno e più l'esser di sasso;
Mentre che il danno, e la vergogna dura
Non veder, non sentir m'è gran ventura;
Pero non mi destar; deh parla basso.*'

* A living poet, unapproached for the delicacy of his taste, has these exquisite lines:—

'Nor then forget that chamber of the dead,
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A twofold influence, only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each,
Both, and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo—mark him well.
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestic!
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard
At morn or eve.' (Roger's *Italy*, pp. 194-5.)

None of Michael Angelo's works are more beautiful than the unfinished group of the Virgin and Child mentioned above. The action of the Madonna is original without being strained, and her fine yet beautiful countenance bespeaks that sublime and noble, as well as tender character conjoined, in which few artists have succeeded.

As the year 1450 may be assumed in round numbers as the period of the revival of letters, so that of 1550 may be equally taken, in a general manner, as the decline of all the higher inspirations of æsthetic art, yet living on, in the person of Michael Angelo, and, with him, beginning to depart. Even as from the very point of the summer solstice, we enter upon the fall of the year, when the day ceases to lengthen, pauses, and then shortens with accelerated rapidity, until, passing through the brumal air of autumn, the season dies out in winter's gloom; so, in all these proud triumphs of human intellect, excellence is always inseparably connected with decay, not immediately visible, but developing itself as the fated catastrophe to the phases of the human mind. A great truth has been forcibly pointed out by Hallam: 'There is only one cause for the want of great men in any period. Nature does not think fit to produce them. They are no creatures of education and circumstance.'—Yet circumstances modify intellect; and a cause, not unimportant, of the deterioration of sculpture was its separation from architecture. The first object of its intent and application was lost, and instead of being a significant and living art, sculpture dwindled into the mere minister to the desires of the eye. The finest statue, carved only to serve as a decoration, is nothing else than a chimney-piece ornament on a larger scale. Furthermore, the general lowering of the intellectual standard of the art may be ascribed to the error so universally made, in forgetting that knowledge is intended to afford the means of improvement, and not to be the end of education. The masters who renovated art did not take the antique as a normal pattern, but as a free auxiliary. So long as the remains of classical taste were consulted as the general models of grace and correctness, they imparted their merits to Italian art. But when, from being the type of beauty, the resemblance to the antique was prescribed as the only test of merit, invention became torpid: and historical sculpture in Italy, became in art what Latin prize poems are in literature, compositions too respectable to be contemned, but at which no creature who can help itself will ever give a second glance. Look but once at the monuments of Alfieri and of Dante in Santa Croce, and you will feel that Italian art is as empty as the cenotaph, and as dead as the bones and ashes in the sepulchre.

There is no dissenting from the opinion that the deterioration and ultimate destruction of the mediæval religious feeling, by the bigotry of modern classical taste, deprived the plastic and graphic arts of all their higher attributes and feelings. The talent became profane, inoperative, and un-instructive, often tending to direct evil. Whatever may have been the faults and errors of the earlier Italian artists, they in their productions never sinned against decency—never displayed a figure which offended against propriety—never wanted in a group which could excite a loose idea—never pandered to the grosser passions of mankind. With the Greeks, how otherwise! The grave archæologist may allegorise, the virtuoso may burst out into extatic rapture: but there is no flinching from the fact, that the antique collections, the treasures which fill the Gallery or the Museum, the Vatican or the Louvre, which the aged are directed to venerate, the young to study for instruction, are pervaded by the most debasing sensuality, breathing in the marble and the bronze, and the more subtle and dangerous from the elegance and refinement which it assumes. It may not be agreeable to know the truth; but all that Winkelman and Visconti teach us to admire at Rome was denounced by the Apostle as the corruption of the divine glory. It may be said that no one believes in Leda's swan or in Danaë's shower; but the swelling outline and the forms rising from the glowing canvas, become a part of the mind into which they have been received. As to the consequences of the altered taste, not merely upon art, but upon artists and upon mankind, it has been well observed by Mr. Henry Drummond, in his curious and interesting Letter to Mr. Phillips, R. A., that

'Lorenzo de Medici did not add much to the enthusiasm of the artists, though he did all that in him lay to bring them back to paganism, when he required of one to paint for him the misfortunes of Vulcan; of another, the twelve labours of Hercules; of another, heathen gods and goddesses in all their accustomed nudity; and of another, repeated representations of Venus. So immediate was the degrading effect upon some of the painters themselves, that it is said of Pontormo, that when to please Cosmo de' Medici he painted for his mother, Donna Maria, the gods and goddesses, with corresponding allegorical figures illustrating the liberal arts, no one would have believed that this proceeded from the same pencil which had so lately before excited universal admiration. From the same period, too, may be traced an increased number of lascivious pictures under the pretext of Venuses, Danaës, Leda's, Didos, &c., until at length, towards the beginning of the last century, a total change in the morals of the people is declared by an historian in a very remarkable manner, although indeed he ascribes it to corruption by money:—"*E qualche cosa di portentoso il vedere quel medesimo popolo, che pochi anni avanti era stato, al meno quanto all'*

estior, un modello di modestia, diventare in un subito il più scostumato di Europa."—*L'Osservatore Fiorentino*, i. 38.

'The effect of the arts in Italy since the period when they attained their greatest elevation, has been exactly the contrary of that produced by them up to that time. Instead of making holy men and women—*santi e sante*—they have tended to habituate the eye and taste to scenes of indecency, which is one of the causes of the open dissoluteness of Italian society. The proportion of religious subjects painted now, in comparison to the number of those of an opposite tendency, is very small indeed, and although the direct intention of the picture may not be evil, still there is nothing to exalt or enoble the feelings.'—*Drummond's Letter*, (1840,) pp. 26, 27.

We most fully and cordially agree in the position that, by the absence of religious feeling, art has lost its truest support. There is indeed no production of the human intellect respecting which the same truth may not be affirmed. Yet, at the same time, in reprobating the pollutions of heathenism, we should equally avoid the equally strange error into which, we regret to say, the very pious and estimable individual whom we have just quoted seems in danger of falling, that the excellence of the early painters was actually a direct inspiration, and attainable only by and through such doctrine as is embodied in the tenets of the church of Rome.†

This notion, indeed, with so many unsound opinions, has been imported from Germany;

* To the same effect are the observations of M. Rio, in his excellent work, 'De la Poésie Chrétienne.'—'Le paganisme de la cour des Médicis, né de la corruption des mœurs autant que des progrès de l'érudition, n'avait rien de ce caractère grandiose qui, sur le forum, donnait à ce genre de tentation une force presque irrésistible. Que demandait Laurent de Médicis aux premiers artistes de Florence, quand il voulait exercer à leur égard ce patronage éclairé, dont il est fait tant de bruit dans l'histoire? A Pollajuolo il demandait les douze travaux d'Hercule; à Ghirlandajo, l'histoire si édifiante des malheurs de Vulcain; à Luca Signorelli, des dieux et des déesses, avec tous les charmes de la nudité; et, par compensation, une chaste Pallas à Botticello, qui, malgré la pureté naturelle de son imagination, fut en outre obligé de peindre une Vénus pour Côme de Médicis, et de répéter plusieurs fois le même sujet avec des variantes suggérées par son savant protecteur.'—pp. 154, 155.

Without adopting the opinions of Rio upon the devotional employment of images, we must bear the most willing testimony to the high moral tone of his work, and the sincerity of his feelings.

† It appears, at least to us, difficult to put any other construction on the following passage:—'There is enough of spiritual power yet in the church of Rome, if it were but rightly put forth, to produce again works which should be worthy of its ancient greatness, notwithstanding the rubbish by which that power is oppressed; but there is not enough power in Protestantism to put forth anything better than it does, for there never was; and it can never have in its decrepitude, that which it wanted in its prime.'—*Drummond*, p. 32. If, however, by Protestantism, Mr. Drummond means Puritanism, we have nothing to cavil at.

where, in belief, there seems to be no medium between the polar circle of; neology and the torrid zone of enthusiastic insanity. 'Such a work as this,' said a sedate *Berliner* student to us, as we were standing before the Crucifixion by Frate Angelico, in the chapel of San Marco, 'could only have been effected, *durch die kraft des heiligen Geistes*;' and it is well known that Overbeck has passed over to the Roman communion, in the sincere conviction that otherwise he never could attain the devotional purity of design which he sought.

These opinions are not without such a degree of truth as to require a sober examination. Blake's drawings are, in some sense, psychological specimens. They are as truly the representation of the things which he had seen in his visions, as if he had taken them from the life in the model academy. In the same manner the compositions of Frate Angelico are unquestionably the transcripts of the countenances which appeared to his imagination, nurtured in the trances of mystic divinity and asceticism. They result from the double operation of the mind acting on the body, and the body on the mind. Had Santa Teresa painted her contemplations, her representations of holy things would have beamed with love and glory. So far may be conceded; but are we justified in substituting superstition for faith, in order to acquire pictorial skill? Admit with Mr. Drummond, that the 'purity, modesty, and holiness of a Madonna are the necessary fruits of purity and holiness;' and the next step (and it may be made quite unconsciously) will be the worship of the image, nay, the belief in its miraculous power.

Mr. Drummond is not likely to have many followers. But equally dangerous, or perhaps more dangerous, because addressing themselves to calmer temperaments, are the wishes manifested by some excellent and pious members of the Anglo-Catholic Church, anxious to introduce into the interior of our ecclesiastical buildings the decorations of graven images and paintings, upon the principle which first recommended such adornments in the early ages of the Catholic Church. That religious paintings exhibited in places of worship may, in certain stages of society, become useful books for the unlettered, is unquestionable. A powerful, and, to peculiar dispositions, a sanctifying impulse may be given by them to the imagination. But, whatever may be the incidental cases in which the adoption of images has been mercifully overruled for good, when the ignorance has been excused and the intention sanctified, when the faith has

been accepted and the superstition forgiven, still, even if the general question of the lawfulness of such ornaments were without great difficulty—which it certainly is not—its particular application must be determined, not by the pattern or usages of other churches, but by our own.

Now it is indubitable that the Anglo-Catholic Church merely tolerates painting and sculpture under certain conditions and restrictions, to which, if we conform, having been sanctioned by usage and custom, they have ceased to give offence—but no further. So far as the Church has admitted images, paintings, or other visible symbols into her structure, we do right to continue them: but this is all that we can do without incurring very serious risks.* It is very true that the boundary-line drawn by the traditional discipline of the Anglican Church, in this and similar matters, as settled when the present Liturgy was adopted, may be pronounced vague and arbitrary. Why, may it not be asked, do we without reluctance allow the gable, the steeple, or the dome to be crowned with the triumphant cross, when we refuse to place the sign of redemption upon the

altar?—Does the transparency of the painted glass excuse the serrated form which we condemn upon the canvas?—If it be innocent to adorn the church with the evergreen holly when we celebrate the Nativity, why should we hesitate to hail the Resurrection by decking the sacred edifice in vernal flowers?—The answer, we humbly think, is not far to seek. The revival of any usage which has been entirely discarded, is, in fact, the introduction of a novelty; and whatever may be its abstract recommendation, or our regret that it has become obsolete, yet, if obtruded upon congregations to whom it is new and strange, it may be attended with most unhappy consequences. There is sufficient difficulty in defending the fundamental doctrines of the Anglican Church, merely because, having been long neglected, they go against the notions of many. With this difficulty many noble spirits are now grappling—and it is impossible not to see that wonderful success is opening on their efforts; but it is surely most inexpedient (at this critical moment especially) to employ ourselves in the labour of hewing stumbling-blocks, for the purpose

* The sentiments of Queen Elizabeth (whom no one will accuse of puritanism), with respect to images, were most decided. The scene between her and Dean Nowell has been most curiously detailed by an eye and ear witness. She applied herself to the unfortunate dignitary in right earnest, and the mixture of character, the combination of scolding-wife and angry-queen temper exhibited by her, renders the dialogue singularly amusing.

The Dean, having gotten from a foreigner several fine cuts and pictures, representing the stories and passions of the Saints and Martyrs, had placed them against the Epistles and Gospels of their festivals in a Common-Prayer book. And this book he had caused to be richly bound, and laid on the cushion for the Queen's use, in the place where she commonly sat, intending it for a New Year's Gift to her Majesty, and thinking to have pleased her fancy therewith; but it had not that effect, but the contrary: for she considered how this varied from her late open injunctions and proclamations against the superstitious use of images in churches, and for the taking away all such reliques of popery. When she came to her place she opened the book and perused it, and saw the pictures; but frowned and blushed; and then shut it (of which several took notice), and calling the verger, bade him bring her the old book, wherein she was formerly wont to read. After sermon, whereas she was wont to get immediately on horseback, or into her chariot, she went straight to the vestry, and applying herself to the Dean, thus she spoke to him:

Queen. Mr. Dean, how came it to pass that a new Service-book was placed on my cushion? To which the Dean answered—

Dean. May it please your Majesty, I caused it to be placed there. Then said the Queen—

Q. Wherefore did you so?

D. To present your Majesty with a New Year's Gift.

Q. You could never present me with a worse.

D. Why so, Madam?

Q. You know I have an aversion to idolatry; to images and pictures of this kind.

D. Wherein is the idolatry, may it please your Majesty?

Q. In the cuts resembling angels and saints; nay, grosser absurdities, pictures resembling the Blessed Trinity.

D. I meant no harm; nor did I think it would offend your Majesty, when I intended it for a New Year's Gift.

Q. You needs must be ignorant, then. Have you forgot our proclamation against images, pictures, and Romish reliques in the churches? Was it not read in your deanery?

D. It was read. But, be your Majesty assured, I meant no harm when I caused the cuts to be bound with the Service-book.

Q. You must needs be very ignorant to do this after our prohibition of them.

D. It being my ignorance, your Majesty may the better pardon me.

Q. I am sorry for it, yet glad to hear it was your ignorance, rather than your opinion.

D. Be your Majesty assured, it was my ignorance.

Q. If so, Mr. Dean, God grant you his spirit, and more wisdom for the future.

D. Amen, I pray God.

Q. I pray, Mr. Dean, how came you by these pictures? Who engraved them?

D. I know not who engraved them. I bought them.

Q. From whom bought you them?

D. From a German.

Q. It is well it was from a stranger. Had it been any of our subjects, we should have questioned the matter. Pray let no more of these mistakes, or of this kind, be committed within the churches of our realm for the future.

D. There shall not.—*Strype's Annals*, vol. i. pp. 272, 274.

of casting them in the path which truly leads to the sanctuary.

If it be thus a duty towards our own Church to refrain from giving needless offence, equally do we owe it unto those Churches which are yet unhappily so burthened by their corruptions. Whatever pardonable motives and steps may have led to the first adoption of images, the people in Italy know nothing of the nice distinction between '*dulia*' and '*latria*,' by which the doctor or casuist repels the charge of idolatry. The Romanists are, as Jeremy Taylor truly observed, full as much *Marians* as *Christians*. How thoroughly deluding is the influence exercised upon their minds through the medium of painting, may be best understood by adverting to the admission of the amiable and accomplished author of the '*Poetry of Christian Art*,' that images became 'an integral portion of religious worship.'* Such a subject as the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' which it is impossible to look at without pain and sorrow, is merely the last stage in the series of which the simplest Madonna is the first. And if we withhold from the Romanists the forcible testimony given by our abstinence from all approximation to these abuses in our places of worship, we deny them the best and most useful lesson which we can impart. It is by the silent protest of example, and not by mockery or scoffing, by fierce controversy and hard words and anger, by declamation on the platform, or vituperation in the newspaper, that the great schism which has rent the Church is to be healed.

ART. II.—*The Plains of Troy. Illustrated by a Panoramic Drawing taken on the spot, and a Map constructed after the latest Survey.* By Henry W. Acland, of Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford. 1839.

LORD BYRON, in *Don Juan*, calls Jacob Bryant a 'blackguard';—not perhaps so much for going about to prove Helen an old woman in the last year of the war, a circumstance which, indeed, all the old reports of the case, except Homer's, sufficiently establish,—as for denying Troy to be in the Troad, and thereby diminishing the renown

of the twice-swum Hellespont. Now, if a man who is wrong in controversy deserves, on that account, the imposition of this rough *prænomen*, then we fear that Bryant's breeding and gentility are hopelessly marred; otherwise, with some regard and much admiration for Helen, and nothing doubting that Homer's Troy is in Col. Leake's, or rather in our late venerable friend Le Chevalier's, Troad, we would venture still to recognise the tough old fellow of Eton as a respectable citizen in the literary republic—with something, it may be, of the revolutionary, or at least seditious in his heart, but whose direst errors were many times more useful than the blameless teachings of others, and whose wildest paradox, like the conflagration of an Indian jungle, whilst it cleared the country and purified the air, burnt serpents in their holes, and turned tigers abroad for hunters of renown. For true it is—and amongst the thousand claims which the name of Homer has upon the love and gratitude of mankind, it is not the least—that to the very questioning of his individual existence, and to the very denial of his subject and his scene, we owe, more than to any other single cause or occasion, that freer, deeper, and more instructive spirit of criticism on the precious monuments of antiquity, which in the course of the last thirty years has compelled the vast results of modern science, art, and personal research into its service—carrying a torch into many a dark recess of the old world, and thence not seldom gathering up and reflecting light on the obscurities of things before our eyes.

In this great movement Bryant and his books were hinge and spring. For although the question of the composition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had been previously flung into the arena of letters, and Bryant's primary point was apparently narrower, yet by reason of its rise in England, its direction against France in the person of Le Chevalier, and the seemingly kindred nature of its scepticism, it grew, and swelled, and caught fire, and blazed, and came flying all abroad upon the land in the gigantic form of the Trojan Controversy. Men and women and boys—if any such boys were—who had never heard of Troy before, heard of it now; it whitened all library tables and darkened all schoolmasters' minds; it fluttered in pamphlets, and floundered in quartos, till Troy-weight was as familiar to collectors of books as to workers in gold. Realism and Nominalism wrought not more argumentation—the Immaculate Conception cost not more blood. For author's blood—ink—was shed in streams; men fought, like

* * * Le nombre des tableaux des autels n'en allait pas moins se multipliant presque à l'infini pour satisfaire à la pitié des fidèles, pour qui l'image du Christ et celle de la Madonna étaient devenues une partie intégrante du culte religieux.—*Rio*, p. 147.

Widdrington, to the stumps of their pens. Transmigrated heroes mixed, we doubt not, in that conflict; Le Chevalier, Morritt, Maclaurin, Rennell, Gell, the British Critic of that day—but amongst them, and above them all, Jacob was seen—the growling, dangerous Ajax—the huge belaboured ass—quilled with penshorts like a porcupine, forced by a host to retreat, yet ever and anon halting with a turn—*ἐντροπάλιστος*—and with cuff oblique from a mutton-fist prostrating the over eager pursuer. No one, of course, now doubts that Bryant was wrong in his geographical dogma; and wrong in his historical dogma so far as the positive half of it is concerned; but he has supporters in the negative part of the position, and he is the immediate ancestor of divers learned theorists on Homer—German, English, and French—we owe to suggestions of his the germs of their respective lucubrations. The Trojan Controversy burnt itself nearly out; but the Homeric Question rose out of the extinct volcano, and even yet flies haggard over the crater.

We were led into this subject, which however we have no intention of following at length, by a sight of Mr. Henry Acland's beautiful panoramic drawing of the Troad, and a perusal of the modest, but scholarlike, description with which he has accompanied it. He is, we believe, a younger son of Sir Thomas Acland, and at present an undergraduate at Oxford. Ill health seems to have induced a visit to the different countries round the Mediterranean and its adjacent waters; and a rather uncommon share of useful accomplishments has enabled him, whilst still *in statu pupillari*, to present to the public this pleasing memorial of his rambles through the Troad.

'The drawing was made,' he says, 'during three visits to the Troad, in the year 1838, without a thought of publication; and in the description (although I kept a copious journal), I have preferred, wherever it was possible, quoting from the works of authors well known.'

We sincerely wish that Mr. Acland had not so much distrusted his own scholarship and powers of description, and had given us some extracts from his own journal, recording, as no doubt it did, the first impressions made upon his mind by actual inspection of these famous scenes. For, whether it be that the Troad is a dull-looking spot in itself, or dull men only described it—(which certainly, however, is far from the fact)—no book that we ever read has given so much as a lively picture of it in words. In this respect we can make no exception in favour of Mr. Acland; although we must of course add, that he has not even attempted to pre-

sent that sort of view, but has pretty strictly limited himself to an orderly notice and illustration of the points of importance in his own drawing.

'I had at first,' he says, 'intended to state the theories of the most able writers on the subject, especially of those who have visited the Troad, and to point out such opinions as on the spot appeared to me the most probable; but a weak state of health, the original cause of my visiting the Mediterranean, has forced me to curtail the design; and I hope this may be admitted as some apology for the condition in which my Paper now appears.'

'A brief description of the country visible from the *tumulus* from which the Drawing is taken will form the sole subject of the following pages.'

'My only wish is, that, incomplete as both the drawing and the description may appear, they may afford some pleasure and information to lovers of classic ground, especially to such as have not within their reach the larger and more expensive works written on the subject.'—*Preface*, pp. 5, 6.

No 'lover of classic ground' will fail, we are persuaded, in receiving the pleasure and information designed for them in this work; and we cannot but regret that something of the hydrographer's and scientific draftsman's art is not more common than it is amongst educated travellers, other than military or naval officers. One such drawing as this of Mr. Acland's is worth more, for all purposes of literature, than a dozen of those vaporous, die-away engravings which were born in England with the *Annals*, and ought to die in the *Annals* in which they are born. We wish, indeed, that our young Panoramist had not left us to puzzle sometimes for the *tumulus* 'under a bright cloud,' or Lemnos 'under the light sky'; but had helped the dim eye of a middle-aged inquirer, even at the expense of sea and sky, by a few figures corresponding with the names at the bottom of the Drawing. In general, however, the arrangement is very clear; and we can only regret that the author, instead of the sober tint he has adopted, did not contrive to give us land, water, and Vallonia oak *proper*. For those who have seen earth and ocean *alio sub sole*, know how much larger an element colour is in the landscape there, than in middle or northern Europe. Nature in those countries has a brighter complexion, though men and women have not.

Mr. Acland—who, we must premise, is an undoubting believer in the old full-blooded Homer, the writer, whether blind or not, of the forty-eight books of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and perhaps of the Hymns too—takes his stand on the *tumulus* of *Æsyetes*—*Ἀἰσυήτας γίγας*—the summit of which, he says, is 260 feet above the sea, and thence, with rather more tranquillity we may believe than Polites of yore, contemplates the

prospect around him. The Panorama is taken from this eminence marked in the Map, which accompanies the description, by a red spot. He begins with the left end of his Drawing, looking S.W., and in pointing out the westerly range of Ida, properly remarks from Rennel, that this name does not indicate any single mountain or chain of mountains, but a mountainous district of very considerable, though indefinite, extent. 'If this account of Ida be correct,' says Mr. Acland, 'it explains a geographical error which has been laid upon Homer, namely, that the Granicus and Scamander both rise in Ida—or rather, to use his own expression, in the Idæan mountains. Now the Granicus does rise in the eastern range just mentioned; the Scamander in the roots of the western range by the walls of Troy; and the Menderé, or Simois, I may add, in that part of the chain now called Kazdagh, that is, Gargarus.' Very well. But it is this same noble passage which has occasioned another error, infringing on one or two sciences, to be 'laid upon Homer,' and from which Mr. Acland does not stop to relieve him:—

Γαργαρος τε καὶ Ἀλσπτος, διόε, τε Σκαμανδρος,
καὶ Σιπύης.*

join lovingly together in one flood to obliterate the Greek rampart, the former two deserting, for the nonce, their natural course into the Propontis, and flowing backwards over the Idæan mountains into the Trojan plain; 'an absurdity,' says Col. Leake, which must destroy the geographical authority of the passage, *if indeed it be not spurious*.† Spurious! No doubt, just as the whole of the last book of the Iliad, and the description of the shield of Achilles, and some fifty others of the finest passages of the poem, are spurious! However, perhaps after all Apollo turned the rivers' mouths, and upon a passage in Homer he may well stop ours.

We wheel a little to the right, and looking W.S.W., see the site and ruins of Alexandria Troas, now Eski Stamboul.

'There are a few wretched hovels on the sea-shore, about a quarter of a mile from the site of the ancient port. The principal ruins are nearly a mile inland; and they are so conspicuous from vessels in the Ægean, that they were formerly supposed to be the palace of Priam, and are by sailors still so called.'—p. 10.

It was Bryant's suggestion, also that the intended scene of the Iliad is the district

round Alexandria; and though wrong in this, he is not without some countenance in ancient writers. '*Est in conspectu Tenedos*,' says Virgil; which, it seems, could not be truly said as from the supposed camp of the Greeks, or from any part of the plain. Whether the island is visible from the heights by Bounarbashi, where the city is pronounced to have been, Mr. Acland does not enable us to say. The expression would certainly apply to Tenedos, if Virgil imagined Æneas as speaking from Troas or its port. Again, can we readily conceive Virgil, in his description of the death of Laocoon, to have placed Troy near Bounarbashi, with a space of not less, by Mr. Acland's scale, than six miles and a half, in a straight line, from the nearest coast? Could the two serpents, even if equal to the annually-discovered American sea-snake in size, have been *seen*, much more *heard*, at sea—that is to say, ten miles off—when starting first? Does not the passage seem to indicate a short interval only of land between the shore and the place where they reach their victim, which would agree very well with Troas? Read the lines:—

'Ecce autem, gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta,
Horresco referenâ, immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad littora tendunt,
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exasperant undas; pars cætera pontum
Pone legit, sinuantque immensa volumine terga.
Fit sonitus, spumante sato; jamque arva tenebant
Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.
Diffugimus visu exsangues: illi agmine certo
Laocœonta petunt.'—Æn. ii. 203, &c.

However, we quite agree that Virgil did not know, in all probability, half as much about this matter as our young traveller.

'Between Alexandria Troas,' says Mr. Acland, 'and the point on which we are standing, is a place where granite shot, made out of the ruins of Alexander's city, is embarked for the Dardanelles. The effects of these dreadful missiles are known to most people. The largest of them are about twenty-six inches in diameter. The load for one of the guns carrying this shot is about forty-five pounds of powder, and I have myself seen them fired with that charge. Having mentioned this, it will with less wonder be learnt, that, followed by two others, I crept into one of the guns. What number of these guns for throwing stone shot there are, I cannot state with precision; but I think that thirty on the Asiatic, and twenty on the European side, is rather within bounds. The whole number of the mounted guns in the Dardanelles is about four hundred and twenty on the coast of Asia, and three hundred on that of Europe.'—p. 14.

Reminding us that it was from Troas that St. Paul sailed for Macedonia (and he might have added, landed there again from Philippi), and that here Eutychus was re-

* Il. vi. 21.

† Tour in Asia Minor, p. 288. n.

stored by the apostle, Mr. Acland proceeds to point out the north-western end of Lesbos, and Mount Ordymnus, about 1780 feet high.

'This island,' he says, 'was once very fertile, richly clothed with cypress, fir, and all manner of forest trees, and producing excellent oil and grain in great abundance. These properties do not now belong to it. Some inferior wines, and figs of good quality, are still produced; but the beauty of the island has fled. The surface is, for the most part, bare and barren; and the birthplace of Sappho, and Alcæus, and Pittacus, languishes under the Moslem yoke.'—p. 15.

Looking now almost due west from *Esyetes'* tomb, we see Tenedos, which is still *statio malefida carinis*. Mr. Acland represents the island as but partially cultivated, yet producing wine not to be surpassed in the Archipelago. It is five miles long from east to west, by about half that breadth, and is separated from the mainland by a channel three miles broad.

'Between Tenedos and the main is a small island. Strabo tells us that there are many islands about Tenedos, and especially two called Kalydnæ, on the way from Tenedos to Lectum. There do not seem to be any such now, at least I only know of one which can in any way be considered as approaching to that position. This island, now called Melvino, is seen just to the left of the town. It lies about a mile to the eastward of it.'—p. 17.

This disappearance of two substantial islands, actually seen by Strabo, would be more wonderful than Laocœon's dragons. The more so, as Colonel Leake marks them plainly enough in their proper place, and gives them their modern name, Tauschan. We fancy we even see them in Mr. Acland's own drawing, lying very picturesquely together just where we should expect them to be; for we venture to think that Mr. Acland has done some little violence to Strabo's meaning, in making him say that the Kalydnæ were on the way from Tenedos to Lectum. Strabo, following the order of the Trojan catalogue (Il. B' 824), describes places from North to South (see the second paragraph of his 13th book, *Ἀπὸ δὲ τῆς Κυζικηνῆς, κ. τ. λ.*), in the reverse series to Mr. Acland, who leads us from South to North. Strabo's first district is *ἀπὸ Ἀβύδου μέχρι Ἀλεξάνδρου*, which, he says, will take in *τὰ περὶ Ἰλίου, καὶ Τένεδου, καὶ Ἀλαβάνδρου τὴν Τρωίδα*; and accordingly, after noticing the intervening places, he proceeds thus:—'After the Sigeæan promontory and the Achilleum, there is the *πελάγος τῶν Τενεδίων, Ἀχαιεύμ, καὶ Τενεδός* itself. . . . There are several little islands lying about Tenedos, especially two, which are called Kalydnæ, lying in the course to Lectum—*αἰσχροὶς κατὰ τὴν ἐπὶ Ἀλέκτῳ ὁδοῦ* :—not in the way,

as we conceive, from Tenedos to Lectum, but in the way which Strabo is describing, or in a ship's right course from Sigeium to Lectum, which is exactly agreeable to the fact. We are aware that some difficulty exists with respect to these islands; but the fact seems to be that Kalydnæ, a name indicative of beauty and fertility,* was a frequent designation in early times—Tenedos itself being so called, according to Strabo in the same passage; and some islands near Rhodes having the same appellation in the Greek Catalogue (Il. B' 677);—and that in fact, the Kalydnæ are the same with the Lagussæ, or Rabbit Islands, marked by Mr. Acland. This seems also to be Colonel Leake's opinion.†

The Panorama next shows Lemnos at a considerable distance due west; and a little further on, towards the North, the conical outline of Athos, upwards of one hundred miles distant. Referring to the well-known passage in the Agamemnon, Mr. Acland thinks the beacon on the Hermæan crag in Lemnos superfluous.

'For having, on the afternoon of my first arrival in the Troad, observed the conical mountain shown in the Drawing, and having compared the chart and the compass bearings, I set it down in my journal as Mount Athos; but towards sunset it appeared so distinct and so near, that, though I could not suppose it to be a crag of Lemnos, I blotted the name Athos from my notes, quite at a loss as to what it might be. Night after night it bore the same appearance; and I afterwards learned, from unquestionable authority, that it was no other than that famous mountain, which, by ancient report, was so huge that it measured 150 miles round; so lofty that its shadow showed itself 87 miles off in the market-place of Myrina in Lemnos, &c.'

A few words should, we think, have been added here to show the folly of this ancient report. The distance is a little more than a third only of that stated; and Athos is 6349 feet high, according to Mr. Acland.—A shadow, in the day time, thrown 87 miles by a mountain of that height, is an absurdity; and, take two-thirds from the distance, the absurdity is still as huge as Athos itself. However, we believe that a succession of fire signals might, under favourable circumstances, be made to communicate with each other from Ida to Argos; though in any case we should owe to the lyric genius of Mr. John S. Harford, as cited by Mr. Acland, the 'wreathing tops' of the waves in the intervals being 'tipped with lambent beams.'

We next look upon the long mountainous outline of Imbros, and, immediately tower-

* From *καλός* and *τίτω* to nourish, promote, growth.

† See the Map prefixed to his Tour in Asia Minor.

ing over a part of it, the highest point of Samothrace, which rises to 5248 feet. Hereupon Mr. Acland cites the passage in the beginning of the thirteenth book of the *Iliad*, descriptive of Neptune's chariot-drive from *Ægæ*; and, in answer to Heyne's question, why the god should halt between Tenedos and Imbros, observes: 'The poet represents Neptune looking from the lofty Samothrace, over Imbros, to Sigæum. Thence he stalks forth to fetch his ocean-car, left at *Ægæ*; and returning over the waves from the west, he naturally tethers his horses in their own element, between Tenedos and Imbros, in the line of his course, and in a place most convenient for his intended landing at Sigæum.' To which Heyne would in all likelihood, from our knowledge of the man, have replied, that it was very odd that Neptune should put up his horses so many miles before the end of his journey.

We now come to the the Hellespont, looking due North from *Æsyetes'* tomb:—

'Travellers in general approach the entrance of the Hellespont from the southward: they probably pass between Tenedos and Malvino, as I have before mentioned, through Vasika Bay, and thus arrive at Sigæum. Following this course, they see nothing of the plains of Troy, as they are hidden by a line of hills bordering the sea from south to north.'

Exactly what we surmised. So that if Virgil paid any attention to what Homer, or a part of him, says (*Y.* 261-17), that *sacred Ilium was built in the plain*, it is clear, from Mr. Acland, that the serpents could not have been seen on the water between Tenedos and the shore. You cannot see Tenedos itself from the plain. The Mantuan must therefore have imagined some other site for his Troy, unless the scene is in the Pergamos, or citadel, and that citadel were separate from Ilium; or unless he thought the old bard a little sleepy as well as blind, and so took whichever of the sites suited his purpose.

'They barely discern the artificial mouth of the Seamander, which is shallow, full of reeds, and almost lost in the sands; their eye may be caught by the tumulus of *Æsyetes*, on which we are standing; and, as they advance northward by those of Peneleus and Antilochus, until at length, when they have reached Sigæum, a view of several miles of the Hellespont and the Trojan Plains opens upon them.

'This, I trust, will be understood clearly, by referring to the Drawing and the Map. They see at Sigæum, near the shore, two *tumuli*, probably those of Achilles and Patroclus; a third, and smaller one, close by, is hidden from their sight, as they proceed sailing by the New Castle of Asia; they thence obtain a view of the *Æantelum*, but at the same time lose sight of nearly all the Plain. Going farther up, they pass some not high cliffs, the end of the roots of *Ida*; another small plain, barren, near the sea,

but farther inland, beautifully wooded.* Here, washed by the waves, stands the Old Castle of the Dardanelles. in Asia, distant about four leagues from the mouth of the strait. The Asiatic shore, when seen from the water, is, in point of scenery, inferior to the European. The latter is lofty, rugged, here and there broken into cliffs; in some places adorned with plane-trees, in others clothed with brushwood of oak, privet, low fir, and mastic, a species of vegetation very common in Greece.'—pp. 24, 25.

Reverting for a moment to the range of hills against the *Ægean*, we may see with our own eyes the tombs of Peneleus and Antilochus. Dr. Chandler, it seems—not the Dean of Chichester, we are sure—gave such heroic names to these mounds. 'The former is not supported by much authority; and the latter is said by Sir Wm. Gell to be somewhat inconsistent with the testimony of Homer!† No doubt about it, if you think the *Odyssey* was written by Homer; because he tells us in plain Greek, as we construe, that Thetis gave a golden vase, in which the bones of Achilles, and of Patroclus, and Antilochus, his two favourites, were deposited; those of the former two—*μύδα*—mixed together; those of Antilochus by themselves—*χωρίς*; and that at all events, whether in one urn or two, the bones of the three friends were buried under one vast *tumulus*, on a promontory running into the Hellespont:—

ἀμφὶ ἀντοῖσι δ' ἔκπιστα μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα τὸ μύθεον
χόραμιν—
ἀντὶ ἐπὶ προσηοσὶ ἐπὶ πλατεί Ἑλλησπόντῳ
ὡς αὖν ἡλεσφάνης ἐκ ποταμοῦ ἀνέβησιν εἰ η—

Od. *Ω'* 80.

Where, then, is the Homeric authority for the 'two low *tumuli*,† the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus? Still, however, for anything that appears, Achilles and his two friends—*multum debentes vatribus umbra*—may be buried to the right of the Sigæan promontory, and the two low *tumuli* may be their tombs. For, in the first place, Homer, that is, the man who wrote the *Iliad*, says nothing about *them*, one way or the

* Is there not some mistake in the punctuation or construction of this sentence? We can scarcely understand it.

† Cowper's version, quoted by Mr. Acland, countenances his position in the text; but how such a meaning is to be elicited from the Greek, we cannot understand. It is curious to observe, that Broome, in the *Poian Odyssey*, translates quite differently, and as we conceive, more correctly:—

There we thy relics, great Achilles, blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend;
In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next beloved, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destined tomb, and cast a mighty mound;
High on the shore the growing pile we raise, &c.

other. In the next place, according to the opinion of divers great scholars—not Germans—for example, Mr. Payne Knight,* Bishop Thirlwall,† and others—the man who wrote the *Odyssey* was not the same man who wrote the *Iliad*, but another of the same name, who lived a long time after Homer I., and wrote so exceedingly like him that almost all the world have confounded them together, like two single gentlemen rolled into one; and, lastly, the same scholars, and many others, hold it clear that the man who wrote that book of the *Odyssey*, in which the above quoted passage occurs, was neither Homer I., nor Homer II., but another man, again, whom we may properly call Homer III. So that possibly—though we do not warrant it—the tradition from Homer I. may be true, however inconsistent with the apocryphal written word of the two later Pharaohs; and Mr. Acland may, as we said before, possibly not have wasted his sympathy and admiration.

‘From the earliest times great interest has attached to the spot in which the ashes of Achilles were deposited. Less doubt has been thrown on the identity of this tomb than on that of any other site on the Plain. The name of Achilles has been handed down with such unvarying veneration through all ages—

(Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non—?)

that his grave has ever formed an object of the highest interest to the great men by whom it has been successively visited. Homer (that is, the third of the names) ‘points it out distinctly.’

Well, we have no objection, and are glad of it; and only hope that it was not with Mr. Acland as with the gentleman to whom the tomb of Collins was shown, and who wept tears of regret and admiration over the poet’s ashes; but who, whilst so weeping, was addressed by the sexton with a—‘Lord, Sir, I ask your pardon; *that* is the grave of old Collins the cobbler; Collins the *scollard* lies yonder; I do not precisely mind *where*!’

‘Turning still to the right (about N.N.E.), we have before us the Hellespont, backed by the Thracian Chersonese, and bounded to the east by the high ground above the second headland from the entrance of the Dardanelles. This headland is supposed to be the Rhœteium of the ancients.’—p. 28.

Mr. Acland then quotes the passage (Il. 23. 30-36) descriptive of the manner and place in which Greek ships were drawn up—*καὶ οὐκ ἐνὶ πύλοις ἔστησαν*—and then proceeds:—

‘Although the names of the promontories are not here given, it has been universally believed that they were Sigeum and Rhœteium. Strabo never doubt-

ed it; and he gives the distance between *these two*, from the tomb of Achilles to the town of Rhœteium, at sixty stadia; and here, he says, was the haven of the Greeks, distant from Novum Ilium twelve stadia; but from the old town or Ilium thirty more, *Ida-wards*.’

There is some inaccuracy of language here. The reader must naturally suppose that the space between the tomb of Achilles and the town of Rhœteium is commensurate with that between the promontories of Sigeum and Rhœteium, because it is said that Strabo ‘gives the distance between *these two* at sixty stadia.’ Now the sixty stadia are measured by Strabo from the *town* Rhœteium (*Il-Ghelmts*) to the tomb of Achilles, a distance of about seven miles, agreeably to Mr. Acland’s scale. These points, therefore, it is clear, do not represent the *ἔκποι* of Homer, nor could the Greek army have been accommodated upon a shore of such extent. The Rhœtean promontory was, of course, upon the theory of the old bay being filled up by alluvial deposit, immediately below what is called the *Æanteium*, or tomb of Ajax, under which, according to the same system, the united stream of Simois and Scamander flowed into the Hellespont. Thus stated, the mouth of the supposed bay between the *ἔκποι* would have measured a little more than two miles, which space, again, at the bottom of the bay, would, as Colonel Leake observes, be reduced by the river on the left, and the hill of the Achilleium on the right, to about a mile and a quarter.

The following passage, written on the spot, is valuable as supporting the conjecture of the old bay having been filled up:—

‘Immediately below the windmills on Yenicher are the tumuli of Achilles and Patroclus, one of them being close to the sea. The Menderè, or Simois, is emptying itself by many mouths, of which all are to the east of the castle, except one channel, which runs in a northwest direction nearer to Sigeum. From the character of the country, it appears certain that the land here has encroached upon the sea, and agreeably to this conclusion, the line of newer soil appears to be clearly marked for some distance down the plain. On the new alluvial deposit no trees are growing, and it is edged landward by small steep headlands, as at Sigeum, running out into the flat plain. In some places these grassy steeps are from forty to sixty feet high, and rise almost sheer from the plain.’—p. 30.

These appearances are remarkable, and we wonder they escaped the notice, or the mention at least, of Colonel Leake. We observe, however, that Mr. Acland’s Map does not agree with his Description in one or two particulars; but this we attribute to mere inadvertence, or want of minute drawing. The Map represents a single mouth of the Menderè to the east of Koum Kalé. Where are the ‘many mouths?’ A more serious omis-

* Prolegomen. ad Homerum.

† Hist. of Greece, vol. i. p. 244.

sion is the channel of the Menderè, which is said to run in a north-west direction nearer to Yenicher, and of course to the west of Koum Kalé. As this latter channel is also unnoticed by Leake, we feel in some doubt as to what the fact is with respect to it.

Mr. Acland adopts the theory, now generally received, as to the names and course of the Simois and Scamander, namely, that the river Menderè, which rises under Mount Gargarus, Cotylus, or Kaz-Dagh, passes to the east of Bounarbashi, and flows into the sea to the east of Koum Kalé, is the Simois of the Iliad; and that the small stream, now called Bounarbashi-chai, which rises from springs immediately adjoining on the west to the village of Bounarbashi, and flows through marshes into the Menderè not very far from Yenicher, is the divine Scamander. Colonel Leake makes this latter stream join the Menderè in two channels; Mr. Acland in one only. Now, upon these geographical facts the common reader of the Iliad finds a difficulty: for, when he sees Hector fighting on the left of the whole battle, by the banks of the Scamander (Il. A'. 197,) and is instructed by Rennell and Leake that 'the left' in Homer always means the left of the Greeks, that is, the east of their camp, he cries out, despairingly, 'Where, then, is the river?'—

In levam conversus;—at illi dextra jacebat Unda.

There is no river now where it ought to be, and the mischief is, there is a river resolutely flowing away to the right of the Greek encampment, where, it is clear, it has no business to be. In these circumstances, extremely distressing to every orthodox believer in Homer, the geographers come to the rescue, and they aver as a fact, which we have no means of gainsaying, that 'true it is, that the Scamander—the two rivers so called after their junction—in the time of Homer flowed to the east of the Greeks, under the Rhœteian cape, but that, since that time, the same river has—and, by the by, as early as the age of Strabo must have*—changed its course, and crept over to the west side of the plain and the bay.—Q. E. D.

Mr. Acland, a little afterwards, on coming round to the springs of Bounarbashi (Spring-head,) takes up the subject again:—

'Assuming that Troy stood here (Bounarbashi,) we ought to find the sources of the Scamander at the outskirts of the city.'—

[We would here just venture to ask, whether, in reference to the assertion (Il. M'. 19-21.) that 'the Scamander flowed from

the Idaean mountains—*Ἰδαίου δ' ὄρους Ἰλίου προτόνοιο*—Mr. Acland considers the site of these springs fairly reconcilable with it?]

* Accordingly, we do find a river springing from two principal sources, both of them among the trees seen to the right of the village of Bounarbashi. The south-eastern source issues from numerous chinks in the ground, and is that which Sir W. Gell and others consider a warm spring; the other gushes out from holes in a rock, and flows, even from its fountain-head, in quantity sufficient to turn a mill. A few willows and fig-trees stand near the deep pool which is formed by the cold spring on its first rising from the earth, while the warm spring is shaded by a vegetation more luxuriant than is produced on any other spot in the neighbourhood. . . . The accounts of travellers vary very much as to whether either of these springs be really warm or not. Sir W. Gell quotes several observations on the subject, and thence deduces that the springs are of the same real temperature, although he names the one group the warm, the other the cold, source of the Scamander.'

It is with equal surprise and regret that we look in vain for Mr. Acland's own testimony upon the point. If he had but scooped up some water in the palm of his hand, and told us how it felt and tasted from each source, it would have been evidence. Major E. Napier, whose very beautiful picture-like chart of the Troad* we have had the privilege of seeing, says that all the springs he tasted were cool. We wish, also, that Mr. Acland had been more precise in distinguishing between the two sources; for, on a comparison of this passage with Leake's description, we are completely puzzled. The Colonel says, that the water from the hot source 'appears in a deep basin,' or 'a single deep pool;,' that from the cold sources forms a 'broad shallow piece of water, terminating in a stream;,' and he identifies the 'Forty Fountains' with the latter, or cold source. Mr. Acland, as we have seen, connects 'the deep pool' with 'the cold spring;,' and he seems to give the name, 'Forty Springs,' to both sources; at least, we are unable to distinguish the source to which he would in particular apply it. After stating Sir W. Gell's opinion that there is no real difference of temperature in the sources, Mr. Acland quotes Gell, as having the following passage:—

'It seems sufficient to justify Homer's expression, that a difference of temperature was believed, and that an occasional appearance of vapour over one source was often observed by the natives; for the poet, probably, would flatter the local prejudices, even if he had examined the fountains so attentively as to be convinced that the warmth of all the sources was the same.'

'Sufficient to justify Homer's expression!' Alas! we hope so; or else the good man

† It is much to be wished that this chart should be lithographed and published.

* Troad, c. i.—*στὴν ἐν τῇ Σίτυον ἐκδομένην.*

will have used more unjustifiable expressions than any other person of equal respectability in the range of our acquaintance. But why does Mr. Acland quote this passage as from Sir W. Gell? These appear to be Colonel Leake's words, who, after all, thinks there is a difference in the temperature of the sources.* And although many prejudices, local and foreign, now exist which may be flattered by supposing these identical springs to be those mentioned in the Iliad, may we ask what local prejudices *Homer* could have found existing upon the subject, unless we seriously believe that the pursuit of Hector by Achilles is an historical fact, known to the natives before the Iliad was composed? Is it not *Homer* himself who has prejudiced us?

'At no great distance from their sources the springs unite, and form that constant and clear-flowing stream which we have described as emptying itself in the present day into the *Ægean*. Strangely is it contrasted with its "beloved brother, the Simois," which in the rainy season, being at some points a hundred yards wide, rushes rapidly from the mountains, and at such times, being quite impassable, rolls heavy stones in its headlong course. It is to this day exactly what *Homer* describes it:—

Φαλακκισμένη, κ. τ. λ. (Il. V. 308, &c.)

Which description so exactly suits these two rivers, even in their present state, that any addition is superfluous.—pp. 41, 42.

It may be so; but we must acknowledge, with our understanding of the Greek, that we should have great difficulty in proving the Scamander to be a 'clear-flowing stream,' from the passage in question; although, no doubt, the Bounarbashi-chai is so. In plain Ionic the sense is, 'Simois, you knock him down, and I, Scamander, will choke him!'—

Φαίη γὰρ οὐτὲ βίην χραίσμασμεν, οὐτὲ τι εἶδος
οὐτὲ τὰ τεύχεα καλὰ· τὰ τοῦ μάλα νειθέϊ λίμνης
κείσθ' ἐπ' ἐλῶ οὐ γὰρ κτεταλόμενα· ἀλλ' ὅτε μιν σέθεν
ἐλθὼν ψαράβοισιν ἔλεις χερσὶ δόσ περιχέσας
μυρίον, οὐδὲ οἱ δονέ' ἐπιστήσονται· Ἀχαιοὶ
ἀλλύζαι· τίσσην οἱ ἄσπερον καθύπερθε καλῶψω.

'But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought
Shall profit him, or his resplendent arms;
For I will bury them in slime and ooze,
And I will overwhelm himself with soil,
Sands heaping o'er him, and around him sands
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones,
For ever in my bottom deep immersed.'—Cowper.

Language this which it would be very proper for the Cam to use when it comes to pray in aid of the Isis against a Parliamentary Commissioner, but which seems to us that a 'clear-flowing stream' could not employ in public without forgetting its manners.

* Asia Minor, pp. 283, 284.

† The Scoliast explains this word by 'τοῦ πλῆθους τοῦ πλοῦς,' the quantity of mud; and Major Napier, in the United States Gazette (July) confirms the Scoliast. The Scamander, he says, runs on a muddy bottom.

We now look N. W. and see the entrance of the valley of the *Giumbreck-sou*, which Mr. Acland, following *Le Chevalier* and *Gell*, identifies with the *Thymbrius*. The name would seem to prove it; but the *Mençerè* may serve to make us cautious about resting a theory on identity of similarity of name within this magic Plain; and *Strabo* pretty clearly took the *Giumbreck-sou* for the *Simois* itself.

Mr. Acland, in merely stating that his view is inconsistent with *Strabo's* topography, omits to observe, that, although in consequence of not having hit upon the modern theory of the change of name and course of the *Simois*, *Strabo* was wrong in confounding the latter river with the *Giumbreck-sou*, yet there is no reason why his misconception as to the *Pagus Iliensium* being the site of the Homeric Troy should make his authority of no weight as to the position of another river. The *Thymbrius* was a river known by that name in *Strabo's* own day; and the only question is, which of the modern streams he designates by that name. Colonel Leake considers it clear that *Strabo's* *Thymbrius* is the *Kamera-sou*, the same, we presume, as the *Kalifalli-chai* of Mr. Acland's Map. The village of *Tchiblak* and the site of *Novum Ilium* next appear, although not placed in respect of each other as in Colonel Leake's map. It is well known that the people of *Novum Ilium* contended in *Strabo's* time, that their town was built on the site of Troy; a pretension which, as Mr. Acland justly observes, helped to falsify the geography of the whole Plain. *Strabo* himself thought the *Pagus Iliensium*, ἡ τῶν Ἰλίων κώμη, to be the site of Troy; it was thirty stadia, or about three miles and a half, from *New Ilium*. We scarcely know whether Mr. Acland means to indicate *Pagus Iliensium* by *Eski Atche Kioi* or not. It is the name marked in Leake's map for *Pagus*; but then the Colonel places another *Atche Kioi* to the south of the former, or *Pagus*, and of course nearer to *Bounarbashi*. We think Mr. Acland should have clearly pointed out *Pagus* in his map, as it is an important point in relation to the Trojan Plain.

Sir William Gell marks the *Batièia* at the foot of the hill on which the ruins of *Novum Ilium* are found. Mr. Acland says, 'A tumulus does exist near it; but any attempt to identify a spot, pointed out by evidence so scanty as that which we possess, seems nearly hopeless.'

Say 'utterly hopeless,' Mr. Acland—and Amen to it.

And now—passing *Callicolonè*, or the Beautiful Hill, for which Mr. Acland shows

'a height of peculiar beauty, on the other side of the Menderè, just to the left of the hill of Bounarbashi,'—*magnum implevimus orbem*;—and looking from 'Ninny's tomb' E.S.E., with our backs to the blue Ægean, we gaze—at least we hope we gaze—on the site of sacred Troy. The Scæan gate is marked, and a good guess made at the Eriæne, or wild fig-tree. Troy stood on the hill of Bounarbashi—*fremat Bryantius—reclamet licet Homerus ipse*; or rather, reverend Shade! the ignorant rhapsode who interpolated the *ἐν πεδίῳ πεδίοισι*, which even Plato and Strabo took for thy genuine scripture!

'The hill of Bounarbashi,' says Mr. Acland, 'has just that character which would have suggested it to the ancients as a proper site for a town. Placed on the edge of a fine river, and at the entrance of a ravine, whence that river flows, backed by well wooded mountains, which would supply both timber and fuel, it rises to a commanding height (nearly 700 feet above the level of the sea), which on the southern and eastern sides is so steep and craggy as to be nearly inaccessible.'

Strabo, however, referring to Plato's fancy of the three stages of civilization being indicated in the three sites of the Trojan tribe or people;—the first, when they dwelt in caves, amongst the highest crags of Idà; the second, when Dardanus built his city in the lower parts of the mountain, *ἀλλ' ἐν βραχέσι τοῦ ἱεροῦ*,—says the third city, that of Ilus, exemplified the life in the plains, *τὸν ἐν πεδίοις*. 'For they report,' says he, 'that Ilus was the founder of Ilium, and that the city took its name from him; and it is probable, that on that account he was buried in the middle of the plain, because he first had the confidence to establish his colony (or build his town) in the plains—*ἐν τοῖς πεδίοις θάλατταν τὴν κατέκειτο*.' (Trous, c. 1.)

'These features,' Mr. Acland continues, 'are to be found in no other part of the whole plain; and whatever be the difference of ancient authors as to the position of Troy, I am convinced that no one, bearing in mind the characteristics of the ancient towns—wood, water, fertile ground, and a strong acropolis, could fix on any site in the whole plain so completely answering these conditions as the hill of Bounarbashi; nor if he considers the points which have been already fixed, could he discover any hill answering these conditions, except that now in question.'

We entirely agree, though the argument seems almost as circular as the Panorama itself. That river is the Simois; these springs are the sources of the Scamander; therefore, the hill between them is the site of Troy. Or thus:—on that hill Troy stood; therefore, *this* must be the source of the Scamander; and therefore, again, that river yonder must be the Simois.

'This is strong evidence,' says Mr. Acland, when placed in conjunction with Homer's account of the city. The city was very high (*ἀποράν*), he says; moreover, it was windy (*ἀνεμώδης*), a property well describing a lofty hill at the mouth of a ravine, such as is this hill of Bounarbashi.'

We submit, for the sake of mere accuracy, that in all the places to which reference is made in the note, *ἀποράν*, or *ἐν πλάτῃ ἔρημ*, and the like, do not express positive, but relative, elevation—that is, the highest part of the city; and if Mr. Acland had lived in London last January, he would have felt that a city in a plain may be as windy as the hill of Bounarbashi itself.

Mr. Acland also quotes from the Odyssey (θ'506); but, recollecting the argument and conclusion of the eminent English scholars before mentioned—according to whom the author of the Odyssey lived a century or more after the author of the Iliad, and had, in all likelihood, never crossed the Ægean—we think it as well to decline adverting to the passage more particularly on the present occasion.

'But, after all,' concludes our young traveller, 'the negative evidence is the strongest. If Bounarbashi be not the site of Troy, what is it?'

Dr. Johnson used the same argument: 'If Shakspeare did not write Titus Andronicus, who did?' To which appeal to human ignorance we have always thought the best answer, 'I don't know.' Consider for a moment: the Iliad let its composition have been what it may, is upon the lowest computation (that of Herodotus), 2,700 years old; it everywhere treats the actors and the action of its song as remote from its own date,—

ἤματι—ἅλλος ὅτε δαυόμεν, οὐδὲ τι ἴδμεν—;

it is a poem in which gods and goddesses quarrel and fight with each other, and with men; in which rivers flow backwards over mountains; in which horses talk and shed tears: it celebrates a city, of which 2,200 years ago, in the age of Alexander, every vestige had disappeared, *etiam perire ruina*, and the site of which Alexander, and Julius Cæsar, and Strabo—accomplished men, and lovers of Homer—totally, it seems, mistook; that site, moreover, so described, that learned men, to whom Greek was a native tongue, misconstrued, as we are told, the language of the description in an apparently very plain passage; so much so, that Strabo pronounced that to be essential to the site of the Homeric Troy, which Mr. Acland, following Colonel Leake and others, admits, in reference to the hill of Bounarbashi, to be impossible; we mean its being *περίπατος*,—such that a foot-race around it was practicable. The Greek geogra

pher, amongst other reasons, urges that Novum Ilium could not be on the site of Troy; 'for it is not,' he says, 'περίδρομος, on account of the continued ridge of land; but the old Ilium is described as having (ἔχει) a περίδρομος.*' Whereas the English traveller says, 'The notion, which at school we have been taught, that Hector was pursued thrice round the city, is neither probable, nor (supposing we have found the real site of Troy) possible.' And he accordingly construes τρίς Πριάμειο πόλιν περί δινηθήναι, 'they thrice ran a circling course near the city of Priam:' although Aristotle and Strabo, the former a traveller in the Troad, understood the words as expressing a course round the city; although Euripides, in error, no doubt, as to the Homeric fact, says that Achilles even drove his chariot round the city, using the same preposition,—

ἐλκοντο διπρόδον καὶς ἄλλας θένιδος.—(Andrōm., 107.)
and although Virgil, in the same vein, has—
'Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros.'

Consider these merely external matters of fact; remembering, as Mr. Acland observes, 'how rapidly soil accumulates about ancient sites, and how easily mounds are formed where valleys existed before;' and surely we may venture to suggest, that where negative evidence, such as this, is the strongest in the case, none of the evidence can be very strong.

Consider further that your single authority is a body of the most antique pagan heroic poetry—so transcendent indeed in its merit as such, that the world can give no fitting epithet to Homer but the echo of the name—yet, withal conceived in a spirit of undaunted fiction, which scrupled nothing, from high Olympus' top to lowest Hades, suited to the all-justifying purposes of poetic genius; that this your poet was not bound by any poetic law exactly to observe, even if he precisely knew, all the local peculiarities of the supposed scene of his action, so that he did not violate dramatic probability, nor outrage any received belief in his auditors, or if you will, readers; that he certainly might, and probably would, under the conditions aforesaid, set up and pull down, build monuments and name them, give magnificence to a market-town, and whirlpools to a mill-stream, just as the Muse listed; that, moreover, your single original authority that any such city as Troy ever existed in the district now called the Troad, is the Iliad itself; (for οὐδὲν ἔχοντες σέβεται οὐδ' ἀρχαίαι

πόλεις, said Strabo;—in his day not a vestige remained;) that being a single witness, all it says must be heard; and that to prove Scamander by Homer, and Troy against him by Bounarbashi hill, is, what lawyers, we believe, call contradicting your own witness, and the world in general—bad reasoning. Consider this without critic bile or traveller's zeal, and, inclining for a while with an equal reverence to the *manes* of Le Chevalier and Bryant, say—whether that may not possibly be true which a writer, highly respected, and not more highly than he deserves, at Oxford, suggested upon another passage—ΠΑΛΑΙΑΕ ΠΟΛΕΩΣ ἩΦΑΝΙΕΝ.

Colonel Leake says, that to doubt that the war of Troy was a real event, having reference to a real topography, would shake the whole fabric of profane history!*

We verily believe that it would not start a timber of the building. But we meddle not with that question, except to protest against the assumption that the poetic merit of the Iliad is concerned in it, or in the controversy touching the author of that poem. Be of which or what opinion you may upon these points—dash the poet into splinters with Wolf, or cut him asunder with Payne Knight and Thirlwall—the poem itself remains as it was, and is, and ever will be, without father or mother, having neither beginning of days nor end of life—unique, untranslatable, unapproachable. We may be robbed of:

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky ale;'

but not all the Wolves in Germany can mar one of the immortal dreams which beguiled him. Mere temperament has much to do in opinions on these curious questions. To many men, the fine old bust of Homer, is a conclusive argument for his individuality; it was so to Scott. To others, the union of many voices, the sound of many waters, is the sublimer and more affecting conception of the two; it was so to Coleridge, and it is so to Wordsworth. The controversies to which the scenes, the subjects, and the composition of these marvellous productions of human genius have given birth, must ever be interesting to all scholars as involving a world of history and philology, and even philosophy; but the decision in none of them seems to us of any vital importance to literature for the mere fact's sake. It is not for or against Wolf that a part needs be taken with warmth, but for Homer against Zoilus, in whatever shape he appears; for sound old helpful scholarship against the charlatanism of science;—for the Muses, in

* Οὐδ' ἡ τοῦ Εὐπρόμοιο δὲ περίδρομος ἢ καὶ τὴν πόλιν ἔχει τι σέβοντες οὐ γὰρ ἴσμεν περίδρομος ἢ οὐκ, διὰ τὴν συνεχὴ οὐχί ἢ δὲ παλαιὰ ἔχει περίδρομον.—Troad, c. 1.

* Asia Minor, p. 278.

short, it is, that we ought to stand up against their natural handmaids, but in these days would-be mistresses, the Arts.

Thus minded, we accept with pleasure and gratitude such delightful results of genial scholarship as these which Mr. Acland has now given us: not careful to believe all that he believes, yet sympathising with his enthusiasm, and respecting his moderation. He, no doubt, will agree with the great master of his university, that probable impossibilities are more allowable to a poet than possible improbabilities;* and that to test Homer literally by the appearances of the district between Koum Kale and Bounarbashi, or the identity of that district and its localities by Homer, is dealing more hardly with both than they deserve, or than any other heroic poem or heroic scene would bear. We should say for Homer that you have no right to travel out of his record for any purpose connected with his poem, no matter whether he did or did not mean to describe the features of any actual locality. He might take one of those features and leave another; he might be accurate here, and fanciful there; he might combine or dissociate, or invent; he might do anything as a poet, or maker, so nevertheless that he lawfully produced a true effect of beauty or grandeur to the spectator of the poetic scene. If Homer has done this in the *Iliad*, he has done enough to prove himself the most accomplished liar the world ever saw—

‘*Qui sic MENTITUR, sic veris falsa remiscet*’—
that educated men believe his word against the evidence of their own eyes.

ART. III.—1. *The Dream and other Poems.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. London. 1840.

The Undying One and other Poems. London. 1837.

2. *The Seraphim, and other Poems.* By Elizabeth B. Barrett. London. 1838.
Prometheus Bound. Translated from the Greek of Æschylus, and Miscellaneous Poems. London. 1833.

The Romaunt of the Page. 1839.

3. *Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven.* By Maria del Occidente. London. 1833.

4. *Irene, a Poem in Six Cantos. Miscellaneous Poems.* London. 1833. (Not published.)

5. *Poems.* By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. London. 1833.

The Knight and the Enchantress, with other Poems. London. 1835.

The Village Churchyard, and other Poems. London. 1835.

Fragments and Fancies, London. 1837.

Hours at Naples and other Poems. London. 1837.

Impressions of Italy, and other Poems. London. 1837.

6. *Solitary Hours.* By Caroline Southey. London. 2nd edition. 1839.

The Birthday, and other Poems. London. 1836.

The Widow's Tale, and other Poems. London. 1822.

Ellen Fitzarthur. London. 1820.

7. *Poems, chiefly dramatic.* Edited, by Thomas Hill-Lowe, Dean of Exeter. London. 1840.

8. *IX Poems.* By V. London. 1840.

9. *Phantasmion.* By Sara Coleridge. London. 1837.

We feel that we never did a bolder thing than now we do, in summoning these nine Muses to our Quarter Sessions. The very ink turns blue with which we write their names.

It is easy to be critical on men; but when we venture to lift a pen against women, straightway *apparent facies*; the weapon drops pointless on the marked passage; and whilst the mind is bent on praise or censure of the poem, the eye swims too deep in tears and mist over the poetess herself in the frontispiece, to let it see its way to either. Edwin Landseer's drawing must be removed, or we shall hold our court, like the Areopagites, in the dark.

Lady Morgan in her recent work, ‘Woman and her Master,’—which, like almost her works, is very clever and very amusing, and which is remarkable as the production of a writer who has evidently had no experience of her subject—complains bitterly that woman in general, and English woman in particular, are debarred, by the tyranny of man, from the full use of their faculties and the lawful enjoyment of their passions. If the testimony of the accused party were admissible, we should say that, according to our own observation, our countrywomen have and exercise a reasonable liberty in the particulars to which Lady Morgan refers; nor do we believe that any very considerable number of them could be found to subscribe to the truth of her complaint. And at all events, we engage that a counterplea of ‘Man and his Mistress,’ shall be signed by an equal and respectable number of our coun-

† προαισιόδοι δόματα καὶ εἰκότα, μᾶλλον ἢ ὄντα καὶ ἀπίστα. Poetic. 44.

trymen. Be that, however, as it may, Lady Morgan must surely admit that, in one important point, the women of this age and country are an emancipated race. Measuring time from the 'Wild Irish Girl' to 'Woman and her Master,' can Lady Morgan, with all her talents, deny that—let English-women labour under what other disabilities they may—they can, and they do, write, print, and publish whatever they like? Is there any fear of the press before their eyes? Do Reviews fright them out of their own way? We declare that, as we observe, the men are much more apprehensive of criticism than their fair fellows, and take it worse when administered. Are publishers wanting? There is Mr. Henry Colburn. Are they underpaid? They obtain thousands. Are they without-readers? We wish Milton had as many.

There was a time—and we remember it—when matters went otherwise; when the disgust excited by the female smatterer in letters kept the really learned, and therefore modest, woman in retirement; when the vulgar-minded of both sexes took occasion, from the folly of a few poor unfeminine creatures, to sneer at the very notion of learning and genius in any woman; and when—worst of all!—religion was dragged into the question, and serious people doubted whether the pursuit of literature by women were not incompatible with the full and cheerful performances of their social and domestic duties. That time is past in England; the sensual philosophy with which it was so closely connected has lost its hold on the rising spirits of the age; women move amongst us on nobler and truer principles, joint-heirs with men who have begun to feel their exalted origin and destiny, and to recognise that inborn dowry of spirit and power, the existence of which the material systems of the last century had denied or obscured. A different tone prevails in society upon this subject; the peculiar talents of women are acknowledged, and the powers common to them and men are, in particular instances of exhibition, fairly appreciated. Hence we see less of the prating Miss, or the elderly young lady of letters of some years ago, in proportion as the really cultivated and intellectual woman feels assured of her just place in all good company. Affectation has disappeared with the singularity of position which provoked it; and the woman of genius or learning, who knows that men are conversing with her on a ground of respect and equality, learns to be humble and sincere.

It is impossible to read the works enumerated at the head of this article—and the list

does not comprise all the writings of some of the authors—without a just feeling of pride, and something better, that those authors are our countrywomen. The erudition displayed—or rather apparent—in these poems, is of itself such as only very accomplished scholars and regularly trained students can command or understand. But this is not all, or the most remarkable. We are more impressed with the power of thought which is conspicuous in them, and the manifold variety of direction which is given to it. In none is this more observable than in the first of Mrs. Norton's volumes on our list.

This lady is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel: and we may add that it is this her latest production, which especially induces, seems to us to justify our criticism. The last three or four years have made Mrs. Norton a greater writer than she was; she is deeper, plainer, truer. There is a meaning, an allusion, an aiming, throughout the larger part of this volume, which of course we can but imperfectly understand, and in which we can take but the interest of contemporary strangers: yet we could not read the following Dedication to the Duchess of Sutherland—most worthy of the poetess and her patron—without feeling our heart swell with we know not what emotion:—

'Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought

Never to wake thy silent strings again,

A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,

And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,

Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,

Into the poet's Heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto Thee—the beautiful and pure—

Whose lot is cast amid that busy world

Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure,

And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;

To Thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth

Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,

In days when poverty was twin with song;

Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starr'd,

Cheer'd by some castle's chief, and harbour'd long;

Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,

Woke with a warmer heart the earnest mood of praise!

For easy are the aims the rich man spares

To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent,

But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,

Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—

When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not
crush'd my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoff'd to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who *might* have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would
take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears;
The lov'd, the near of kin, could do, no more,
Who chang'd not with the gloom of varying
years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slender's dart with their indignant
scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts
which steal

O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believ'd
Most readily by those who have *themselves* de-
ceiv'd.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,—
So Thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide;

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its
mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every Poet *hopes* that after times
Shall set some value on his votive lay,—
And I would fain one gentle deed record
Among the many such with which thy life is
stor'd.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly open'd to the Stranger's eye,
A dream of Thee, arou'd by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause—to conjure up a vision of its grace!"

The dream so dedicated is a very beautiful poem, the framework of which is simply a lovely mother watching over a lovely daughter asleep; which daughter dreams, and when awakened tells her dream; which dream depicts the bliss of a first love and an early union, and is followed by the mother's admonitory comment, importing the many accidents to which wedded happiness is liable, and exhorting to moderation of hope, and preparation for severe duties. It is in this latter portion of the poem that the passion and the interest assumes a personal hue; and passages occur which sound like javelins hurled by an Amazon. Thus:—

'Heaven give thee poverty, disease, or death,
Each varied ill that waits on human breath,
Rather than bid thee linger out thy life
In the long toil of such unnatural strife.
To wander through the world unreconcil'd,
Heart-weary as a spirit-broken child,
And think it were an hour of bliss like heaven,
If thou couldst die—forgiving, and forgiven,—
Or with a feverish hope, of anguish born,
(Nerving thy mind to feel indignant scorn
Of all the cruel foes that twist ye stand,
Holding thy heartstrings with a reckless hand.)
Steal to his presence, now unseen so long,
And claim *his* mercy who hath dealt the wrong!
Into the aching depths of thy poor heart
Dive, as it were, even to the roots of pain,
And wrench up thoughts that tear thy soul apart,
And burn like fire through thy bewild'rd brain.
Clothe them in passionate words of wild appeal
To teach thy fellow-creature *how* to feel,—
Pray, weep, exhaust thyself in maddening tears,—
Recall the hopes, the influences of years,—
Kneel, dash thyself upon the senseless ground,
Writhe as the worm writhes with dividing
wound,—
Invoke the heaven that knows thy sorrow's truth,
By all the softening memories of youth—
By every hope that cheer'd thine earlier day—
By every tear that washes wrath away—
By every old remembrance long gone by—
By every pang that makes thee yearn to die;
And learn at length how deep and stern a blow
Man's hands can strike, and yet no pity show!—
The Dream, p. 59.

There are many such passages as this; and we think we shall advantageously display Mrs. Norton's varied powers by immediately contrasting it with one of those many tender pauses which lie islanded amidst the arrowy rushing of her passion:—

'Oh! Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with
earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet!
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, tho' such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws.
Still as his heart forestals his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasure of his narrow life,
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And these poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turn'd quietly aside:
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come;
The faggot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him—who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!
Dear art thou to the Lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Companion'd only by his beating heart,

And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

Oh! dear to him, to all, since first the flowers
Of happy Eden's consecrated bowers
Heard the low breeze along the branches play,
And God's voice bless the cool hour of the day.
For though that glorious Paradise be lost,
Though earth by blighting storms be roughly
crossed,
Though the long curse demands the tax of sin, (*Qu.*)
And the day's sorrow with the day begin,
That hour, once sacred to God's presence, still
Keeps itself calmer from the touch of ill,
The holiest hour of earth. Then toil doth cease,
Then from the yoke the oxen find release—
Then man rests, pausing from his many cares,
And the world teems with children's sunset pray-
ers!

Then innocent things seek out their natural rest,
The babe sinks slumbering on its mother's breast,
The birds beneath their leafy covering creep,
Yea, even the flowers fold up their buds in sleep;
And angels, floating by on radiant wings,
Hear the low sounds the breeze of evening brings,
Catch the sweet incense as it floats along,
The infant's prayer, the mother's cradle-song,
And bear the holy gifts to worlds afar,
As things too sacred for this fallen star.—*Ibid.* p. 7.

So the elder Sappho:—

Ἕσπερ, πάντα φέρεις ὅσα φαινέσθαι ταῖσ' αὐτός.
φέρεις δὲν, φέρεις αἶψα, φέρεις παρτίει παῖδα.

Hespera, qui cælo lucet jucundior ignis?

One more specimen of Mrs. Norton's gentler strain must close our extracts from the 'Dream.' It is the recollection of her widowed mother; and is, in our judgment, pre-eminently beautiful. There is a tender Crabbism in it that goes right to the heart:

'Oft, since that hour, in sadness I retrace
My childhood's vision of thy calm sweet face;
Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded
In thy black weeds, and coil of widow's woe;
Thy dark, expressive eyes all dim and clouded
By that deep wretchedness the lonely know;
Stiffing thy grief, to hear some weary task,
Con'd by unwilling lips, with listless air;
Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask
More than the widow's pittance then could spare.
Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,
Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,
But the long self-denial, day by day,
Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!
Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain
The young rebellious spirits crowding round,
Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain;
And could not comfort—yet, had power to
wound!
Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown
Familiar with deep trials of its own,
With riper judgment looking to the past,
Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,
Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,
And darkens every folly into crime!—*Ibid.*, p. 13.

Of the many poems which fill the rest of this volume, we are unable to take a more particular notice. They vary considerably

in merit—some of them being equal to the best parts of the 'Dream,' and others not rising above what is called, we believe, *annual* value. We are unwilling to designate the latter; amongst the former, we point out the deeply-affecting pieces entitled 'Twilight,' and 'May Day, 1837,'—the graceful and just tribute to Mr. Rogers, as a friend and companion, in 'The Winter's Walk'—and the very elegant and (date considered) very puzzling poem, 'I cannot love thee.' But we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting at length one of Mrs. Norton's sonnets, which, for tenderness and elegance, for skill and finish, is inferior to nothing she ever wrote, and worthy to be laid up in cedar with the best in our language:—

'Like an enfranchised bird, that wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye,
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamoured heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty;
But like that helpless bird (confined so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar),
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And, feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more,—
So, from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remember'd
chain.'—

Ibid., p. 289.

We have a high opinion of Mrs. Norton's genius as a poet. We think that what she has already achieved places her in a very conspicuous position in the literature of our modern day. She has youth, health, zeal, —happiness, we hope,—peace, we are assured,—before her. Her reputation for talent is established. Now then it is that she borders on Fame, and begins to feel that, diverse as love is from friendship, so is the power of living in the hearts of men from that of commanding the favour of the town. It is characteristic of the latter that after a certain degree it admits of no effective increase; you may pour in nectar, and it will run to waste without brimming the cup. It is all unlike with that sort of reputation, so to call it, which is to end in fame. They may or may not—more commonly the latter—set out together; but it is a truth as deep as life and humanity that they will not always keep in company. We invite Mrs. Norton to contemplate a glorious destiny, and to discipline herself for an arduous career. She must, before all things, keep in mind that language is of the essence of poetry as an art, and that inaccurate language, though dialect to the age, is barbarism to posterity. Curiosity and the thirst of novelty will overlook and excuse anything

except dulness of interest ; but a poem that is to live must be prepared for those who read twice. To '*quench* affliction's whelming tide,' (p. 60) for example, is beyond the power of Mrs. Norton or any one else ; but a false metaphor may be corrected or avoided with ease. A hint as to this is enough. With a careful attention to purity and correctness of diction, Mrs. Norton ought, moreover, now to break through the narrow circle of personal and domestic feelings, and adventure herself upon a theme of greater variety and less morbid interest. There is a great difference between writing always *from* the heart and always *about* the heart, even the heart of a beautiful woman of genius. Egotism is egotism still, disguise it as you may, and the world is weary of it even before it ceases to admire. It is one thing to shoot your own being outwards, so that inanimate nature or alien life shall become a projected self, reflecting back on others, modified and combined, from rock or tree, from dying hero or peasant girl, the emotions, the sympathies, which truly spring from you ; and quite another thing to eddy round and round in an endless circle of petty passion, alike without progress to any spiritual end, and without retrospect to any moral source. Imagination is necessary to the first ; the absence, or scanty presence of it, is almost characterised by the second. Be simple, be sensuous, be impassioned. The former two without the third are lifeless and cold ; but to substitute the last for either of the others is to prefer the red heat of a stove to the cheerful shine of a candle, or the genial shafts of the sunlight. These few remarks we humbly commend to the serious consideration of Mrs. Norton—

'Come a colei che fu nel mondo natà
Per aver signoria'—

trusting that neither taste nor caprice—neither public nor publisher—may avail to mar her fair destiny.

Miss Elizabeth Barrett who stands next in our list, may justly claim to stand alone anywhere else, as well for her extraordinary acquaintance with ancient classic literature as for the boldness of her poetic attempts. In our judgment, however, her success has not been in proportion to her daring. Her early enthusiasm for Æschylus has sensibly aggravated the tendency to the overstrained and violent, which seems natural to her mind, and irretrievably precluded, we fear, that discipline of art and sense of beauty which a warmer study of Sophocles might probably have imparted. The *Andromeda* of her hero, Prometheus, communicates it-

self to Miss Barrett's prefaces and notes ; she is something too dogmatic in her criticism, and a world too positive in her philosophy. A little more reverence of expression upon all subjects would be more becoming, and not less energetic. The awful name of God is used throughout her volumes with such reckless repetition that we really cannot describe the pain it gave us in perusal, although of course we notice it on the score of ill taste alone. And on the same ground, likewise, we mention and denounce the strange trick, for which Miss Barrett is conspicuous, but not singular, of converting the received monosyllables *called bowed, vowed*, and the like, into dissyllables, *bowed, vowed*,—this not as the usage of solemn emphasis, and the exception, but familiarly and as the rule :—

'And wailing like a kiss'd child,
Kiss'd soft against his will.'

Kiss'd, or perhaps correctly *kist*, is what English children have for the last three centuries at least agreed to call the infliction in question, and Shakespeare and Milton, when they 'grew up, followed the custom. It is really scarcely credible how much the effect of Miss Barrett's poems is injured by this single piece of mannerism alone. These two-dotted words star her pages as if they were written in German, and, to say the least of it, are a very poor compliment to the ears of our readers.

But enough of this, although less than this would have been short of justice.* We proceed with much more pleasure to give one or two specimens of Miss Barrett's poetry in her pure and better style, and we make the selection from her minor miscellaneous poems. The following is comparatively free from the stiffness of most of her blank verse, and surely a powerful composition :—

'EARTH.

How beautiful is Earth ! My starry thoughts
Look down on it from their unearthly sphere,
And sing symphonious—Beautiful is Earth !
The lights and shadows of her myriad hills ;
The branching greenness of her myriad woods ;
Her sky-affecting rocks ; her zoning sea ;
Her rushing, gleaming cataracts ; her streams
That race below, the winged clouds on high ;
Her pleasantness of vale and meadow !—

Hush !

Meseemeth through the leafy trees to ring
A chime of bells to falling waters tuned,
Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus, out of breath
With running up the hills, and shakes his hair

* Upon second thoughts, however, we will also notice another trick, equally caught, as it seems to us, from Mr. Tennyson's writings—we mean the reiterated usage of *very* καὶ ἔλαττον. 'The hair had fallen by its weight on either side the smile, and lay very blackly on the arm,' &c. &c. &c.—This is a mere affectation, and totally unidiomatic.

From off his gleesome forehead, bold and glad
 With keeping blithe Dan Phœbus company :—
 And throws him on the grass, though half afraid ;
 First glancing round, lest tempests should be nigh ;
 And lays close to the ground his ruddy lips,
 And shapes their beauty into sound, and calls
 On all the petalled flowers that sit beneath
 In hiding-places from the rain and snow,
 To loosen the hard soil, and leave their cold
 Sad idlesse, and betake them up to him.
 They straightway hear his voice.—

A thought did come,
 And press from out my soul the heathen dream.
 Mine eyes were purged. Straightway did I bind
 Round me the garment of my strength; and heard
 Nature's dark-shrieking—the hereafter cry,
 When He of the lion voice, the rainbow-crowned,
 Shall stand upon the mountains and the sea,
 And swear by earth, by heaven's throne and Him
 Who sitteth on the throne, there shall be time
 No more, no more ! Then veiled Eternity
 Shall straight unveil her awful countenance
 Unto the reeling worlds, and take the place
 Of seasons, years, and ages. Age and age
 Shall be the time of the day. The wrinkled heaven
 Shall yield her silent sun, made blind and white
 With an exterminating light: the wind,
 Unchained from the poles, nor having charge
 Of cloud or ocean, with a sobbing wail
 Shall rush among the stars, and swoon to death.
 Yea, the shrunk earth, appearing livid pale,
 Beneath the red-tongued flame, shall shudder by
 From out her ancient place, and leave a void.
 Yet haply by that void the saints redeemed
 May sometimes stray ; when memory of sin,
 Ghost-like, shall rise upon their holy souls ;
 And on their lips shall lie the name of earth
 In paleness and in silentness, until
 Each looking on his brother, face to face,
 And bursting into sudden happy tears,
 (The only tears undried) shall murmur—" Christ !"

The following poem is in a very different style, and in our judgment, one of the best and most finished of Miss Barrett's productions. Indeed it is a beautiful poem :—

‘COWPER’S GRAVE.’

It is a place where poets crown’d
 May feel the heart’s decaying—
 It is a place where happy saints
 May weep amid their praying—
 Yet let the grief and humbleness,
 As low as silence languish ;
 Earth surely now may give her calm
 To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac’s tongue
 Was pour’d the deathless singing !
 O Christians ! at your cross of hope
 A hopeless hand was clinging !
 O men ! this man in brotherhood,
 Your weary paths beguiling,
 Groan’d inly while he taught you peace,
 And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
 Through dimming tears his story—
 How discord on the music fell,
 And darkness on the glory—
 And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
 And wand’ring lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face,
 Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
 The poet’s high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down
 In meeker adoration ;
 Nor ever shall he be in praise
 By wise or good forsaken ;
 Named softly as the household name
 Of one whom God hath taken !

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
 I learn to think upon him ;
 With meekness that is gratefulness,
 On God, whose heaven hath won him.
 Who suffer’d once the madness-cloud
 Towards his love to blind him ;
 But gently led the blind along,
 Where breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shatter’d brain
 Such quick poetic senses,
 As hills have language for, and stars
 Harmonious influences ;
 The pulse of dew upon the grass
 His own did calmly number ;
 And silent shadow from the trees
 Fell o’er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God’s constraint,
 From falsehood’s chill removing,
 Its women and its men became
 Beside him true and loving !
 And timid hares were drawn from woods
 To share his home-careases,
 Uplooking in his human eyes,
 With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remain’d,
 Unconscious of the guiding,
 And things provided came without
 The sweet sense of providing,
 He testified this solemn truth,
 Though frenzy desolated,—
 Nor man nor nature satisfy
 Whom only God created.

And the remainder is equally excellent.

Miss Barrett’s version of the ‘Prometheus’ is a remarkable performance for a young lady ; but it is not a good translation in and by itself. It is too frequently uncouth, without being faithful, and, under a pile of sounding words, lets the fire go out. Thus, to take a single instance within twenty-five lines from the beginning of the drama. *Æschylus* says :—

*σραβεντός δ’ ἡλίου φοβῆν φλογὶ
 χροῖός ἀμείψεις ἄνθος.*

That is, ‘and thou (Prometheus) *toasted* (slowly burnt) by the shining fire of the sun, shalt change the flower (beauty) of your colour (complexion).’ Miss Barrett renders this simple passage thus :—

‘Where *established*
 ‘Neath the fierce sun thy brow’s white flower shall
 fade ;’

which, beside the mistake of *σραβεντός*, is really mere nonsense. Again, scarcely anything can be finer than the accelerated movement

given to the speeches in the last sixty lines of the drama, beginning with,—

αἰδῶσι τοὶ καὶ τὰς ἀγγελίας
δδ' ἐθώπεν, κ. τ. λ.

It is like the preparatory rapid of Niagara, which you see not till you feel the whirl. The play goes off, like the Great Titan himself, in a flash of fire, and skilfully compensates to the reader now, as it did once to the auditor, the slow narrative march of so much of that which has preceded. Miss Barrett has not attempted to reproduce this grand effect of the anapestic systems of the Greek, for which, nevertheless, there are great facilities in English; and instead of the fullest and completest close in the whole range of the Greek drama, the English 'Prometheus' comes to an end before you expect it.*

'The Seraphim,' a dramatic lyric poem, represents the converse of two Seraphs, Ador and Zerah, the strong and the weak, whilst hovering aloof from the rest of the Seraphic host, over Calvary during the Passion; a subject from which Milton would have shrunk, and which Miss Barrett would not have attempted, if she had more seriously considered its absolute unapproachableness. In the first place, there is not, in the proper critical sense, any human interest in such a subject; and in the next place, the awful narrative of the Evangelist exterminates all parallel or supplement. The least unsuccessful attempt upon the 'guarded mount,' in our day, is to be found in

* We have lately been favoured with the perusal of a very free version, or rather imitation of this great poem, from the manuscript of which we are permitted to make the following quotation; and we think our readers will agree with us that such poetry ought not always to remain unpublished:—

ΧΟΡΟΣ.—μὲν δὲ φοβηθῆς· φίλια γὰρ ἦς τὰς
πτερόων θοαῖς ἀνίλλαις
πρσιβα, κ.τ.λ.—v. 128, &c.

'O fear not us!

A long, long way we come to visit thee;
To this extreme of earth,
On clipping pinions borne.

For the grating of fetters,
The voice of upbraiding,
The deep earthly groan
Of anguish half-stifled;
The ear-piercing shriek
Of pain in its sharpness,

A concert, all tuneless, came ruffling the rose-buds,
Where sweetly we slumber'd the sultry hours;
So with pinions unsmooth'd and tresses unbraided,
Our bright feet unsandall'd, we leap'd on the air;
Like the sound of a trumpet we shook the wide
ether;

A moment we quiver'd—then glancing on high,
Ascended a sun-ray, light pillar of silver,
And seem'd the gay spangles that danced in the
beam.'

some parts of Mr. Heraud's 'Descent into Hell,' a remarkable poem, and worthy of the studious perusal which indeed it requires. We give Miss Barrett, however, the full credit of a lofty purpose, and admit, moreover, that several particular passages in her poem are extremely fine; equally profound in thought, and striking in expression. But we prefer concluding our hasty notice of this lady's writings with an extract from her somewhat fantastic poem, 'Isobel's Child,' which may be considered a fair specimen of Miss Barrett's general manner and power:

'Tis aye a solemn thing to me
To look upon a babe that sleeps
Wearing in its spirit-deeps
The unrevealed mystery
Of its Adam's taint and woe,
Which, when they revealed be,
Will not let it slumber so!
Lying new in life beneath
The shadow of the coming death.
With that soft, low, quiet breath,
As if it felt the sun!
Knowing all things by their blooms,
Not their roots! Yea! sun and sky
Only by the warmth that comes
Out of each!—earth, only by
The pleasant hues that o'er it run!
And human love, by drops of sweet
White nourishment still hanging round
The little mouth, so slumber-bound!
All which broken sentience
Will gather, and unite, and climb
To an immortality,
Good or evil, each sublime,
Through life and death to life again.
O little lids, now closed fast!
Must ye learn to drop at last
Over large and burning tears?
O warm quick body! must thou lie,
When is done the round of years,
Bare of all the joy and pain,
Dust in dust—thy place giving
To creeping worms in sentient living?
O small frail being! wilt thou stand
At God's right hand,
Lifting up those sleeping eyes,
Dilated by sublimest destinies,
In endless waking? Thrones and Seraphim,
Through the long ranks of their solemnities,
Sunning thee with calm looks of heaven's surprise
Thy look alone on Him?
Or else, self-willed, to the Godless place—
(God keep thy will!)—feel thine own energies,
Cold, strong, objectless, like a dead man's clas
The sleepless, deathless life within thee, grasp—
While myriad faces, like one changeless face,
With woe, not love's, shall glass thee everywhere,
And overcome thee with thine own despair!'

In a word, we consider Miss Barrett to be a woman of undoubted genius, and most unusual learning; but that she has indulged her inclination for themes of sublime mystery, not certainly without displaying great power, yet at the expense of that clearness, truth, and proportion, which are essential to beauty; and has most unfortunately fallen into the trammels of a school or manner of

writing, which of all that ever existed—Ly-cophron, Lucan, and (Gongora not forgotten)—is the most open to the charge of being *vitiis imitabile exemplar*.

Maria del Occidente, otherwise, we believe, Mrs. Brooke, is styled in 'The Doctor, &c,' 'the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.' And without taking into account *quædam ardentiora* scattered here and there throughout her singular poem, there is undoubtedly ground for the first clause, and, with the more accurate substitution of 'fanciful' for 'imaginative,' for the whole of the eulogy. 'Zophiel' is worth any one's perusal for its uniqueness. Its faults and its beauties are about equal in magnitude, yet leave each to be felt separately. It is at once obscure in diction and intense in feeling, learned and inartificial, wild as the forest and ornamented as a palace. The germ of the story is the tale contained in the 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters of the apocryphal book of Tobit; but it is so Grecised and Talmudised, so eudemised and cacodemised, that neither Tobias, the Fish, nor the Wicked Spirit would know themselves again under the manipulation of 'Mary of the West.' Zophiel, who is also Apollo, is enamoured of Eglâ, the apocryphal Sara; and though he is a fallen spirit, he is loving and compassionate, and the poem concludes with Raphael's giving him hopes of restoration. It is while Eglâ is waiting in her bridal-chamber for the coming of Meles, the first of the seven who dare her bed, that Zophiel makes his appearance, and declares his love:—

'Then, lowly bending with seraphic grace,
The vase he proffer'd full; and not a gem
Drawn forth successive from its sparkling place,
But put to shame the Persian diadem;

While he, "Nay, let me o'er thy white arms bind
These orient pearls, less smooth;—Eglâ, for thee,
My thrilling substance pained by storm and wind,
I sought them in the caverns of the sea."

Look! here's a ruby; drinking solar rays,
I saw it redden on a mountain-tip;
Now on thy snowy bosom let it blaze;
'Twill blush still deeper to behold thy lip.

Here's for thy hair a garland; every flower
That spreads its blossoms, watered by the tear
Of the sad slave in Babylonian bower,
Might see its frail bright hues perpetuate here.

For morn's light bell, this changeful amethyst;
A sapphire for the violet's tender blue;
Large opals, for the queen-rose zephyr-kist;
And here are emeralds of every hue,
For folded bud and leaflet dropped with dew.

And here's a diamond, culled from Indian mine,
To gift a haughty queen: it might not be;
I knew a worthier brow, sister divine,
And brought the gem; for well I deem for thee

The arch-chemic sun in earth's dark bosom wrought
To prison thus a ray, that when dull night
Frowns o'er her realms, and nature's all seems
nought,
She whom he grieves to leave may still behold his
light."

Thus spoke he on, while still the wondering maid
Gazed, as a youthful artist; rapturously
Each perfect, smooth, harmonious limb survey'd,
Insatiate still her beauty-loving eye.

For Zophiel wore a mortal form; and blent
In mortal form, when perfect; nature shows
Her all that's fair enhanced; fire, firmament,
Ocean, earth, flowers, and gems,—all there dis-
close

Their charms epitomised: the heavenly power
To lavish beauty, in this last work, crowned:
And Eglâ, formed of fibres such as dower
Those who most feel, forgot all else around.

He saw, and softening every wily word,
Spoke in more melting music to her soul;
And o'er her sense, as when the fond night-bird
Wooes the full rose, o'erpowering fragrance stole;

Or when the lilies, sleepier perfume, move,
Disturbed by two young sister fawns, that play
Among their graceful stalks at morn, and love
From their white cells to lap the dew away.

She strove to speak, but 'twas in murmurs low;
While o'er her cheek, his potent spell *confessing*,
Deeper diffused the warm carnation glow
Still dewy wet with tears, her inmost soul *con-*
fessing.

As the lithe reptile, in some lonely grove,
With fixed bright eye of fascinating flame,
Lures on by slow degrees the plaining dove,
So nearer, nearer still the Bride and Spirit came.

Success seem'd him; but *secret*, in the height
Of exultation, as he braved the power
Which baffled him at morn, a *secret* light
Shot from his eye, with guilt and treachery fraught.

Nature upon her children oft bestows
The quick, untaught perception; and while art
O'ertasks himself with guile, loves to disclose
The dark thought in the eye, to warn the o'er-
trusting heart.

Or haply 'twas some airy guardian foil'd
The Sprite. What mix'd emotions shook his breast,
When her fair hand, ere he could clasp, recoil'd!
The spell was broke, and doubts and terrors prest

Her sore. While Zophiel: "Meles' step I heard—
He's a betrayer!—will receive him still?"
The rosy blood driven to her heart by fear,
She said, in accents faint but firm, "I will."

The Spirit heard; and all again was dark,
Save, as before, the melancholy flame
Of the full moon; and faint, unfrequent spark,
Which from the perfume's burning embers came,

That stood in vases round the room disposed.
Shuddering and trembling to her couch she crept;
Soft oped the door, and quick again was closed,
And through the pale grey moonlight Meles stept.

But ere he yet, with haste, could throw aside
His breider'd belt and sandals—dread to tell,
Eager he sprang—he sought to clasp his bride—
He stopt—a groan was heard—he gasp'd, and fell
Low by the couch of her who widow'd lay.
Her ivory hands, convulsive, clasp'd in prayer,
But lacking power to move; and when 'twas day,
A cold black corpse was all of Meles there.
ZOPHIEL, p. 43.

Alcestes, Rhipheus, Philomars, and Rosanes, all in succession seek the chamber of Egla, and perish. At length the beautiful boy Althæstor, the favourite page of Sardinus, king of Media, ventures the encounter:—

Touching his golden harp to prelude sweet,
Enter'd the youth, so pensive, pale, and fair;
Advanced respectful to the virgin's feet,
And, lowly bending down, made tuneful parance there.

Like perfume soft his gentle accents rose,
And sweetly thrill'd the gilded rod along;
His warm devoted soul no terror knows,
And truth and love lend fervour to his song.

She hides her face upon her couch, that there
She may not see him die. No groan—she springs
Frantic between a hope-beam and despair,
And twines her long hair round him as he sings.

Then thus: "Oh! Being, who, unseen but near,
Art hovering now, behold and pity me!
For love, hope, beauty, music—all that's dear,
Look, look on me, and spare my agony!"

Spirit! in mercy make me not the cause,
The hateful cause, of this kind being's death!
In pity kill me first! He lives—he draws—
Thou wilt not blast!—he draws his harmless
breath."

Still lives Althæstor; still unguarded strays
One hand o'er his fallen lyre; but all his soul
Is lost—given up. He fain would turn to gaze
But cannot turn, so twined. Now, all that stole

Thro' every vein, and thrill'd each separate nerve,
Himself could not have told—all wound and
clasp'd

In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
To save him? "What a sea of sweets!"—he
gasp'd,

But 'twas delight: sound, fragrance, all were
breathing.

Still swell'd the transport: "Let me look and
thank:"

He sigh'd, (celestial smiles his lip enwreathing)
"I die—but ask no more," he said, and sank;

Still by her arms supported—lower—lower—
As by soft sleep oppress'd;—so calm, so fair,
He rested on the purple tap'stried floor;
It seem'd an angel lay reposing there.
Ibid., p. 83.

Zophiel killed him not:—

"He died of love; or the o'erperfect joy
Of being pitied—pray'd for—prest by thee.
Oh! for the fate of that devoted boy
I'd sell my birthright to eternity!"

"I'm not the cause of this thy last distress.
Nay, look upon thy Spirit ere he flies!
Look on me once, and learn to hate me less!"
He said; and tears fell fast from his immortal
eyes.
p. 84.

Zophiel now renounces all selfish designs upon Egla; but, resolving that no mortal shall wed her, he meditates the means of preserving her for his own society in perpetual youth and beauty. For this purpose he seeks Phraëtion, a gentler, flower-like spirit, made up of love and tenderness, and persuades him to lead the way to the palace of the Gnomes, under the ocean, where Tathayam keeps the elixir of life. This episode is the most brilliant part of the poem, and stamps Mrs. Brooke a woman of true genius. We have quoted a great deal, but we must make room for this picture of the two Spirits before their descent into the Sicilian sea:—

The sea was calm, and the reflected moon
Still trembled on its surface; not a breath
Curl'd the broad mirror. Night had passed her
noon;
How soft the air! how cold the depths beneath!

The Spirits hever o'er that surface smooth;
Zophiel's white arm around Phraëtion's twin'd
In fond caress, his tender fears to sooth,
While either's nearer wing the other's cross'd be-
hind.

Well-pleased, Phraëtion half forgot his dread;
And first, with foot as white as lotus leaf,
The sleepy surface of the waves essay'd;
But then his smile of love gave place to drops of
grief.

How could he for that fluid dense and chill
Change the sweet floods of air they floated on?
E'en at a touch his shrinking fibres thrill;
But ardent Zophiel, panting, hurries on:

And, (catching his mild brother's tears, with lip
That whisper'd courage 'twixt each glowing kiss)
Persuades to plunge: limbs, wings, and locks they
dip,
Whate'er the other's pains, the lover felt but him.
ib. p. 124.

A drop of the elixir is obtained, and lost on the return to the upper air, in the tempest raised by Lucifer, who thwarts the half-repentant Zophiel. A very powerful scene between them takes place. In the episode of Zameia, the princess who offers herself to Meles in the temple of Mylitta, and who is connected with the story by her frantic attempt to kill Egla, the poetess has gone as far as she well could *audendo quidlibet*. At length Hariph and Helon (Raphael and Tobias) appear; the seventh bridal is successful, and the erring Spirit smoked out into Egypt, as truly as in the beautiful book of Tobit itself; '*quem si quis, says the decree of the Council of Trent, pro sacro et canonico non susceperit, ANATHEMA sit.*'"

We add that Zophiel is dedicated to Mr. Southey, although the temperature of the

* *Sess. iv., Decretum de Canonice Scripturis.*

poem is not that of Keswick, but of the island of Cuba, where it was written. It is altogether an extraordinary performance, and, as far as we can make out Mrs. Brooke's creed and manner of thinking from her notes, the poetess must be as singular a compound as her poem. It is also a remarkable thing in the present day that a woman who could write Zophiel, should write nothing else. Her fancy in incident and description is exhaustless, and with a little care and discipline her versification would be fine. And all this out of a coffee plantation in Cuba!

'Irene' is not strictly within our jurisdiction. It has not been technically published; but its circulation among the friends of the authoress, the late Marchioness of Northampton, has been so extensive, and its merit is such, that we trust we shall be pardoned for including a brief notice of it in this article. It naturally follows Zophiel, being founded on the same fancy of a Spirit—in this instance a Sylph—falling in love with a woman, and failing in his love. The story is taken from the *Cabinet des Fées*. Florio, the human lover, though a gallant officer, and an amusing fellow, is not an Altheutor or a Helon, and fairly tires of Irene, after being, by the favour of the Sylph, imparadised with her for a very short honeymoon, in an exquisite mansion on a mountain, and, as we understand it, near Palermo; the mischief being a certain crystal wall (of marriage?) which confined him with and to his wife. The poem is a chastised imitation of the Byronian manner, and is pregnant with satire on legitimate kings, war-taxes, and ministers who exist by patronage; but the theme is the ingrained inconstancy of man. Lady Northampton was an artist in verse; she even displays her art. But the fault of female writers, especially poetesses, is so generally the reverse—imperfection in metre and rhythm—that we are disposed to treat the excess in question with great indulgence. We might, perhaps, except with more reason to the want of consistency or natural development in the characters of the poem. The coarseness of Florio in the end comes upon the reader with as much surprise as the solemn devotion of Irene. We suppose the meaning is, that men worsen by marriage as much as women improve—which, we hope, is not generally true. After the last burst of violence, in which Florio swore he would get away by fair means or foul:—

'Irene rose—unconscious if to go
Or stay:—her sense was stunn'd, her heart was dead;
Toward the door she totter'd, faint and slow—
Then stooping placed her hands upon her head.

Her sight was dim—and yet, as if in dread
To see the face once worshipp'd, with her veil
She cover'd o'er her eyes. No tear she shed,
But stood as motionless, so soft, so pale,
She seem'd the gliding spirit of some midnight tale.

Softly—yet scarce perceptibly, a soft
Light pressure on her powerless hand there lay,
Such as in youth that hand had met so oft,
Expressing all which words are poor to say.
Nor yet the covering veil she moved away;

One hand her covering-veil in sunder tore,
While clasping one, the Sylph her presence stood
before.

The evening shadows and the paly moon
Alike had disappeared before his light,
Georgous and glowing as the rays of noon,
In thousand changing hues of radiance bright,
Clouds roll'd around him, volum'd thin and white,
Peopled with all the habitants of air,
Who, standing all prepar'd for joyous flight,
Lighter than gossamer, with flowers more fair
Than earthly gardens boast, their garlands sweet
prepare.

"Come, my own dear Irene!" thus began
The winged Genius, "come, a crown to bind,
Upon those temples, which the guilt of Man
Weighs drooping to the earth, a grave to find.
Mount with these airy myriads on the wind,
Their Queen, their Empress, than their air more
pure;
Where e'en stern Fate (his first degree resign'd)
Shall grant thy life immortal to endure,
The amaranth flower of Earth, in endless bliss se-
cure!"

She raised her head, and with an accent low,
That trembled on the air, said, "'Tis too late!
But let due punishment my proud heart bow,
Whom blind presumption rush'd upon its fate.
My debt of gratitude, already great,
I would increase—Destroy thy crystal wall!"
The Sylph raised high his arm with face elate,
And circling ran the crash that told its fall:
"Another boon," he said; "thou hast not told me
all!"

Again she spoke: "If my dear parents live,
Tell them"—upon his downcast eyes with dread
She look'd—then said, "No answer need you
give;
I see they are at peace—that they are dead!
I have no home—then to the bower instead,
Where first—yes—take me there!" and as the
bower
She named, it seem'd as if new life had sped
Through her pale cheek; still was it memory's
power
Alive when all was sore, the last remaining flower.

'Midst clouds and flowers the Sylphs Irene raise,
Their Prince beside her poising on the wing;
The moon abash'd hid far her sickly rays,
The air was heavy, still, and threatening.
The nightingales no more their descent sing.
Scar'd by the glare of light above them thrown;
For flowers of colour'd fire the spirits fling
With meteor-brightness to the skies unknown,
To bring their Queen in state unto her airy throne.

Joy of all brilliant hues around her played,
The joy of spirits gay, and pure, and light;
A thousand garlands of bright flowers they made,
A thousand gambols twined before her sight.
She stood in her long robes, all snowy bright,

Her hair dishevelled, and her eyes cast down.
But paler than her robes, her cheeks were white,
White as the foam upon the billows thrown,
When sailing on they pass, high o'er the ocean lone.

—Had Lady Northampton been reading
Peter Wilkins?—

'At last they neared the bower. There, there it
stood,
Calm, fair, and tranquil, in the moon's faint ray.
There grew the ancient and accustomed wood;
There hung the vines—there twined the ivy
spray.
Forward Irene leaned—then sprang away—
And down, and down, and down through air she
fell;
A moment on the ocean's surface lay,
Amid the flashing waters: then they swell,
And deep within the flood she bade the world fare-
well.'

Irene, p. 145.

After this the poetess ought to have in-
flicted some punishment, in *foro poetico*, on
the offending husband. But we are only
told that—

'—Florio probably returned alone,
The vacant throne to claim as lawful heir;
A right legitimate as e'er was known.
Of course he lived until he died; but where,
Or when, I never heard; nor you nor I need care.'

We think the noble editor of this volume
might with propriety make it accessible to
the general lovers of fine literature by pub-
lication in the usual way. 'Irene' is a
poem, which, notwithstanding its satire on
ministries which depend on the crown for
existence, would be popular among Whigs
as well as Tories. It is very elegant and
very entertaining, and a highly useful exam-
ple of correct style and versification. Nor,
in passing from this volume, do we forget the
very spirited versions from the Gaelic—the
language of Lady Northampton's native
Hebrides—nor, above all, the fine Crabbe-
like poem 'The Idiot Boy,' which we have
read several times with still increasing
pleasure and admiration. The scenery of
the Western Isles, 'placed far amid the me-
lancholy main,' is painted very strikingly in
this poem; but the merit of the *story* lies so
completely in its entire conception and ex-
pression, that an extract would only do it in-
justice. It displays a power in many re-
spects different from, and superior to, that
shown in 'Irene,' and indeed impresses our
minds with an enduring sense of Lady
Northampton's genius. *His saltam donis.*

Having just perused *Lady Emmeline
Stuart Wortley's* first volume, we can-
not but express the very lively apprehen-
sions with which we venture to mention her
distinguished name. An innocent woman,
the victim of such unparalleled misery, is a
sacred subject. We collect from this volume

that her ladyship has been from earliest youth
the most wretched and heart-broken woman
in England. It appears that in the 'day-
spring of her youth in 'regal hall,' and 'mid-
night festivals,'—

'—none could ever dream or know
All then she felt of fever'd woe.'

Poems, 1833, p. 70.

Nor has the case been better since. In her
latest publication this afflicted lady still sings
of—

'these my melancholy years
To Grief's dark truths devoted, and to tears;—
of herself as

'one whom ruthless Fate
Hath bow'd to Earth with Sorrow's leaden weight.'

Again—but we might quote a hundred pages
to the same tune:

'Sorrow is my perpetual guest,
The constant inmate of my mournful breast;
Joy but an *ignis fatuus* life at best,
Just seen and gone.'

We are really deeply concerned at it. But
it shows how even-handed Providence is.
Here is a lady of exalted birth, dowered from
infancy with all the gifts of nature and for-
tune, clothed in purple and fine linen, and
faring sumptuously every day,—yet it turns
out to be all an *ignis*—or, as Lady Emmeline
writes, *ignis fatuus*—in the vernacular,
mere moonshine; or rather it is *ignis verus*;
for to

'—be girt by all the bonds of life,
Bow'd by its actual grief and present strife;
This is a MASTER-AGONY—'TIS MINE!'

What are little factory girls with white hair
and blue blood to this? *Bagatelle.*

Pretermitted, therefore, all further allu-
sion to this mysterious and affecting subject
—but expressing, nevertheless, our admi-
ration at the transcendent energy which
has enabled Lady Emmeline Wortley to
compose six octavo volumes of poetry under
such an insupportable weight of sorrow—
we confine our remarks to those portions of
her works which are of a less painful inter-
est. And as to these, we have to regret that
the authoress too frequently substitutes gli-
ttering words for clear imagery, and some-
times for any imagery, or even any sense, at
all; and that, seduced by this habit of multi-
plying words without a vivid apprehension of
the object, she not seldom writes upon one
subject what with equal propriety might be
written of another and very different one.
It was, we remember, one of Coleridge's
analogies upon this matter, 'that a palace
ought to be something more than a house; but
it must be a house *at least.*' So poetry should

be something beyond mere sense, but sense | we say to such a passage as the following, in
it ought to be at all events. Now what shall | an Address to a Lark on a summer morning?

'And then 'st compell'd deep dreams of power and pride
Even from the soul's abysses! forth they rise,—
Delights, and Hopes, and shadowy Mysteries,
Speechless Abstractions, Terrors, Splendours, Glooms,
Imaginations borne on seraph-plumes!
Passions, and Ecstasies, and keen Perceptions,
And lightning-pinion'd Phantasms and Conceptions,
And starry Ardours, breathless Expectations,
Beatitudes, and fervid Adorations,
And bright Amazements, that, transfix'd and still,
Yet with a rapture of assurance thrill!
Glorying Enthusiasms that awake
To spurn Earth's fetters, and her trammels break!
To soar from world to world, from height to height,
Till lost at last in unimagined light!
And with them wake—appear—and with them rise
Wing'd Joys, veil'd Triumphs, scepter'd Destinies,
That throng around us when the e'er-arching skies
Are flooded by thy melody.'—*Poems*, 1833, p. 111.

Or to the following 'On Mtaic':—

'Then, then what fervid breathings swell that heart;
What echoes from its depths responsive start!
Tempestuously—tempestuously they roll,
While glorying Exultations shake his soul.
Triumphs, and mysteries, and wonders seem
To haunt him like the shadows of a dream;
And rushing Hopes, and towering Aspirations,
Raptures sublime, and breathless Adorations,
And wing'd Enthusiasms—pale as woe!
Starry Transcendences, that dazzling glow—
And vision'd Super-eminences divine,—
These make his swelling soul their living shrine!'—*ib.* p. 169.

There is, we are bound to say, a mass of such mistaken writing as this in these volumes; and we are convinced that we render Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley—for whose talents we feel a sincere respect—a real service, when we denounce it for utter condemnation.

But Lady Emmeline can write much better when she will condescend to fly her hawk at lower pitch. Nothing can be prettier than these stanzas:—

'Soon, soon shall my toiling bark touch on the shore,
Where the desolate heart shall be blest;
Where the surge of this long-troubling ocean no more
Shall deprive the worn spirit of rest.

Where no care for the past, and no fear for the morrow,
Shall oppress earth's tired wanderers—welcomed, forgiven;
Where the bark that hath rode through the dim waves of sorrow,
Shall anchor sublimely in shadowless heaven.

On, on! my frail bark, through the surge and the spray—
There's a beacon that beckons and leads from afar;
On, on! my weak bark, through thy perilous way—
There's above thee a heaven, and before thee a star!'

Again:

'The festal summer comes to throw
A glory o'er the earth below;
The world is changed—a radiant change,
Bright, and exquisite, and strange.
Young flowers do make the earth beneath—
The air around—sweet with their breath;
Nothing doth appear the same:—
A living robe of light and flame
Girds the glowing heavens around;
Ten thousand rainbows stain the ground.

To the most secluded spot
Summer pierces, and hath shot
Through the thickest twilight-woods,
Where a depth of shadow broods,
And beneath the trees hath spread
Fern, moss, and thyme, for fairies' tread.
Yes, festal summer comes to throw
A glory o'er the earth below,
And light o'er our deep hearts is thrown,
And joy through our rapt souls shed down.'

The following lines on the late Queen of Prussia are in Lady Emmeline's best manner:—

'O thou ! pale, glorious daughter of the Eagle !
Thou ermin'd child of empire, scarce of earth ;
So bright of aspect, and of soul so regal,
More royal in thy death than in thy birth !

Thou stood'st sublime, even more and more exalted,
As glory ebb'd around, and grandeur waned ;
Stood'st, when shocks earthquake-like thy realm assailed,
To earth, but not to circumstance enchain'd !

Thou stood'st when pomp decay'd, and power departed,
When strength a nation's hosts and councils left—
Majestical, though bow'd, though broken-hearted,
Imperial still, though baffled and bereft.

The summer sun-bursts of thy blush are vanish'd,
The summer lightnings of thy smile are fled,
And thou, the queen of scepter'd queens, art banish'd
Unto the funeral mansions of the dead.

But though the sun-bursts of that blush are faded,
And though the lightnings of that smile are past,
The martyr's palm with beauty's myrtle braided—
These wreath a crown that even on earth shall last.

Hours at Naples, 1837, p. 122.

The limits of this article do not permit us to take a more minute survey of these volumes ; but in so large a quantity of poetry we hardly remember ever finding so few traces of the works of other writers. Judging from what lies before us, we should have almost said that Lady Emmeline Wortley had commenced poet without having very seriously studied any of our great authors ; and we cannot help thinking that something more of even direct imitation would have been of service to her in the way of discipline. In metre, especially, Lady Emmeline has much to learn, and in rhythm still more. Might we without offence presume to offer counsel, we would urge upon her ladyship the duty and necessity of writing with more simplicity of mind, more terseness of phrase, more accuracy of expression, and above all, with a more catholic spirit—studying and taking nature and man as they are—and ever remembering that as nothing more easily escapes a writer's own attention, so nothing more surely or more displeasingly arrests that of every one else, than egotism, or its invariable companion, exaggeration of sentiment.

Accident presents a striking contrast in the next name on our list. If Mrs. Norton is the Byron, Mrs. Southey (Caroline Bowles) is the Cowper, of our modern poetesses. She has much of that great writer's humour, fondness for rural life, melancholy pathos, and moral satire. She has also Cowper's pre-eminently English manner in diction and thought. We do not remember any recent author whose poetry is so unmixedly native ; and this English complexion constitutes one of its characteristic charms. No purer models of our genuine home feeling and language could be placed in a young

foreigner's hands than Mrs. Southey's works. Moreover her versification, especially in her two latest volumes, is not only generally correct, but in several instances, of very great beauty and perfection : and when we consider the exceedingly little regard paid to this most important element in a poem by the younger generation of our modern poets, and more particularly by our poetesses, some of whom seem to have no ears—sometimes indeed no eyes, or even fingers—we think Mrs. Southey's excellence in this respect deserving note and commendation from every critic. It does not appear probable that Mrs. Southey ever read the *Coplas de Manrique* ; yet many of our *Spanish* readers will immediately recognise the movement of those famous lines in the following very striking poem :—

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

'Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
With lowly reverence bow ;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo ! Death doth keep his state :
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting, groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

And is not this 'Mariner's Hymn' beautifully spirited?

Launch thy bark, Mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;—
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour's near—
Lo, the red-lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beston steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

Mrs. Southey has improved upon herself in each of the four volumes before us. Ellen Fitzarthur is a very elegant and affecting tale; nevertheless there is a want of movement and point in it which occasionally becomes tedious. The Widow's Tale is conceived in a bolder spirit, and told with much greater skill. It is a beautiful little poem in which Cowper and Crabbe seem united.

In her latest poem, 'The Birth-day,' Mrs. Southey has attained to a still higher excel-

lence of style, although in this and her other writings we have something more than enough of her *animal pets*, and mere social peculiarities. We must be permitted to give one extract from this poem, which strikes us as very finished.

'My father loved the patient angler's art;
And many a summer day, from early morn
To latest evening, by some streamlet's side
We two have tarried; strange companionship!
A sad and silent man; a joyous child—
Yet were those days, as I recall them now,
Supremely happy. Silent though he was,
My father's eyes were often on his child
Tenderly eloquent—and his few words
Were kind and gentle. Never angry tone
Repulsed me, if I broke upon his thoughts
With childish question. But I learn'd at last—
Learned intuitively to hold my peace
When the dark hour was on him, and deep sighs
Spoke the perturbed spirit—only then
I crept a little closer to his side,
And stole my hand in his, or on his arm
Laid my cheek softly; till the simple wile
Won on his sad abstraction, and he turned
With a faint smile, and sighed, and shook his head,
Stooping toward me; so I reached at last
Mine arm about his neck, and clasped it close,
Printing his pale brow with a silent kiss.

That was a lovely brook, by whose green marge
We two (the patient Angler and his Child)
Loitered away so many summer days!
A shallow sparkling stream, it hurried now
Leaping and glancing among large round stones,
With everlasting friction chafing still
Their polished smoothness, on a gravelly bed,
Then softly slipped away with rippling sound,
Or all inaudible, where the green moss
Sloped down to meet the clear reflecting wave
That lipped its emerald bank with seeming show
Of gentle dalliance. In a dark, deep pool
Collected now, the peaceful waters slept
Embayed by rugged headlands; hollow roots
Of huge old pollard willows. Anchored there
Rode safe from every gale a sylvan fleet
Of milk-white water-lilies; every bark
Worthy as those on his own sacred flood
To waft the Indian Cupid. Thence the stream
Brawling again o'er pebbly shallows ran,
On—on, to where a rustic, rough-hewn bridge,
All bright with mosses and green ivy-wreaths,
Spanned the small channel with his single arch;
And underneath, the bank on either side
Shelved down into the water darkly green
With unsunned verdure; or whereon the sun
Looked only when his rays at eventide
Obliquely glanced between the blackened piers,
With arrowy beams of orient emerald light
Touching the river and its velvet marge.—
'Twas there, beneath the archway, just within
Its rough misshapen piles, I found a cave,
A little secret cell, one large flat stone
Its ample floor, embedded deep in moss,
And a rich tuft of deep blue violet;
And fretted o'er with curious groining dark,
Like vault of Gothic chapel, was the roof
Of that small cunning cave. "The Nereids' Grot,"

* If the Angler had heard this piece of learning, he would probably have said, that Nereids were sea-ladies who could not live in fresh water, and were neither the same as, nor related to, the Naiads, who were ladies of the rivers and fountains, and never went to the seaside.

I named it learnedly, for I had read
About Egeria, and was deeply versed
In heathenish stories of the guardian tribes
In groves, and single trees, and sylvan streams
Abiding co-existent. So methought
The little Naiad of our brook might haunt
That cool retreat, and to her guardian care
My wont was ever, at the bridge arrived,
To trust our basket with its simple store
Of home-made, wholesome cates; by one at home
Provided for our banquet-hour at noon.'

We also point out 'The Broken Bridge,' and the '*Conte à mon Chien*, as being particularly interesting poems; the latter especially is one of the happiest specimens of Mrs. Southey's peculiar powers.

'Poems, chiefly Dramatic,' stand in little need of the very reverend patronage under which they are presented to the world. We understand them to be the first productions of the Dean of Exeter's daughter, Miss Lowe. And we can truly say that, having regard to the age and sex of the writer, we have read this little volume with astonishment. The command of language, the familiarity with Greek mythology and literature, the pregnant thought, the absolute trick and accent of Milton (the youthful Milton), make Miss Lowe's '*Cephalus and Procris*,' quite a curiosity. Her imitation of Samson Agonistes in '*Joan of Arc in Prison*' is not, as might be conjectured, as happy as that of Comus in her '*Cephalus and Procris*.' *Deficiunt vires*.

Many of our oldest readers will be inclined to vow that they have read the following lines before:—

Euclea.

'Justice avert

That ever I accuse the Powers Divine,
Or meditate unawed their mysteries.
I somewhat dread—yet stedfastly conclude
No evil influences can touch the soul,
Not first by wilful negligence laid bare,
Or pride unseemly. Heaven's favours wait
On the pure will, like winged handmaidens,
Arraying it in strength. From human lips
This counsel sprang not. Thou hast heard, my
sire

From an immortal mother drew his birth—
Acasta, daughter of Oceanus;
Who, in a cavern by the observant deep,
Nur'd him with honey and the golden fruit
Hesperian gardens yield, and, as he grew,
His mind with heavenly wisdom stored; but she,
When the new race of Jove reign'd prevalent
Over mid-æky, and the time-honoured sons
Of Titan fell, his sovereign anger dared,
Leaving her coral halls beneath the waves,
To visit with her sister train, and soothe
The afflictions of Prometheus wise, stretched out
And tortured on far Scythia's iron rock.
Therefore the Thunderer hurled her down, forbade
To breathe henceforth the upper air. But still
Her holy precepts in our memories glow.
By these instructed I have learned to shun
Each passion's fierce extreme; to reverence

The givers of all earthly good, but pray
Only for innocence, for health, and peace.

Procris.

'Priceless the knowledge evil to avoid,
And choose the golden mean, while yet untaught
By harsh experience, even of other's woe.
Hark, how lamenting from each beachen corpse
The nightingale her lonely descent pours,
Remembering too well my race's wrongs!
I saw Pandion's hoary locks brought low
With anguish for his hapless children's doom,
And still at noon, or eve, or midnight dim,
Those plaintive notes bring back through time's
eclipses

The image of his age's agony,
And grief-raised tomb.

Euclea.

'Cruel their destiny;

But oh! believe that now they mourn no more.
No more of sorrow Philomela sings
Throughout sweet summer hours, the woods among,
From life's racked fever free; but tenderness
And rapture tune her throat, plunging at will
Mid multitudinous boughs and shadows green.
Thou too shalt smile, and join our carols gay,
Past ill forgotten quite. But I must hence,
And gather from the meads, my promised task,
Deep-glowing roses, lilies fair and wan,
Narcissus, stooping o'er the glassy stream,
The dark-tress'd hyacinth, and fragrant pink,
To form a garland for our shepherd train,
Who to the bounteous river-god, at eve,
Would dedicate a votive coronal.
For plenty's blessings on their pastures showered.
Say, wilt thou join us at the fountain-head,
Ere seeks the traveller'd bee her waxen cell,
Or sleepy flowers shut up their tearful eyes?'
Cephalus, &c., p. 11.

The second Act opens with a song of the Hours, and presents a pleasing specimen of Miss Lowe's lyrics.

Hour of Night Departing.

'Soft pacing down the western sky,
Sad-suited Night in silence goes;
Her dragons slow, with sleepless eye,
She guideth to repose.
And following still the noiseless wain,
I must not loiter from her train;
Nor ever gaze on light's gay throng,
Nor join my sisters' dance and song,
When glows the orient main,
Her cypress veil, far-floating spread,
In darkness shrouds my drooping head,
And solemn is our gliding tread
Towards Erebus' domain.

Hour of Dawn.

'With hovering skirts the horizon shading,
How tardily grave Night retires!
Now from the empyrean fading,
Winking stars withdraw their fires;
Yet doth the east look wan and chill—
Ah! why, Aurora, slumber'st still?
Daughter of Hyperion, rise!
In saffron robes and bright array,
With many-mingling roseate dyes;
Not wrapt in sober amice gray.
Thy belted knight, Orion strong,
On his far journey lingereth long,
Nor yet thy coming spies.

High above old Ocean's stream
Phosphor flames with heral'd beam;
The mist-hung hills thine absence know,
The vales and pleasant meads below—
All bathed in cooling dews they lie
Beneath the pale, transparent sky.
To meet thee o'er yon Indian steeps
Pard-borne Bacchus vigil keeps;
All night he swept the desert plain
With revel rude, and reckless train
Of frantic Thyades around,
Startling with unwonted sound
Sleep's leaden car, in silence bound,' &c. &c.
ib. p. 25.

And again, in the third Act—

Hæmædriæd.

'Sweet Zephyr, stay!
Thy breath has caught the ocean freshness;
On my parched brow let it play.
Tell me whence thou wanderest hither,
And thy course directed whither.

Zephyr.

'Far on the confines of the west,
Beyond the broad Atlantic's breast,
In silence and eternal gloom
Doth ancient Darkness spread his dome.
There in slumbers soft I lay,
Till wafted to the realms of day,
On the Islands Blest descending,
O what joyous life was mine!
Mid bright bowers and sweet vales, blending
All delights divine.
No churlish winds had licence there;
Only my gentle race might waken
The odorous flowers, and perfumes rare
From groves of spice and incense shaken;
And from their shades the music bear
Of harpings and entrancing song;
Pure spirits breathe that golden air,
And godlike forms are seen among
Wanderers from their star-paved dwelling;
But severed from that happy throng,
By stern Æolus' compelling,
Once more I skimmed the briny main,
And paused on wide Iberia's plain.
Thence unheeding, still proceeding
Towards the rising of the sun;
Forests deep and hills of frost,
And smiling valleys I have cross'd,
And whate'er I breathed upon
Straight with livelier gladness shone;
But weary now I fain would close
My filmy pinions in repose.'—*Ibid.* p. 53.

We wish it were in our power to quote the very fine soliloquy of Euclea (pp. 49–51), and indeed several other passages in this classic little drama. We have hinted that, in our opinion, the 'Joan of Arc' is not so well executed; yet it is a very extraordinary performance, full of thought and power, and we think the Messenger's narrative of the death of the heroine (p. 114) particularly good. The perusal of the whole of this volume suggests a remark which, to so young a lady as Miss. Lowe, we will venture to

offer in the shape of advice; namely, that it is of great importance to her hopes of a more extended success, that she should not allow her conformity to the ancient models of the poetic art, with which her unusual scholarship has made her familiar, to stiffen into a formality which will extinguish all interest; that, as one and the best prophylactic against such a tendency, she should throw open her eyes and her heart to a general and accurate observance of the face of nature and its daily goings on; and that, as another, she should carefully study great writers of different styles and characters, not for the purpose of imitating all, but in order to escape subjugation to any one.

Of 'IX. Poems by V.' we emphatically say in old Greek—*βαλὺν ποίησεν* 'FOAA. It is an Ennead to which every Muse may have contributed her ninth. We suppose V. stands for Victoria, and really she queens it among our fair friends. Perhaps V. will think it a questionable compliment, if we say, like the late Baron Graham, to Lady —, in the assize court at Exeter, 'We beg your ladyship's pardon, but we really took you for a man.' Indeed these few pages are distinguished by a sad Lucretian tone, which very seldom comes from a woman's lyre. But V. is a woman, and no ordinary woman, certainly;—though whether spinster, wife, or widow, we have not been informed. Her poems are of such equal merit, that it matters little to her reputation or our readers' pleasure which we quote. Take the following, and guess the age and complexion of the nameless lady:—

'THE GRAVE.

I stood within the Grave's o'ershadowing vault;
Gloomy and damp it stretch'd its vast domain;
Shades were its boundary; for my strained eye
sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things;
This, in the encountering darkness pass'd away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ached upon mine ear;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

The former men of every age and place,
From all their wanderings gathered, round me
lay:
The dust of wither'd Empires did I trace,
And stood mid Generations past away.

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine, or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
Swept by ten thousands to the arms of Death.

I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confus'd the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

Death's various shrines—the Urn, the Stone, the
Lamp—
Were scatter'd round, confus'd, amid the dead;
Symbols and Types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning, and their meaning
fled.

Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or woe,
Were character'd on tablets Time had swept;
And deep were half their letters hid below
*The thick small dust of those they once had
wept.*

No hand was here to wipe the dust away;
No reader of the writing traced beneath;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay;
No sigh, nor sound, from all the heaps of Death.

*One place alone had ceased to hold its prey;
A form had press'd it, and was there no more;
The garments of the Grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapp'd Him on the rocky
floor.*

*He only with returning footsteps broke
The eternal calm wherewith the tomb was
bound;
Among the sleeping Dead alone He woke,
And bless'd with outstretch'd hands the host
around.*

*Well is it that such blessing hovers here
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng,
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their woe the loaded air along.*

*They to the verge have follow'd what they love,
And on the insuperable threshold stand;
With cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.*

But vainly there they seek their soul's relief,
And of the obdurate Grave its prey implore;
Till death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those they wept before.

All that have died, the Earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his Treasures heap on
heap;
O'er each one's busy day the night-shades close;
Its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—
sleep.

IX Poems, &c., p. 11.

The stanzas printed by us in italics are,
in our judgment, worthy of any one of our
greatest poets in his happiest moments.

The verses entitled '*Heart's Ease*' are all
very beautiful; but we have room only for
the following:—

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*'Take from me things gone by!—oh! change
the past—
Renew the lost—restore me the decay'd;—
Bring back the days whose tide has ebb'd so fast—
Give form again to the fantastic shade!*

*My hope, that never grew to certainty,—
My youth, that perish'd in its vain desire;
My fond ambition, crush'd e'er it could be
Aught save a self-consuming, wasted fire.*

*Bring these anew, and set me once again
In the delusion of Life's Infancy—
I was not happy, but I knew not then
That happy I was never doom'd to be.*

Till these things are, and powers divine descend—
Love, kindness, joy, and hope, to gild my day,
In vain the emblem leaves towards me bend,
Thy Spirit, Heart-Ease, is too far away.'—
Ibid., p. 26.

We farther particularly notice the sweet
poems, '*Youth took one summer-day his
Lyre,*' and '*Former Home;*' but will con-
clude with quoting the lines '*Written in
Health,*' which, be it observed, we admire
more for their terseness and force than for
the spirit which animates them:—

*'Forbid, O Fate! forbid that I
Should linger long before I die!
Ah, let me not, sad day by day,
Upon a dying bed decay,
And learn to strain my lonely ear
To catch a footstep drawing near:
And oft my fainting eyelid raise
To see the friend who still delays.
Let me not hear the world pass by
In all its splendour, love, and pride,
While I have nothing but to die,
Whate'er my fellow-men betide.
Nor let me come by sad degrees
To feel each nobler passion freeze;
And lose my love, my hope, my strength,
All save the baser part of man;
Concentrating every wish, at length,
To die as slowly as I can,
Oh no! I wish, I hope, I pray
A better ending to my day.*

*I fain would mount some headlong steed,
And gallop o'er the cliff at speed;
Fall down a thousand fathoms there,
And leave my life midway in air.
I fain would meet in victory
A winged ball aim'd full at me;
Shout, ere it came, my wild war-cry,
And, ere the sound was ended, die.
I'd drink a deep delicious wine
With hasty poison mix'd therein;
And with the sweetness on my breath
Die, ere I felt that it was death.
I'd die in battle, love, or glee,
With spirit wild and body free,
With all my wit, my soul, my heart,
Burning away in every part,
That so more meetly I might fly
Into mine Immortality—
Like comets when their race is run,
That end by rushing on the sun.'—*Ibid., p. 20.**

We believe this is the first time the world has heard of V ; we are persuaded that it will not—cannot—be the last. *Maie tua virtute—sic itur ?*

'Phantasmion' is not a poem ; but it is poetry from beginning to end, and has many poems within it. It is one of a race that has particularly suffered under the assaults of political economy and useful knowledge ; —a Fairy Tale,—the last, we suppose, that will ever be written in England, and unique in its kind. It is neither German nor French. It is what it is—pure as a crystal in diction, tinted like an opal with the hues of an ever-springing sunlit fancy. The verses scattered throughout the volume have in themselves a dramatic propriety, the impression of which is lost by dislocating them from their context ; yet we have no remedy for this but a statement of the fact, and must for our own purposes do the author's of 'Phantasmion' the injustice to tear out some of her gems from their settings.

Zeineth is deeply enamoured of Phantasmion, whose whole affections are set on Iarine. She touches a lute in the flowery vale of her father Magnart, and expresses her passion in significant imagery. Phantasmion accepts the proffered lute, and answers the appeal in these very finished verses:—

'Many a fountain cool and shady
May the traveller's eye invite ;
One among them all, sweet Lady,
Seems to flow for his delight ;
In many a tree the wilding bee
Might safely hide her honey'd store ;
One hive alone the bee will own,
She may not trust her sweets to more.

Say'st thou, " Can that maid be fairer ?
Shows her lip a livelier dye ?
Hath she treasures, richer, rarer ?
Can she better love than I ?"—
What form'd the spell I ne'er could tell,
But subtle must its working be,
Since, from the hour I felt its pow'r,
No fairer face I wish to see.

Light-wing'd Zephyr, ere he settles
On the loveliest flower that flows,
Never stays to count thy petals,
Dear, delicious, fragrant Rose !
Her features bright elude my sight,
I know not how her tresses lie ;
In fancy's maze my spirit plays,
When she with all her charms is nigh.'

Karadan, the dark-haired youth who has leagued himself with darker powers, burns with an unrequited flame for Iarine, his beautiful and compassionate cousin. Thus he sings midst the shades of evening, and the nightingales are his chorus:—

'One face alone, one face alone,
These eyes require ;
But when that long'd-for sight is shown,
What fatal fire
Shoots thro' my veins a keen and liquid flame,
That melts each fibre of my wasting frame !

One voice alone, one voice alone,
I pine to hear ;
But when its meek, mellifluous tone
Usurps mine ear,
Those slavish chains about my soul are wound,
Which ne'er till death itself can be unbound.

One gentle hand, one gentle hand,
I fain would hold ;
But when it seems at my command,
My own grows cold ;
Then low to earth I bend in sickly swoon,
Like lilies drooping mid the blaze of noon.'

'False Love,' sings Glandreth—
'False Love, too long thou hast delay'd,
Too late I make my choice ;
Yet win for me that precious maid,
And bid my heart rejoice—
Then shall mine eyes shoot youthful fire,
My cheek with triumph glow,
And other maids that glance desire
Which I on one bestow.

Make her with smile divinely bland
Beam sunshine o'er my face,
And Time shall touch with gentlest hand
What she hath deign'd to grace ;
(O'er scanty locks full wreaths I'll wear,
No wrinkled brow to shade,
Her joy will smooth the furrows there
Which earlier griefs have made.

Though sports of youth be tedious toil
When youth has pass'd away,
I'll cast aside the martial spoil
With her light looks to play ;
Yea, turn, sweet Maid, from tented fields
To rove where dewdrops shine,
Nor care what hand the sceptre wields,
So thou wilt grant me thine !'

Mandra is sitting on the sea shore, and in a low, lulling tone sings over the sleeping infant whom she has devoted to Seshelma, a malignant, watery being, whose deceitful aid she has purchased at that dear price:—

'O sleep, my babe ! Hear not the rippling wave,
Nor feel the breeze that round thee lingering
strays,
To drink thy balmy breath,
And sigh one long farewell.

Soon shall it mourn above thy watery bed,
And whisper to me on the wave-beat shore,
Deep murmur in reproach
Thy sad, untimely fate.

Ere those dear eyes had open'd on the light,
In vain to plead, thy coming life was sold ;
O ! waken'd but to sleep,
Whence it can wake no more !

A thousand and a thousand silken leaves
The tufted beach unfolds in early spring,
All clad in tenderest green,
All of the self-same shape:

A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth, yet every mother views
Her last, not least, beloved
Like its dear self alone.

No musing mind hath ever yet foreshaped
The face to-morrow's sun shall first reveal,
No heart hath e'er conceiv'd
What love that face will bring.

O sleep, my babe! nor heed how mourns the
gale
To part with thy soft locks and fragrant breath,
As when it deeply sighs
O'er autumn's latest bloom.'

These surely are lines which would have
pleased the ear of Collins—or of the Cole-
ridge.

We know not how to part with this beau-
tiful romance without giving one specimen of
its *prose*. Let the extract explain itself:—

Phantasmion looked at his good steel blade, then hastened on and entered the cavern by a wind-
ing passage. He paused at the threshold, and saw
no graceful hunter youth, but a wrinkled crone, in
queenly attire, bending over the flames of a well-
heaped hearth, and carefully inspecting the con-
tents of a wide vessel, which simmered amid the
blaze, and filled the cave with odorous, inebriating
fumes. Beside her stood the glowing and beauti-
ful Zelneth, her glossy raven locks carelessly flung
back from her white forehead, and her splendid eyes
intent upon the work that was going on. She held
in both hands a crystal bowl, into which Malderyl
began to pour some of the rosy liquid scooped from
the cauldron, when Phantasmion appeared, and
caused such alarm in the damsel's mind, that the
vessel would have fallen to the ground if her com-
panion had not taken it from her. "King of Palm-
land," said the aged queen, "thou art welcome;
be seated, and take off thy cumbersome armour." Muttering within herself, she touched the head of
the youth, as he bent forward to look after Zelneth,
who had retreated to the inner part of the cave,
when his crested helmet vanished, and soon the hy-
acinthine locks and goodly countenance of Phan-
tasmion were revealed by the red light of the
flames. Then Zelneth uttered a cry of astonish-
ment, and exclaimed, "O Malderyl! is this a de-
lusion of magic, or do I look upon the very face of
him I love?"—"Dost thou still love Phantasmion,
best and loveliest?" cried the youth, rushing for-
ward to throw himself on his knees, his whole soul
possessed with the image of Larine; but, looking
up, and beholding Zelneth, her bright face beam-
ing with transport, her fair form almost appearing
to expand from the joy of her bosom, he started
away with a countenance of deep disappointment.
"Zelneth, daughter of Magnart!" he exclaimed in
a sorrowful tone; "O tell me, hast thou lately seen
thy kinswoman Larine?" The damsel turned away,
without speaking, and, while tears gushed between
the ivory fingers that strove to conceal them, Mal-
deryl, who was still bent over the cauldron answer-
ed in her stead.

At another time Phantasmion would have famed

at those words, like a fire fresh fuelled, but now
the luscious vapours were stealing over his senses;
he was gazing unconsciously upon Zelneth, as she
stood a little behind Malderyl with arms pensively
crossed and downcast face, shaded on each side by
drooping locks. He retired to a recess in the ca-
vern, and tried to think again his former thoughts
and purposes; but insensibly they floated away.
His rage against Ulander seemed to dissolve, or turn
into its opposite, and he vainly sought to keep firm
hold of that or any other feeling. . . . She left
the crystal basin on a table of rock just opposite to
Phantasmion; he saw the liquor lie glowing and
creaming in the bowl like melted rubies frothed
with pearl; he inhaled its sweet, bewildering
odour, and, scarce knowing what he did, the
youth raised it to his lips and drank deeply. In a
moment he was electrified with delight, a raptur-
ous tranquillity pervading his whole frame; he felt
intoxicated with pleasure which sprang from no
cause and tended to no object, yet was ever ready
to be reflected and multiplied from all objects
around; he seemed incapable of thinking, and hap-
pier than any thoughts could make him. Zelneth
returned from the further part of the cavern, bring-
ing jars in her hand; in the eyes of the spell-bound
prince she now appeared to be glorified by a super-
natural light of beauty; joy streamed from every
line of her face and form into the joyful heart of
the prince, as light shoots from the surface of
smooth water back towards its heavenly source.
All thought of Zelneth, all thought of Larine, all
remembrance of the past, all anticipations of the
future, were completely suspended; he only knew
he was gazing on a sun of loveliness, in which a
thousand beauties seemed to converge, while the
feelings inspired by his own heavenly maid were
mingled with his new sensations, though the object
of them was veiled in his memory by a dazzling
mist. . . . "He is mine!" she whispered,
clasping her hands; "O Malderyl! is this all thy
work? Have I no part in it? But will not the
enchantment fade? Will Phantasmion love Zelneth
for ever?"—He heard the words, and smiled on her
who spoke them, but spoke not himself, his eyes
being heavy with sleep. As an infant lies in his
cradle watching every motion of her whom it loves
fondly but unconsciously, free from the burden of
esteem and obligation of gratitude, so Phantasmion
followed with his eyes the beautiful Zelneth, and
saw her prepare a couch for him on the floor of the
cavern. She heaped up sweet-scented, withered
leaves, and strewed over them the skins of wolves
and flowing fur of lynxes. Phantasmion sank
down upon the soft bed, and was speedily wrapped
in slumber. Zelneth kneeled beside him, gazing
on his gentle and noble countenance, as the fire-
light irradiated his fair brow, where all the soft
blue veins were traceable under a smooth surface,
his bright, youthful cheek the while reclining amid
the spoils of savage animals, and surrounded by
the black walls and shadowy hollows of the cavern.
Already she fancied herself the flower-crowned
bride of Phantasmion, and breathed in a soft, lul-
ling melody this happy strain:—

"I was a brook in straitest channel pent,
Forcing mid rocks and stones my toilsome way,
A scanty brook in wandering well nigh spent;
But now with thee, rich stream, conjoin'd I stray,
Through golden meads the river sweeps along,
Murmuring its deep, full joy in gentlest undersong.

I crept thro' desert moor and gloomy glade,
My waters ever vex'd, yet sad and slow,
My waters ever steep'd in baleful shade;
But whilst with thee, rich stream, conjoin'd I flow,

Then in swift course the river seems to rest,
Blue sky, bright bloom, and verdure imag'd on its
breast.

And, whilst with thee I roam through regions
bright,
Beneath kind Love's serene and gladsome sky,
A thousand happy things that seek the light,
Till now in darkest shadow forced to lie,
Up thro' the illumin'd waters nimbly run,
To show their forms and hues in the all-revealing
sun."

The scene of the disenchantment which follows is really a masterly passage, and would, as indeed almost every page of the volume, afford an exquisite subject for the pencil; but we are sensible that we have exceeded our limits already.

Meleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneful Nine?—

Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love-lies-a-bleeding*.

Mrs. Barrett must be *Greek-Valerian* or *Ladder to Heaven*; or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*.

Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-Flower* confessed.

Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.

Lady Emmeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.

Mrs. Southey as a *Meadow Sage* or *Small Teasel*.

The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Belle*.

V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.

And the Authoress of 'Phantasmion' is *Heart's Ease*.

There's a wreath! Can any other nation show an equal to it? And yet Joanna Baillie, who stands alone and aloof—*venerable women*—is not named, and Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon are passed in silence. But all these are *emerita*—neither fearing our censure nor needing our praise; and our readers, who have missed their images in the triumph, will have anticipated us with an *eo magis prafulent*. Mrs. Howitt, too, and Miss Mitford, and Miss Louisa Costello, will be remembered with the honour justly due to them, without our special marshalling; whilst we hope that our present mention of Miss Elizabeth Charlesworth's name will direct the attention of some of our readers to her modest but vigorous muse. There are several pieces in her 'Historical Reveries by a Suffolk Villager,' full of beauty. We particularly notice the 'Two Pictures.'

And now—'fine by degrees, and beautifully less,'—we beg, in conclusion, to present, as a bud among the flowers, Miss Em-

mie Fisher, aged ten years, a cousin, we believe, of Mrs. Wordsworth's, and our 'Infant Sappho.' We have selected from this lady's papers, which are numerous, the following lines, the entire genuineness of which in word and thought we are willing to warrant:—

'On a sound resembling thunder, heard on a perfectly cloudless day in summer. It seemed to traverse the whole heavens, and was indescribably grand:—

Where are thou, thou mysterious sound,
With thy low, deep murmur gathering round,
Slow rolling o'er the bright summer skies,
As their vault in its tranquil beauty lies?
Thou fliest not on the breeze's wing;
No breath doth the rose's perfume bring.
Thou camest not in the thunder-cloud;
The heavens no gloomy vapours shroud.
Thou dost not spring from the tempest's ire;
No deadly flames of forked fire
Herald thee thro' the firmament.
Whence dost thou come, and wherefore sent?
Would I were skilled in mystic lore?
Would I thro' star-lit paths might soar!
Oh! were I not chain'd to this parent earth,
Sound! I would know thy wondrous birth.
Say, in some bright revolving star,
Are count'ess myriads waging war?
Art thou the rush of their armies flying?
Art thou the groan of their millions dying?
Or still more dread is thy sound—Oh stay—
That of worlds like ours which pass away?
In thee I heard their heavens' last roll,
Shrivelling away like a parched scroll?
And even now whilst I hear thy roaring,
Are myriads on myriads of spirits soaring,
Soaring to God?—or doom'd?—Ah me!
Unknown and unguessed may thy secrets be!

We consider this as much a psychological curiosity as an elder poet's well-known dream of Kubla Khan.

ART. IV.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea, in the Years 1820-21-22-23.* Commanded by Lieutenant, now Admiral, Ferdinand von Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy. Edited by Major Edward Sabine, R. A., F.R.S. London. 8vo. 1840.

IN our review of Sir E. Parry's narrative of an attempt to reach the North Pole in 1827 (No. LXXIV.), we observed,—

'The "attempt" which is here described, though unsuccessful, is of so bold and daring a character, that it will stand as a record, to the latest posterity, of the patient, persevering, energetic, and undaunted conduct which British seamen are capable of displaying, in the most difficult, discouraging, and dangerous circumstances, when under the com-

mand of prudent and intelligent officers in whom they have entire confidence.

Substituting the word 'Russian' for 'British,' the whole of this sentence may justly be applied to Baron von Wrangell, and his small party of seamen.

We are no strangers to the enterprising character, or to the spirited exertions, of Von Wrangell; they have been occasionally glanced at by us long before the appearance of the present volume, which, late as it comes forth, at least in its present shape, we hail with peculiar pleasure for many reasons, but chiefly on account of the strong resemblance between the baron's labours along the Siberian coast of the Polar Sea, and those of Franklin, Richardson, Back, Dease and Simpson, on the American coast of the same sea; we may also add, of the striking similarity between Parry's attempt to reach the North Pole, and the three or four attempts of the baron on the ice of the same sea, though with different objects; that of the latter being to ascertain the existence, or otherwise, of a supposed continent or large island far to the north. Lastly, we are pleased to find that our sentiments accord with those opinions so well expressed by Major Sabine, in his preface to the work:—

'Whether we view M. von Wrangell's narrative as an authentic account of a portion of the globe and of its inhabitants, hitherto but very imperfectly known;—or as a personal relation of difficulties encountered and privations borne in a spirit which England cherishes in its own officers, and is not slow to value in others;—or finally, as an essential portion of the history of ARCTIC DISCOVERY, in which our own country has taken so prominent a part;—in each, and in all of these respects, it has a claim on the attention and interests of British readers.

'The facts and circumstances made known by an expedition which was engaged during three years in geographical researches, extending over fifty degrees of longitude of the coasts of the Polar Sea, must in many instances bear, by a close analogy, on reasonings connected with the yet unexplored portion of the arctic circle: and they do so particularly in respect to that part, which has been, and still continues to be, the theatre of British enterprise.'—*Pref.* pp. iv. v.

We may premise that the account was drawn up in the German language by M. Engelhardt, from the journals and papers of M. von Wrangell and the other officers of the expedition, and published last year in Berlin. The present translation is highly creditable to a fair lady, the wife of Major Sabine; and she has judiciously curtailed it by the omission of meteorological tables, and details of astronomical and magnetical observations, the results of which appear in

the narrative, and are all that the general reader requires.

In an introduction of 137 pages, Von Wrangell has given a concise history of the various efforts made by Russia to explore the coast of the Polar Ocean, from the middle of the sixteenth century downwards,—some under the sanction of government, and others by private individual adventurers, attracted mostly by the hope of large profits to be derived from a trade in the costly furs of the animals with which those regions abound, and which are found along the whole extent of sea coast, from the White Sea to Behring's Straits. This extent of coast embraces about 145 degrees of longitude, and, as the baron says, 'has been discovered, surveyed, and described by Russians,' or, we may add, by others under the auspices of the Russian government. These surveys were made very much in the manner pursued by our own explorers on the polar shores of America.

One great object of the baron's four years' employment on the Siberian coast was to rectify the errors of the coast-line, much of which, he says, remained in complete obscurity—the whole coast from Cape Schelag-skoi to Cape North being nearly, if not entirely, unknown; 'whilst, on the other hand, the memorable researches of Parry and Franklin had led to the most exact examination and description of the northern coast of America.' The second and more important object was to remove the doubts respecting a large country supposed to be situated to the northward of Kotelnoi and New Siberia. To fill up these blanks, and remove these doubts in the geography of his country, the Emperor Alexander ordered two expeditions to be fitted out by the naval department, which were accordingly equipped and ready in 1820.

'A lieutenant of the navy was placed at the head of each, who was to be accompanied by two junior officers, a medical officer, who was likewise to be a naturalist, and two sailors. One of these expeditions, under Lieutenant Anjou, was to commence its operations from the mouth of the Jana; the other, under my command, from the mouth of the Kolyma. My companions were, Midshipman (now Captain-Lieutenant) Matuschkin, the Mate Kosmin, Dr. Kyber, and two seamen, one of whom was a smith, the other a carpenter.'—pp. cxxxv. cxxxvi.

We rejoice to find that the Lieutenant von Wrangell of 1820, has now attained the rank of Admiral, and Matuschkin, the Midshipman, that of Captain-Lieutenant. Such promotion had been well deserved by both. Of Lieutenant Anjou's expedition no account would seem to have yet been published; but it appears from the chart, that the course of

his expeditions in 1822 and 1823, one from the Lena, and the other from the Jana, much exceeded in extent any of Von Wrangell's, the former having reached the latitude of $76\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and passed round the whole of the New Siberian islands.

Von Wrangell left St. Petersburg on the 23d of May, 1820, and proceeded, according to his orders, to the mouth of the river Kolyma, of which district and its inhabitants he gives an interesting description. It is not easy to understand how any human beings can contrive to exist in this region, where, from the beginning of October till the end of April, the temperature rarely, if ever, rises to the freezing point, and in January falls to 65° below zero; frequently stands at -50° to -57° ;—where, in the early part of September even the temperature has been as low as -47° . In such a climate vegetation is so languid and scanty that it can hardly be said to exist at all. This poverty however, of the vegetable world, is strongly contrasted with the profusion and variety of animal life over these inhospitable shores, and on the ice of the Polar Sea.

Countless herds of reindeer, elks, black bears, foxes, sables, and grey squirrels, fill the upland forests: stone foxes and wolves roam over the low grounds. Enormous flights of swans, geese, and ducks arrive in spring, and seek deserts where they may moult and build their nests in safety. Eagles, owls, and gulls pursue their prey along the seacoast; ptarmigan run in troops among the bushes; little snipes are busy along the brooks, and in the morasses; the social crows seek the neighborhood of men's habitations; and, when the sun shines in spring, one may even sometimes hear the cheerful note of the finch, and in autumn, that of the thrush.—p. 53.

These animals, the baron observes, either visit or inhabit the icy deserts in obedience to the unerring laws of instinct; they have no choice to exercise. 'But,' he asks, 'what induced man to fix himself in this dreary region? Nomade races under milder skies wander from one fruitful region to another,—gradually forget the land of their birth, and prefer a new home; but here there is nothing to invite: endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon; nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter; and life is a continual conflict with privation, and with the terrors of cold and hunger.' What, indeed, could induce human beings to take up their abode in such a region? The answer is, *necessity* in most cases—*avarice* in others. For the former class there is no want of food or clothing. The summer, as it is called, affords them an ample supply of fish and fowl, of rein-deer and other esculent animals. In the commencement of autumn, shoals of herrings enter the rivers

in such quantities, that 3000 or more, it is said, may be taken at a draught, and in three or four days, 40,000 head, by a single good net; and when, to the resources already enumerated, we add the numerous fur-bearing animals, we see sufficient inducement for avarice, as well as poverty, to seek for an abode in these regions of frost and snow. The natives are permanently settled, but the few Russian traders in the valuable furs come only occasionally at the proper seasons. 'I have lived here,' says the baron, 'through three such dreadful springs, I cannot now look back without shuddering to the scenes of misery which I have witnessed, but which I may not venture to describe.' He does, however, describe some of them, and very well too; but for the details we must refer our readers to the volume.

There is another article of commerce of too interesting and curious a nature to be passed over,—we allude to the enormous quantity of animal remains, and especially those of the mammoth, a species of elephant differing from those now existing on our globe; the ivory of which, buried, as it must have been for thousands of years, is as sound and perfect as that supplied by the tusk of the living animal. The multitude of these huge remains, together with the bones of a great variety of other animals that are found along the northern shore of Siberia, and on the numerous islands of the polar ocean, buried in masses of ice, and in the frozen mud-banks of the rivers, near their mouths, is almost beyond belief. The traveller here may indeed say, in the words of our new Poetess 'V—',

'I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confus'd the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.'

Hederström, who was ordered to visit the islands, of which New Siberia is one, situated between 74° and 76° of latitude, and opposite to the Cape Swatainos (or the Sacred Cape,) paid great attention to these remains.

'According to his account,' says Von Wrangell, 'these bones or tusks are less large and heavy the further we advance towards the north, so that it is a rare occurrence on the islands to meet with a tusk of more than three pood in weight, whereas on the continent, they are said often to weigh as much as twelve pood.' In quantity, however, these bones increase wonderfully to the northward, and, as San-nikow expresses himself, *the whole soil of the first of the Lächer Islands appears to consist of them.* For about eighty years the fur-hunters have every year brought large cargoes from this island, but as yet there is no sensible diminution of the stock. The tusks on the islands are also much more fresh and white than those of the continent. A sand-bank on

• That is from 108 lbs. to 433 lbs.

the western side was the most productive of all, and the fur-hunters maintain, that when the sea recedes after a long continuance of easterly winds, a fresh supply of mammoth-bones is always found to have been washed upon this bank, proceeding apparently from some vast store at the bottom of the sea. — *Intro.* pp. cxxii. cxxiii.

In addition to the mammoth and those of common occurrence, we are told the remains of two other unknown animals are occasionally found along the shore of the Polar Ocean: one, supposed by Dr. Kyber, the naturalist, to be a species of rhinoceros, the other a reindeer. In the northern islands above mentioned, Sannikow, another Russian explorer,

'found the skulls and bones of horses, buffaloes, oxen, and sheep, in such abundance, that these animals must formerly have lived there in large herds. At present, however, the icy wilderness produces nothing that could afford them nourishment, nor would they be able to endure the climate. Sannikow concludes that a milder climate must formerly have prevailed here, and that these animals may therefore have been contemporary with the mammoth, whose remains are found in every part of the island. Another circumstance, whence he infers a change in the climate, is the frequent occurrence, here, as well as in the island of New Siberia, of large trees partially fossilised.' — p. cxxix.

That these animals may have been contemporary with the mammoth is exceedingly probable, but the large 'fossilised trees' must have been, we presume, the production of a more remote era. But if those here mentioned, 'required a milder climate,' how must it have fared with the elephant? This 'change of climate' has long been a *quæstio vexata*, and various conjectures have been hazarded to account for the apparently recent and fresh appearance of the tusks of this animal,—so recent that the entire skeleton of one dug out of a mass of ice at the mouth of the Lena was sent to Petersburg, where it is still preserved in the Imperial Museum, with the hair on the skin, a part of which was exhibited at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, in London.

The fanciful Buffon was willing to suppose that the stroke of a comet might have deranged the ancient and original structure of the earth, and produced the order of things as we now find them. On the other hand, some philosophers (but not astronomers) have amused themselves with imagining that the poles of the earth have been shoved out of their former position, and have changed places with the equator. However, although some of our modern sages are hardy enough to deny the fact of a general deluge having taken place—it is a fact for which we have the clear and distinct authority of Scripture, corroborated by the records or the traditions of all nations of antiquity, and further con-

firmed by the actual appearance of the surface of the earth itself; and we venture to hold by the opinion that the flooded earth swept the remains in question away down with the departing waters to the places where they are now found. Cuvier agrees with De Luc and others, who maintain that the impulse of an ocean upturned from its bed, rolling impetuously over the land, carrying everything before it, might well be more than sufficient to roll the dead carcasses of the mammoth to the north pole.

The flood of water to the north is manifested by the slope of the earth's surface towards that quarter, and the general direction of all the rivers which flow into the Polar Sea, in Asiatic Siberia, and North America. Still there is a difficulty, more especially as regards the climate wherein the elephant is now found to exist; for the highest fountain heads of these rivers are not in a lower degree of latitude than 50°, about which the division of the waters commences on the northern side of the crossing ridge of mountains. This is a difficulty which our philosophy will not solve; but a firm reliance on the facts stated in the sacred Scriptures will: we are there told that 'all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered—and the mountains were covered.'

The Baron Cuvier, whose researches were pursued with a vigour and strength of mind that entitle the conclusions drawn from them to the greatest weight—satisfied himself that the flood of Noah, as described by Moses, took place about the time usually assigned—that is to say, from five to six thousand years ago; and he says of this great catastrophe, that—

'In the northern regions it has left the carcasses of some large quadrupeds which the ice had arrested, and which are preserved, even to the present day, with their skin, their hair, and their flesh. If they had not been frozen as soon as killed, they must quickly have been decomposed by putrefaction.' — *Theory of the Earth.*

Closely as all the geographical features in the character of the Asiatic and American coasts of the polar ocean resemble each other, we are not aware that any remains of diluvian animals have been discovered on the American side, with the single exception of the tusks and other relics of the elephant, which were found by Kotzebue on the eastern shore of Behring's Strait. These were stated by him to have been imbedded in an iceberg; but Captain Beechey afterwards visited the spot, and found a great number of large tusks and other remains, not however imbedded in an iceberg, but

buried in beds of frozen clay, intermixed with masses of ice, apparently the debris of the adjoining headland. America, we all know, has its *fossil* remains of mammoths, mastodons, and megatherions, which are found in the Big-bone Licks of Kentucky, also in the neighbourhood of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri; but we are not aware that, with the exception just mentioned, any diluvian remains of the elephant genus have been discovered on the continent of America; and those of Behring's Strait may probably have been floated thither on the ice from the shores of Siberia.

But to return to M. von Wrangell; he reached the Kolyma at the commencement of the winter, and just in time to experience the full enjoyment of a long polar night, succeeded by the increased severity of the spring; notwithstanding which, the natives pursue their occupations of hunting the rein-deer and the elk, on sledges drawn by dogs, and setting their traps for foxes, sables, and squirrels.

'Of all the animals,' says the Baron, 'that live in the high northern latitudes, none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates, from the South Sea, where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea, where his food is fish; he there plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favoured regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the northern countries to employ these comparatively weak animals in draught.'

Indeed, without the assistance of these intelligent and interesting creatures, M. von Wrangell never could have attempted his excursions over the ice of the polar sea; and, what is more, without their extraordinary exertions when in imminent danger, he never could have returned alive.

These dogs are said to resemble the wolf; to have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and long bushy tails; colour various, black, brown, reddish-brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size; but a good sledge-dog should not be less than two feet seven inches high, and three feet nine inches in length. Their howling is that of a wolf. In summer, they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to escape the mosquitoes, which, in those regions, are not less troublesome than one of Pharaoh's plagues; in winter, they burrow in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails.

The preparation of these animals for a journey is carefully to be attended to: for a fortnight at least they should be put on a small allowance of hard food, to convert their superfluous fat into firm flesh; they are also to be driven from ten to twenty miles

daily; after which, Von Wrangell says, they have been known to travel a hundred miles a day without being injured by it. 'We drove ours,' he says, 'sometimes at the rate of 100 wersts (66 miles) a-day.' Their usual food is fresh frozen fish, thawed and cut in pieces; and ten good frozen herrings are said to be a proper daily allowance for each dog. A team consists commonly of twelve dogs; and it is of importance they should be accustomed to draw together. The foremost sledge has usually one additional dog, which has been trained, as a leader. On the sagacity and docility of this leader mainly depends the quick and steady going of the team, as well as the safety of the traveller. No pains are therefore spared in his education; so that he may understand and obey his master's orders, and prevent the rest from starting off in pursuit of white bears and stone-foxes, which frequent the ice of the polar sea.

'On such occasions,' says Von Wrangell, 'we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit. If other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round and, by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him.'

We are now prepared to accompany the baron, with his dogs and sledges, over the icy sea. These journeys are of course necessarily made in the winter, or early spring; and the following brief description will convey some idea of what the winter was, about the mouth of the Kolyma, at the commencement of the new year.

'The noon-day sun, which ought to have been just visible above the horizon, was intercepted by the ice and snow-hills, which bound the plain; a grey mist lay heavy on the snow-covered surface; the sky became of a whitish colour, and the cold increased on the 3d and 4th of January to -55° , and on the 5th the thermometer stood for twenty-four hours at -57° . Breathing became difficult, and the panes of ice in the windows cracked. Though sitting close to a large fire, we were not able to lay aside any part of our fur-clothing; and when I wanted to write, I had to keep the inkstand in hot water. At night, when the fire was allowed to go out for a short time, our bed-clothes were always covered with a thick snow-like rime, and my guest, in particular, always complained in the morning of his nose being frozen.'—p. 86.

The first journey was little more than an experimental one, chiefly to survey the line of coast to the eastward, which had hitherto been imperfectly done. The part of the coast between the Kolyma and Cape Schelag-skoi is stated to be wholly uninhabited; on one side, the occasional excursions of the Russians terminate at the Baranow rocks; and on the other, the Tschutschi do not cross the larger Baranow river. The intervening eighty wersts (fifty-three English miles) of coast are not even visited by either party, but

considered as neutral ground. The latter people have contrived to preserve their independence, even of Russia, and are in possession of immense herds of rein-deer, which they use for the double purpose of food and draught, and by means of which they are enabled to pursue and procure other animals for their own use and for sale in the interior. On a subsequent journey, M. von Wrangell extended his progress almost to the extremity of the coast of the Tschutchi, or, to Behring's strait. Nine sledges, with the usual teams of twelve dogs to each, were provided for the present excursion, six of which were to carry provisions and stores, to be distributed in different depôts, and then to return. The provisions for the dogs consisted of 2400 frozen fresh herrings, and as much of what is called *jukola* as was equivalent to 8150 dried herrings. The loading of each sledge was in weight about 900 pounds.

On the 22d of February the party started from the mouth of the Kolyma, and drove rapidly over the smooth ice along the sea-coast, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. On the third day a heavy fall of snow greatly incommoded them, and the intense frost acting on the surface of the snow, increased not a little the difficulty of their progress.

'The increasing cold and violent wind made travelling very difficult. To guard the dogs from being frozen, the drivers were obliged to put clothing on their bodies, and a kind of boots on their feet, which greatly impeded their running; and the intense frost had rendered the snow loose and granular, so that the sledge-runners no longer glided smoothly over its surface.'

There was no possibility of using the astronomical instruments. The mercury of the artificial horizon did not absolutely freeze, but it became crystallised. The chronometers stopped, the cold having congealed the oil in spite of every precaution. The following description will show in what manner the nights were passed on the ice of the polar sea in their tent:—

'Between tea and supper the sledge-drivers went out to attend and feed their dogs, which were always tied up for the night, lest they should be tempted away by the scent of some wild animal. Meanwhile we were engaged in comparing our observations, and in laying down in the map the ground which we had gone over in the course of the day; the severe cold, and the smoke which usually filled the tent, sometimes made this no easy task. Supper always consisted of a single dish, soup, either of fish or meat (as long as we had any of the latter). It was boiled for us all in the same kettle out of which it was eaten. Soon after we had finished our meal, the whole party lay down to sleep; on account of the cold we could not lay aside any part of our travelling dress, but we regularly changed our boots and stockings every evening, and hung those we had taken off with our fur-caps and gloves on the tent-poles to dry. This is an essential precaution, particularly in respect to stockings, for with damp clothing there is

the greatest risk of the part being frozen. We always spread the bear-skins between the frozen ground and ourselves, and the fur-coverings over us, and being well tired, we usually slept very soundly. As long as the sledge-drivers continued with us, we were so crowded that we had to place ourselves like the spokes of a wheel, with our feet towards the fire and our heads against the tent wall. In the morning we generally rose at six, lit the fire, and washed ourselves before it with fresh snow; we then took tea, and immediately afterwards dinner (which was similar to the supper of the night before). The tent was then struck, and everything packed and stowed on the sledges; and at nine we usually took our departure. This arrangement was adhered to throughout the present journey.'—pp. 99, 100.

The doubling of Cape Schelagskoi was hard work: to ascend icebergs ninety feet high, and to descend them, was a task of fatigue and of risk to the sledges, the dogs, and themselves. Sometimes they had to wade up to their waists through loose drifted snow, and at others over smooth ice covered with sharp crystallised salt, which made the draught so heavy, that they were obliged to assist the dogs, by harnessing themselves also to the sledges; and even so it was a hard matter to tug on. By this time they had deposited most of their provisions, and sent back six sledges; and there only remained three days' provisions for the men and dogs attached to the three remaining sledges.

'However,' says Von Wrangell, 'I decided on going sufficiently far to judge of the general trending of this part of the coast, which was supposed, according to Burney's well-known views, to form an isthmus, connecting Asia with America.'

At this time we had not demolished, in our journal, as we soon afterwards had occasion to do, this strange crotchet broached by the admiral, who, having himself sailed through Behring's Strait in Capt. Cook's ship, ought to have known better.

The expedition did not reach further to the eastward than about forty miles beyond the above-mentioned cape, when they discovered that their provisions were exhausted, and that nothing remained but to make the best of their way back to the Kolyma. Fortunately, on their return, they found their fourth and last deposit of provisions undisturbed, for every scrap taken with them had now been consumed. Subsequently, however, they were less lucky. At the three other deposits, in spite of the precautions taken, nothing remained but fish-bones; and the numerous traces of stone-foxes and wolverines sufficiently pointed out the depredators; so that both themselves and the dogs were obliged to go without food for the last two days of their return journey, which they finished on the 14th March, having been absent twenty-two days, and having travelled 750 miles, being an average of 34 miles a-day, including stoppages.

On the 2d March, the baron says,—

'We saw this evening an Aurora of extraordinary beauty. The sky was clear and cloudless, and the stars sparkled in their fullest Arctic brilliancy. With a light breeze from the N. E. there rose in the E. N. E. a great column of light, from which rays extended over the sky in the direction of the wind, in broad and brilliant bands, which appeared to approach us, whilst they varied continually in form. From the rapidity with which the rays shot through the whole space from the horizon to the zenith, in less than two seconds, the Aurora appeared to be nearer to us than the ordinary height of the clouds. We could perceive no effect on the compass-needle.'—p. 107.

In another place, he observes, that

'Even during the most brilliant Auroras, we could never perceive any considerable noise; but in such cases we did hear a slight hissing sound, as when the wind blows on a flame.'

It is remarkable enough that concerning an atmospheric phenomenon so very striking, and so common in northern latitudes, it should still appear to be a matter of doubt whether it is ever attended with a noise of any kind. The majority of writers are in favour of its being accompanied with sounds of one kind or other, in which they are supported by the resident natives of the several northern countries. Dr. Henderson says that, when the Aurora in Iceland is particularly quick and vivid, a crackling noise is heard, resembling that of sparks from an electrical machine. Sir Charles Gieseke states, that in Greenland, when very low, the Auroras were much agitated, and 'a rushing and crackling sound was heard like that of an electric spark, or of falling hail.' Hearne, on the northern shores of America, heard them making a rushing and crackling noise, 'like the waving of a large flag in a gale of wind.' Gmelin, on the coast of the polar sea, says, 'the streams of brilliant light crackle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and a noise equal to that of artificial fireworks.' Parry, on the other hand, says, 'that in the polar sea, it was never attended with the least crackling or rustling noise;' and Franklin and his officers, on the shores of that sea, say the same thing, even when the changes were most vivid, and the coruscations most rapid. Mr. Dalton and others had supposed the Aurora to be beyond the region of the atmosphere, where, we presume no modification of electricity could exist or sound be produced; but Franklin and his officers, by taking angles at two distant places, and at the same moment, satisfied themselves that an Aurora was not higher than six or seven miles; and they frequently observed it beneath the clouds. Finally, the servants of the Hudson Bay Company all agree in its making a rustling noise, and being frequently very near the earth's surface.

How are we to reconcile these discrepancies? In the same way perhaps as the um-

pire decided in the dispute about the colour of the camelion—

'They all are right—they all are wrong.'

The several parties have, we conclude, viewed the Aurora under different circumstances,—some, when vivid, rapid, and strong; others when sluggish, slow, and languid; in the former case when not far from the earth; in the latter, when moving slowly at a great distance, through a highly attenuated atmosphere. In short, we cannot take the negative evidence against the positive affirmations of so many shrewd and sensible persons.

During the intervals of the summer months Von Wrangell made various excursions into the interior of Siberia, which, affording little more than what other travellers have described, will not require much notice from us. The visit of Von Matiuschkin to the fair of Oskrownoje, frequented by large numbers of the Tschutschis, contains some curious information respecting the habits and character of this singular race, who appear to be of Tartar origin, and partake not in the least of the Esquimaux character. The following short extract will, nevertheless, prove that they fully deserve the appellation of savages.

'Polygamy is general amongst them, and they change their wives as often as they please. Still, though the women are certainly slaves, they are allowed more influence, and are subjected to less labour than among any other savages. Amongst other heathenish and detestable customs is the inhuman act of killing all deformed children, and even all those who appear difficult to rear, and all their old people, as soon as they become unfit for the fatigues and hardships of a nomadic life. Two years ago there was an instance of this in the case of one of their richest and most respected chiefs. Waletha's father became infirm and tired of life, and was put to death at his own express desire by one of his nearest relations.'—p. 122.

We have some notices of those wild terrific ministers of evil, the Schamans, which are not without interest. Their power over the people is unlimited. A sudden and violent disease had carried off a great number of persons, and also whole herds of reindeer. In vain the Schamans had recourse to their usual conjurations, drummings, and jumpings; the plague was not stayed. They consulted together, and directed that one of their most respected chiefs, named Kotschen must be sacrificed, to appease the irritated spirit. Kotschen was willing to submit to the sentence, but none could be found to execute it; 'until, the sickness continuing to rage, his own son, prevailed on by his father's exhortations, and terrified by his threatened curse, plunged a knife into his heart, and gave the body to the Schamans.' Our traveller says these Schamans have no fixed

dogmas of any kind; no system handed down from one to another; and that, wide as the superstitious influence is spread, it seems to originate with each individual separately. He says:—

‘Certain individuals are born with ardent imagination and excitable nerves. They grow up amidst a general belief in ghosts, Schamans, and mysterious powers exercised by the latter. The youth receives strong impressions, and desires to obtain a part in these supernatural communications and powers. No one can teach him how to do so. His imagination is worked upon by solitude, the contemplation of the gloomy aspect of surrounding nature, long vigils, fasts, the use of narcotics and stimulants, until he becomes persuaded that he too has seen the apparitions which he has heard of from his boyhood. He is then received as a Schaman, with many ceremonies, which are held in the silence of the night, and he is given the magic drum, &c. Still all his actions continue to be the result of his individual character. A true Schaman is not a cool and ordinary deceiver, but a psychological phenomenon, well deserving of attention. Whenever I have seen them operate, they have left me with long-continued and gloomy impression. The wild look, the blood-shot eyes, the labouring chest, and the convulsive utterance, the seemingly involuntary distortion of the face and the whole the body, streaming hair, even the hollow sound of the drum, all contributed to the effect; and I can well understand that the whole should appear to the uncivilized spectator as the work of evil spirits.’—pp. 123, 124.

As a striking contrast with these half-mad impostors, the baron gives the description of a venerable pastor he met with at a small village of the Jakuti, on the banks of the Indigirka:—

‘Poor as this place is, it has one feature which renders it well deserving of notice, in the person of the clergyman, who is known far and wide by the name of Father Michel. At the time of our visit he was eighty-seven years of age, and had passed about sixty years here as deacon and as priest, during which time he has not only baptised 15,000 Jakuti, Tungusi, and Jukahiri, but has really made them acquainted with the leading truths of Christianity; and the fruits of his doctrine, his example and his counsels, are visible in their great moral improvement. Such is the zeal of this truly venerable man for the extension of the Gospel among the inhabitants of these snowy wastes, that neither his great age, nor the severity of the climate, nor the countless other difficulties of the country, prevent his still riding above 2000 wersts a-year, in order to baptise the new-born children of his widely-scattered flock, and to perform the other duties of his sacred calling; as well as to assist his people in every way he can, as minister, as teacher, as friend and adviser, and even as physician.’—pp. 36, 37.

The second journey was wholly on the ice of the North Polar Sea. It commenced on the 26th March, with a temperature of $+21^{\circ}$, or 11° below freezing. The caravan consisted of twenty-two sledges, laden with fuel and provisions for thirty days, including food for 240 dogs; the weight of each sledge, on an average, being thirty *pood*, or 1080 pounds. It was hoped the number of bears

to be met with on the ice might supply any deficiency in the quantity of food for the dogs, though it is stated they will not eat the flesh while warm. Leaving the Baranow rocks, and proceeding in a northerly direction, two days brought them in sight of what appeared at first to be high land, which soon after decreased in height, and finally disappeared altogether: thus raising a suspicion in the party that ‘they had only been deceived by one of the optical illusions so common in the polar sea.’ At length, however, it was discovered to be a low island, on which they observed first three and then four pillars, consisting of sundry horizontal layers of granitic porphyry. The highest measured forty-eight feet, and ninety-one feet in circumference at the base. ‘The form is something like the body of a man, with a sort of cap or turban on his head, but without arms or legs.’ They named this land the ‘Four-pillar Island;’ but it was believed to be the easternmost of the Bear islands which had heretofore been visited.

Proceeding northward to lat. $71^{\circ} 31'$ they measured the thickness of the ice, by means of a hole, and ascertained it to be about a foot, very rotten and full of salt; the soundings twelve fathoms, with a bottom of soft green mud. Advancing about twelve miles further, they found themselves on what might be called ‘a deep salt moor,’ over which it was impossible to cross. ‘I examined,’ says the baron, ‘the ice beneath the brine, and found it only five inches thick, and so rotten that it was easily cut through with a common knife.’ Escaping from a place so fraught with danger, at the distance of a mile or two from it, they again examined the state of the ice, and found it only one foot two inches thick. Proceeding hence to some inconsiderable hummocks, the thickness of the ice was found to be the same as before. Here the water gushed through the holes that were made, and imparted its bitter taste to the snow:—

‘Meanwhile the north wind increased in strength, and must have raised a considerable sea in the open water, as we heard the sound of the agitated element beneath, and felt the undulatory motion of the thin crust of ice. Our position was at least an anxious one; the more so, as we could take no step to avoid the impending danger. I believe few of our party slept except the dogs, who alone were unconscious of the great probability of the ice being broken up by the force of the waves. Our latitude was $71^{\circ} 37'$, and our longitude $1^{\circ} 45'$ E. from Sucharnoje. In the morning we had a cloudy sky, damp snow, and a temperature of $+16^{\circ}$, with a gale from the north: in the evening the wind moderated, and shifted to N. E., the sky cleared, and the thermometer showed 9° .

‘As soon as the wind fell and the weather cleared, I had two of the best sledges emptied, and placed

in them provisions for twenty-four hours, with the boat and oars, some poles and boards, and proceeded northwards, to examine the state of the ice; directing M. von Matiuschkin, in case of danger, to retire with the whole party as far as might be needful, without awaiting my return.

'After driving through the thick brine with much difficulty for seven wersts, we came to a number of large fissures, which we passed with some trouble by the aid of the boards which we had brought with us. The ice was heaped up in several places in little mounds or hillocks, which, at the slightest touch, sunk into a kind of slough. This rotten ice was hardly a foot thick; the sea was twelve fathoms deep, the ground green mud; the countless fissures in every direction, through which the seawater came up, mixed with a quantity of earth and mud; the little hillocks above described, and the water streaming amongst them, all gave to the field of ice the appearance of a great morass, over which we contrived to advance two wersts further to the north, crossing the narrower fissures, and going round the larger ones. At last they became so numerous and so wide that it was hard to say whether the sea beneath us was really still covered by a connected coat of ice, or only by a number of detached floating fragments, having everywhere two or more feet of water between them. A single gust of wind would have been sufficient to drive these fragments against each other, and being already thoroughly saturated with water, they would have sunk in a few minutes, leaving nothing but sea on the spot where we were standing. It was manifestly useless to attempt going further; we hastened to rejoin our companions, and to seek with them a place of greater security. Our most northern latitude was $71^{\circ} 43'$; we were at a distance of 215 wersts, in a straight line from the lesser Baranow rock.'—pp. 144, 145.

Here the baron notices the remarkable skill of the sledge-drivers in the direction of their course, either among hummocks or over an unvaried field of snow, without objects to direct the eye; more particularly evinced by his own Cossack:—

'In the midst of the intricate labyrinths of ice, turning sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, now winding round a large hummock, now crossing over a smaller one, among all the incessant changes of direction, he seemed to have a plan of them all in his memory, and to make them compensate each other, so that we never lost our main direction; and whilst I was watching the different turns, compass in hand, trying to resume the true route, he had always a perfect knowledge of it empirically. His estimation of the distances we had passed over reduced to a straight line, generally agreed with my determinations deduced from observed latitudes and the day's course.'—p. 146.

In attempting to advance to the northward they found the hummocks of ice to increase both in size and number, until they formed whole ranges, some of them not less than eighty feet high. They now sent back to the Kolyma eight empty sledges, with their drivers, who had become alarmed, and for some time had despaired of ever seeing their homes again. The rugged surface continued to get worse, and an unbroken

ridge of hummocks, a hundred feet high, seemed to refuse all further progress to the north. It was therefore decided to turn towards the opposite quarter; but all their efforts were baffled by frequent fissures in the ice, open water, and impassable hummocks; and even when they had succeeded in gaining their former path, they found some of the hummocks had sunk, leaving large pools and fissures, and many lanes of water had opened. 'At one place,' the baron says, 'my eight dogs fell into the water, and must have dragged the sledge after them, but for its great length, which saved us.'

In this month of April the temperature varied very much. On the 17th, for instance, the thermometer stood at $+21^{\circ}$ in the morning, and $+16^{\circ}$ in the evening; but on the 18th the temperature had descended to $+4^{\circ}$ in the morning, and $+5^{\circ}$ in the evening. A snow-storm occurred, so thick that those in the hindmost sledges could not see the leading ones. The night was most uncomfortable; the dogs were buried in the snow, and utterly unable to proceed. 'We were exposed to the whole fury of the storm, unable either to pitch our tent or light a fire, with a temperature of $+7^{\circ}$, without tea or soup, and with nothing to quench our thirst, or satisfy our hunger, but a few mouthfuls of snow, a little rye-biscuit, and half-spoilt fish.' In the morning, after travelling about thirty-five miles, being directed in their course entirely by the compass, they reached, to their great joy, the 'Four-pillar Island.' From this they proceeded to the other islands of the group, and here, Von Wrangell says, 'we were most unexpectedly greeted by the notes of some linnets, the harbingers of spring, and the first cheerful sounds which we had heard since we began our ice journey.' The temperature was now $+9^{\circ}$, or 28° below the freezing-point.

On the 28th April they arrived at Nishne Kolymsk, after an absence of thirty-six days, during which they had travelled above 800 miles with the same dogs, men and animals having equally suffered by cold, hunger, and fatigue.

Neither discomfort, however, nor danger, prevented the baron from undertaking a third excursion on the polar ice the following spring. He now required ninety-six dogs for eight sledges; but a disease, which had been raging among them, had carried off so large a number, that on this account he had great difficulty. It is stated that the poor inhabitants lost four-fifths of these useful animals, on which their subsistence mainly depended. He succeeded, however, in procuring from the people of the Indigir-

ka, to which the sickness had not extended, three hundred dogs to choose out of, and from them he selected sixty for five travelling sledges, together with as many as were necessary to drag the provisions and fuel; he took a supply for forty days, and began his journey on the 14th March.

Near the shore the ice was found to be rugged and full of large hummocks, which, as they advanced, were succeeded by a surface covered with drifted ridges of snow. The thermometer, -9° to -11° , during the day, fell at night to -24° . Two days afterwards the mercury rose to $+35^{\circ}$, a difference of 59 degrees. Large hummocks of ice again appeared, and caused accidents both to men and dogs. M. von Wrangell says the traces of his sledge broke, just as he had gained the summit of one of these masses, when 'the dogs flew down the steep declivity, leaving the sledge and myself at the top.' This rugged surface continued so far that the sledges were damaged and broken, and so many of the dogs maimed, that it became necessary to send back thirteen of the provision sledges.

On the 27th March, the latitude reached being $71^{\circ} 18'$, two hills were supposed to be seen in the north-east. The number, as they advanced, appeared to increase, with their intermediate valleys, and some detached rocks. In short, the party were inspired with a sanguine hope of having reached the long sought for land, the object of all their toils. In the evening, however, their newly-discovered land was observed to stretch all along the horizon, and soon after it finally vanished from the sight; and the next day afforded them a repetition of the same optical illusion. On the 9th April, after passing the night behind a ridge of ice and snow, 'we found ourselves amidst one of the wildest groups of hummocks which we had ever seen, and among which, after working seven hours with crow-bars, we had advanced only three wersts.' It was therefore decided, that as, from the exhausted state of the dogs, the dilapidated condition of the sledges, and the evident continuation of the rugged surface of hummocks, they could scarcely be able to accomplish thirty wersts in a week, it would not be prudent to proceed; but M. von Matuschkin, with two companions, in an unloaded sledge, set out to discover if any further advance could be made to the north. Having accomplished ten wersts in a due north direction, all further advance was stopped by the complete breaking up of the ice, and a close approach to the open sea. He had seen, he says, 'the icy sea break its fetters; enormous fields of ice, raised by the waves into an almost vertical

position, driven against each other with a dreadful crash, pressed downwards by the force of the foaming billows, and re-appearing again on the surface covered with the torn-up green mud, which everywhere here forms the bottom of the sea, and which we had so often found on the highest hummocks.' This was in the 72° of latitude, 200 miles to the northward of the Baranow rock.

A few miles in another direction brought the party to a field of very thin ice, broken in many places, and covered with a quantity of salt water. 'These unequivocal indications,' says Von Wrangell, 'of an approaching general break-up, warned us to proceed no further.' They had food only for four days for the dogs; were 200 wersts from the nearest deposit of provisions; the season also was far advanced; they determined therefore to return without further delay. Their journey back was toilsome, tedious, and hazardous; yet, fatigued and worn-out as their draught animals appeared to be on the two last days, they accomplished on the first of them fifty-five wersts, and on the second fifty wersts.

On the 4th May they arrived at a place called Pochodsk, where nothing but suffering and misery surrounded them. 'Six half-starved Tungusian families, urged by despair, had exerted the last remnant of their failing strength to reach this place, where they found the few inhabitants in a scarcely less sad condition, their stores being quite consumed, and they themselves supporting life as well as they could on remnants of our provisions, and had reason to hope that this assistance saved the lives of several.'

On the 5th May the party reached Nishne Kolymsk, after an absence of fifty-seven days, in which they are stated to have travelled over 1355 wersts (upwards of 900 miles).

Nothing discouraged by the failure of three laborious and perilous attempts to discover the supposed land in the polar sea, to the northward of the eastern part of the Siberian coast, the baron and his party determined on a fourth expedition, on which it was resolved they should start from a more easterly point. They proceeded therefore on the ice along the shore to Schalaurow island, a little to the eastward of Cape Schelagakoi; on the 8th March doubled the cape; and on the 13th left Schalaurow island in a thin mist, with a temperature of -11° , increased to -24° in the evening. Near this cape they fell in with a small party of the Tschutschi, with whom was a little old man, who told them he was the Kamaghi, or chief of the tribe in that neighbourhood. By him they were informed that between Cape Sche-

Ingakoi and Cape North. 'there was a part of the coast where, from some cliffs near the mouth of a river, one might in a clear summer's day descry some snow-covered mountains at a great distance to the north; but that in winter it was impossible to see so far;' he added, that formerly herds of reindeer sometimes came across the ice, but had been frightened back by hunters and wolves: and he contrived to amuse them with a long hearsay story about what he evidently knew nothing of himself.

Proceeding easterly about thirty-five miles, they reached a small island called by the natives Amgaeton, but the baron gave to it the name of Schalerow, 'after the man whose enterprise, courage, and perseverance, and finally whose death in these regions, have well deserved that his name should be so recorded.' From this small island, on the 13th of March, the party launched their sledges on the polar ice, and proceeded to the northward over a tolerably even surface, which continued about fourteen or fifteen miles, until on the 14th, at a temperature of -24° to -31° , they came to rugged hummocks of ice that required the labour of crow-bars to pass through, an operation which greatly fatigued them, and to little purpose, for, on the approach of night, it was found that they had only advanced about two miles. On the following day the same severe labour was repeated, and the whole distance gained was only three miles. A fissure in the ice permitted them to take soundings, which were found to be nineteen fathoms, on a bottom of mud and sand. Discovering it now to be impossible to penetrate farther with the whole party through these rugged hummocks, eight sledges were ordered back; provisions were here deposited, equal to a supply of twenty-three days for the remaining men and dogs; and with four sledges and five people, the Baron and M. Kasmin determined to try how far they could advance to the north.

They had scarcely set out when a violent wind with snow prevented their making any progress, and the gale increased in the night to a tempest: this was discovered, in the morning, to have broken up the ice in a fearful manner—and the party found themselves deposited on a detached iceberg, about fifty fathoms in diameter. 'As the storm continued to rage, we were tossed to and fro, and the fissures on every side of us opened more and more, till some of them were fifteen fathoms across.' The next morning, however, a change of wind fortunately reunited the detached fragments to the general body, and thus rescued the party from imminent danger. They now worked their way

in various directions, sometime among hummocks, sometimes winding a long way round to avoid wide lanes of open water, and sometimes crossing over young ice, which broke behind them as fast as they proceeded: at length they reached a flat surface of about five wersts across, only covered with a thin crust of ice, which from its smoothness was evidently just formed. This seemed to extend both east and west without any termination—and

'Opinions were divided as to the possibility of its bearing us. I determined to try, and the adventure succeeded better than could have been hoped for; owing to the incredible swift running of the dogs, to which, doubtless, we owed our safety. The leading sledge actually broke through in several places, but the dogs, warned, no doubt, of the danger, by their natural instinct, and animated by the incessant cries of encouragement of the driver, flew so rapidly across the yielding ice, that we reached the other side without absolutely sinking through. The other three sledges followed with similar rapidity, each across such parts as appeared to them most promising; and we were now all assembled in safety on the north side of the fissure. It was necessary to halt for a time, to allow the dogs to recover a little from their extraordinary exertions.'—p. 346.

The same difficulties and dangers continued, and their embarrassments were not diminished by the knowledge that the provisions for the dogs were beginning to fail. Two of the four sledges were therefore sent back to the last deposit, while the other two remained to push on this daring adventure. They soon observed the horizon to be covered from N.W. to N.E. by that dense blue vapour which, we are told, in these regions always indicates open water. At length they arrived at the edge of an immense break in the ice, extending east and west further than the eye could reach, and which, at the narrowest part, was more than 150 fathoms across. We can readily enter into the feelings of this brave officer, on finding all his hopes completely frustrated by this tremendous chasm in the ice, which by no possibility could be passed; but he must himself describe them.

'We climbed one of the loftiest ice-hills, whence we obtained an extensive view towards the north, and whence we beheld the wide immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze. It was a fearful and magnificent, but to us a melancholy spectacle! Fragments of ice of enormous size floated on the surface of the agitated ocean, and were thrown by the waves with awful violence against the edge of the ice-field on the further side of the channel before us. The collisions were so tremendous, that large masses were every instant broken away, and it was evident that the portion of ice which still divided the channel from the open ocean would soon be completely destroyed. Had we attempted to have ferried ourselves across upon one of the floating pieces of ice, we should not have found

firm footing upon our arrival. Even on our own side fresh lanes of water were continually forming, and extending in every direction in the field of ice behind us. We could go no further.

'With a painful feeling of the impossibility of overcoming the obstacles which nature opposed to us, our last hope vanished of discovering the land, which we yet believed to exist. We saw ourselves compelled to renounce the object for which we had striven through three years of hardships, toil, and danger. We had done what duty and honour demanded; further attempts would have been absolutely hopeless, and I decided to return.'—p. 348.

They turned; but already the track of their advance was scarcely discernible. In fact the danger became so imminent, the dogs so exhausted, the provisions so scanty, that not a moment was to be lost. But we shall content ourselves by making one more extract, which exhibits the same peril to which these enterprising men were exposed, and, at the same time, the admirable conduct of those faithful and intelligent creatures, the dogs, by whose exertions alone they were at last rescued.

'After driving only three wersts, we found our old track completely obliterated by fresh hummocks and fissures, which rendered our advance so difficult that we were at last forced to abandon a part of the stores which we carried. After toiling on for two wersts more, we found ourselves completely surrounded by lanes of water, opening more and more, until, to the west, the sea appeared completely open with floating ice, and dark vapours ascending from it obscured the whole horizon. To the south we still saw what appeared a plain of ice, but it consisted only of larger fragments, and even these we could not reach, as we were separated from them by a wide space of water. Thus cut off on every side, we awaited the night with anxiety: happily for us, both the sea and the air was calm, and this circumstance, and the expectation of a night-frost, gave us hope. During the night a gentle breeze sprang up from the W.N.W., and gradually impelled the ice-land, on which we were, towards the east, and nearer to the larger surface before mentioned. In order to get over the remaining space, we hooked with poles the smaller pieces of ice which floated about, and formed with them a kind of bridge, which the night-frost cemented sufficiently to admit of our crossing over upon it before sunrise on the 27th. We had hardly proceeded one werst, when we found ourselves in a fresh labyrinth of lanes of water, which hemmed us in on every side. As the floating pieces around us were smaller than the one on which we stood, which was seventy-five fathoms across, and as we saw many certain indications of an approaching storm, I thought it better to remain on the larger mass, which offered us somewhat more security; and thus we waited quietly whatever Providence should decree. Dark clouds now rose from the west, and the whole atmosphere became filled with a damp vapour. A strong breeze suddenly sprang up from the west, and increased in less than half hour to a storm. Every moment huge masses of ice around us were dashed against each other, and broken into a thousand fragments. Our little party remained fast on our ice-land, which was tossed to and fro by the waves: we gazed in most painful inactivity on the wild conflict of the elements, ex-

pecting every moment to be swallowed up. We had been three long hours in this position, and still the mass of ice beneath us held together, when suddenly it was caught by the storm, and hurled us against a large field of ice; the crash was terrific, and the mass beneath us was shattered into fragments. At that dreadful moment, when escape seemed impossible, the impulse of self-preservation implanted in every living being saved us. Instinctively we all sprang at once on the sledges, and urged the dogs to their full speed: they flew across the yielding fragments to the field on which we had been stranded, and safely reached a part of it of firmer character, on which were several hummocks, and where the dogs immediately ceased running, conscious, apparently, that the danger was past. We were saved; we joyfully embraced each other, and united in thanks to God for our preservation from such imminent peril.'—pp. 352, 353.

But their misfortunes did not end here; their provisions were nearly exhausted and M. Kasmin, who had been sent in an empty sledge to the northward to try to kill a bear as food for the dogs, returned without success: they were cut off from the deposit of their provisions—they were 360 wersts from their nearest magazine, and the food for the dogs was now barely sufficient for three days. 'There was nothing to be done,' says Von Wrangell, 'but to begin our return, which we did on the 6th of March, with the prospect of our dogs perishing by the way and our having to travel the remainder of the distance on foot.' Their joy may be easily imagined when, after a few few wersts' travelling, they fell in with M. von Matiuschkin, and his party, bringing with them an abundant supply of provisions of all kinds.

To leave nothing undone, which, by possibility could be effected, M. Von Wrangell advanced to the eastward along the coast, passed Cape North, seen in Cook's last voyage, and proceeded as far as Koiutschin Island, which he says is the Burney Island of Cook, and the spot where the survey of Captain Billings ended from Behring's Strait; and here he found a party of the Tchutschis, who had come to trade from the same strait.

It is impossible to read this book without being impressed with the striking similarity in the toils, the dangers, and the sufferings to which Sir Edward Parry in his last attempt, and M. von Wrangell in his four excursions, were exposed on the ice of the North Polar Sea. It is, however, only fair to admit that in every particular the Russian seaman had to sustain and contend against an infinitely greater amount of difficulty and disadvantage;—he was exposed for a much longer period—he traversed a much greater space—he had far inferior means and resources to work with and to fall back upon.

We must add, that no British officer can compare the narratives without being deeply impressed with the generous liberality which his own government shows in all its arrangements for the safety and comfort of those employed, in researches of this nature, under the English flag.

Of the leader of these Russian expeditions we have always received from his own countrymen and others the most flattering accounts. That extraordinary 'pedestrian,' Captain Cochrane, when on the shores of the Frozen Sea, was indebted to him for friendly advice and assistance; and the Captain says that, 'for personal exertion and sacrifice, scientific acquirements, more particularly in practical and theoretical astronomy, he believes this indefatigable young officer, the Baron von Wrangell, has no equal in the Russian navy.'

We have barely hinted at the similarity of the English and Russian enterprises along the shores of the Polar Sea; but there is also a most striking correspondence in all the geographical features of the whole surrounding coast of this sea. Major Sabine, who has well studied, and to a certain extent is personally acquainted with, the subject, says, in his Preface—

'There is a striking resemblance in the configuration of the northern coasts of the continents of Asia and America for several hundred miles on either side of Behring Straits; the general direction of the coast is the same in both continents, the latitude is nearly the same, and each has its attendant group of islands to the north,—the Asiatic continent, those usually known as the New Siberian Islands,—and the American, those called by Sir Edward Parry the North Georgian Group, and since fitly named from their discoverer, the Parry Islands. The resemblance includes the islands also, both in general character and in latitude.'—pp. 5, 6.

Attention has frequently been called in our journal to the polar regions, and more particularly to the shores, the ice, and the islands of that portion of the Polar Sea which borders on America; the object of our inquiry being especially directed to the practicability of an open passage through it between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—which now, in point of fact, has, as nearly as possible, been carried into execution. Leaving, that, however, for the present out of the question, we are now in a condition to take a more correct and extended view of the whole surrounding shores of this sea. We now know that the average latitudes of these shores may be taken at about 70° , some few of its capes and headlands extending one or two degrees higher, and some of the bays and inlets forming the mouths of rivers as many degrees lower. Taking the above average,

we may view this great Polar Sea as inclosed within a circle whose diameter is forty degrees, or 2400 geographical miles, and circumference 7200 miles. On the Asiatic side of this sea are Nova Zembla and the New Siberian Islands, each extending to about the 76th degree of latitude. On the European and American sides are Spitzbergen, extending to about 80° , and a part of Old Greenland, whose northern extremity is yet unknown. Facing America is the large island washed by the Regent's Inlet, Parry's or Melville Islands, with some others, in lat. 70° to 76° , and beyond these nothing is known of any other land or islands; and if we may form an opinion, by inspecting the general chart of the earth, it would be, that no islands exist which could in any shape obstruct navigation.

We come to this conclusion from observing that, in none of the great oceans of the globe, are there any large islands very distant from the shore of some continent. Those near such a shore may be considered fragments of it; and those which are distant are very seldom such as occasion any obstruction to navigation; being small and for the most part volcanic, as we find the greater part of those in the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. There appears to be no reason why the islands of the great Polar Sea may not be supposed to partake of the same law. M. von Wrangell's progress on the ice was stopped by arriving at an open sea in lat. 70° or 71° . 'We beheld,' he says, 'the wide immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze, a fearful and magnificent, but to us a melancholy spectacle.'—'A spectacle,' well observes Major Sabine, 'that would wear an aspect of a totally opposite character to those whose success should depend on the facilities of navigation.' Lieutenant Anjou was stopped by the open sea to the northward of the New Siberian Islands in lat. 76° ; so were Henderston, Tatarinow, and every Russian who had crossed the polar ice; we know that all the parties, who surveyed along the coast of America from Behring's Strait to Back's River, saw nothing but open sea to the northward; and Captain James Ross, from the western side of what has been illegitimately called Boothia (another name having already been appropriated to it), saw nothing but sea to the westward. Parry, in his concluding paragraph, says, 'before the middle of August, when we left the ice in our boats, a ship might have sailed to the latitude of 82° , almost without touching a piece of ice; and it was the general opinion among us that, by the end of that month, it would probably have been no very difficult

matter to reach the parallel of 83° (why not 90° ?) about the meridian of the Seven Islands.' Are we not then led to the conclusion that, supposing no contingent to intervene, no obstruction from ice would prevent a navigable passage to the very pole? The point which enjoys the presence of the sun above the horizon six months in the year without once setting, must have a much milder temperature than Spitzbergen in 80° , or even in 82° , where Parry found it warm enough. It would appear indeed that the extreme cold is from the arctic circle to 72° or 73° .

We have always been consistent in the firm belief of the practicability of a north-west passage, and the more we consider the subject, the more satisfied we are that it may and ought to be accomplished by British seamen. The door has been opened by British intrepidity at its two extremities,—Lancaster Sound and Behring's Strait,—and from what we have just stated there is little cause to suspect any intervention of islands to impede navigation. 'That there is an opening,' says Captain Beaufort, the intelligent hydrographer of the Admiralty, 'and, at times, a navigable sea-passage between the straits of Behring and Davis, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person who has duly weighed the evidence; it is equally certain that it would be an intolerable disgrace to this country, were the flag of any other nation to be borne through it before our own;' and he adds, 'whenever the wisdom of government shall think fit to solve the problem, I am satisfied that the mode proposed by Sir John Barrow* is the most prudent that could be adopted.' Deeply, indeed, should we deplore the 'intolerable disgrace' of having this favourite object of every British government, for the last 250 years, snatched from our grasp by 'the flag of any other nation.' 'Who,' says Major Sabine, 'that reflects on the interest which has been excited in this country for two centuries and a half, by the question of a north-west passage, on the heroic performances of the earlier navigators, in their frail and insufficient vessels, and on all the efforts of modern times, can forbear to wish that the crowning enterprise of so much exertion and so many hopes, may be more suitable to those expectations of a "free and navigable" passage which formed the reasonable basis

of this long cherished project?' We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves, that, availing itself of our tardiness, there is 'a flag of another nation,' whose monarch is active, enterprising, ambitious, and all-powerful, and who has an equally enterprising admiral who would be but too happy to carry that flag from Petersburg to Kamschatka through the north-west passage.*

We know it is sometimes said that, after so many failures, the expenditure of so much money, and considering the risk of life to those engaged in it, the government would hardly be justified in making any further attempt. We shall briefly state why we demur to any such objections. First, with regard to the failures—we think they can scarcely be so deemed, as each successive attempt has been progressive, and thrown important additional light on the nature of arctic navigation. It has now been decidedly ascertained what route ought to be taken and what avoided. It is now known that, in the Polar Sea, open water is invariably found at a distance from land, whilst near the shores of the continents and islands, and in the straits, ice is constantly accumulated and generally fixed to the ground. Hitherto it has been the practice to creep along the shore, and the result has been disastrous enough. Thus Parry, by clinging to the coast of Melville Island, had nearly lost the *Griper* among the ice, which forced her violently to the shore; and the *Fury* was totally lost by the drifting shore-ice of Prince Regent's Inlet. Lower down in the same gulf, Ross was obliged to abandon his ship among the ice. Captain Lyon was in the same predicament close to Repulse Bay; and the last attempt of Captain Back, in the *Terror*, was foiled by that ship getting among the ice off the coast of Southampton Island, in the midst of which she was tossed and whirled about 150 miles in 200 days, and so damaged that she with difficulty reached Lough Swilly in a sinking

* A north-west passage would be of infinite importance to Russia as connected with her settlements on the N. W. coast of North America and the N. E. coast of Asia. Thus—

	Miles.
The distance from St. Petersburg to Cape Horn	9300
" from Cape Horn to Behring's Strait	9500
Total distance	18,800
Petersburg to Behring's Strait by Lancaster Sound	6,670
Difference	12,130 miles.
The latter route being less than one-third the distance of that by Cape Horn.	

* This plan, we need scarcely say, is to cross Baffin's Bay, through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait (always open), pass the opening about Cape Walker, steer a direct course for Behring's Strait, keeping about midway between the coast of America and Melville Island.

state.* As a contrast to the disasters above mentioned, it will be found, that most of the old navigators, Baffin, Bylot, Davis, Fox, Middleton, instead of 'keeping too near land,' carefully avoided the shores, and kept in the mid-channel, where there was plenty of open water to allow of their moving freely, and none of them were caught and detained by the ice for a single winter. If the failure of Parry to reach the pole, after all his strenuous exertions, be considered as conclusive against the measure, we must demur on the ground just stated; he proceeded directly north from the north part of Spitzbergen, carrying as it were the shore-ice along with him; whereas, it is well known to the whale-fishers, that open water almost always prevails midway between Spitzbergen and Old Greenland, thus affording the best chance of success. If it be asked what the objects could have been of the attempt to reach the pole? our reply would be—various—curiosity the least of them; and we ask, would not the man, who had stood on the pivot of the axis round which the earth revolves, be hailed by all nations as the wonder of the world? Would not a series of scientific and physical observations made on that point be considered as of infinite importance to our present imperfect knowledge of that part of the globe? Then, as will be seen from the polar chart—what may not have occurred to many—the shortened distance over the pole is most inviting; a direct northern course from the mouth of the Thames across the pole to Behring's Strait is only 3570 geographical miles, while the course from the same point through Lancaster Sound to the same strait is 4660 geographical miles—making a difference of 1090 miles, or nearly a fourth less, in favour of the passage over the pole.

Secondly: with regard to the expense; we cannot imagine that, in a question of such importance, and with a navy such as ours, the expense of two small vessels, with the few officers and men required, ought to be a matter of any consideration with the government. Ten thousand pounds, or fifteen at the utmost, would go far to defray the whole expenses for a year. When we find that, for an expedition to the ice in the Southern Ocean, ordered by the Treasury

* Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson, talking of Phipps's voyage to the north pole, observed that 'it was conjectured that our former navigators have kept too near land, and so have found the sea frozen far north, because the land hinders the free motion of the tide; but, in the wide ocean, where the waves tumble at their own convenience, it is imagined that the frost does not take effect.' The premises as to 'too near land' are correct, but the conclusion is erroneous.

(as mentioned in our last Number), for the advancement of the science of Terrestrial Magnetism, somewhere about £45,000 appears to have been expended in fitting out two large bombs, and that about £35,000 more will be expended in the three years of their estimated absence;—when we find, moreover, that above £40,000 has been voted by parliament, at the suggestion of some very worthy people no doubt, to convert the negroes of the Niger to Christianity, and thereby, as has absurdly been promulgated by them, to put an end to the slave-trade—their location confined to one river and one point, on a coast of 3000 miles, full of negroes and rivers—we cannot bring ourselves to think that the trifling expense of a few thousand pounds will be considered as any obstacle, by a reasonable government, to the completion of the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Thirdly; nothing short of entire ignorance of facts could raise an objection on the ground of the risk of life. In the whole of the expeditions and their numerous winterings in the ice, not more than three lives were lost, and those appear to have been such as would have fallen anywhere; and it is a well-established fact, that the bodily health of both men and officers has been improved and their constitutions strengthened, by wintering on the ice. Captain James Ross, who, we believe, passed seven winters in the frozen regions, is one of the most active, vigorous, and portly men that can be seen; and Sir Edward Parry answers in person (and we have no doubt in other respects) to the '*vir liber*' of Horace, '*totus teres atque rotundus*.' But the degree of ignorance that prevails, even in the reading community of this country, respecting these northern voyages, is quite surprising. When intelligence arrived that two gentlemen of the Hudson's-Bay Company had completed the survey of a portion of the North American coast, one heard in all societies, and read in a dozen newspapers, that the north-west passage has at last been discovered; and when Back was sent out to Repulse Bay to effect the remaining portion, we were told he was gone to the north pole. One is less surprised, therefore, at the simplicity of the gentleman, who, on viewing the panorama of Sir John Ross, said coolly to the showman, 'Pray, sir, be kind enough to show these ladies the north pole,' and received for answer, 'You see, sir, that there pole on the hill with a flag on it; that, sir, is the north pole;' which sent him away quite satisfied.

If the government from want of information or from indifference, should be induced

to abandon all further attempts to pursue a subject, which has engaged the attention of the first men of every age, from the time of Elizabeth to the present day, then indeed we may well despond. But no—after all the undaunted, persevering, and, we will add, successful efforts, that have been made and recorded, we can hardly persuade ourselves that this will be the case. We cannot believe—now the doors have been widely thrown open—that the triumph of first actually passing the threshold shall, after all that we have done to clear the way, be left to any foreign flag. Forbid it, we say, national honour! Forbid it, national pride! Should this be permitted, England may bow her head

ART. V.—1. *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*. By Thomas Carlyle. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1836.

2. *The French Revolution, a History*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837.

3. *Sartor Resartus*. Ibid. 12mo. 1836.

4. *Chartism*. By Thomas Carlyle. London 8vo. 1839.

THESE remarkable volumes contain many grave errors; they exhibit vagueness, and misconception, and apparently total ignorance in points of the utmost importance. They profess to be on subjects of ethics, philosophy, and religion, and yet, notwithstanding a plausible phraseology scattered here and there, they make no profession of definite Christianity; and if it were fair to put hints and general sentiments together, and to charge the writer with the conclusions to which they probably will bring his readers, we should be compelled to describe them, as a new profession of Pantheism. Yet there is so much truth in them, and so many evidences, not only of an inquiring and deep-thinking mind, but of a humble, trustful, and affectionate heart, that we have not the slightest inclination to speak of them otherwise than kindly. We are very willing to believe that what is false and bad belongs to the evil circumstances of the day—what is good and true to the author himself: and to hope that more light and knowledge will bring him right at last, since already he has advanced so far in defiance of the difficulties around him.

In one point of view, Mr. Carlyle's writings, and the partial popularity which they have obtained, are a striking symptom of the state of the times. No author of any

school confesses more distinctly that for more than a century the English mind has been incapable of originating or appreciating any deep philosophy. Its whole vision, he avows, seems to have been obscured, and perverted to a singular obliquity. The only works professing a graver philosophy, which we can now put into the hands of young students, who wish to know what their immediate ancestors have thought on the weightiest questions respecting man, are those to which the really powerful intellects of Germany and France have pointed; the better with contempt, and the worse with triumph, as the source of most of the follies which subsequently inundated those countries. From these a man may learn that he is made of five senses, and little more; that he is to think for himself, without listening to others; that he is not responsible to man, and consequently not to God, for his opinions, nor, therefore, for his actions; that his whole intellectual power is merely a machine for grinding logic; that it is his right and duty to govern himself, and not to be governed by others; that societies are joint-stock companies for taking care of man's body, leaving his soul to take care of itself; that whatever he thinks and feels is right; that whatever he deems profitable is also good; that his mind may be anatomised and studied as a skeleton in a glass-case, and all its faculties and organs injected and laid out—and that with this, and this alone, we may thoroughly understand it; that it is every man's business to take care of himself; that it is our duty to see the whole of everything; that whatever we cannot see, and force into a syllogism, is false; that mystery is another word for falsehood; that religion is little more than priestcraft; that men can find, and did find it out, at the beginning, by the light of their own understanding; that if religion is to be maintained it should be excluded, at least from the ordinary pursuits and speculations of life, and placed in quarantine, as if its very breath would infect the independence and value of truth; that prudent practice has no connexion with profound theory; and that in a world of railroads and steamboats, printing-presses, and spinning-jennies, deep thinking is quite out of place.

In this country the faint beginning of better things may be traced first in the works of Coleridge and Wordsworth. The former, a vigorous, self-formed, irregular, but penetrative mind, incapable of acquiescing in the meagre fare set before it by the popular literature, was compelled to seek for something more substantial in the new world of German metaphysics. How largely

he was indebted to these for the views, and even words, which he promulgated in England, we need not now inquire. But whatever he may have borrowed, he was a man of true native genius; and Coleridge has undoubtedly given considerable impulse to thought in this country, and dissipated the ennui which the more energetic minds felt in travelling over the smooth uninteresting Macadamised road of modern English literature, where every mile brought back the same prospect, and the end was constantly in view, and not a turn or a chasm, or a rut was permitted to disturb the dulness of its logical perspicuity and ease. He put before them statements which they could not understand; hinted at mysteries; indulged in a strange uncouth phraseology, which awakened attention, as a new language; and first taught young minds their own weakness, and then encouraged them to undertake exercises which would create strength. We are very far from thinking Coleridge a safe or sound writer; but he has done good: he opened one eye of the sleeping intellect of this country—and the whole body is now beginning to show signs of animation.

To Mr. Wordsworth the country owes a still greater debt of gratitude. Even he has only made a step to the restoration of better philosophy among us: but it is a great step, in a safer direction, and its influence will be felt far more extensively. It is singular to observe in how many great revolutions, which have altered the course of human opinions and affairs, the impulse and direction have been given, not by one but by two minds, co-operating together, one representing the higher power of the intellect, and the other more of feeling. Plato and Aristotle, Luther and Melancthon, Jerome and Augustine, Cranmer and Ridley, were yoke-fellows of this kind: so Wordsworth, the kind, gentle, affectionate Wordsworth, seems to have been almost paired with the acute, restless, deep-thinking Coleridge. And if God has a work to be done in this land, it is not strange that he should employ instruments to address both the head and the heart. It is in this latter work that Wordsworth has been most efficient. We can scarcely overrate the blessing to this country of recovering a school of poetry quiet, pure, and sober, and yet not superficial—which, even if it be at times, as it certainly is, artificial and affected, is affected in imitation of the better and simpler parts of nature—to supersede the exaggerated phantasmagoria of one school, and the effeminate sensualities of another. Mr. Wordsworth, in the face of ridicule, has attempted this, and, after a long and patient endurance of

many slights, he has lived to see his own success.*

One great, perhaps the greatest, truth of philosophy, and the best foundation for all philosophy, has been brought home and familiarised to ordinary readers by Wordsworth's poetry; and this truth gives the chief value to Mr. Carlyle's speculations: *it is the value of little things*. Perhaps, after all, the whole of human philosophy is nothing more than construing signs; translating one language into another, reading individual facts in general principles, and general principles in individual facts. As philosophy, in the more restricted sense of the word, is the translation of matter into spirit, the tracing of the infinite and invisible, and universal, and spiritual, in the little, palpable, partial hints of the material world; so art in its widest extent, including the whole range of man's creative powers, may be only the same process reversed: it may be the embodying of the same great truths, which philosophy evolves from material forms, in material forms again; the rendering them visible and sensible to common eyes, not capable of discerning or retaining them in their disembodied abstract existence. If this be so, we may understand how philosophy is inseparably connected with art, and especially with poetry; and how much it owes to a poet, who has taught men to look at nature in its minutest forms, in its leaves and insects, and petty movements; and humblest shadows—even in its most degraded creatures—as a deep and awful mystery, before which there is no place for arrogance or conceit; where he who sees nothing but the exterior is little better than an idiot, and he who pierces most deeply, sees the darkest depths beyond.

Once make the human being feel that there is more in things around him than he can understand or penetrate, and he will acknowledge a mystery. With mystery

* About a year since the University of Oxford conferred on him an honorary degree. Persons who were present have asserted, that no enthusiasm in the same assembly, except that with which they received their own illustrious Chancellor, equalled the applause with which the good old man,—"the poet," as he was then entitled by them, "of the poor,"—was greeted by a body of young men, who a few years back would have been sighing and looking desperate over the sorrows of Lara or Manfred, and laughing with scorn at Peter Bell and Betty Foy—as if Peter Bell and Betty Foy were the whole of Wordsworth; or a man could not be a poet whose hero was not guilty of incest or murder, a hater and hated of mankind. To have produced such a change, and led insensibly to the formation of an entire new school in poetry—a poetry of deep thought, as well as pure and warm feeling—is a recollection which he may well cherish in the decline of his life as an inexhaustible comfort.

will come the sense of his own weakness, humility, and self-distrust, and the still better consciousness of the presence of a greater power. Then follows necessarily *faith*—for in the midst of doubt and darkness man cannot live without faith. If he has no ground for it, as the Christian has, he will invent and imagine a ground for it, as Mr. Carlyle does; he will persist in cherishing it though he can give no reason for it: and thus, though far from the truth, he has yet escaped from the regions farthest opposed to it, from scepticism, cold-heartedness, self-sufficiency—the logical restless cavilling of an intellect which sees nothing beyond itself—and the final dreariness of despair, which comes on as night draws round us, when the understanding can no longer work, and the heart can no more be deluded by its own vain dreams, but must awake and face the frightful realities of a world without a God, because without a creed; and without a creed, because without a Church.

This stirring of English philosophy in two poets has been followed by still more decisive and practical movements in other quarters. A new school of thought and feeling is undoubtedly forming itself: and what is more satisfactory, it does not appear to be gathering itself round any one individual as a nucleus; but one and the same spirit seems to be breaking forth and struggling into life from the most independent sources.

Even in France, where, if in any country, the human heart and mind would seem wholly and irrecoverably dead, or so poisoned by vices of all kinds, that no hope could be cherished of anything pure or elevated emanating from it, there is a school now forming, and acting incessantly on public opinion, which is very little known, but to which we cannot look without much interest, though mingled with no little distrust. Mr. Carlyle has given us a brief and rather contemptuous notice of one voluminous and important work, which has emanated from this school, the *Parliamentary History of the French Revolution*. He himself has been largely indebted to its collection of original documents, in his own strange magic-lantern scene relating to the Revolution; perhaps he might have acknowledged his obligations more explicitly. But this remarkable compilation* is only one of a number of works which have been put forth by this association. They combine history, philosophy, morals, criticisms, Oriental metaphysics, and

especially the province of art, in which there is now in France an Augean stable requiring to be purged by a powerful hand; and some progress in this noble work has been made already. These men have worked their way (we are giving their own account) by the force of their own minds, without other aid, from the miserable materialism of the French school to spiritualism; from that to deism; from deism to Christianity; from Christianity—a vague undefined system—to Catholicism—and here they are at this moment embarrassed in the perplexities of Pöpery, and the Council of Trent. But there is something in this upward movement carried on by a body of men, chiefly physicians, in the heart of such a population as the French, which to us is very striking; and overpowers all consideration of differences, however great, on other points. We speak of it now, because it affords a singular parallel to the change of sentiment in England, which is indicated by Mr. Carlyle's own writings. In many points they are far superior to him. Their chief maxims are such as form a part of the purest Christianity. They make all morality depend on self-sacrifice—all faith on revelation. They explode not only Voltaire and Rousseau, and the whole tribe of stinging plamires who crawled forth from the accumulated dung of the age of Louis XIV., and announced the plague to come; but the more sober didactic sophists of later schools, both of France, Germany, and Scotland. They have repudiated Locke, laid open the real poverty of the Scotch Common Sense, protested against the fallacies of the new French Eclecticism; are fighting earnestly and ably against Materialism; are keenly alive to the folly of reproducing Classicism, i. e. Greek principles on Christian grounds; ridicule most justly the sentimentalities of M. Lamartine, falsely called religious; and are now unravelling the history of Pantheism in the East, as a warning against the new Pantheism which they see approaching from Germany. Of Germany itself they speak with a far deeper insight into the real nature of its speculations, and therefore with far less respect, than Mr. Carlyle seems to possess. And, above all, by a singular coincidence, they are tracing the mischiefs, both of thought and action, under which the age has been so long suffering, to a cold, heartless, negative, egotistical spirit, incapable of anything great, because destitute of *faith*.

Mr. Carlyle is an independent witness, having no professional bias or interest; evidently emancipated from ecclesiastical prejudices; and deriving his inspiration, not from Chrysostom or Augustine, but from

* *Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française, ou Journal des Assemblées Nationales depuis 1789 jusqu'en 1815, contenant la Narration des Evénements, les Débats, &c., par P. J. B. Buchez et P. C. Roux. Paris, 1833.*

Goethe and Richter. Let us hear what he says, and in his own words, for Mr. Carlyle's words are not the least of his peculiarities. To use his own description of the Marquis of Mirabeau—

'He has the indisputablest ideas; but then his style! In very truth it is the strangest of styles, though one of the richest; a style full of originality, picturesqueness, sunny vigour; but all cased and slated over three-fold, in metaphor and trope; distracted into tortuosities, dislocations; starting out into crotchets, cramp-turns, quaintness, and hidden satire, which the French herd had no ear for. Strong meat too tough for babes.'

To this peculiarity of style we attribute not a little of the interest which Mr. Carlyle's writings have excited. Readers are sick of the weak, rapid slops with which the press is now inundated, when every one who can spell and write, and couple verbs with nominative cases, thinks it his duty to publish. The general correctness of style at present is a remarkable fact. At the time when Aristotle and Plato *thought*, very few of their countrymen could *write* grammatically: and Aristotle himself lays no little stress on correct syntax as a necessary but rare excellence in an orator. At present, when *no one thinks, every one writes* and speaks correctly. In fact, we have been so busy with writing and speaking that we have had no time to think. But Mr. Carlyle has disdained the easy-beaten track, and struck out a new taste in writing, combining, we had almost said, all possible faults, and yet not unlikely to become popular. We have no intention of relapsing into the superficial criticisms of a by-gone day, and regarding style as the most important part of composition. But Mr. Carlyle himself knows, and has taken pains to illustrate a great truth, that between the internal spirit of thought and the external form into which it is cast, there is a vital connexion, as between soul and body. If the spirit is clear, simple, unaffected, unambitious, equable, earnest, and conscious of truth and sincerity, the words which it utters, even though unpolished and illiterate, will present a similar perspicuity, simplicity, and natural eloquence. There will be few of what are called quaintness—no flippancies—no strange, abrupt transitions from high to low, from the solemn to the ludicrous—little that is grotesque. Such a man will not deal with words as with counters, which he may toss about and huddle together at random, merely to express his own chance conceptions;—he will use them with caution and reverence as living things, which cannot be emptied of their own power, or be

thrown to the world to be the passive symbols of him who uses them, but have their own significance, and do their own work, and enter into the minds of others to turn and bend them in a mysterious way, so that he who deals with words is dealing with things, and not only with things, but persons. His very language will be to him as a living being, as a minister of God, with which he dares not trifle; but must act towards it reverently, and send it out on its mission with a chastened and quiet heart. So men in the presence of their superiors compose their countenance and dress into order and simplicity; and just as we should judge of the character of a state-officer who, when engaged in some high duty, appeared before his sovereign with a torn or soiled dress; or some strange fanciful costume of his own invention—we judge of a writer who, when employed in conveying truth to the public mind, is neglectful of the dress in which he clothes it; or forces it into some uncouth, misshapen and tangled masquerade habit, which, if it indicates vigour and wealth, shows the one chiefly by convulsions, and the other by an ill regulated extravagance. It was Basil, we think, who prognosticated the apostasy of Julian while he was yet a student at Athens, because he twisted about his head; and never looked stedfastly at anything. Ambrose refused to ordain one of his own officers, who afterwards lapsed into Arianism, because he walked conceitedly and irregularly; and words have also their physiognomy, and thinking men may judge by them.

We dwell upon this subject of style because it is not improbable that young persons, captivated by the novelty, and force, and frequent picturesqueness of Mr. Carlyle's ideas, may be also captivated with his language, and think it a necessary appendage to profound thinking, just as wearing no neckcloth was once thought by Cockney apprentices the best preparation for writing poetry like Lord Byron. And as young writers generally commence with words rather than with thoughts, and are more intent on rhetoric than on argument, Mr. Carlyle's faults are the first things likely to attract imitation with his admirers. Now it is objectionable enough for young men to *imitate any style*—for it turns their attention more to words than things, and places their mind when writing in a forced and affected position. Let them be taught rules of grammar, and general principles of composition, which may secure them from committing faults; but never propose to them to write like another, instead of like themselves. They may read as many good authors as they like, and their language as

well as their sentiments will be insensibly coloured, and moulded by the practice without art or effort: but this is very different from studied imitation. But of all imitations let them avoid Mr. Carlyle's. We are not warning them merely against the violation of classical rules of style, though even this we should lament to see prevail, as we should lament a false taste in architecture, or a fanciful perversion of natural laws in any work of art.

But these classical rules are founded on deeper principles than any which Blair has touched on. They are founded on laws of the human mind. And you can no more indulge in playing tricks with language, without distorting the mind, than you can stand before a glass and twist your features into grimaces without disturbing the tone of your feelings. Or rather, if you will play these tricks, your mind is already distorted. It is lamentable to see that Mr. Carlyle's early writings, in which there is far the most truth and genuine good sense, are the most free from his faults. They appear to have gathered on him as he advances. Is it that he is permitting himself to dress up his style like a mountebank to attract the popular wonderment, which we have too good an opinion of him to believe? Or is it that his mind itself, as we fear, is becoming embarrassed and perplexed with the speculations into which he is falling, and in which he evidently is struggling about like a man sinking in the water, and is just beginning to suspect that he is out of his depth? Some of his early writings* are very pleasing in their language as in their sentiments. In his last works, the *Sartor Resartus*, and *Chartism*, he runs wild in distortions and extravagancies.

It is needless to speculate on the sources of all his affectations. His *Essays* have been originally, for the most part drawn up for our periodical publications; and we need not say how much of this literature is written solely to amuse, and to amuse the most worthless class of our readers—those who are incapable of regular study, and can or will read nothing but what is trifling and short, and intelligible at first sight. But to please a reader a writer must write as his readers feel; and such readers are beginning to be wearied with the monotonous mechanism of an easy style, and require something to startle and perplex, and to interest their reason with strange combinations and

abrupt transitions; just as on the stage genteel comedy is giving way to German sorceries and French atrocities, and as in novels, the most esteemed purveyors cannot write works to sell, unless they select their heroes from Newgate, and enlist the sympathies of their readers in the interesting misfortunes of noble-minded murderers, and warm-hearted affectionate adulterers.

But perhaps Mr. Carlyle's faults are most of all attributable to an intemperate and indiscriminate fondness for German literature—faults, we mean, of style as well as of sentiment. Without entering at present into the subject of opinions, the introduction of a German style into this country would be an evil seriously to be deprecated. It would be worse than a revival of *Enthusiasm*. And the many translations of German works which have lately appeared, all of them naturally partaking of the idiomatic character of the originals, may give some cause for apprehension. It must be deprecated in the first place, because it is the very point in which Germans fail most. They think, theorise, examine, compile and compose with far more energy, patient industry, and at present, we add, with a far keener sense of the deeper mysteries of Nature, than the English. But, with hardly an exception worth noticing, they cannot write. Something seems to interpose between the conception and the expression of their thoughts—and when these thoughts do force their way, they come forth confused, and distorted, and enigmatic.

Much of this may be attributed to the very causes to which they owe their higher excellencies—to the retired, scholastic, independent habits of most of their thinkers and writers. Excluded from politics; treating religion and theology as a subject of speculation; unaccustomed in their universities to catechetical instruction; valuing truth and knowledge more for their own sake than for popular applause; and comparatively little exposed to those temptations of general society, which too often make literature in England and France to be followed merely as a passport to a temporary reputation, the Germans plod on their way perseveringly and manfully; and throw out their theories and inventions with far less attention than we do to the wants and weaknesses of their readers.

The attempt to analyse and revive the principles of Grecian art, which has been so generally made by Goëthe, Schleiermacher, the Schlegels, and many other of their best writers, is an indication that this defect in beauty of form is felt by those who are most capable of supplying it. But we

* See, for example, his paper on Boswell, *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 114; but his *Life of Schiller*, which was we believe the first of his publications, appears to us in point of style by far the best of them all.

doubt if it will ever be amended. Not that the Germans want critical powers to analyse, and taste to appreciate this beauty, but that a power of creating it, such as developed itself in the masters of Grecian art, and the Christian perfectors of Gothic architecture, is a totally distinct faculty, which seems to require for its growth both a more sensitive national genius, and greater habits of intercourse with man, and practical necessities for employing it, than the present state of German society seems to promise. To import therefore from Germany the very production in which they themselves lament their own inferiority, will argue a strange hallucination.

But it should be deprecated also because it is un-English.

We are not speaking now of the study of German literature in general, but simply of the introduction of a foreign style, of which lately many symptoms have appeared. Our novels are crowded with French phrases—our very conversation has become a polyglot—and if our graver literature is infected with German, what what will become of our 'pure well of English undefiled!' For the same reason that the choice of a style has a deep moral significance and moral influence over the individual, the alteration of a national language is not unconnected with deeper changes of national principle. We would not part with our national songs, or national anthem, or introduce a tricolor into the national flag, or substitute some new-fangled attire for our national costume, though many might be found as convenient, and some more becoming. But nationality—an exclusive, partial nationality, not inconsistent with general benevolence—is a great element in the virtue of a nation; and it is shown in our adherence to these external symbols, but especially in the use of language. Learn to talk in German, and as Germans talk, and you will soon learn to think in German, and thinking in German, you will cease to think as an Englishman.

Mr. Carlyle's style would justify a distrust in the soundness of his opinions, even if this unsoundness were not manifest elsewhere. It is not satisfactory to see a man struggling and labouring with ideas which seem too big to utter—for the greatest ideas are always those which are capable of being conveyed in the simplest form. The greatest truths have thus been handed down to us in brief apophthegms. Real power is shown most generally in extreme quietness; wild, exaggerated metaphors of whirlpools, and lava streams, and earthquakes, and tempests, and volcanoes may be tolerated and even be applauded when used rarely and unwillingly, and be-

cause the writer cannot help it. But when constantly employed, they indicate either a want of self-command, or a desire to strike, and confound, and terrify—a result which good writers not unfrequently accomplish, but which no good writer, anxious only to inform and benefit his reader, will ever place before him as an end. Again (and let it not be supposed that it is pleasing to find fault with a man in whose mind there is evidently so much good), a real poet or master composes without being seen by others, or seeing himself. Like a child blowing bubbles, the stream of inspiration issues out in a beautiful thin film, on which the whole miniature landscape paints itself instantly in gold, and green, and flowing light, and moulds itself without a hand into a shape of exquisite grace, till not only the child but the philosopher may look on with delight, and admire how nature cannot work without clothing itself in beauty. Mr. Carlyle has written too well himself on the unconsciousness of man's highest faculty* not to be aware that however dramatic a work should be, no showman is required to stand by and interrupt the course of the action by perpetually appearing on the stage. This is the great fault of his 'French Revolution.' It would be idle to complain that it is not a history; for, probably (notwithstanding its title-page), it never seriously pretended to such a character. But looking on it as a series of scenes and pictures, and fragmentary sketches of remarkable events etched out in a bold, rough, Callot-like outline, they do possess this singular defect, that everywhere the shadow of the writer himself comes across and perplexes the eye. We are speaking now solely of the composition. Of the historical views contained in the work we may speak elsewhere. But this personal appearance of the writer is to be noticed, because it is unhappily too much in accordance with the general practice—and a very bad practice—of our modern literature. It is egotistical. Until it ceases to be egotistical, it will achieve nothing great or good. Shakespeare painted all things but himself. Like the magic spirit of the mind itself, like the ruling creative power in nature and in all things, he worked, himself invisible, and now when he has vanished entirely from sight, and we can scarcely trace a vestige of his personal existence, his soul remains immortal. Homer the same. In only one moment of awakened feeling he trusts himself to utter a simple wish for

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.'

Milton (and Mr. Carlyle seems to have a

* *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. 46.

juster appreciation of Milton's faults than modern critics in general) cannot resist coming forward—but it is not for any time. Plato—the great poet and artist Plato—in all his exquisite dramas, mentions himself, we think, but four times at the most, and then only in a catalogue of names, as an entire stranger. Thucydides and Herodotus, but for the testimony of others, would scarcely be known to have written their own books. Not so our modern writers. Everywhere, like an officious cook insisting on coming into the dining-room, and explaining himself the mysteries of the table, the author, whether poet, or historian, or novel-writer, or essayist, comes prominently forward, and will not consent to be unseen. Either his hero is a copy of himself, or his facts are mixed up with his own explanations, or his poems are the pouring forth of his own sensibility, or his essays are a popular exhibition of his own modes of thought and feeling. The 'I' appears everywhere. It is a black spot, and mars the whole. Let a man who would exhibit the frightful drama of the French Revolution for the benefit of his reader, place the reader before its scenes, and leave him to himself—as most men, in going through an interesting building, long to be left alone and not troubled with the impertinence of a guide. The scenes themselves are already there—not painted or described as by a spectator, but existing unintentionally in the records of the times. Few things, perhaps, would do no more to arrest our present headlong course of licence. No highly-wrought language would be required, or any language but that employed by the actors themselves. The most graphic portions of Mr. Carlyle's work are those in which he has most closely transcribed from these sources; and in other parts we think he has failed to convey not only a correct philosophical view of the history, but even clear, vivid pictures of the facts.

We did not intend to digress at such length on this minor point of style. Minor it is, if considered only as correct or incorrect according to the prevailing taste, or rules of a Priscian. But regarded in another light, as a natural indication of a temper of mind, and as tending to form a similar temper in those who may be led to imitate it, it may appear of no little importance.

It will be a far more agreeable task to bring forward a few specimens of the testimony borne by Mr. Carlyle to certain great truths, from which many of his followers would probably turn away when asserted by a different school. They exhibit, at the same time, the most favourable view of his

intellect and heart; and both of these we are indeed disposed to rank very high.

Think how the conceited *spirit of the age*, as it is called, laughs contemptuously when, instead of speaking of the darkness of the past, and the enlightenment of the present, the voice of the Church is once more beginning to raise itself, and denounce the mischiefs and miseries to which we have been reduced by our democratical politics, our dissensions in religion, our sceptical logic, and our material philosophy. The whole is treated as a delusion. What says Mr. Carlyle? We might fill pages with quotations all full of such language as the following:—

'Were we required to characterise this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not an heroic, devotional, philosophical, or moral age, but above all others, the mechanical age. It is the age of machinery in every outward and inward sense of the word.'—*Miscellan.* vol. ii. p. 146.

'It is admitted, on all sides, that the metaphysical and moral sciences are falling into decay, while the physical are engrossing every day more respect and attention. . . . In most of the European nations there is now no such thing as a science of mind. . . . From Locke's time downward, our whole metaphysics have been physical, not a spiritual philosophy, but a material one. The philosopher of this day is not a Socrates, a Plato, a Hooker, or Taylor, who inculcates on man the necessity and infinite worth of moral goodness, the great truth that our happiness depends on the mind which is within us; but a Smith, a de Lolme, a Bentham, who chiefly inculcate the reverse of this—that our happiness depends entirely on external circumstances; nay, that the strength and dignity of the mind within us is itself the creature and consequence of these.'—p. 155.

Again—

'The truth is, men have lost their belief in the Invisible, and believe, and hope, and work only in the visible; or, to speak it in other words, this is not a religious age. Only the material, the immediately practical, not the divine and spiritual is important to us.'—vol. ii. p. 162.

The popular preachers and platform orators of the day delight in expatiating on its piety and devotion. They who would speak in the sober language of the Church describe its theology as ignorant, and its religious spirit as all but evaporated; and they are condemned as uncharitable. What says Mr. Carlyle?—

'To what extent theological unbelief, we mean intellectual dissent from the Church in its view of Holy Writ, prevails at this day, would be a highly important, were it not, under any circumstance, an almost impossible inquiry. But the unbelief, which is of a still more fundamental character, every man may see prevailing, with scarcely any but the faintest contradiction, all around him; even in the pulpit itself. Religion in most countries, more or

less in every country, is no longer what it was and should be—a thousand-voiced psalm from the heart of man to his invisible Father, the fountain of all goodness, beauty, truth, and revealed in every revelation of these; but, for the most part, a wise, prudential feeling grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of expediency and utility; whereby some smaller quantum of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger quantum of celestial enjoyment. Thus religion, too, is profit: a working for wages; not reverence, but vulgar hope or fear. Many, we know, very many, we hope, are still religious in a far different sense: were it not so, our case were too desperate: but to witness that such is the sample of the times, we take any calm, observant man, who agrees or disagrees in our feeling on the matter, and ask him whether our view of it is not in general well founded.—vol. ii. p. 165.

Once more. We have our arts—arts of the highest kind—we build, paint, sculpture, publish poem on poem; and the high state of the arts is a fruitful topic of self-congratulation to all but a few. We boast of our literature as if our literature were wisdom; and when a warning is uttered that such boasts are mere delusions, and that the grand poetic or creative faculty of man, that faculty which makes at least one third of his intellectual and half of his moral nature, is lying at this moment *effete*, or only working confusion in this country, the whole race of academicians and artists once more lift up their hands in wonder. What says Mr. Carlyle?—

'Let us look at the higher regions of literature, where, if anywhere, the pure melodies of poesy and wisdom should be heard. Of natural talent there is no deficiency: one or two richly endowed individuals even give us a superiority in this respect. But what is the song they sing? Is it a tone of the Memnon statue, breathing music as the light first touches it? A liquid wisdom, disclosing to our sense the deep infinite harmonies of nature, and man's soul? Alas, no! It is not a matin or vesper hymn to the spirit of all beauty, but a fierce clashing of cymbals and shouting of multitudes, as children pass through the fire to Moloch? Poetry itself has no eye for the invisible. Beauty is no longer the god it worships, but some brute image of strength, which we may well call an idol, for true strength is one and the same with beauty, and its worship also is a hymn. The meek, silent light can mould, create, and purify all nature; but the loud whirlwind, the sign and product of disunion, of weakness, passes on and is forgotten. How widely this veneration for the physically strongest has spread itself through literature, any one may judge who reads either criticism or poem. We praise a work not as true, but as strong; our highest praise is that it has "affected us," has terrified us. All this, it has been well observed, is the maximum of the barbarous, the symptom not of vigorous refinement, but of barbarous corruption.'—Vol. ii. p. 166.

And with art what has become of morality:—

For the superior morality of which we hear so

much, we, too, would desire to be thankful; at the same time it were but blindness to deny that this superior morality is properly rather an inferior criminality, produced not by greater love of virtue, but by greater perfection of police; and of that far subtler and stronger police, called public opinion. . . . Of any belief in invisible, divine things, we find as few traces in our morality as elsewhere. . . . Self-denial, the parent of all virtue, in any true sense of the word, has perhaps seldom been rarer; so rare is it, that the most, even in their abstract speculations, regard its existence as a chimera. . . . Virtuous men, philanthropists, martyrs, are happy accidents; their "taste" lies the right way. . . . No man now loves truth, as truth must be loved, with an infinite love. . . . Properly speaking, he does not *believe* and know it, but only *thinks* it, and that there is every probability. He preaches it aloud; and rushes courageously forth with it, if there is a multitude huzzing at his back! yet ever looking over his shoulder, and the instant the huzzing languishes, he, too, stops short. . . . In fact, what morality we have takes the shape of ambition, of honour: beyond money and money's worth, our only external blessedness is popularity. . . . Thus, while "civil liberty" is more and more secured to us, our moral liberty is all but lost. Practically considered, our creed is fatalism; and free in hand and foot, we are shackled in heart and soul, with far stronger than feudal chains. Truly we may say with the philosopher, "The deep meaning of the laws of mechanism lies heavy on us;"—and in the closet, in the market-place, in the temple, by the social hearth, encumbers the whole movement of our minds, and over our noblest faculties is spreading a nightmare of sleep.'—Vol. ii. p. 168.

We would willingly quote more of these just and profound observations. The whole essay on the 'Signs of the Times' is full of similar wisdom; expressed with the same earnestness and truth, and not, we are rejoiced to add, in a morbidly querulous tone. The times, we think with Mr. Carlyle, 'are sick and out of joint;' but it is not for any one to despair, or to condemn without endeavouring to amend. Mr. Carlyle may be too sanguine in his hopes of improvement; but we like him the better for the cheerful steady heart, with which he can venture to face the evils which he sees so clearly. He may have rested his hopes on wholly deceitful ground—on the notion of a continual progress in society, than which few doctrines are more contrary to experience, or more closely connected with mischievous fallacies. He may have no clear insight into the only means by which the diseased frame of society can be healed, and its vigour renovated. He may offer little more advice than to sit still and see what the course of nature will bring forth. But on the supposition on which we are compelled to write, that he has enjoyed few or no opportunities of understanding the true powers and privileges of the Christian Church, in counteracting the very evils which he deplors—that he is ignorant of them because for so many years the Church herself has permitted him and

others around him, to remain in ignorance—this at least must be received as a symptom of a good and elevated nature, and one which would encourage a hope of his finally perceiving truth in all things, that he has neither given way to scepticism, nor plunged into any very wild theories of reformation. Fatalism is the form in which we should fear that his errors will terminate; unless corrected in time;—and in his later works there are too many symptoms of its approach. But we shall hope that better things are in store for one to whom Providence has already vouchsafed much good in the midst of much evil.

With this correct view of the moral and spiritual evils of our present age, it was natural that Mr. Carlyle's attention should be drawn to the state of our poor population, and he has published a little *Essay on Chartism*, on which the remarks already made must be repeated. It is forcible, acute, true, and in many respects wise, and where the affectation of Germanism has not encroached, eloquent and touching. He fails precisely in the same point as in his other speculations; he states the danger, but prescribes no remedy, or a remedy so poor and superficial, that we wonder a man of such talent should have thought it worth while to propound it.

It is true, most true, that the 'disposition of the working classes is a rather ominous matter at present' [p. 1.]; that 'the matter of Chartism is weighty, deep-rooted, far-extending, did not begin yesterday, will by no means end this day or to-morrow' [p. 2.]; that 'reform ministry, constabulary rural police, new levy of soldiers, grants of money to Birmingham;' that 'horror and execration, and condemnation and banishment to Botany Bay will not put it down;' that 'Glasgow thuggery, Chartist torch-meetings, Birmingham riots, Swing conflagrations, are only so many symptoms on the surface; that the great mass of the population of these kingdoms is 'lying in sick discontent, writhing powerless on its fever-bed, dark, nigh desperate, in wastefulness, want, improvidence, and eating care' [p. 16.]; and 'that when the thoughts of a people, in the great mass of it, have grown mad, the combined issue of that people's workings will be a madness, an incoherency, and ruin.'

We do agree with him most cordially that the 'condition of England—its general condition, in all its parts and bearings—is *the question of the day*.' It must soon come even upon a reformed parliament.

'Alas!' says Mr. Carlyle, 'the remote observer knows not the nature of parliaments; how parliaments, extant there for the British nation's sake,

find that they are extant withal for their own sake; how parliaments, lumbering about in their deep rutts of commonplace, find, as so many of us otherwise do, that the rutts are axle deep, and the travelling very toilsome of itself, and for the day the evil thereof sufficient! What parliament ought to have done in this business, what they will, can, or cannot do, and where the limits of their faculty and culpability may lie, in regard to it, were a long investigation. . . . What they have done is, unhappily, plain enough. Hitherto, on this most national of questions, the collective wisdom of the nation has availed us as good as nothing whatever.'—p. 5.

It is most true; and as it has been, so it will be. It is not, be assured, in parliament, as parliament, to remedy any national evil, deep-seated in the habits and practices of the people. They are a drag upon the wheels of absolute power—they may be the right and necessary drag;—but when they come to lead, and govern, and perform the high functions of a soul in the body politic, they find, and we shall find too, that the whole machine stands still, or flies to pieces with a crash. You cannot govern by numbers—you cannot preserve, or defend, or improve, or act in any way as a reasoning governor for the benefit of reasonable subjects, without unity, and consistency, and permanence in your principles and plans. Change the soul of a man every ten minutes, and then put his acts and thoughts together, and try to frame them into a system—what do they become but madness? And attempt to govern by a body, in which the majority may shift twenty times during the discussion of one measure, which varies with every breeze of popular feeling, which cannot pledge either itself or its successor to any one definite line of action, and what does your government become but madness?

'How Parliamentary Radicalism,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'has fulfilled this mission entrusted to its management, these eight years, now, is known to all men. The expectant millions have sat at a feast of the Barmicide; been bidden fill themselves with the imagination of meat. What thing has Radicalism obtained for them; what other than shadows of things has it so much as asked for them? Cheap justice, Justice to Ireland, Irish Appropriation clauses, Rate-paying Clause, Poor Rate, Church Rate, Household Suffrage, Ballot Question "open" or shut; not things, but shadows of things; Benthamite formulas; barren as the east wind! An Ultra-radical, not seemingly of the Benthamite species, is forced to exclaim "The people are at last wearied." They say, "Why should we be ruined in our shops, thrown out of our farms, voting for these men?" Ministerial majorities decline; this Ministry has become impotent, had it even the will to do good. They have called long to us, "We are a Reform Ministry: will ye not support us?" We have supported them; borne them forward indignantly on our shoulders, time after time, fall after fall, when they had been hurled out into the street, and lay prostrate, helpless, like dead luggage. It is the fact of a Reform Ministry, not the name of one that we would support! Languor, sickness of hope deferred, pervades the public mind; the pub-

lie mind says, at last, "Why all this struggle for the name of a Reform Ministry?" Let the Tories be Ministry if they will; let at least some living reality be Ministry! A rearing horse that will only run backward, he is not the horse one would choose to travel on; yet of all conceivable horses the worst is the dead one. Mounted on a rearing horse, you may back him, spur him, check him, make a little way even backwards: but, seated astride of your dead horse, what chance is there for you in the chapter of possibilities? You sit motionless, hopeless, a spectacle to God and man.—*Chartism*, p. 92.

This is quaint, but it is true. A representative, democratical government, resting really, and directly, and exclusively, on the will of the people, (O! strange contradiction to be uttered by an enlightened century!) is not made to move. It was never intended for it. It was constructed to prevent other powers from moving; and for this it will work admirably. Its motto is '*Laissez faire*.' Do nothing, attempt nothing. Let every one take care of himself. Its very life and essence depends on inactivity. It must yield to every pressure from without, abandon every notion of resistance, or it will be destroyed. Activity is independence. A parliament democratically constructed has abdicated independence; and a ministry dependent on a majority in such a parliament, and a monarch who can act only through such a ministry, are virtually nothing. They are puppets and machines. And who would ask a puppet or machine, moved about by the whims and caprices of a people, to stand boldly forward and cure, by cautery or amputation or any other painful process, (all cures of great diseases must be painful) the sickness which that same people have brought on themselves by their own follies and sins? It is a contradiction in terms.

If it be asked what those sins are, we shall not be content, like Mr. Carlyle, to speak of *exploded formalisms*, of the *growth of society*, of *mysterious accidents in nature* which gave birth to an Arkwright and a Watt; and converted a plain, unlettered, but not unhappy or unrighteous peasantry, into the fermenting poisoned masses of Birmingham and Manchester. What was it that emptied of their spirit those old forms on which Society once rested? What was it that turned the living majestic figures of a Monarchy and a Church, before which the people worshipped with a willing, and free, and holy worship, into skeletons and scarecrows? What has hurried on Society into this downward-fearful career of degradation, and brought upon us this appalling curse of a demoralised, licentious, unchristian, socialist, chartist, thuggist, manufacturing population, swelling like a wen every day, and

eating like a cancer into the heart of this great country? These are the questions which Mr. Carlyle proposes to answer, but has not answered.

It was first of all the spirit of *dissent*. Long before Dissent assumed its name, a name which Christians of old, even the most free and most presumptuous, would have denounced as self-condemnation, the spirit was working within the church. It made men slight antiquity, fight against the authority of the civil power, trifle with positive institutions, trust to themselves, to their own arm and their own understanding. It professed to explain everything. It allowed of no mysteries. It thought more of rousing men's feelings and governing their minds, than of simply enunciating truth committed to their-keeping by God. It engendered factions; brought together turbulent men in different countries, and formed everywhere a nucleus of rebellion against lawful sovereigns. It taught men to fight against law, under pretence of religion and conscience, in order to save their money; to revenge themselves against forced insult; to shake off, as they call it, a dominant power, and establish their own power instead. And in this way, it produced Popery. Popery, as distinguished from Catholicism, is nothing but this; and Popery killed Christianity. It provoked hatred and contempt for ministers of God, who showed themselves to be his ministers only in the name; and the Church sunk into a formula, such as Mr. Carlyle deprecates and condemns—a form without a spirit. Then came the sacrileges of the State. Instead of preserving the forms of this corrupt church, and breathing into them a new life, Henry VIII. and the parliament of his day thought with Mr. Carlyle, and acted as he prophesies and recommends. They also were for realities. They hated 'shows,' 'cant,' 'formulas,' 'speciosities,' 'quacks,' 'incarnate falsehoods.' They made no distinction between things which God had designed for good, and man only had rendered useless, and things which God himself would reprobate and destroy. Animation was suspended; they mistook it for death, and killed the patient because he had fainted. There is no part of Mr. Carlyle's writings more plausible to a thoughtless but honest-hearted reader, and more likely to do mischief, than those passages of his '*Chartism*' and '*French Revolution*' in which he speaks thus of the *forms* of society and government. This is the more lamentable in a man who in other places, as, for instance, in that grotesque pantheistical farago, entitled '*Sartor Resartus*,' has shown a deep and philosophical insight into the

connexion between form and spirit in the work of creation. Thus a Monarchy is the outward form in which the spirit of man's earthly reverence to man, and his need of an overruling and protecting authority spontaneously clothes itself. A Church with its rites and ceremonies is the outward form of an inward religious faith. So fixed prayers are forms of devotion—ceremonies of society are forms of natural benevolence—conventional habits of language are forms of internal thought. For man is made of soul and body, of the spiritual and the material, of the invisible and the visible; and the two cannot be separated without ultimate destruction to both. And when forms have emanated from a good and holy spirit—when they have been the expression of faith, and duty, and love, and reverence, and truth—(such as Mr. Carlyle himself believes to be the binding cement of society, and the only wisdom and happiness of man's nature)—and when faith, and duty, and love, and reverence, and truth, have for a long time departed and left the forms mere lifeless skeletons, with tongues that have no voice, and eyes without speculation; then Mr. Carlyle, like most modern reformers, like the would-be purifiers of our House of Commons, the correctors of our Liturgies, the revisers of our Articles, the adapters of our laws to our practice, and not of our practice to our laws—like the revilers of our monarchy and aristocracy, and the destroyers of our cathedrals, and suppressors of our bishoprics,—like all these, Mr. Carlyle proposes to destroy the form, because it has lost its spirit, and has become what he calls a lie.

Where thou findest a lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist there only to be extinguished; they wait and cry earnestly for extinction.

And then he proposes to restore the truth:

Think well meanwhile in what spirit thou wilt do it; not with hatred, with headlong selfish violence; but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou wouldst not replace such extinct lie by a new lie, which a new injustice of thy own were, the parent of still other lies, whereby the latter end of that business were worse than the beginning.—*Fr. Revol.*, vol. i. p. 54.

Alas for the man who attempts this, with the utmost 'clearness of heart,' with the most 'holy zeal.' There can be but one truth, one goodness, one happiness; and these can but embody themselves in *some one form or set of forms*. And when the forms remain after the spirit has departed, he who would invent new forms with a new spirit in them instead of retaining the old and bringing the old spirit back into them, must be establishing a lie. So the new

forms of dissent were invented—not always without 'clearness of heart'—not always without 'holy zeal'—in some cases 'gently and almost with pity'—to supersede the old and lifeless forms (we do not say of Popery, for these men were bound to destroy) but of true Catholic Christianity. So when government became corrupt, and Monarchy with its council of nobles, and its petitioners for the redress of grievances, in the person of a House of Commons, had lost its soul and spirit in the eyes of the people. Revolutionists invented a new form of constitution, to embody what they deemed the true spirit of liberty and government. And how has it ended? Dissent has become a denial of all truth, and a parliamentary constitution the denial of all government. We have the forms of lies and the lies themselves; and are now beginning to feel that it had been better to have preserved the forms of truth even without the truth, and to have waited patiently and obediently, and with hope in God, until He, the only source of any true inspiration, should be pleased to breathe into them again the breath of life.

And now we may look back upon the deeds of avarice, and violence, and sacrilege with which Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and Elizabeth disgraced a holy Reformation; sweeping away not only the rubbish of Popery but abused institutions of Catholicism, under the pretence of *abolishing forms*. We cannot thank God too fervently that more was not destroyed—that so much was left standing within which truth and piety may still find a shelter—and hope to rebuild the remainder upon old foundations. But the crippling, and impoverishment, and desecration of the Church inflicted at that time on it by the State is, next to the previous corruption of the church itself by Popery, the cause of our present evils, civil and religious. It recoiled with a fearful blow on the head of the state itself within a very short period. Charles I., and with him the Monarchy of England, died upon the scaffold for the sacrilege of previous kings. The Rebellion was the issue of the crimes of the Reformation. It may be the crime was expiated, but the effects of it still remained. The Church was restored with the Monarchy, but so enervated both in principle and power that it was compelled to lean for support upon the civil arm instead of giving to that arm its proper strength and direction. It became weaker and weaker, and the state has felt the burden every day becoming heavier, and more enemies rising up, against which the Church required to be defended—and now, to save itself from trouble and make peace, as it fancies, for itself, the state

is willing to cast off the Church; and the Church, if it stands at all, must stand by its own resources, while the state will perish round it. This is the history of our evils on a large scale; but the same history is to be repeated in every division of society and act of life; it is the history of every parish. When men were placed under powers and laws, spiritual as well as civil, they honoured both alike;—bad men revered the spiritual power because it was supported by the civil; good men honoured the civil because it was consecrated by the spiritual. Then when the spiritual had encroached upon the civil, and had become itself civil and secular, good men rose up against it, and bad men joined them; and in the struggle religion was destroyed. With religious obligation fell also the obligation of all laws; for no laws have any strength but that which is derived from God. And though by a providence from God, such as no other nation has experienced, something of both these obligations was once more established in this country over the hearts and lives of men, both were so weakened and corrupted that religion soon gave way, and nothing but human and worldly considerations were left to keep men in their line of duty.

Hence our vices and faithlessness, our avarice and hard-heartedness, our neglect of the poor beneath us; our secularised clergy, our political dissenters, our abuse of ecclesiastical patronage; our absorbing selfishness; our foolish, vulgar exclusiveness, which has severed every class of society from those above and below it; our disrespect to governors; our disobedience to parents; our self-indulgence and vanity, and extravagance, which have encumbered our states with debt. Hence our colonies turned into dunghills, on which for our own convenience, we might empty all the sewers of the country, and raise up pandæmoniums in regions which God placed beneath our power that we might plant in them his Faith and his Church. Hence our morals degraded into utilitarianism—our philosophy become sensualism—our politics debased into economy—our science confined to matter—our reason misinterpreted to mean logic—and our piety stripped from truth and made matter of empty form, or of emptier feeling. We have lost sight of the spiritual, and can see nothing but the material. The Church was sacrificed, and nothing but the State could be seen, and now the State also must soon be lost. Once more, let it be remembered, these are not our words only—

'Non meus hic sermo, sed quæ præcepit Ofellus, Rusticus abnormis sapiens.'

The view is Mr. Carlyle's. And what would he deem necessary to save us from this state of things? Observe—

'That of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments, indisputably the noblest are his symbols, divine or divine-seeming; under which he marches and fights with victorious assurance in this life-battle; what we can call his realised ideals. Of which realised ideas, omitting the rest, consider only these two; his Church, or spiritual guidance; his Kingship, or temporal one. The Church!—what a word was there! richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little Kirk; the dead all slumbering round it under their white memorial-stones, in hope of a happy resurrection. Dull wert thou, O Reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such Kirk hung spectral in the sky, and Being was as if swallowed up of Darkness) it spoke of the things unspeakable that went to the soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what he can call a Church; he stood thereby, though in the centre of Immenities, in the conflux of Eternities, yet manlike towards God and man; the vague, shoreless universe had become a firm city for him, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words, well spoken, *I believe*. Well might men prize their *credo*, and raise stately Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for.

'Neither was that an inconsiderable moment, when wild, armed men first raised their strongest aloft on their buckler throne; and with clanging armour and hearts, said solemnly; Be thou our acknowledged Strongest! In such acknowledged Strongest (well named King, Kœnning, Canning, or man that was able) what a symbol shone now for them—significant with the destinies of the world! A symbol of true guidance in return for living obedience; properly if he knew it, the prime want of man. A symbol which might be called sacred; for is there not in reverence for what is better than we, an indestructible sacredness? On which ground, too, it was well said there lay in the acknowledged Strongest a divine right; as surely there might in the Strongest, whether acknowledged or not, considering who made him strong. And so in the midst of confusion, and unutterable incongruities (as all growth is confused) did this of Royalty, with Loyalty environing it, spring up, and grow mysteriously, subduing and assimilating (for a principle of life was in it); till it also had grown world-great, and was among the main facts of our modern existence.'—*French Revolution*, vol. i. p. 13.

Once more—

'But if man has, in all ages, had enough to encounter, there has, in most civilised ages, been an inward force vouchsafed him, whereby the pressure of things outward might be withstood. Obstruction abounded; but Faith also was not wanting. It is by Faith that man removes mountains; while he had Faith, his limbs might be weary with toiling, his back galled with bearing; but the heart within him was peaceable and resolved. In the thickest gloom there burnt a lamp to guide him. If he struggled and suffered, he felt that it even should be so; knew for what he was suffering and struggling. Faith gave him an inward willingness; a world of strength wherewith to front a world of difficulty. The true wretchedness lies here; that the difficulty remain and the strength be lost; that

pain cannot relieve itself in free effort; that we have the labour, and want the willingness. Faith strengthens us, enlightens us for all endeavours and endurance; with Faith we can do all, and dare all, and life itself has a thousand times been joyfully given away. But the sum of man's misery is even this, that he feels himself crushed under the Juggernaut's wheels, and knows that Juggernaut is no divinity, but a dead, mechanical idol. Now this is especially the misery which has fallen on man in our era. Belief—faith—has well-nigh vanished from the world. The youth on awakening in this wondrous universe no longer finds a competent theory of its wonders. Time was when, if he asked himself, What is man; what are the duties of man? the answer stood ready written for him. But now the ancient ground-plan of the All belies itself when brought into contact with reality. Mother Church has, to the most, become a superannuated stepmother, whose lessons go disregarded, or are spurned at, and scornfully gainsayed. For young Valor and thirst of action no ideal Chivalry invites to heroism, prescribes what is heroic: the old ideal of Manhood has grown obsolete, and the new is still invisible to us, and we grope after it in darkness, one clutching this phantom, another that; Werterism, Byronism, even Brummellism, each has its day. For Contemplation and love of Wisdom no Cloister now opens its religious shades; the Tinker must, in all senses, wander homeless, too often aimless, looking up to Heaven which is dead for him, round to an Earth which is deaf. Action, in those old days, was easy, was voluntary, for the divine worth of human things lay acknowledged: Speculation was wholesome, for it ranged itself as the handmaid of Action; what could not so range itself died out by its natural death, by neglect.

Loyalty still hallowed obedience, and made rule noble: there was still something to be loyal to: the Godlike stood embodied under many a symbol in man's interest and business; the finite shadowed forth the infinite; eternity looked through time. The life of man was encompassed and overcanopied by a glory of heaven; even as his dwelling-place by the azure vault. How changed in these new days! Truly it may be said the Divinity has withdrawn from the earth; or veils himself in that wide wasting whirlwind of a departing era, wherein the fewest can discern his goings. Not Godhead, but an iron, ignoble circle. Of Necessity embraces all things; binds the youth of these times into a sluggish thrall, or else exasperates him into a rebel. Heroic action is paralysed; for what works now remain unquestionable with him? At the fervid period when his whole nature cries aloud for action, there is nothing sacred under whose banner he can act; the course, and kind, and conditions of free action, are all but undiscoverable. Doubt storms in on him through every avenue; inquiries of the deepest, painfullest sort must be engaged with; and the invincible energy of young years wastes itself in sceptical, suicidal cavillings; in passionate "questionings of destiny," whereto no answer will be returned.—*Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 76.

Passages such as these, even mixed as they are with errors, may redeem them by the deep sense which they exhibit of truth, and of that spirit of faith by which only the human mind can grasp truth. And until once more the principle of faith be restored, we do agree with Mr. Carlyle that there is no hope for this country or this age. Until

the child once more looks up to its parent, and its parent to the State, and the State to the Church, and the Church to God, and still as the eye ascends through all these stages, it beholds in each a shadow and a symbol, and a presence of that Power, from which all other power flows—Society cannot exist. It does not exist at present. Society is union; the union of many in one. If there be no union, there is no society; no more than there is union in a heap of sand. Like atoms of sand, men are now tost together; huddled in houses by the chance of birth; thrown up as in heaps into large towns, by a thousand separate eddies—by avarice, or want, or caprice; not bound together, but only not falling apart, in so-called kingdoms, because walls of dead matter hold them in—as mountains, rivers, or seas—or a foreign force, or the mere absence of a dissolving power; and saved from splitting off into innumerable fragments of religious dissent, not because the Church is the centre of their affections and duty, but because their interest, or conceit, or ignorance, or indolence, keeps them each in their place. Society therefore is gone. It is now lying like a long buried corpse, which the air has not yet reached, and its lineaments seem perfect, and the body sound: but if it should please God in his anger by some shock to lay it bare, it will crumble to dust. Let the state withhold its artificial support from the Church, and, with the exception of that large portion which is beginning to be impregnated and held together by a true revivifying spirit, the body which calls itself the Church will fall to pieces. Let a foreign invader attack the State, and we almost doubt if there is a single standard round which the nation would rally. Hold out the promise of cheap bread to the starving thousands of Birmingham and Manchester, and you see at once the rent and gap, which is widening between the two arms of our social strength, agriculture and manufacture. Let any social or political movement give the signal, and the young are ready to rise against the old, children against parents, tenants against landlord, pupil against teacher, subject against king. We ask if this be false—if union, where even it seems to exist, is not based both by theorists and in practice upon self-interest—if such an union is union at all—if it be likely to continue, when an external convulsion shall occur to give each particle a separate bias? And who will venture to say that such a convulsion may not shake us to the centre to-morrow?

Society therefore scarcely exists; but with society all is perilled—just as every

limb of the body, just as the life, and mind, and all the powers and treasures of the mind are perilled on that vital spirit, which permeates every part, and holds them all together. Truth goes—for how can truth be preserved except in combinations of men? and how be imbibed, without reverence to place the learner at the foot of the teacher, and the teacher at the foot, not only of God, but of a human power in society as the appointed representative of God, which may guarantee as certain knowledge what else is only opinion, and may check the errors of the individual, by whom the truth would be corrupted? Affection goes; for in order to love, man must have an object to love, and that object must be a person, and that person perfect; nothing but an embodied person in the shape of a society can present to us an image of greatness, goodness, and wisdom, to which man may devote his heart and soul, as patriots have died for their Country, and martyrs for their Church. Education goes; for what individual man can presume to educate? Who has the authority—who has the power—who will even have the will or the courage, upon his own personal responsibility, to undertake the moulding and shaping of human souls—those centres of infinite action, and inheritors of infinite existence—unless he has Society to support him? But with education all else is lost. Art, and commerce, and manufacture, and peace, and comfort, wealth and property, life and limb—what are to become of these, when truth and affection, and obedience, and education are lost; and nothing remains but brute force 'in the ruler to keep down brute force in the subject?

Faith, therefore, must be restored; but how? And here it is that we begin to discern, that, with all the truth and warm-heartedness, and sound practical observations, which appear in so many parts of Mr. Carlyle's speculations, there is, somewhere or another, something hollow and unsound, which cannot be trusted. He is a specimen of a naturally good and gifted man, thrown up from the bottom of a corrupted society, almost by a caprice of nature, and struggling by his own efforts to support himself, but struggling in vain. He requires, as all good and wise men must require, the spirit of *faith*; of child-like, obedient, affectionate, docile reverence to man, as to the minister of God. He requires it both for himself and for Society. He is searching around in the world for objects on which this feeling may fasten. He has never heard, or never listened to the only voice which can give him what he wants; to those nobler strains of Christian wisdom which once were the com-

mon voice of Christendom, and in England, even during the worst of times, were never wholly silenced. Yet he affects to look round on other gifted minds, who have engaged and failed in the same pursuit, and thinks that he himself has succeeded:—

'Hard, for most part, is the fate of such noble men: the harder the nobler they are. In dim fore-castings wrestles within them the divine idea of the world, yet will nowhere vividly reveal itself. They have to realise a *worship* for themselves, or live unworshipping. The godlike has vanished from the world; and they, by the strong cry of their soul's agony, like true wonder-workers, must again evoke its presence. This miracle is their appointed task, which they must accomplish, or die wretchedly: this miracle has been accomplished by such, but not in our land; our land yet knows not of it. Behold a Byron, in melodious tones, "cursing his day:" he mistakes earth-born, passionate desire for heaven-inspired free-will; without heavenly load-star rushes madly into the dance of meteoric lights that hover on the mad maelstrom, and goes down among its eddies. Here a Shelley, filling the earth with an inarticulate wail, like the infinite, inarticulate grief and weeping of forsaken infants. A noble Frederick Schlegel, stupified in that fearful loneliness, as of a silenced battle-field, flies back to Catholicism, [he should have said Popery,] as a child might to its slain mother's bosom, and cling there. In lower regions, how many a poor Hazlitt must wander on God's verdant earth, like the unblest on burning deserts, passionately dig wells, and draw up only the dry quicksand; believe that he is seeking truth, yet only wrestle among endless sophisms, doing desperate battle, as with spectre hosts, and die and make no sign!'—*Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 79.

Mr. Carlyle puts together men who had little in common—some of these were minds of great power, others mere weak victims of vanity; and the whole passage is awkwardly and fancifully expressed; but it is true, and it expresses a great fact and problem in the present day. Given a man of thought, and energy, and feeling, how can he exist in a state of things in which *faith* has perished from the world? And this forms the first part of what Mr. Carlyle has called 'the condition of England question.' What is to become of her poor is one thing, but what is to become of her great, and good, and gifted men, without whom nothing can be hoped for the poor, is to be settled first. What will those minds do which are long-ing and struggling after truth, when the principle has been publicly recognised, that there is no truth in the world; that all is opinion and fancy; that reality is beyond the reach of man? How will they feel, when they look around them with a heart full of love, ready to revere, self-distrusting, and self-denying; and when all the powers above them refuse to be loved, or revered, or obeyed, by declaring themselves human, not divine? How, when truth and obedience are lost, will they endure the miseries of life;

those miseries which, sooner or later, must come upon all, and which, if faith and love are not in the heart, will turn it to madness? And when the leaders of the world are gone mad, what is to become of their followers? Those who have read what Plato wrote of a case and of times like these,* will recall what he declared, that without 'a miracle from heaven such a man could not be saved; that his very virtues would destroy him; that even with a miracle to save him, when he looked round upon the doubts, and sins, and follies of the world, 'like a wretch who had fallen among wild beasts,' and 'saw no one to aid and to save him, and no hope of saving his fellows, it would be well if he could only withdraw himself from the tumult, and find some little wall of shelter while the storm and whirlwind passed by him,' and at last could lie down in the grave without achieving any great act, with only one consolation, that no great crime was on his conscience. 'For man,' continues Plato, 'cannot become great or good without a great and good society to nurture him,' and to be his refuge from the evils of a world without faith. And let us thank God, in this country, such a refuge is still preserved to us. There is yet a body in the world who still hold fast the belief *that there is truth in the world*, and a power upon earth more than human, though hidden under the form of man; and who can interpret the struggle between evil and good, with which the world is distracted, so as to engender not despair, but patience, and energy, and hope, and affection.

But where has Mr. Carlyle found refuge? and what is his prescription against the madness which his own voice prophecies for men like himself.

It is hard to trace and put together his theory, scattered as it is in strange, odd fragments through his several writings; but it is the result of importations from Germany; and it well deserves attention, from its close analogy to the Pantheistic system, which was raised up under similar circumstances, for a similar purpose, in the first centuries of Christianity, and under which, for a time at least—a very short time—many gifted heathens attempted to shelter themselves, instead of taking refuge in the Church.

Mr. Carlyle does not deny a God; far from it. His whole system is religious. Without a Power infinite in goodness and wisdom, the first want of his nature would be unsupplied. In this he is right; and he is right in laying the foundations of belief not in evidences and logic, but in an inspi-

ration of the heart. Evidence and logic may prove, but can never teach the existence of a God, much less his attributes. They ought, perhaps, to teach it; if men were made of intellect, and intellect alone. But man has a heart as well as a head; and his heart is made to move, and his head to check and control him; and when men appeal to the head to make him move, their blunder is the same as if, when the carriage is to start, they should carefully take off the horses and put on the drag.

Mr. Carlyle has reached a still farther step in the road to truth. Every man, even in this day, save the fool, believes in a God; and believing in a God, he must at least profess to worship him. But the real struggle of wilfulness still remains; and even religion strives to emancipate itself from restraint by denying the interposition of man as a divinely-constituted authority between his fellow-beings and God. Governments and priesthoods are held to be human contrivances, and human only. As human, they may be changed at will, suspended, or cashiered; and the individual is thus left alone with his Maker; and as his Maker is not visible, nor acts with miraculous interpositions, the individual feels no restraint, and may indulge himself as he chooses. What says Mr. Carlyle?

'True it is that in these days men can do almost all things, only not *obey*. True, likewise, that those cannot obey, cannot be free, still less bear rule: he that is tho inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of Reverence; that if it slumber in him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious Independence, when 'it has become inevitable; only in loving companionship with his fellows does he feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before the Higher does he feel himself exalted.' Or what if the character of our so troublous era lay even in this: that man had forever cast away fear, which is the lower; but not yet risen into perennial Reverence, which is the higher and highest? Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly, has Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey. Before no faintest relation of the Godlike did he ever stand irreverent; least of all when the Godlike showed itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there a true religious Loyalty for ever rooted in his heart; nay in all ages, even in ours, it manifests itself as a more or less orthodox *Hero-worship*. In which fact—that Hero-worship exists; has existed, and will for ever exist universally among mankind, mayest thou discern the corner-stone of living rock, whereon all politics for the remotest time may stand secure.'—*Sartor Resartus*, p. 259; see also *Miscellaneous*, vol. iv. p. 277.

So all good and wise men have felt and spoken. Man must have men to reverence as well as God. But where are they to be found? As men—as mere mortal, fleshly creatures—men cannot be revered; if

anything higher be found in them, it must come from God—and therefore it is only as divine, as connected with or partaking in the Deity, that man can be worshipped. Homer's heroes, therefore, and Eastern Priesthoods, and Alexandrian philosophers, and Roman emperors, and Christian saints, and Christian monarchs, and heathen poets, all bore the name of the deity stamped in some form upon them. They were 'god-like,' or the 'sons of gods,' or 'divine,' or 'deified,' or 'inspired,' or armed with power by the 'grace of God.' But here again man's wilfulness struggles to escape from the law of obedience. How shall he discern the Divine? All that is divine must be revered, must be obeyed; but what is divine? And it is here that Mr. Carlyle, like the multitude, has gone wrong. All talent, we know, all goodness, all truths, all warmth of heart, strength of self-denial, energy of purpose, power of art and of science, come from God. Those men, then, it is supposed, are to be our guides and our rulers in whom these gifts are found.

'The only title wherein I, with confidence, trace eternity is that of King. König (King), anciently *Könning*, means Kenning (Cunning), or what is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fully entitled King. Well also was it written by theologians—a king rules by divine right. He carries in him an authority from God, or man will never give it him. Can I choose my own King? I can choose my own King Pop-injay, and play what farce or tragedy I may with him; but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.'

Most true and most catholic! It is the very language which the Church uses—the very principle on which her claims must rest for belief and obedience. But Mr. Carlyle has made no acknowledgement of *her* commission. He has his saints, and martyrs, his religion and priests, his worship and his temples, but they are chosen by himself; and whom has he chosen? Goëthe—Richter—Shakspeare—Burns!!! Goëthe above all! These are his heroes and saints! whom he would hold up as models and guides—in whom he recognises the divine—out of whom he would construct a new world, and purify the old. The Romanist leaves our Lord, and chooses his tutelary saint; and his tutelary saint becomes at last a stock, or stone, a morsel of rag, a bit of bone. The Puritan leaves his parish priest and catholic Church, and follows his own chosen preacher; and in a short time tinkers and cobblers, madmen and fools, seize on the pulpit, and still they are followed and obey-

ed. Mr. Carlyle, too, has chosen his idols; and of all the objects of worship to which a great and good man might be inclined, he has probably chosen the strangest.

It is a painful but most instructive spectacle. Not that he has failed (in most instances, at least) to select minds which the common language of the world would call great, and the power of their faculties almost divine. But that the mere power of *art*, however varied, universal, unsophisticated, and reflective of the realities of life, should be the object of a language and an admiration such as Mr. Carlyle wastes upon Goëthe, to a Christian must seem strange. It would almost betoken a diseased mind.* Does Mr. Carlyle reflect that man, as man, has little or nothing which we can reverence consistently, permanently, infinitely; and consistent, permanent, and infinite must be the love and worship which is to fill our hearts? It is only as the minister of God, as bearing His commission, as acting in His name—not in the name or character of man—not for any qualities which man could call his own, that heroes—the greatest and best of heroes—can be, in Mr. Carlyle's language, worshipped. How, then, is this commission to be proved? By the possession of talent, reflection, power of mind? But who is to judge of *these*? Who can appreciate them but the good and the wise? Who can even discern them but the few? Who can retain in them such uniform superiority that the sceptre shall not pass from hand to hand each hour and vacillate with every change of caprice in the worshipper, or of intellect in the idol? And are these really divine? Divine in one sense they must be, for all things come from God. But God's works are some of them capable, by His permission, of being turned against Himself, and made the instrument of evil. The power of a tyrant is divine in one sense. Is it therefore to be worshipped? The cleverness of Voltaire was in one way the gift of God. Was Voltaire, therefore, a hero? The very spirits of evil—if Mr. Carlyle believes in such—at any rate the plague, and tempest, and famine, the withering blast that kills the bodies of nations, and the withering scepticism that destroys their souls—the so-called civilization which has peopled England with a population of Socialists and Chartists—the arts which pander to the lowest passions of the lowest brutes that walk in the shape of men—the legislative fanaticism of years, which has converted Ireland, unhappy Ireland! into a pest-house of starvation—all these bear upon them some stamps

* See *Miscellanies*, Vol. II. p. 195.

of a divine origin, just as the highest faculties of our nature. They exist in the creation and by the permission of an Almighty God; and are they, therefore, to be revered as *his* work and *his* ministers? This must be so—unless some other distinction can be drawn than mere power, or the recognition of them by man as something greater than himself. No! Be assured God has not left us to judge what is really divine—to discern His true ministers, His authentic commission by the light of our own blind eyes and our own corrupted hearts. He has given other signs by which to know them—signs which neither the ignorant can mistake, nor the immoral confound, nor the child fail to discern. In all his dealings with man God has remembered that if man be a spirit, he has also a body; and his body at beginning of life, and to the very end of life, except it has been subdued and killed by discipline and self-denial, is the ruler of his existence. Through the body, therefore, and the senses—through outward visible signs—through historical testimony to facts which men ‘have seen and heard’—not either through our conscience or our understanding, does God address to us his will. Thus miracles designated our Lord—thus voices and appearances were coupled with the descent of the Holy Spirit—thus a visible Church was established with palpable symbols for its sacraments, ordained ritual for its service, appointed places for its worship—thus the Apostles were sent out to declare, not what they thought right or good but what they had *seen and heard*—thus an external commission is claimed for their successors; and upon that external commission, proved as we should prove any other *matter of fact*, by the evidence of the senses, the Catholic Church does rest her divine authority. Here is the great stumbling-block on which Mr. Carlyle, like all rationalists, has stumbled and fallen. He has misunderstood the value of *forms*—has misinterpreted the dealings of God with man—has misconceived the nature itself of man—and with all his eloquent defence of faith and devotion, and his zeal for taking man’s heart and thought of himself and fixing it on another Being, and that being God—he has all the time been indulging his own will—worshipping only what he chose to worship—bowing down before an idol which he created himself—and precisely like the nation at large, professing to give himself up to be governed by another, and only reserving to himself the privilege of governing his governor.

And what is to be the issue? First, that his idol will fail him. Man after man, whether mighty poet, or deep philosopher,

or other deified mortal, will turn out to be a mortal at last—a ‘sham,’ an ‘impostor’ in some way or another, when weak human nature sinks beneath some trial, or the worshipper’s own heart loses its inclination to worship; and although the divine still remain in the world, it will appear no longer in the person of man. And then, as Mr. Carlyle himself has warned us again and again, society will fall to pieces; and the social affections of the individual will perish likewise. Love to home, and country, and Church, reverence to priests, loyalty to Kings, all must die away; and the man who can see in man nothing but ‘a sham and a lie,’ and who still would have an object for worship, will find himself alone with God.

And what notion will he form of God? We do not ask what day-dream of a luxurious fancy may float before him when he first opens his eyes, before the world has seared his heart and blighted his hopes.

‘Thus encircled by the mystery of existence, under the deep heavenly firmament, waited on by the four golden seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution (for even grim winter brought its skating-matches and shooting-matches, its snow-storms, and Christmas carols), did the child sit and learn. These things were the alphabet whereby in after-times he was to syllable and partly read the grand volume of the world. What matters it whether such alphabet be in large gilt letters, or in small ungilt ones, so you have an eye to read it? For him, eager to learn, the very act of looking thereon was a blessedness that gilded all. His existence was a bright soft element of joy, out of which, as in Prospero’s island, wonder after wonder bodied itself forth to teach by charming.’—*Sartor Resart.*, p. 101.

Mr. Carlyle knows full that this dreaming is a dreaming, and cannot last.

‘Nevertheless I were but a vain dreamer to say, that even then my felicity was perfect. I had, once for all, come down from heaven into the earth. Among the rainbow-colours that glowed on my horizon, even in childhood, a dark ring of care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite overshone; yet always it re-appeared, nay, ever waxing broader and broader, till in after-years it almost overshadowed my whole canopy, and threatened to engulf me in final night. It was the ring of Necessity, whereby we are all begirt. Happy he for whom a kind heavenly sun brightens it into a ring of duty, and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for our whole being, it is there.’—*Ib.* p. 101.

It is there, and the youngest child can see it; and to the stoutest, boldest heart it is full of misgivings and alarm; and no eye was ever turned up to it without a question rising in the heart upon the deepest and most awful problem of our existence,—the origin of evil. And with that unsettled in our mind, what becomes of our notion of God? Add to it, what sooner or later must befall us all, sickness, sorrow, broken hopes, blighted af-

fections, betrayed friendships, dissevered loves—and, once more, Mr. Carlyle shall tell us what is the issue:—

'But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the next result of my workings amounted as yet simply to nothing. How then could I believe in my strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I perceive, quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble. Hast thou a certain faculty, a certain worth, such even as the most have not? or art thou the completest dullard of these modern times? Alas, the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself! and how could I believe? Had not my first, last faith in myself, when even to me the heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all too cruelly belied? The speculative mystery of life grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible, yet impenetrable walls, as of enchantment, divided me from all living: was there in the wide world any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O heaven! no, there was none. I kept a lock upon my lips: why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called friends, in whose withered, vain, and too hungry souls friendship was but an incredible tradition? In such cases your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the newspapers. Now, when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women round me, even speaking to me, were but figures. I had practically forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In midst of their crowded streets and assemblages I walked solitary, and (except as it was my own heart, not another's that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil; for a hell, as I imagine, without life, though only diabolic life, were more frightful; but in our age of down-pulling and disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down; you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the universe was all void of life, or purpose, or violation, even of hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death! Why was the living banished thither companionless, conscious? Why, if there is no Devil; nay, unless the Devil is your God?'—*Ib.* p. 170.

God only knows how many miserable beings have sunk into this state of mind; but it is frightfully common. It requires no overwhelming calamities to bring it on. The peasant at his plough, and the workman at his loom, without any deep philosophy, with nothing but the sense of suffering within him, and inability to escape from it, are as much exposed to it as the German rationalist or the French profligate. And how are they to escape?—We entreat attention to the answer. First, says Mr. Carlyle, 'renounce all hope!' Say to the 'haggard spectres of fear, I care not for

you; ye, too, are all shadows and a lie.' 'Rest in that centre of indifference, and accomplish the 'first preliminary moral act, annihilation of self.' (*Sart. Resart.* p. 191.) It is a bold precept. Is it new? Has Mr. Carlyle never heard of a body of men who, for 1800 years, have been preaching this annihilation of self; this indifference to the world; this renunciation of its pleasures and its pains, as idle vanities; who have not waited to preach this to the jaded, haggard, wretched, heart-broken worldling, but have declared these truths to the child on its mother's lap, that it might never fall into that depth of misery, by ceasing to remember them? If Mr. Carlyle would have these doctrines impressed upon an unbelieving age, how will he accomplish it? Will his books be enough? Will his own voice fill the land? No! he must form a society. But will the members of it live for ever? No! he must perpetuate it. By what means? By a commission from himself and his successors. He must form a church. But his church is human, and will err; and the preachers will cease to practise what they preach, and their system, sooner or later, will become 'a sham and a lie.' Shall they then cease to preach, and the truths be lost, and the truths themselves be held a lie, because the voices that utter them have no hearts to speak from? No! Mr. Carlyle will say, let them preach on still, until a new heart can be put into them, and once more they become true also, even as their words are true.

But the precept is still hard; and to love nothing, hate nothing, and fear nothing, is but a cold barren temper from which to form a hero and a saint. Mr. Carlyle goes farther. 'Learn,' he says, 'to look upon nature as God, or as the living garment of God.' 'O heavens! is it, in very deed, He then that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee; that lives and loves in me!'

'Oh, could I (with the time-annihilating hat) transport thee direct from the beginning to the ending, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flowing in the light sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed city of God; that through every star through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the time-vesture of God, and reveals him to the wise, hides him from the foolish.'—*Ib.* p. 274.

All that we see, and feel, and hear, and do, are but phenomena, appearances of God. In the language of the old heathen poet—

'Jupiter est quodcumque videt, quodcumque movetur.'

'So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night on heaven's missions APPEARS. What force and fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellow: and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality, and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not: only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.'—*Ibid.*

Once more, we ask Mr. Carlyle, has he never heard of a society of men who take the child from its cradle, and rear it up in this faith of 'one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible,' 'in whom we live and move and have our being; who breathed into man the breath of life, and called him forth out of nothing, and placed him here upon the earth, each to do a work and fulfil a mission, and from thence gathers them back in his own good time—through mystery to mystery; but a mystery which God has made known, and not left us in dreary, desperate, or reckless blindness, as the unhappy Pantheist would leave us?

Such, then, is the Pantheistic system—but what is the ground of it? Faith, mere faith—not reason. Again and again Mr. Carlyle enjoins his system upon *faith*. But if the Pantheist would believe the divinity of Nature upon faith, so does the Church believe the divinity of our Lord upon faith; and if the Pantheist would prove his faith by reasoning from the analogy of experience, that a creation implies a creator, and a wonderful creation a wonderful creator, so the Church will argue in behalf of *her* creed. But Mr. Carlyle has declared that, to fill up the wants of man, human nature itself must be deified, must be made venerable, and worshipped. And he is right; for man was made to worship man; to have his saints and heroes among his fellow men: but when to the same faith, and upon the same evidence, there is offered on one side a deified fabric of matter, and on the other a deified human being, which is he bound to accept?

But unhappily this is not the whole. How will Mr. Carlyle satisfy himself that this universe—this all—this Nature in all its parts and workings, came from or brings us back to *one* God? And here let us beware of a distinction. The Pantheist has sufferings, indeed; he witnesses pain, is a prey to decay; but these manfully, and not unwisely, he can still reconcile with the supremacy of God; and he is right:—

'There is in man a Higher than love of happiness: he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the godlike that is in man, and how in the godlike only has he strength and freedom? Which God-inspired doctrine art thou too honoured to be taught, O heavens! and broken with manifold, merciful afflictions, even till thou become comrade and learn it? O thank thy destiny for these! thankfully bear what yet remain; thou hadst need of them; the self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is life rooting out the deep-seated chronic diseases, and triumphs over death. On the roaring billows of time thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of eternity. Love not pleasure: love God. This is the everlasting yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whose walks and works it is well with him.'—*Id.* p. 198.

True! most true! There is no contradiction between the mere suffering of the creature and the omnipotence and love of the Creator. To suffer is itself divine. To bear voluntarily and nobly pain and hunger, and sickness and sorrow, and all the ills of life, and to close these with a death upon the cross: in all this a deep and noble philosophy sees nothing but a higher manifestation of a divine power. We honour Mr. Carlyle for his clear enunciation of this great truth, that pleasure is not happiness or *the good*, and pain is not misery or *the evil*; and because we have so much cause to honour him for what he has seen, we lament the more over that which he has not seen.

He has overlooked *moral evil*. It is not pain which causes the Dualism of the universe—which makes Pantheism false, which creates the fearful doubt as to the existence of an author of Evil as well as of an author of Good, and thus plunges man in darkness and despair. For pain we can bear, acquiesce in, live with, honour, love, draw strength from it, and goodness, and light, and life, and love. *It is sin*—it is the something within us which *rebels against God*—which we *despise, hate, loathe*, would willingly *extirpate*, and which yet defies our efforts, rises vigorous against every attempt to crush it; blinds, misleads, insults, and triumphs over us; and which, as we despise, and hate,

and persecute it ourselves, so we feel, and must feel, is despised, and hated, and persecuted by God. This, we intreat Mr. Carlyle to remember, is the problem which Pantheism must solve; and we tell him that with Pantheism he cannot solve it. He may sear his own conscience, cloak over his own faults, absorb himself in study; shut out by specious, and what he thinks benevolent apologies, the view of crime in others; excuse sin by fatality; lose sight of it in prospective good; call it part of the *system of Nature*, one of its organic changes, a necessary convulsion; but the question is still to be asked—do we hate and punish sin, and will God hate and punish it also? Can we tear out of our hearts our notions of right and wrong, and moral retribution? Even if they could be torn out, and men could learn to deny them, what would become of society? If sin, therefore, exist, whence did it come?

To all this Mr. Carlyle gives no answer; but until he has answered it, Pantheism is a dream. It is as much 'a sham and a lie,' as if, in describing the heavens, astronomy spoke of the earth revolving on its axis, but left out or denied its movement round the sun. It is false in one of the worst forms of falsities, that it leaves out one part of the truth, without which the other part can only become sheer error. It is to describe a battle without making mention of an enemy—to talk of cures without knowing the disease—to steer a vessel, forgetting the contrary wind. *The moral sense is the negation of Pantheism*—and of this moral sense, we confess, we see little or no trace in Mr. Carlyle. It is merged, as in the present day it is merged so often, in a lax, boastful, sentimental benevolence, or in hysterical exaggerations of horrors, unlike—O! how unlike, that steady, quiet, but for its very quietness the more awful hatred with which a good man, and God himself pursues and punishes vice, without indulgence or compassion, except where there is hope of reclaiming the vicious. It is this real apathy which we condemn most strongly, through Mr. Carlyle's whole 'French Revolution.' We can tolerate his perception of goodness—even in a Robespierre, a Danton, and a Marat; for no man is utterly depraved; and they had their misguided affections, and miscalculating reasonings, which, had they been rightly directed, might have been turned to virtues. But Mr. Carlyle has well intimated that virtue is obedience to law, and vice is disobedience. And it was this essential vice, the entire neglect of law—the blind, enthusiastic indulgence of each man's

own fancy and inclination—which constituted the real wickedness of the French Revolution:—it began in conceited speculations on the origin of society, and ended in wholesale massacres;—and *here* is the lesson which should be taught by him who would describe rightly the French Revolution—that the warmest benevolence, intentions of the very best end, even sacrifices of pleasure are in themselves vicious, and may lead to horrible crimes, when not placed under the control of positive, external, Divine Law.

On all this Mr. Carlyle has been silent. He has treated the French Revolution, according to his own metaphor, as the outbreak of a volcano, as a necessary result of certain combinations of circumstances, like the conjunction of certain gases with certain metals, ending in a natural explosion; and in so doing, not only is his historical view miserably defective, but his morality is erroneous and pernicious. There is an absence in all his moral reasonings of the two principal elements of our moral nature, a sense of shame, and a sense of indignation at sin. If we might use the two Greek words, which will bring the remark home to those who are acquainted with the Greek philosophy, he has little *Allos* and no *Nipetis*. He speculates, observes, deals with the world as a spectator, sees everything through the medium of a theory, and being relieved from the restraint of positive revelation, feels at liberty to indulge his own benevolent hopes, that all things, even moral guilt, will end in good, however they seem at first to wear an aspect of evil. But this shame and this indignation constitute repentance, and repentance is the temper of mind to which Christianity is addressed. Christianity, therefore, Mr. Carlyle cannot understand. But let us proceed.

The effect, he says, of this pantheistic belief, opposed as it is in reality to the existence of moral evil, is to produce patience, benevolence, and energetic conformity to the realities of life as a primary duty:—

'With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow-man; with an infinite love, an infinite pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with many stripes, even as I am? Even whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy bed of rest is but a grave? O my brother! my brother! why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes? Truly the din of many-voiced life, which in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one: like inarticulate cries and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy mother, not my cruel step-dame; man with his so mad

wants, and so mean endeavours, had become the dearer to me; and even for his suffering and his *sins* I now first named him brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that "*sanctuary of sorrow*;" by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the "*divine depth of sorrow*" lie disclosed to me. —*Sartor Resartus*.

Sentimentalities like these are always suspicious. But notwithstanding his German taste, Mr. Carlyle has an honest and a kindly heart; and, translated into duller English, his meaning seems to be, that man is placed upon earth with a wild, turbulent, extravagant imagination, which it is his duty to confine within the limits of reality—not to desire more than is within his reach—not to fancy what does not exist—not to attempt what is impossible. He is surrounded by stern laws and facts, as a prisoner is surrounded by the walls of his dungeon; so long as he keeps within them he is safe and wise; when he would violently break through them, they break his skull. And this effort to conform to external realities must be painful—painful in itself—painful from the chastenings and inflictions which Nature sends upon us to warn and reduce us within bounds, and to make us sacrifice our own self-love to her commands. Therefore the life of man must be a life of sorrow; and that man is the best and wisest man who can best bring himself to acquiesce in such a state of self-denial, of constant duty, and of unwearied patience. For this reason it appears that Mr. Carlyle honours Christianity. Christianity is 'the religion of sorrow,' full of self-sacrifice, full of submission, full at first of pain.

Now few things in his writings are more pregnant with deep truths; and upon these truths he would build his precepts of pity and sympathy for all mankind, and form men into a new brotherhood, 'with a new command, that they should love one another.' It is to be the corner-stone of the new religion, which, with new priests, and new temples, and a new ritual, if indeed we may trust to hints and intimations, he hopes to establish in the world, to fill up the void of the human heart, to restore the spirit of faith and reverence, and to occupy as a new revelation the place of that 'Temple opened some eighteen centuries ago, which now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures.' . . . 'Nevertheless venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the altar still there, and its sacred lamp perennially burning.'* Goethe has already led the way in Germany, and, following by his bright example, Mr. Carlyle hopes to accomplish a similar work in England.

* *Sartor Resartus*, p. 193.

It is painful to find such wild wanderings in a mind naturally strong and good. Set aside the difficulties of moral evil, which without a Saviour, and an atonement, and a Sanctifying Spirit, cannot be overcome—ask Mr. Carlyle himself how he will teach the poor, ignorant, impatient sufferer, who has never sounded the depths of the human heart, never studied German metaphysics—who knows nothing but that he is in pain and agony, and that pain and agony are to him the symbols of an enemy only—how will he teach him to acquiesce in this worship of sorrow? How will he prove that goodness can be the author of pain, or bring that rebellious flesh to bow down before the rod? Let Mr. Carlyle beware how he speaks of 'shams and lies,' and 'cast-iron preachers,' and 'antiquated myths.' The first word of the unhappy sufferer to his pantheistic priest will be 'liar!' No 'automatic machine' will be more powerless over the heart than such a doctrine. No years will be wanted to 'antiquate such a fable.' It will drop the instant it is born, an unformed, lifeless, equalid lump of putrid metaphysics, and men will trample it under foot. But Mr. Carlyle must know some good clergyman (good clergymen may be found in London even in the nineteenth century,) and he must have scenes of sickness and sorrow close at hand. Will he ask, or rather will he go and witness, the effect of the ministration of such a clergyman in such a scene, with the same sufferer crying for relief, and the same lesson of patience to be inculcated? Let Mr. Carlyle listen to the questions which the human heart in misery must pour forth. 'How do I know that these inflictions are in love? Has God himself ever declared it, or is it a mere fancy of your own? Can you promise me happiness beyond this life? Can you give me strength to bear my infliction? Can you impart to me even now any great and certain good, in the light of which even pain will seem as nothing? Above all, has He who placed me here ever suffered the like himself? Answer me these questions; and then I will be patient—not only patient but happy. Can Mr. Carlyle answer them?

And Mr. Carlyle would preach love—love founded on compassion—love even to the sinful. Does Mr. Carlyle know what love is—or, after all, is his fervent benevolence nothing more than the overflowing of a tremulous unmanageable sensibility? Are the miserable only to be loved? Can we love that which we hate? Can a man be virtuous without hating sin, and therefore can he love that which is sinful? Is there a human being in whom, when

thoroughly known, there is not something which we cannot love because it is sinful? But they are all the creatures of God—or rather, we fear, it must be said, if Mr. Carlyle's own thoughts are to be translated, 'portions of God,' and therefore we must love them. But if portions; then they cannot do anything opposed to the will of God. If so, even their sins are assignable to God. And if so——Will Mr. Carlyle reflect whither he is drawing, whither he must draw, and into what gulf he must fall, when he has once closed his eyes upon the fact, that there is in human nature something which did not come from God—something which God hates, and which he bids us expiate and extirpate by the means which he has proclaimed through his Church? Whence it came we need not ask. It is here, and we cannot deny it.

Yet love and compassion even for the sinful, and brotherhood, and sympathy, are good words, and holy things. And shall we tell Mr. Carlyle how he may secure them, and still retain much, very much, even of his own language? What is a lie and an impossibility in Pantheism becomes a truth and the work of every day in Christianity. Let him ask for a Society empowered by adequate credentials to communicate to all mankind who receive it, a portion, in a real, true, literal sense, one with God, and God in them—let that divine nature dwell even in the form of sinful man, covering and wrapping over all the corruptions and failures of their mortal nature with a goodness not their own—let perfect sympathy and perfect love for this vast fraternity, and kindness for all mankind be laid upon us as a law by One who has purchased for us inestimable blessings by his own inestimable sufferings—teach men that all within the pale of this great Society are indeed parts and members of Him to whom we owe not only a life which may seem a burden, but the greatest of imaginable blessings; and at the same time leave to its free course the hatred of nature against irrevocable sin, and hardened blasphemers—Do this, and Mr. Carlyle may yet learn the only way to make men live together as a brotherhood, and to extirpate coldness and selfishness and hard-heartedness from this faithless and mechanical generation.

In the same school he might learn the answer to another problem, in which his honest, earnest, deep-thinking mind has involved him:—

'May we not say, however, that the hour of spiritual enfranchisement is even this: when your ideal world, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling, and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open, and you can

discover with amazement enough, like the Lothario in Wilhelm Meister, that your "America is here or nowhere?" The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the ideal is in thyself; the impediment, too, is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this form or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!"—*Id.* p. 202.

Here again, we fear, Mr. Carlyle requires to be translated. But if he means, as was said before, that man is placed in the midst of an external nature, surrounded by a power greater than himself, which presses on him on all sides, and which he cannot master, any more than he can suspend the law of gravitation, or change the courses of the planets; and that in the moral world as in the physical, and in the intellectual as in the moral, there are still alike external laws, and external powers—rights and wrongs, independent of the vacillations of his conscience—truths, which remain firm and immutable, though the multitudes pronounce them falsehoods: if he means that the heart and mind of man are capable of being moulded into conformity with this external power, as the metal of a statue may be made to run into a mould; and that when the mind and heart do take this shape, and adapt themselves to these circumstances, by an energy of their own, bowing and bending down the extravagances of their movements to these external laws,—then man issues forth in an image of truth, and right, and power, and freedom, and goodness, and then alone—if this be Mr. Carlyle's theory, it is one which we hail with joy, as a re-appearance, on English ground, of the noblest wisdom of the ancients, and a confession from the mouth of a philosopher, that the highest of all philosophies is the Christianity of the Church. In this sense, Art, indeed, is the noblest of workings, and the highest of duties is to create or produce a man such as his Creator would wish him to be; and it is a task imposed upon us all, in the inmost recesses of our heart. Day by day, touch after touch, line upon line, each of us in darkness and silence is moulding the image of our soul,—*ἀνομιλάρμεν εἰκόνα.* And he is the greatest artist, the noblest poet, who works most steadfastly, most earnestly, with his eye fixed most intently on the model which is placed before him by the hand of God. But in seeing this great truth, has Mr. Carlyle seen the whole truth? His great artist is Goethe. Goethe is his philo-

sopher, his poet, his idol; and whom he ranks with him are poets in the vulgar sense and language,—creators of scenes and characters, good only as resembling what he calls the realities of life. We cannot believe that in Mr. Carlyle's various readings he has omitted Plato; and yet Plato would have taught him to distinguish between the art which moulds the soul, the patient, self-denying, watchful, thoughtful devotion of duty, by which the humblest peasant, with the aid of a higher power, may create within himself a saint and a hero—and the art which only copies such creations in words, or colours, or marble, or brass, and throws them before the world—possible, and too often certain to be mere phantasms, having no body of corresponding truth in real existences, and no connexion with a spirit of truth in the heart of their creator. How often is the greatest of such poets almost the worst of men!

But Mr. Carlyle's error lies still deeper. If 'the real, the actual, the true,' be indeed the object of his worship, and the law of his activity; if it be the only true wisdom and goodness to throw aside all 'lies and quackery' (and surely so it is,) let him tell us *what is the true*—where are we to find his *realities*? He is struggling, struggling manfully, against the Sophistry of the day, which denies all truths: but what is *his* Truth? Is he not, after all, a Sophist in disguise?

One kind of *truth*, indeed, he does recognise, namely, the correspondence of man's words, and acts, and symbols with his inward thoughts. Of one kind of *lie* he speaks most strongly, namely, a discordance between these same things. But are these the only truth, and only lie? If a bad man had honesty enough to lay bare all his thoughts; if the profligate threw aside his shame; if the moment we ceased to act up to the principles we profess, and lost the spirit from which the forms we use first emanated, and which they were intended to preserve, that moment we threw those forms away, and every pulse and fibre of the human heart were stripped of its disguise,—would this be *the truth* for which Mr. Carlyle sighs? Alas, he knows little of human nature, who could dream of living in a world such as would then surround us! God himself has hidden the soul beneath a covering of flesh, that we may not behold it naked in the deformity of its imperfect nature, and be shocked by it, or tempted to imitate it, or be hardened in our own evil by the universality of evil around us. And be assured all is not hypocrisy, in which actions do not correspond with words. How many miserable men are there who believe—believe most deeply, not earnestly—who would and do pray to be made

the means of conveying truth and goodness to others,—who in sincerity and honesty of heart would try at least so far to do the will of God,—and who can command their lips and outward members, though as yet they cannot command their hearts,—and who are to be pitied, chastised, even condemned, but not condemned as wholly liars, like those whose hypocrisy is selfish. If no men could speak of truth or honour, virtue or holiness, externally, but those who are holy within, where should we find human beings to stand on every hill, in every church, day and night, through the world, throwing up the beacon-light of truth, and passing it on from generation to generation?

Let us distinguish between the messenger and the message, and guard and keep the message, even where the messenger is not worthy to transmit it. For there is another kind of truth—the only real truth—which Mr. Carlyle himself must acknowledge. If truth be the conformity of acts and words to a certain standard, there is a standard, not only in the mind of man, but in a world external to man. There *are* realities wholly independent of our fancies and opinions. The laws of nature are truths, whatever be our conceptions of them; the laws of morals are immutable, however corrupt may be our conscience: the eternal attributes of God continue the same, though our rationalising theology vacillates and wanders. Ascertain these, and you have the foundation, the only foundation, for truth: bring your thoughts, and words, and actions to correspond with these, and you have obtained *reality*, and cast away 'shams and lies.' Thus physical science would test our conceptions of the phenomena of matter by the experience of general laws: thus ethical science would lay deep the distinctions of right and wrong, not in the varying emotions of our own moral sentiments, but in an outward objective standard of God's moral nature: thus the Catholic Church would establish a criterion of revealed truth, not in the fallible judgment of human interpretation, but in positive, external, historical declaration of men who have heard and seen the facts of a revelation.

But how are we to obtain a knowledge of this standard? Mr. Carlyle will be the first to acknowledge that the whole universe around us, physical, intellectual, and moral, is the creation of one Creator. He goes still farther: he calls it the 'form,' 'the symbol,' 'the vestment,' 'the outward exhibition,' to fleshly eyes, of that invisible Spirit; and he is right: and without forms and outward vestments that Spirit cannot be made known to us. And those forms are

in themselves valueless; they are 'shams and lies,' except so far as they represent faithfully the internal attributes of Him from whom all creation flowed, and to whom it must return. And the question between the Pantheist and the Christian, setting aside the fact of a revelation, is simply this: *how* are we to read the knowledge of God; *how* are we to learn his real nature, his true will, from which creation proceeded, according to which it was shaped, and to which we must conform our thoughts, and words, and works, and actions, if we would attain truth, and goodness, and happiness?—It must be, says the Pantheist, from outward forms—from the volume of Nature:—

'And truly a volume of Nature it is, whose author and writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the alphabet thereof? With its words, sentences, and grand descriptive pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through solar systems, and thousands of years, we shall not try thee. It is a volume written in celestial hieroglyphics, in the true sacred writing, of which even prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your institutes and academies of science, they strive bravely, and from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably inter-twisted hieroglyphic writings, pick out, by dexterous combination, some letters in the vulgar character, and therefrom put together this, and the other economic recipes of high avail in practice.'—*Sartor Resartus*, p. 267.

Mr. Carlyle is right. The book of nature is a volume of 'thick-crowded, inextricably inter-twisted hieroglyphic writing;' and all the efforts of science *have* done, and *can* do, little more than pick out a few of its commonest and most obvious meanings. But, if these are the only forms supplied us by the Creator of the world, through which to learn His nature—that nature, without a knowledge of which there can be no truth and no goodness—what is to become of man? It is not so with that human spirit, of which directly we see as little as we see of God himself, the knowledge of which is essential to our moral duties and affections as the knowledge of God is to our religion, and the nature of which we alike learn through forms and symbols. Man's spirit has not only the form or vestment of a body, through which to make itself visible—as the material creation renders visible to us the Deity—but it has also recorded acts, writings, and deeds; and the acts of a man are a still clearer intimation of his character than his physiognomy. But more than this: it has words; and words not only orally delivered, but preserved, and fixed, and capable of transmission in writing; and it is from these mainly that we derive the knowledge of the minds of our

fellow-men; from their words more than from their works, and from their works more than from their features. What should we say to a man who should persist in interpreting character by phrenology or physiognomy, without reference to a long course of authenticated actions, and express verbal declarations of sentiment and will? What should we think if our Creator had condemned us to such a mode of ascertaining the movements of the mind in our fellow-creatures? What ought to be our judgment of those who would think it sufficient, and would reject the help of any other information, even though promised and held out? And yet such is the proceeding of the Pantheist in relation to God. He sees nature, the physiognomy of God spread before him in its beautiful and glorious garb. He is told also of a history of God's dealings, preserved to him in the Bible by the same kind of testimony which he admits and subscribes to in all other histories; and he hears also a boast (let us suppose that it is only a boast) that certain persons are in possession of words spoken by God himself, and declaring His nature and attributes; yet both the last he sets aside, and refuses to consult them, as if they did not exist.

Nature, indeed, or rather, the God of nature, does speak to us through the eye, as we speak to children through pictures; but without a susceptible heart, without attention, reasoning, a cultivated mind, and a large induction, what are the pictures of nature, but the idle luxuries of a dumb show? And He speaks to us also through his acts, through his general laws, and the operations of his hands. But who can evolve these rightly from the multitude of shifting phenomena, but the philosopher? And has even the philosopher done this better than Mr. Carlyle suggests? Words, therefore, are still wanting. It is through the ear that we convey to man the past, the future, the deductions of the understanding, abstract principles, general laws, all which lies deeper than the sight. Without words, a revelation from God must be a broken, imperfect hint. But still something else is wanting. Words, without examples by which to interpret them, are cold, and often unintelligible symbols. We want symbols of a moral being; and the most perfect of all symbols will be, a moral being like ourselves—a form of the Divine Creator embodied in the form of a man. This also God has been pleased to give us. But this personal *form*, as well as the *words* of revelation, must be preserved through all generations—fixed before us in every spot, the same among every people, meeting us in all our paths, and ready to in-

fluence every action. This also God has provided for us in the institution of a Catholic Church, in which not only every minister, but every branch of the body, and every individual member, ought to consider himself the symbol, and more than symbol, the representative and embodying form of its Divine Head. And as this cannot be universally secured in the midst of human corruption, and the soul of man will lapse and fall perpetually from this high standard, therefore it is provided that at least so much of the symbol shall be preserved as human laws and power can secure by their command over the outward man. Even when the heart and head go wrong, the Church is still commanded to proclaim her creed, to celebrate her worship, to warn, exhort, and teach, at least by words and actions; and these words and actions are true in the highest sense of truth. They correspond with the only reality, and only foundation for a true belief in the nature of God. They are not affected by the errors, or unbelief, or caprice, or hypocrisy of those who exhibit them, any more than the reality of a message is affected by the incredulity or inconsistencies of the messenger. They are not, as Mr. Carlyle would call them, 'shams and lies, though the men who bear them may indeed be hypocrites and liars; and to the truths our reverence is due, not to man as man; and it is the highest exercise of that faith and that obedience, on which the Pantheist himself makes the whole world to depend, to maintain them steadily and humbly even against temptation, and to see the Divine image in prophecies and types, even when they are clouded and perplexed by the fallibility and corruption of the prophets.

One more remark on the pantheistic scheme. How will Mr. Carlyle bring the heart and mind of man to conform, by force and effort, against will and passions, to *his* standard of reality and 'worship of sorrow'? Even if he could hope to compel to it one single individual, what prospect has he of extending his influence over successive generations, and of preventing the natural evil tendency of man from gradually corrupting his religion, and leaving it, in a few short years, a mere wreck and phantasm, such as he believes the Christianity of the Church to be at present? If he thinks that any human power—that the mere will or reason of man can thus triumph over the selfishness of his nature, he is to be met on the common ground on which Christianity is called to battle with the pride of human philosophy—and he must give way before the anatomy of the mind, before the confession of every heart, and the experience of ages, and the

first principles even of a pantheistic religion, that all life and movement must come from the Author of life, and that without Him we can do nothing—least of all resist ourselves. And without such a promise of supernatural aid to overrule and support the human mind in its continued guardianship of the truths committed to it, what hope has the Pantheist that *his* 'mystery,' in the nineteenth century, will fare better, or maintain its ground longer, than the same kind of mystery did in the fourth and fifth? Perhaps he has no hope. As the geologist fancies in the earth a series of convulsions and explosions in which system after system was generated, and each grew up on the ruins of its predecessor, leaving no traces of that predecessor behind, but broken skeletons, and empty shells; and shattered strata—so the Pantheist, and many even who would tremble at the name of Pantheism, fancy that the moral universe presents a series of successive revolutions of faith rising upon faith, religion undermining religion, opinions following phase upon phase, and that the only business of the candid philosopher and prudent politician is, to accommodate himself to these changes, and not resolutely hold fast by an old truth when a new one is developing itself. They console themselves, in the face of falsehood, crime, and misery, by reflecting that all are parts of one system—all advancing under the eye of one God—and all, however various and discordant, tending to one end. This strange infatuation is at the bottom of many mischievous theories both in our religion and politics. Mr. Carlyle is one of the species *De Tocqueville*; and those who follow *De Tocqueville* are pantheists in politics, and they will soon come to pantheism in religion. They have no conception of one immutable truth, originally committed to man at his creation—which he was bound to maintain uninjured through all the vicissitudes of circumstances—which, by a special over-ruling Providence, has been preserved even to the present day—preserved first in one family, then kept floating even in the midst of a deluge of corruption; then enshrined in a whole people; then developed and expanded, and yet unaltered, to be implanted and built up in every part of the habitable globe by the teaching of a Catholic Church.

It were a miserable thought that the world of man's wisdom was nothing but a succession of wrecks and ruins, and that the temple of the very fairest philosophy, which the Pantheist clings to as his only hope, must soon perish likewise, and give way to some new delusion. It must end in the denial of all truth; and when truth is

lost in the world, what, we ask again, is to become of man's intellect, or his heart, or even his body, amidst the ruins of a falling society? As for the duty of witnessing to truth—the main duty imposed upon man—or the duty of struggling to preserve it, whether successfully or not, the politicians of the day (with, alas! but very few exceptions) never dream of it. They have no conception of a struggle, of fighting for anything—they have nothing which they are sure of, therefore nothing which they value—above all, nothing which they feel to be strong, even though they themselves are weak; and in the strength of which aided by the promise of God, the weakest of men may stand firm against a host. It is a melancholy prospect! Without energy, without hope, without heroism, without faith! and yet the age boasts of enlightenment, friendship, peace, and union by conciliation—as if there could be any union where there was no truth, any conciliation where there was no reverence. A false philosophy must have two roots; one in the heart, and the other in the head; and Mr. Carlyle's error of the heart lies in his unconsciousness of moral evil. Disguise it as he may, by sneers at 'quacks,' and horror at 'a game-preserving aristocracy,' and 'steam-parsons,' and 'the harlot age' of Louis XIV., he has no real sense of moral depravity. His occupations in philosophy have probably absorbed his thoughts, and the sensibility of his feelings has encouraged him to mistake kindness of sentiment for the stern principle of true benevolence. On the other hand, his error of the head is one into which purely intellectual inquiries, unassisted by a higher wisdom, invariably fall. He is full of the principle of *unity*, as if *unity* alone were the law of action, and the type of creation. We have no wish to enter into abstruse metaphysics, but if he will condescend to receive from the Church what the Church did not invent, but received from the first of all sources—the formula not of *unity alone*, but of *unity in plurality, and plurality in unity*, he will find that it will solve far better his rationalising problems—will lead him to a much juster and more general and satisfactory theory of the history of creation—and both in his moral and social, and, what he calls, his *religious* speculations, it will bring him much closer to *truth*. We have but one more remark to make.

With these erroneous views of the mode by which the higher and more enlightened classes of society are to be restored to sound principles and sound feelings, it is not to be expected that Mr. Carlyle should prove a satisfactory guide in reforming the condition

of the lower classes. He understands it indeed well, and depicts it forcibly and touchingly. And what a sight it is! Ireland! What a word is there! But Ireland is not all:—

'But now on the whole, it seems to us, English statistic science, with floods of the finest peasantry in the world streaming in on us daily, may fold up her Danaides reticulations on this matter of the working-classes; and conclude, what every man who will take the statistic spectacles off his nose and look, may discern in town or country;—That the condition of the lower multitude of English labourers approximates more and more to that of the Irish, competing with them in all markets; that whatsoever labour, to which mere strength with little skill will suffice, is to be done, will be done, not at the English price, but at an approximation to the Irish price; at a price superior as yet to the Irish, that is, superior to a scarcity of third-rate potatoes for thirty weeks yearly; superior, yet hourly, within the arrival of every new steam-boat, sinking nearer to an equality with that. Half a million hand-loom weavers, working fifteen hours a day, in perpetual inability to procure thereby enough of the coarsest food; English farm-labourers at nine shillings and at seven shillings a-week; Scotch farm-labourers, who "in districts the half of whose industry is that of cows, taste no milk, can procure no milk;" all these things are credible to us, several of them are known to us by the best evidence, by eye-sight. . . . Another thing, likewise ascertainable on this vast obscure matter, excites a superficial surprise, but only a superficial one;—That it is best-paid workmen who by Strikes, Trades-unions, Chartism, and the like, complain the most. No doubt of it! The best-paid workmen are they alone that *can* so complain! How shall he, the hand-loom weaver, who in the day that is passing over him has to find food for the day, strike work? If he strike work, he starves within the week. He is past complaint! The fact itself, however, is one which, if we consider it, leads us into still deeper regions of the malady. Wages, it would appear, are no index of well-being to the working man. . . . Cotton-spinners, as we learn, are generally well-paid, while employed; . . . and yet, also, there seems little question that comfort or reasonable well-being is as much a stranger in these households as in any. At the cold hearth of the ever toiling, ever hungering weaver dwells at least some equability, fixation as if in perennial ice; hope never comes, but also irregular impatience is absent. Of outward things *these others* have or might have enough, but of all inward things, there is the fatallest lack. Economy does not exist among them; their trade, now in plethoric prosperity, anon extenuated into inanition and "short time," is of the nature of gambling; they live by it like gamblers, now in luxurious superfluity, anon in starvation. Black, mutinous discontent devours them; simply the miserablest feeling that can inhabit the heart of man. English commerce—[No! Mr. Carlyle, not our commerce, our old noble system of regular trade, but our accursed new system]—with its immeasurable, Proteus Steam-demon, makes all paths uncertain for them, all life a bewilderment. Sobriety, steadiness, peaceable continuance, the first blessings of man are not theirs.'

Let us go on—for till we come to the 'lame and impotent conclusion,' all that Mr. Carlyle has written on this subject should

be forced on the attention of our statesmen, and chiefly our clergy, until our eyes are open—

'It is in Glasgow among that class of operatives that "Number 60," in his dark room, pays down the price of blood. Be it with reason or with unreason, too surely they do in verity find the times all out of joint; this world for them no home, but a dingy prison-house, of reckless unthrift, rebellion, rancour, indignation against themselves, and against all men. Is it a green flowery world, with azure everlasting sky stretched over it, the work and government of a God; or a murky-simmering Tophet of coppers-fumes, cotton-fuz, gin-riot, wrath, and toil, created by a Demon, governed by a Demon? The sum of their wretchedness, merited and unmerited, welters, huge, dark, and baleful like a Dantean Hell, visible there in the statistics of Gin: Gin, justly named the most authentic incarnation of the Infernal Principle in our times, too indisputably an incarnation; Gin, the black throat into which wretchedness of every sort, consummating itself by calling on delirium to help it, whirls down; abdication of the power to think or resolve, as too painful now, on the part of men whose lot of all others would require thought and resolution; liquid madness sold at ten pence the quartern, all the products of which are and must be, like its origin, mad, miserable, ruinous, and that only! If from this black, unluminous, unheeded Inferno, and prison-house of souls in pain, there do flash up from time to time some dismal, wild-spread glare of Chartism or the like, notable to all, claiming remedy from all, are we to regard it as more baleful than the quiet state, or rather as not so baleful? Ireland is in chronic atrophy these five centuries; the disease of nobler England, identified now with that of Ireland, becomes acute, has crises, and will be cured or kill.'—*Chartism*, p. 30.

And how is it to be cured? By two grand specifics. Our readers are all attention. And what are they? Reading and emigration! reading and emigration!! Is Mr. Carlyle aware that he is required to explain his meaning more at large—that he is generally misunderstood? We can assure him, from our own knowledge, that many of his readers doubt if he is serious. They have a great respect for his powers of mind, for his deep thought, and just sentiments. They conceive that he has thought it desirable to point out strongly and vividly, by a grave juxtaposition, the absurdity of our modern theories of reformation, when contrasted with the enormity of the evils to be remedied. He probably is speaking ironically. It is the view which we are inclined to take ourselves. He is not a Pythagorean. With all his veneration for symbols, he does not seem to trust in any *magical* power of words and letters. He must know that both his remedies have been working for a considerable time—that National Schools, even in England, have done much to disseminate the alphabet for many past years—that America is groaning beneath the discharge

of the drains which we have opened on her coast—that Australia!—but we must not touch on such a subject—and that all the while the curse and the blight have been spreading more rapidly and more fearfully through every district of our population. Reading and emigration!

Consider for one moment. How has this curse been propagated? How have the wretched thousands of Birmingham and Manchester been engendered and huddled up in those abodes of misery and vice. *By a reading, instructed, enlightened, scientific body of manufacturers?* How have those unhappy slaves to the avarice of their masters been enabled to do their will? By their own quickened intelligence and acuteness? Go into the factories, and ask how few are unable to read and write—how few at least among the parents, though these reading parents may have sold their children to a drudgery which precludes them from attending schools? What are your Mechanics' Institutes, your Penny Magazines, your Penny Satirists, your loathsome sheets of popular blasphemy and profligacy, well written, clever, intelligent, often even scientific, which meet you in the street at every turn, but a proclamation of the triumph of the alphabet? And what is Botany Bay and the Report on the state of Australia, but the triumph of emigration—such an emigration as Mr. Carlyle would carry on—the only one which any Statesman of these days has ever even dreamt of? Shall we answer Mr. Carlyle from his own mouth?—

'How can religion be divorced from education? An irreverent knowledge is no knowledge. A knowledge that ends in barren self-worship, comparative indifference, or contempt for all God's universe except one insignificant item thereof, what is it? . . . And how *teach* religion? . . . Can dronings of articles, repetitions of liturgies, and all the cash and contrivance of Birmingham and the Bank of England united bring ethereal fire into a human soul, quicken it out of earthly darkness into heavenly wisdom? Soul is kindled only by soul. To *teach* religion, the first thing needful, and also the last and the only thing, [No, Mr. Carlyle: not the last nor the only]—is finding of a man who *has* religion. All else follows from this: church building, church-extension, whatever else is needful, follows: without this, nothing will follow.'—*Chartism*, pp. 102-3.

True—most true! and for these few truths we readily forgive the flippant irreverence which precedes them. It is, indeed, not by the 'genius of Birmingham,' not by 'machines for repeating liturgies and articles,' not by 'steam sermons,' or cast-iron preachers, that true religion is to be taught, and with the teaching of true religion that the curse is to be removed from the land. *The first thing is to find men that have re-*

igion.' Without this all the laws which a parliament could enact or an army enforce will be a dead letter. It is not in the House of Commons—no, not even in the convocation of clergy, or a synod of bishops—to remove the evil. It is an evil universal, deep seated, deep sinking, interwoven with our vitals, which must be approached with a discerning eye, touched with almost a woman's hand, watched over daily and hourly, in every province, in every town, in every parish, almost in every house. In every one of these, if we could place 'a man that has religion,' we might expect a cure, or rather the cure would be certain. We may cherish hope just as we are able to bring upon this mass of mischief before us a proportionate force of this precise good, which Mr. Carlyle has pointed out, 'religious men.' 'Soul is kindled only by soul.' Give a religious man to lead the world, and there will be a true object for man's reverence, a fit centre for his love; round this will gather all the good, warm affections of the nation; with this will come obedience, with obedience unity, with unity strength and wisdom, with wisdom self-restraint, with self-restraint all the other checks upon that inordinate cupidity, which has made England a manufacturing pandemonium, and on that thoughtless, heartless extravagance, which has left Ireland to be overrun by starving beggars.

But one thing Mr. Carlyle has forgotten: that besides religion in the governors, there must also be religion in the governed. And that the two do not always move together—that to be a religious man, even with the purity of an angel and the strength of omnipotence, is not the whole which is required to produce obedience and unity in others—he might have learned from the mere history of one Being, whom he has dared to insult, by the most offensive of all insults from a disobedient menial to a royal master—*praise*. Nothing in Mr. Carlyle's writings is more painful than the commendatory, complimentary tone in which he has presumed to speak of the great 'Author of Christianity.' We might add the levity with which he permits himself to garble the language of Scripture.

The real problem still remains,—how to make men religious. Religious teachers we have had already. One religious man, a *Divine man*, truly and not figuratively divine, we all acknowledge as our head:—Mr. Carlyle himself would not venture openly to repudiate the name; and for a time He did hold together the floating atoms of society: for centuries after centuries, by the strength of that one name, and in the professed unity of His truth, and His law, the

world did live in faith; or if faithlessness did creep in, it lurked, sculking and cowardlike, denying itself, and ashamed to be seen. All crimes, even by popular sentiment, were then summed up in infidelity. To be a pagan or an unbeliever was in those days to be, as it were, a murderer or adulterer. Faith was a summary of the decalogue. And in this spirit barbarians were tamed, and invaders rooted quietly in a new soil, and turbulent chieftains were subordinated to kings, and provinces cemented into monarchies, and monarchies consecrated and confirmed by the ministers of God. Civil and social laws were evolved from the germ of the Mosaic code. The hand of peace was laid upon the ferocity of warriors; truces were interposed, sanctuaries of refuge opened, and all the benevolences of religion were brought in to soothe the sternness of an age of war—until a chivalry was formed: and it is no idle sentimentality to mourn with the greatest of modern political philosophers that 'the age of chivalry is gone,' and the age of sophists, economists, and calculators, has succeeded. In the same spirit, arts and sciences, and literature, and a deep philosophy, grew up beneath the shelter of the Church. If wealth was accumulated, it was expanded again in hospitality, in charities, in noble institutions, which are at this day our chief resource for education, and relief of the miseries of life. If civil wars broke out, they were waged to defend king against king, not to overthrow monarchy and dissolve law. Crimes and ignorance, and deceit, and treachery existed then, as they exist now, as they always must exist, where man is man; but if there was more of ferocity, there was less of selfishness. They were the crimes of untutored men rather than those of a corrupted, sophisticated, depraved, and effete generation.

But the age of faith is past, and the age which Mr. Carlyle has described now stands in its place. The same creeds, the same ministry, are ostensibly with us as with our ancestors, even purified and reformed. And true religion, it was thought, would shine out more clearly, and win hearts to it more efficiently by such a reformation. The end has been exactly the reverse; and the reason is twofold. We have gradually lost sight of two great facts, necessary conditions in the inculcation of religion: *first*, that man has a body as well as a soul, and that ignorant, unlettered minds must be addressed through their senses before they can be moulded in their minds: *secondly*, that all the power and wisdom of man can be of no avail in making man religious, without a power communicated from God himself

through channels which He has appointed. Until these two facts are once more brought out forcibly and universally, true religion can make no progress. There must be a fecundation of the heart before the seed sown will take root. The germ of faith and religion must be fed with fresh and continual supplies, day by day, or it will die. This is no theory or mystical pietism, but the plain declaration of Him who is the source and giver of it. The plan of modern religionists has been to starve the mind, to withdraw its appointed nutriment, and then to propose strengthening it by more frequent exercise, and by awakening a keener sense of hunger. This is not the place to do more than hint at the real cause, why in this day it is so hard to 'kindle soul by soul,' and re-inspire mankind with the spirit of faith. But it would be well for those who are concerned in the government of man, whether infant or adult—and it would cut at once the Gordian knot of 'national education'—to think deeply on the problem, and to ask themselves, steadily and calmly, what is the meaning of a system of education carried on without a thought of the *sacraments of the Church*?

It is strange that a philosophical mind like Mr. Carlyle's should know so little of the nature of the very instrument with which he purposes to commence his great moral change. Letters are good in their proper place—to some minds they are absolutely essential; and when rightly employed are an invaluable aid to good principles and wise culture. But Plato, who was, indeed, a wiser man than Mr. Carlyle, long before printing was known, anticipated what it would produce. When he, like Mr. Carlyle, attacked an age of Sophists, he did not think that the *first* thing was to teach men to read, and the *second* to instil truth into them by the presence and guidance of their teachers. He reversed the order. He made books subservient to teachers, not teachers subservient to books. To obtain religious men was his first object: without them, religious books, he knew, were a dead letter, and with them they would spring up in abundance. But mere reading, according to Plato, instead of strengthening the mind, and assisting the memory, will only weaken it, by removing the necessity of exercise. It will make men, he says, conceited, by constituting them judges and critics instead of learners. It will leave them in their study of truth without a guide, or check, or interpreter; and as human reason at the very highest estimate must be in ignorance and error, so long at least as knowledge is still to be sought, the process of seeking it

by ourselves can only end in multiplying mistakes; as every fresh arithmetical calculation, when one false item has been admitted, only increases the perplexity; and as the slightest divergence from a straight line carries us farther from it, the farther we advance. It will distract them, added Plato, into a multitude of different sects; every one being his own judge, and having his own peculiar bias of error, will have an error of his own for a conclusion. With the discovery of new means for circulating thought more thoughts will be circulated; and as the majority of thoughts are bad, the whole atmosphere will become impregnated with evil. There will be nothing to overcome indolence; no power to compel study when the book becomes tedious, or to insist on inquiry when the language is doubtful; and yet every one will have a smattering of knowledge; and thus you will rear up a generation of sickly, effeminate, unbelieving, superficial, capricious, contemptuous minds, between whom all truth will be lost; and you will become (what Mr. Carlyle has described) a *people of sophists*.* Use books in their proper place (precisely where Mr. Carlyle has *not* placed them); make them means of checking the teacher; of guarding truth against corruption; of preserving some record of it through successive generations; of supplying the deficiencies of oral and memorial transmission:—employ them to occupy leisure hours; to exercise independent thought; to supply new food for meditation; to prove, illustrate, enforce the lessons of the lips; to be with us in our closets, on sick-beds, in desert spots, in dying hours: let them be the voice with which we speak to a whole nation at once, even to the most distant lands, and a condensation of collected knowledge, always at hand to be consulted when there is no other tribunal of appeal,—do this, and the alphabet is indeed a gigantic power. And Mr. Carlyle will do well to enforce its communication and adoption, as one out of many means of curing our deep disease.

But here, too, the age has repeated the error, which has more than once been pointed out. They have mistaken the servant for the master; the check and drag on the machine for the propelling power. They think to educate by books, and not by man; and the inevitable result will be, that instead of diminishing the evil, they will only increase it. We are groaning under the effects of conceit, self-will, dissension, and disobedience; and we endeavour to remove them by a process which can engender

* See all this towards the end of the *Phædrus*.

nothing but more conceit and more self-will.

Nor do we think that Mr. Carlyle's second prescription will be more successful. It is a part, indeed, and an important part, of that grand scheme of real reform, which must be concerted and undertaken ere long by some gigantic mind, if the British empire is to retain its position among nations; but which cannot be faced, much less executed, without some deep change in the principles of our readers, and in the feelings of the people. But the disease, both in England and Ireland, is as complicated as it is inveterate; and the proposition of a simple remedy for such a state of things at once betrays the incompetency of the physician.

Before emigration is tried, let us endeavour to occupy our own waste lands. Millions of acres are still unreclaimed, both in Great Britain and Ireland. Stop the gambling speculation of our manufactures, and drain off the surplus population from our towns into the country. Let landlords plant colonies on their commons, and bogs, and mountains; plant them under their own eye, upon right principles of colonization, in organic bodies, with powers of self-government; with social privileges; with the germs of village institutions, especially with that first principle of social life and organization, an efficient ecclesiastical establishment in the centre. Restore something of the feudal spirit into our tenure of land. Raze, if you like, to the ground half an overgrown metropolis, and all the idle, gossiping, gaping watering-places, where those men who ought to be each in their own parishes, ruling their estates as the representatives of the great Estate, the Monarchy of the realm, are frittering away time, and money, and dignity, and intellect, in frivolous dissipations. If we are so fond of ruling—and ruling is, indeed, one of our noblest duties—let us rule each in our own appointed sphere. The passion which is now so common, of governing the country, while we neglect our tenants, is at least suspicious. Let each man take care of his own part, and the whole will take care of itself. But without a landlord in every part of the empire, exercising faithfully, and earnestly, and affectionately, the duties of a little monarch, and so carrying into the minutest details, from day to day, the principles of a paternal government, the best laws and wisest legislators, sitting as abstractions in the senate, will only be a mockery. Then give to every landlord the best of coadjutors, appointed for him by God, a good religious clergyman; and let the church draw

out her own organization and machinery to meet the wants of the crisis, and rouse herself to fight her battles with firmness, and zeal, and depth of thought, and of learning, without either compromise or intolerance—let all this be done, as it may be done, if each man will do his duty, in his own family and his own heart, and we may yet live. These are the only cures for our evils, the only answer to Mr. Carlyle's question on the condition of England.

When our own body is brought back to a healthy state, then we may be in a condition to propagate new empires by colonies. But the work of colonization, is no light thing to be undertaken with a hot head and diseased heart; by emptying a sickly, ignorant mob upon an unoccupied country, and leaving them there to swell up by themselves into some fungus form of society. Nuisances and cesspools we may create by such a process as this, the only process of modern emigration; and from them we may poison the atmosphere of whole continents, as we have poisoned the atmosphere of Australia, and may breed a plague and pestilence, which will soon spread back into Europe. But it will give no relief to ourselves. Unless, while you drain off the present surplusage, you alter the present system of our manufacturing speculations, and of Irish land-tenure, by altering the habits of thought and feeling from which they have sprung, the largest and most ready drain which you could open would be unequal to relieve us. Population, if left to itself, uncontrolled by moral principle, by lessons of prudence, and well-regulated wants, must labour under a perpetual dropsy. The disease continues; the means of palliating it must diminish with every fresh occupation of neighbouring deserts. Moreover, those who are to emigrate are the very part of the nation whom you would most desire to retain. The weak, and ignorant, and helpless cannot move. Small capitalists, enterprising minds, young able-bodied men, with tastes and habits of a higher order, who cannot be made to acquiesce in a state of degradation in their own country, will go off to people America and Australia; and going without control, or bond of union, carrying with them no truth, no definite creed of religion, or stern moral sanction, or political obedience—nothing but the animal craving of food and money, we dare to think they will generate a nation.

'Is it not,' Mr. Carlyle asks, 'as if this swelling, simmering, never-resting Europe of ours stood once more on the verge of an expansion without a parallel, struggling like a mighty tree again about

to burst in the embrace of summer, and shoot forth broad frondent boughs, which would fill the whole earth? A disease; but the noblest of all, as of her who is in pain and sore travail, but travail that she may be a mother, and say, Behold there is a new man born!"—*Chartism*, p. 113.

No! Mr. Carlyle, it is no such travail—it is the bursting of a wen!

ART. VI.—*Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik (Ideas and Reflections on the Properties of Music)*. Hanover. 1839. pp. 50.

THIS little work is the well-known, though not openly-avowed, production of Prince George of Hanover; and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we refer to it as incontestably establishing his claim to rank as the most accomplished amongst contemporary scions of royalty.

It is rare to find clearness of thought, precision of expression, and logical arrangement, combined with imagination and enthusiasm, in any authors except those who have been formed by a regular course of training superinduced on an original foundation of genius and good sense; nor, at the present moment, do we remember one on Walpole's long list of royal and noble authors, to whom the praise of these qualities can be impartially assigned. All of them, however, are to be found in the tract before us. Its scope is not extensive, nor are its views particularly remarkable for originality; but within the narrow limits the illustrious writer has prescribed to himself, he walks with the steady, confident, practised step of a master—keeping the main object constantly in view—analysing, defining, illustrating, and clearing the ground before him as he moves on—diverging occasionally to give vent to feelings excited by the mention of some glorious production of the art, but invariably returning at the precise moment that would be dictated by the severest rules of criticism.

We are afraid to speak warmly of the language, because one of its chief merits, the felicitous use of compounds, will not appear in our translated specimens; but its perspicuity, simplicity, and total absence of pretension *will* appear; and these are merits which readers, moderately conversant with the long, clumsy, entangled sentences, and the ambitious soarings and divings (into mist or mud, as the case may be), by which so much of the best literature of Germany is defaced, will not fail to appreciate at their

true value in a young enthusiast, writing for the first time on a subject peculiarly calculated to suggest trains of thought and feeling which sober-minded people would smile at or condemn.

With these few prefatory remarks, we proceed to give a brief abstract of the publication; it being beside our present purpose to make it the basis of a regular treatise on the subject—according to the established practice (occasionally more honoured in the breach than the observance) of our craft.

In a modest preface the prince warmly vindicates music from the imputation of being fit only for the amusement of the connoisseur, and claims a place amongst the most exalted objects of culture for this cherished idol of his soul:—"From earliest youth has he been devoted to her, his companion and comforter through life—let him succeed in gaining over one new worshipper, or impressing one disciple with a clearer conviction of her worth—let him only establish her ethereal origin, or induce a single reader to employ her high gifts to celebrate the Divine Author of her being, and the full purpose of this essay will be satisfied."

The 'Introductory Remarks and Inquiries,' which come next, are an attempt to define music, or resolve it into its elements; and the Prince certainly extricates himself from this embarrassing task much better than the generality of German metaphysicians would have done. If he does not always quite satisfy us, we can follow him:—

'What is music? Music is a language in tones. By means of music, thoughts, feelings, occurrences, natural phenomena, pictures, scenes from life of every kind, are as distinctly and intelligibly expressed as by any language whatever in words; and we ourselves are likewise able to express ourselves and understand others by their help. We shall therefore term music "a language in tones," or "a tone-speech," and the next thing to be done is to define the meaning of *tone*. What do we understand by the word *tone*? Every sound is called tone which is capable of being measured or weighed with another fixed sound. It is produced by regular vibrations or undulations of the air, which are caused either by the breath, as in singing and wind instruments, or by the stirring or touching of a string, or any other object or body capable of sound. Any collection of these measured tones depending on fixed rules is called *music*, in the same manner as by a collection of articulated sounds that which, in the more confined sense, we term *language*, is produced. And as a systematic putting together of letters begets words, which influence our minds in many ways—just so, by the putting together of tones we produce sounds, which equally affect our feelings. Or, to vary the phrase, the word-language is addressed directly to the mind, whilst the tone-language asserts its claim to the heart and soul, and operates indirectly and through them on the mind. That our feelings are to be affected by tones, however, is only to be explained in this manner: that God gave man at his

creation the capacity to communicate his thoughts and feelings, or excite similar thoughts and feelings in others, by certain applications and alternations of tones corresponding with certain emotions of the soul.

'Of all man's senses, the sight and hearing are those through which the greatest influence upon the mind and heart is produced; which, therefore, constitute the most powerful springs of the moral and mental perceptions, actions, and judgments of mankind. But the hearing would seem the more powerful and operative of the two, because inharmonious, jarring tones are capable of shocking and torturing our feelings to their inmost core to such an extent as to make us almost beside ourselves—an effect which it is impossible to produce by a bad painting, a desolate tract of country, or the worst of poems.'

It is perfectly true that the bare contemplation of a daub does not throw Mr. Rogers into convulsions like Hogarth's 'Enraged Musician'; and we ourselves do not recollect having had anything more than a strong tendency to slumber to bear up against during the perusal of the worst epic ever laid upon our dissecting table. But the obvious reason is, that, amongst the several objects of repugnance above mentioned, disagreeable sounds alone affect us physically through the nerves: for example, a person utterly devoid of musical taste or sensibility may be made to suffer acutely from a sound that sets the teeth on edge. The proper analogy, therefore, as regards the sight, would be, not between bad music and bad pictures, but the glare of a red flame and the grating of a file; whilst, as regards literary productions, there is no analogy at all, since the very worst of them can exercise no direct material influence upon our frames: very fortunately for reviewers, for we should otherwise be in the condition of the government musket-borers, who, prior to a recent invention to prevent them from inhaling the metallic dust, were never known to live above two years. Neither are we satisfied with the next paragraph, in which it is laid down that the composer can do nothing without the profoundest insight into human inclinations, impulses, and passions; but that, when he has obtained this insight, he may turn the worst poems to account by making them the basis of the sublimest music. Were this true, the claims of music to rank as an intellectual art would be sadly lowered; nor does it much help the matter to assert that 'it is capable of exciting deep, inexplicable sensations even in the most uncultivated listener, without requiring him to stand almost on the same level with the artist; which is seldom the case with other arts.' As a mere matter of fact, however, these statements are not devoid of plausibility. Mozart once extemporised a touching love-

song on the single word *affetto*, followed by an equally admirable song of rage on the word *perfulo*; and we have seen Handel enthusiastically enjoyed by persons who would infallibly prefer 'the Peacock at Home' to 'Paradise Lost,' and a court-painter's likeness of Lord Normanby in blue and gold to the St. Paul preaching at Athens.

We pass over the etymological remark on the word *music* (most plausibly derivable, according to the prince, from the Muses); and there is nothing requiring to be quoted in the section on Melody and Harmony, which are described and distinguished from one another in the ordinary manner.

But the section on instrumental music affords such ample field for the author's peculiar powers, that we are tempted to abridge or translate the greater part of it; and there are few readers of feeling, unacquainted with the original, but will feel grateful to us for enabling them to follow him through some glowing descriptions of the effects produced by masterpieces on listeners gifted with the required portion of sensibility.

'Instrumental music possesses the high prerogative, not merely of expressing every sensation of the human heart, but also of portraying, in a manner universally intelligible, the incidents of social life, the glad and sad occurrences of earthly existence, its occupations and repose, its perfect tranquillity, nay, the very neighbourhoods and landscapes, better, more closely, and more home to the feelings, than Painting and Poetry can do it. And for this reason may it well be compared to a universal language. It does not, like vocal music, required the aid of words from any language whatever to make itself understood in the same sense and manner amongst all civilized communities on the face of the globe, and exercise the same influence on the heart and soul of nations differing the most widely, according to the object which the composer has in view. For example, dance-music is every where felt as a challenge to the dance: solemn serious music gives every one a solemn serious turn; soft harmonies excite soft sensations in every heart; wailing notes call forth sadness and sympathy in every bosom. Similar phenomena may also be observed with relation to the effects of particular instruments.

'The sublime stately playing of the organ will excite no feelings in any one: the trumpet is everywhere the instrument of war and jubilee: the horn summons to the chase, and awakens gay sensations: the sackbut is the friend of mourning and solemnity. At least these instruments, in their origin and according to their peculiar qualities, were destined to these ends, and (independently of their varied application to) music in its perfected shape) are still almost universally employed for them.'

After contending that the first musical instruments were attempts to imitate the voice, and quoting a few scriptural authorities as to their history, he proceeds as follows:—

'The composer then, who is thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar properties—the compass,

the power, the softness of each instrument, and can calculate their effects, is qualified to attain the most surprising and wonderful results by the skilful application of these properties; he has within his reach the means of producing a complete, animated, and intelligible poetry by instrumental music, without ever feeling the necessity for words. Many classical compositions prove this: above all, the masterpieces of the immortal Beethoven.

How distinctly, for example, in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphonies* are the daily occurrences and individual scenes of country life pictured to the listener? In the First Scene, a truly graphic description of a rural tranquilly-happy region, with animated things of every kind, with the tinkling bells of the flocks at pasture, the pipes of the herdsmen, the busy movements of the reapers and ploughmen, is represented in so lifelike a manner that the pencil of the best painter could not portray them with greater verisimilitude or truth.

The Second Scene, "at the brook" (am Bache), brings before us the stillness of the forest, the soft rippling of the brook, the splashing of the water, its quiet winding course, the song of birds—the cuckoo, the lark, the nightingale—with illusory exactness.

The approach and assembling of the shepherds and the country-people with their rustic music, which summons them to the dance—their dances, their harmless prattle, their lively jests, are given in the Third Scene of the Symphony precisely as they may be found in reality at the festive meetings of the country people.

In the Fourth Scene, the harmonious festivity of these rural pleasures is disturbed. A storm gradually gathers in the horizon: on a sudden it bursts forth majestically and pours down with fearful might. The exact representation of this wonderful natural phenomenon fills the listener with the same sensations by which his soul is penetrated during an actual storm—with terror and astonishment, and with admiration of the powers of the Almighty! for perhaps never by means of any other production of art were the four grand elements of storm—thunder and lightning, rain and wind, in their most fearful conjunction—so deceptively imitated, so deeply and thoroughly portrayed, as by this music!

And how strikingly is this confused conflict of the elements appeased! The storm gradually passes off and disperses, resounding weaker and weaker through the neighbourhood till it finally disappears; and here too the listener believes himself transported by the truth of the musical resemblance into the reality of the scene. Once again the composer shows his knowledge of men's feelings (which, after so fearful an escape, are absorbed in gratitude to Providence), when, in the glorious prayer, he portrays the people thanking God for his gracious protection, for his heavenly beneficence.

The high province of music to represent by tones the various incidents of life more clearly and impressively than any other art, as well as to excite and express the manifold feelings of the human heart—after the accurate and profound examination of so complete and masterly a composition, it were impossible to dispute.

In further confirmation of the above theory, I feel tempted to adduce some passages from the great Haydn's magnificent production *The Creation*. How fraught with expression, how true in the music, is the "escape of the troops of evil spirits into the depths of the gulf down to everlasting night!" How characteristically are the words—"Despair, rage, and terror accompany their

overthrow"—given back! But, above all, how impressively, with all the powers of music, does the composer delineate the moment—"and there was light"—called forth by the creative words "Let there be light!" At these words the orchestra breaks out in a truly electrical manner, producing an entire bewilderment. The listener feels the full impression which the actual happening of this awe-inspiring miracle of the Almighty would make upon him, and that sublime achievement is thus most speakingly and conceivably brought home to the senses of the earthly man, through this picturing by tones, in the only mode in which a sensible image of it could be presented to him.

It is impossible to analyse all the surpassing beauties and truthful touches of this ever-admirable masterpiece. All good judges will agree with me when I say that Haydn needed only to write this one work to lay the foundation of his exalted reputation for evermore.

Another masterpiece, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, makes present to the listener the pride of a ruler, the arrogance of a priest, paternal, maternal and filial affection, the gentle ties of love, the courage of a hero, a people's cry for vengeance, the pains of separation, the agonies of death, the exulting overflow of rapture at unhopèd-for salvation—all with such inimitable art, so incomparably complete, that the audience are on the very point of giving way under the excess of the storm of feelings excited in them.

As a musical representation of an incident of social life, Carl von Weber's composition, *The Summons to the Dance*, is remarkable for the truth and precision with which all the peculiarities and trifling occurrences of a ball are sketched: the invitation of the gentleman, the acceptance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation during the interval, the repetition of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat, with the grateful acknowledgments of the gentleman—all this accurately conveyed to the ear of the listener by the music.

After paying an equally high tribute to the same composer's *Der Freischütz*, he goes on:—

In the introduction to the *Norma* of Bellini may be found the representation of a neighbourhood in the most exalted style of art. Beginning with deep tones, it unfolds itself in gloom-inspiring harmonies, and truly reflects the impression which the gloom of an extensive wood produces on our feelings. Occasional glancing and disconnected tones appear to betoken light, breaking through the darkness of the grove; and thus is the first drop-scene of the opera—the grove of sacrifice—fitly delineated. Assuredly the striking qualities of this tone-picture will still more forcibly suggest themselves to the reader, when I mention the exclamation of a person deprived of sight, who, on first hearing this introduction, instantly exclaimed that the scene then actually represented on the stage must be a forest.

It is well known that the Crown Prince of Hanover is suffering under a temporary deprivation of sight, borne with a pious cheerful fortitude, which has endeared him tenfold to those who have been about him since the first approach of this calamity. As he playfully remarked to a friend of ours, "When nature butts up one sense, it be-

comes necessary to unbutton another ;' and, like Milton, he has found in music a never-failing solace and resource. This is the true key to the high-toned enthusiasm and profound spirit of devotion with which these pages are imbued ; and it also accounts for much which may seem over-wrought and exaggerated to those whose sensibilities have not been compressed into a comparatively narrow channel, nor their attention concentrated-perforce on the impressions received through the medium of a sense. He himself is doubtless the blind man who discovered the scene to be a forest ; and there is nothing at all surprising in the fact ; for with an ear cultivated to the highest degree of delicacy, a memory stored with images of natural beauty, and a heart overflowing with sympathy, the slightest, faintest train of association—a passage, note, or tone, indicating any one of the characteristic features of forest scenery—might suffice,—

'And as a fort to which beleag'ers win
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within ;
One clear idea, centred in the breast,
By memory's magic lets in all the rest.'

But when it is formally inferred, from anomalous instances of this kind, that a succession of sensible images, including both sounds with their varieties and landscapes with their details, may be brought home to the ordinary run (or even to any considerable class) of listeners, through the medium of instrumental music, our thoughts recur involuntarily to Dick Tinto's picture, or Lord Burleigh's nod, or those victims of Mesmerism who undertake to ascertain the contents of a long letter by sitting on it. Set a chosen body of connoisseurs to hear Beethoven's 'Symphony,' or Weber's 'Summons to the Dance,' for the first time, without telling them what the composer is aiming at, and we much doubt whether they will exclaim in chorus, or at the proper time, 'That is a troop of reapers, and that the rippling of the brook !' 'Now the storm is coming on, and now it is going off !' 'Now they are flirting between the dances, and now he is taking her back to her mamma !' To make the true scope and full merit of such pieces intelligible, they should be played, like Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, at a theatre with the accompaniment of scenery.*

* At this period, 1732, Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was performed, apparently without his sanction, by an English company of performers, at the Haymarket theatre, on which occasion it was acted like a play. This produced an announcement from Handel, in these terms ;—'June the 10th will be

Neither, with all due deference be it spoken, would such results tend to elevate the character of music—assuming them to be possible, which they are not. The grand object and highest prerogative of all the fine arts is, or ought to be, the same ; to present images of power, beauty, and sublimity, capable of expanding, refining, or elevating the mind ; and excite passions, feelings, affections, or emotions, corresponding with those which the most striking scenes in nature or the most touching passages of human existence might call up. Even in painting, necessarily the most imitative, mere facility of imitation is a vulgar quality at best ; and Parrhasius's curtain which his rival attempted to lift up, or the supposed door at Greenwich Hospital which visitors were wont to run against, rank far below the most outrageous libel on nature which Fuseli himself ever perpetrated. We would therefore rather rest the fame of the acknowledged masterpieces in musical composition, even those so judiciously selected as examples by the Crown-Prince, on the broad general impression produced by them, than on their imitative felicities. Handel must have felt prouder of the vague tumultuous feeling of awe and veneration called forth by the choruses in his *Messiah*, than of the resemblance discovered, or thought to be discovered, by critics between a passage in one of his serenatas and the walk of a giant ;* and the attempt to represent the sun standing still, in the oratorio of *Joshua*, almost reduces him to the level of the ingenious inventor (first brought into notice by the late Charles Mathews), who, to illustrate his scheme of imitative action, used to give his hands a rotary motion at the mention of the globe.

Haydn, again, has been frequently com-

performed *Acis and Galatea*, a serenata, revised, with several additions, at the Opera-house, by a great number of the best voices and instruments. There will be no acting on the stage ; but the scene will represent, in a picturesque manner, a rural prospect with rocks, groves, fountains, and grottoes, among which will be disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds, the habits and every other decoration suited to the subject." This charming serenata has been constantly performed, from Handel's time to the present, without any theatrical action. Some attempts have lately been made to bring it out as a regular opera—injudiciously, we think, as neither the structure of the story nor the style of the music are adapted for dramatic action. The proper way to perform it, undoubtedly, is that indicated by Handel himself—that is, without action, but with the picturesque-scenes and decorations which he describes.—*Musical History, Biography, and Criticism* : by George Hogarth—a work which we strenuously recommend to all lovers of music.

* See what ample strides he takes.—*Acis and Galatea*.

mended for representing the thing itself, where it would be much higher praise to say that he had simply called up the higher class of associations connected with it. For example:—

‘Haydn, in after-days, used to give a ludicrous account of the difficulties he met with in attempting to represent a sea-storm in this opera [*The Devil on Two Sticks*]. Neither the author of the words, who was Curtz himself, nor the composer, had ever seen the sea, and their notions of its appearance in a storm were necessarily somewhat vague. Haydn sat at the harpsichord, while Curtz paced about the room, and endeavoured to furnish the composer with ideas. “Imagine,” said he, “a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking—and then another mountain and another valley;—the mountains and valleys must follow each other every instant. Then you must have claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, and the noise of the wind; but, above all, you must represent distinctly the mountains and valleys.” Haydn, meanwhile, kept trying all sorts of passages—ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, “The deuce take the tempest—I can make nothing of it.” “That is the very thing!” exclaimed Curtz, delighted with the truth of the representation.”—*Hogarth’s Musical History*, vol. i. pp. 292, 293.

A man who had never seen the sea must have been a capital judge of the truth of the representation! No doubt a fine analogous effect was produced: but there cannot be a stronger instance of the impropriety of confounding such analogies with resemblances than this anecdote. The same remark may be applied to the famous passage in *The Creation*. ‘And there was light!’ The burst of a fine orchestra will seldom fail to produce an electrical rush of feeling, faintly reflective of the actual occurrence of the miracle; but the sole resemblance will be found to consist in the fulness and suddenness of the shock.

In allusion to the same composition, Mr. Hogarth observes:—

‘In the fine trio, “Most beautiful appear,” while the bass voice sings the words, “Upheaved from the deep, the immense leviathan sports on the foaming wave,” the lashing of the water by the animal’s tail is imitated by some *whisking* passages on the double-bass. Then we have the roar of the lion, the sudden leaps of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the whirl of the cloud of insects, and the sinuous crawling of the reptile. Nothing can be more ingenious than these imitative passages; but then they are *amusing*, which nothing ought to be in a work of this exalted class.”—vol. i. p. 311.

On the whole we are inclined to think that, when Locke’s blind man said that the sound of a trumpet suggested the idea of scarlet to his mind, he unconsciously pre-

scribed the precise limits within which the legitimate powers of the higher kind of music are confined; and composers would do well to take a lesson from poets in this particular, who occasionally indulge their ingenuity in making the sound an echo of the sense, when the nature of the subject admits of such displays,—as Falconer.

‘When great Mæonides with rapid song
The thundering tide of battle rolls along;’

or Pope:

‘When Ajax strives some rock’s vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow,
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o’er the unheeding corn, and skims along the main;’

but when the passions are to be moved or the feelings softened, nothing of the kind is ever attempted or attained, beyond that general harmony which is never wanting when the fusing power of genius has been at work.

The Prince concludes his remarks on instrumental music by claiming for it the peculiar property of addressing itself to each listener, and calling out his individual feelings, independently of and in addition to its general influence upon the mass. This is the very effect which the poet in the prologue to Goethe’s *Faust* is told to expect from a drama composed on popular principles. ‘Each one sees what he carries in his heart.’

Vocal music, which has a section or chapter to itself, is treated with the same taste and sensibility. At the earliest period to which history or tradition can go back, music was found married to immortal verse, and though they have been now divorced for two or three thousand years, neither of them has yet learnt to appear to full advantage when apart. This is the prince’s theory, most ably developed and gracefully expressed. His best and most forcible illustration is a piece of vocal music which richly merits all the praises that have been lavished on it.

‘In the Erl King of Goethe, set to music by Schubert, the fearful gloom in which the night veils the country is made present to us, and the shuddering sensation which an actual night-scene of the kind would excite in us is worked up to the highest pitch. The timorous urging and complaining of the child, the pacifying assurances of the father, the allurements of the unearthly voice of the spirit, the hurried tramp of the horse, the terrible shock of the father at discovering the death of his child—all these various periods could not be portrayed by music alone in so touching a manner as in this composition. The poem alone would fall short of such an effect, although by one of the greatest masters of any time or country.

The same might be said of many of our

finest pieces of lyric poetry, as set to music and originally sung by Mrs. Arkwright—Campbell's 'Hohenlinden,' or 'Battle of the Baltic,' for example, which certainly never fall with such a fulness of expression upon the ear or mind as when they are presented with the accompaniment. But then the music is made to play an unostentatious part, and like (Mr. Moore's songs in his own exquisite singing) it is as pieces of impassioned recitation that they please. This is incontestably proved by the fact, that persons who have not what is technically called an ear receive equal delight from them—perhaps greater, for their attention is more exclusively alive to the feeling inherent in the poetry. Indeed the first-rate composers, the men who stand on the table-land of genius with the great painters and poets who have earned their immortality, are perfectly conscious of this; and when their object is simply to give effect to poetry, their first care is to imbue themselves with its tone and spirit, instead of throwing off at once a succession of brilliant passages beneath which the verses must be crushed. It is currently related of Carl von Weber that he positively refused to set to work on a song in *Lalla Rookh*—'From Chindara's warbling fount I come'—until he had read the entire poem; and two curious anecdotes are told by Mr. Hogarth of Gluck, manifesting the extreme attention which he paid to the keeping of his music:—

'He was one day playing over to some of his friends the scene in *Iphigenia in Tauris*, where Orestes, left to himself in his prison, after a paroxysm of agitation, throws himself on a seat, saying, "Le calme rentre dans mon cœur." A person present thought he perceived a contradiction between this phrase and the accompaniment, which continued to be of an agitated character. "Orestes is calm," he said to Gluck,—"he says so." "He lies," exclaimed the composer, "he thinks he is calm while he is only exhausted; but the fury is always in his breast—he has killed his mother."

'Rousseau was a warm admirer of the genius of Gluck; on one occasion he remarked, that the great merit of this composer was his giving a distinct character to the airs of each of his personages; an attention which, however, had made him commit an anachronism in his opera of *Paris and Helen*. "The songs of *Paris*," said Rousseau, "have all the richness and effeminacy of Phrygian manners, while those of *Helen* are constantly grave and simple; but Gluck has forgotten that the Spartan severity of manners had its origin in the legislation of Lycurgus, and that Helen was born long before that time." This observation was communicated to Gluck. "I should be happy," he said, in answer, "if my works were always examined by such enlightened and scrupulous judges. M. Rousseau's reasoning is very ingenious, but I viewed the subject differently. Helen loved Paris; but I find in Homer that she endeavoured to elevate his mind and excite in him a love of glory. I see that she was esteemed by Hector; and the praise she drew

from the old men as she passed indicates as much respect for her character as admiration of her beauty. Thus, by giving her a simple and grave, but elegant style of singing, I do not mean to characterise a Spartan woman merely, but a high and generous soul."—vol. i. p. 287, 288.

What a contrast to the Italian and English composers of the day! who have acquired such a habit of disregarding the text, and manifested such hopeless incapacity for co-operating with genius, that the libretto of an opera is now conventionally regarded as a mere key to the intricacies of the plot; and should you chance to question the director or manager regarding the authorship, he would probably draw himself up with insulted dignity, and reply, like Mrs. Warren when asked who wrote the famous blacking-puffs once attributed to Lord Byron,—'Sir, we keeps a poet.'

This state of things may suggest an occasional doubt whether music be in fact entitled to dispute the point of procedure with poetry, but we are unwilling to engage in another controversy with the Prince, though perhaps the very highest compliment we can pay a royal author is to argue with him on a footing of equality; particularly when, like the royal author before us, he is so well qualified to hold his own. Still we prefer concluding with a passage in which our sympathies go completely along with him. It forms the introduction to some eloquent remarks on the *Manysidedness of Music*:—

'Much has been said already as to the *manysidedness* (*vielseitigheid*) of this art. But there is no more convincing proof how thoroughly music is the language of our feelings, how closely interwoven with our whole being, than the reflection, in how many ways and to what different purposes it is applied. The inhabitant of a civilised country may daily convince himself of this; he, however, has the jewel within his grasp, and often ceases to think about it, or does not know its value. But place a savage, who either had no previous acquaintance at all with the capabilities of music, or knew it only in its rudest, most unfinished state, in the capital of a European country—particularly on a Sunday—and let all the ordinary applications of music be brought before him. In the first place, go with him to church. He hears a Christian congregation proclaim the glory of God in solemn songs of praise, accompanied by the impressive harmonies of the organ; and, moved to his inmost soul, wrapped in

* In Stendhal's *Life of Rossini*, the theatre-poet, Tottola, is only introduced to be laughed at, though he seems to have been not destitute of originality, for he suggested the celebrated prayer preceding the passage of the Red Sea in *Mosé in Egitto*, before the addition of which the scene was uniformly the signal for general laughter. The comparative neglect of Purcell, perhaps the only English composer of note who has given English words their full and precise musical expression, is one of the worst systems of contemporary taste.

the deepest wonder, he will stand lost in admiration of the sublimity of this tribute to the Supreme Being. After divine service he repairs to the Parade, where he sees the troops exercised to the sound of military music, and the love of battle and the spirit of manhood are upstirred and inflamed in his breast, and he would fain press into the ranks of war. He is next taken to the palace of the sovereign, where he finds the joys of the table heightened by pleasing, inspiring music. On his return he sees a grand military funeral move majestically through the streets, and hears the solemn, wailing tones of the mourning music, mingled with the dead beat of the drum. In the evening he visits the theatre, and hears an opera, in which the music thoroughly corresponds with the action. By way of conclusion, he is conducted to a ball, where he sees a numerous society of dancers moving to the nicely-timed tones of stirring instruments. This savage, beside himself with wonder and admiration, would infallibly be brought to the conclusion that almost all the actions of the inhabitants of this capital—their doings, joys, and sorrows—are invariably accompanied by music. He would tell his friends in his native land, "I have discovered a people who can neither worship their God, nor carry on their wars, nor dine, nor dance, nor amuse themselves in society, nay, not even bury their dead, without music!" And this is actually the case with all civilised communities. Music has become every way indispensable to every one who knows its value, in all the circumstances of life.*

When some one said something of this sort to Dr. Johnson, he replied: 'Sir, I envy you the possession of a sixth sense; and a most enviable gift it must be admitted to be, even by those who are obliged to take its most exalted qualities upon trust. Again, in his dedication to Dr. Burney's History, Dr. Johnson characterises music as an art 'which the great may cultivate without debasement, and the good enjoy without depravation.' The work before us shows that, weighed in the strictest scales of reason or philosophy—and connoisseurship, enthusiasm, or partiality apart—it merits far higher praise; for it has not only been cultivated without debasement by the great, and enjoyed without depravation by the good, but it has been made the means, under Providence, of developing intellectual resources in which the fate of one of the most cultivated divisions of the great German nation is involved.

ART. VII.—*Lebensnachrichten über Barthold Georg Niebuhr, aus Briefen desselben und aus Erinnerungen einiger seiner nächsten Freunde.* Hamburg, 1838–9. 3 bände.

(Account of the Life of Barthold George Niebuhr, from his own Letters, and the Reminiscences of his intimate friends.)

We ventured to anticipate, in our notice of

M. Lieber's agreeable volume,* that the friends and admirers of so remarkable a writer as Niebuhr, the historian, would not be content with so brief and hasty a sketch of his life and personal character. The work before us consists chiefly of Niebuhr's own letters, connected and illustrated by passages of biography. As, however, various accidents, particularly the fire in his house at Bonn, has dispersed or destroyed considerable parts of his correspondence, the history of his life, and the development of his views and opinions, are by no means regular and complete. We are thankful, however, for that which we have. The biographer has executed his part of the task under the influence of strong reverence and regard, but by no means with that blind idolatry which would make us mistrust his judgment. The letters reveal to us that which we always welcome with satisfaction and delight—a man of very extraordinary intellectual gifts and attainments, equally eminent for all those estimable qualities which command respect and confidence in public life, as well as the ardent love and attachment of his own household, and a large circle of private and distinguished friends. The letters, though perhaps we may not go so far as M. Bunsen, who considers them the most important and valuable of our time, are written with great ease and freedom, perfectly unstudied, yet with much of Niebuhr's peculiar nervous and pregnant style, and give a very lively view of the character of the man, and, to a certain extent, of his times.

The biography of Niebuhr is by no means devoid of interest, as connected with the period in which he lived. The historian of Rome was no secluded scholar, amassing treasures of ancient knowledge in the library of a college, and holding intercourse merely with brother students and professors, or youths in a state of pupilage. He was employed in public affairs of trust and importance; he was the intimate friend and counsellor of some of the first statesmen in Germany; he had great practical acquaintance with business, particularly with finance. In short, though the man of letters was that character to which he was predisposed by his inclinations, which he yearned after when more busily employed, and retreated upon with the most sincere satisfaction, yet during a great part of his life it was only subordinate to his high public functions. His vast scheme for the reconstruction of Roman history was first conceived, and for some time followed out, in intervals of repose from official duties of laborious detail and calcu-

* See Quarterly Review, Vol. LV.

lation. Nor was his life confined to one place or one circle. In his youth he visited many countries, among the rest England and Scotland; and, as is well-known, he resided for several years at Rome. But perhaps the most stirring and amusing part of his biography to the general reader, will be the period of peril and confusion through which he lived in the country which had adopted him, and to which he was attached with the ardour of a native. Throughout the vicissitudes which befel Prussia during the war—her subjugation, her enforced subservience, her assertion of independence—Niebuhr was present, and involved in the perils and afflictions of the times. Nor can it be uninteresting or unimportant to see how that common scourge of mankind; war, personally affected the peace, the comforts, the studies, the domestic happiness, as well as the public functions, of a man of the character and in the position of Niebuhr; the inconveniences and miseries which are entailed on individuals by that game, which, as Cowper well says,—

‘Were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at’—

we would add, nor subjects either of any one restless and ambitious state, if mankind would be governed by its real interests—to appeal to no higher motive—rather than by its blind and disastrous passions.

Barthold George Niebuhr was the son of Karsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller in Arabia. The younger Niebuhr wrote a life of his father, from which the small tract in the ‘Library of Useful Knowledge’ was composed by that accomplished lady who seems to enjoy the almost exclusive prerogative of translating German into genuine, perspicuous, and agreeable English. The elder Niebuhr and his wife, a daughter of Blumenburg the physician, were Germans by birth. His Arabian travels had been performed under the auspices and at the expense of the Danish court, whose able and intelligent minister, Count Bernstorff, had set this example to more powerful and wealthy sovereigns, of encouraging geographical and scientific inquiry. On his return from his travels, Niebuhr remained, as an officer of engineers, in the service of the King of Denmark, and nine years after (A.D. 1776) his illustrious son was born at Copenhagen. In 1778 his father received an appointment as district-secretary (*land-schreiber*) at Meldorf, the capital of the old republic of Dithmarschen, a province which retained many vestiges of its ancient free institutions. In a large old-fashioned house in the midst of that vast cultivated morass,

as flat and treeless as the sands of Arabia, this adventurous and enterprising traveller closed his days, and the future historian passed the first years of vivid youthful impression in this dreary and monotonous habitation. He was long, he acknowledges, insensible to the beauty of natural scenery. At Edinburgh he had some dawning perception of the sublime in nature, but his mind awakened but slowly to any feeling of the soft, the genial, and the graceful. Their mode of living was plain and simple: the elder Niebuhr never abandoned the rigid and abstemious habits of his more active prime. An occasional visitor, either a friend or some one attracted by the fame of the traveller, alone broke the dull uniformity of their society, which sometimes for months, or for a whole year, consisted of the clergy and government officers of the district—no very intellectual class. Fortunately, however, when Barthold was between five and six years old, Boie, the editor of the ‘*Deutsche Museum*,’ settled at Meldorf as governor (*landvogt*) of the province; and Boie brought with him into that dreary and secluded region the inestimable treasure of an excellent library, rich in German, French, and English literature. Boie was struck with the early intelligence and assiduity of the child. A slight anecdote shows how early that great endowment of an historian, with which Niebuhr was so highly gifted, an accurate and retentive memory, began to develop itself. When he was about seven years old, Boie read to him ‘*Macbeth*.’ He was struck with the profound impression it seemed to make on the boy. Boie endeavoured to make him understand the poem, and took pains (perhaps unnecessary pains) to explain that the witches were not real personages. The child sat down and wrote on some pages the whole story, without leaving out a single incident, and without any notion of receiving praise for what he had done. He began to cry when his father wished to see the paper, from fear of being found to have done it inaccurately. From that time he acquired the habit of writing down the conversations of his father and Boie. He was by nature a gay and playful child; but his mother’s constitution began early to suffer from the damp and insalubrious air of the low district, and Niebuhr had inherited her constitution and temperament. The buoyancy of his youthful spirits was repressed by ill health: he withdrew from the more noisy and bustling amusements of childhood, and became a quiet and thoughtful child.

His imagination, which in this dreary and sullen region had no external objects of ex-

citement, was powerfully stirred by the conversation of his father on the adventures of his early life. 'He was all ear when his father related to him his travels, and endeavoured to bring before him not only the geography and history, but the life, manners, and customs of the East. He described the vast and gorgeous buildings till the fancy of the child was crowded with endless images of grandeur and majesty.' His imagination formed the narrative of his father into real and living pictures, and peopled them with settlers whose life and habits he adapted to these poetic regions. Even in his later youthful years he indulged in these dreams; and his castle-building consisted in settling colonies in those countries, and framing ideal constitutions for them. Niebuhr, it is said, from the boldness and activity of his imagination, doubted whether his natural vocation was that of poet or historian; but the damp and fogs of the Ditmarschen were little congenial to the poetic faculty, and his education scarcely more so.

His extraordinary aptitude, however, for learning languages was favoured by circumstances. Danish and German were spoken in his family. He acquired from his father, from books, and from other fortunate opportunities, his knowledge of French and English. In Latin he made so much progress in the lower department of the 'gelehrte schule,' that the panting usher (no great clerk as it should appear) 'toiled after him in vain.' Greek he began at eight years old; but in the learned languages he attained his perfection in the upper department of the same grammar school, under Jäger, a preceptor of very high character. His first attempts at Arabic, under his father, were not very successful. We transcribe the following list of languages which he gradually acquired, and out of the treasures of which he gathered his vast and multifarious knowledge:—1. German, considered his native language; 2. Latin; 3. Greek; 4. Hebrew, learned at school. At Meldorf he acquired—5. Danish; 6. English; 7. French; 8. Italian. From some books cast ashore in the neighbourhood he taught himself—9. Portuguese; 10. Spanish. In Kiel and Copenhagen he had an opportunity of speaking and writing French, English, and Danish. From the Austrian minister at Copenhagen, Count Ludolph, who was born in Constantinople, he acquired—11. Persian; 12. Arabic, self-taught, perhaps with some reminiscences of his father's earlier instruction. In Holland he learned—13. Dutch. In Copenhagen (later)—14. Swedish, and some Icelandic. In Memel—15. Russian; 16. Sla-

vonian; 17. Polish; 18. Bohemian; 19. H-lyrian. If we add 'Low German,' (Plat-deutsch,) on the whole, twenty languages. His father subjoins to this account of his son's accomplishments—'You will pardon this pouring forth of my heart about my son, but I will not boast.'

One of the first great political occurrences which excited the interest of the younger Niebuhr, during the treacherous tranquillity which Europe enjoyed between the close of the American contest and the outbreak of the French Revolution, was the Turkish war of 1787-8. The fancy of the youth was already full of Oriental images, and his mind stored with knowledge of the geography and manners of the East; and this war seized so vividly on his imagination, that 'he not only talked about it aloud in his dreams, but fancied that he was reading newspapers with intelligence from the seat of war. All this he related in the morning, so well arranged, and with such knowledge of the localities, that he in general found a confirmation of his visions in the newspapers when they arrived.' The biographer modestly disclaims for Niebuhr any supernatural gift of prophecy, but adduces it merely as a proof of the vivid manner in which all he heard and learned dwelt upon his imagination, and the extraordinary powers of combination which distinguished his understanding. We are, however, told, that he displayed this remarkable gift of divination throughout the early part of the French Revolution. He not merely anticipated the events of the war, but of the popular commotions, the plans, objects, and designs of the leading individuals and conflicting parties. The experienced statesman, Count Bernstorff, expressed his astonishment at this precocious judgment in so young a man: with such acuteness and justice had he appreciated the character of the French people, and of their more eminent men. Mirabeau, of course, was to him, as he is to us all, the great historical problem of the times; and the admiration of Carnot, which continued throughout Niebuhr's life, was implanted at a very early period.

The French Revolution breaking out during the early youth of Niebuhr, could not but influence his political opinions, though, according to his biographer, those opinions were already formed, to which he adhered during his active and varied life.

'Though a subject of the most profound interest, the French Revolution produced a very different effect on his prophetic mind than it did on most of his youthful and many of his older contemporaries, who beheld the dawn of a golden age of freedom, and a general advancement of the human race. Some, indeed, were so far carried away by their

enthusiasm as to consider the most hateful and atrocious events as lamentable indeed, but necessary processes of transition to the great regeneration. Whoever has lived through that time will remember with grief the universal excitement in all minds—the divisions which took place between persons of opposite views—the lofty tone with which the more enthusiastic in their language and writings branded men of different opinions as benighted and servile—the feuds between friends and in families. Niebuhr had read history with a deep seriousness, very uncommon at his age, and early anticipated the operation and effects of the popular commotions. The atrocities of anarchy and mob government, which came out in such revolting reality in that revolution, filled him with profound anguish and gloomy anticipations of the fate of the rest of the world. A well-ordered liberty, obtained by legitimate means, by self-sacrifice and firmness, was that which he ever held in honour; and for this reason the plebeians of Rome stood so high in his estimation, because by these means they had won their liberties and established their constitution. But even then he had a cordial hatred for every thing which could lead to lawlessness, to the destruction of civil order, to the tyranny of the demagogue or of the people. He beheld in that the seeds of future barbarism.”—pp. 22, 23.

Niebuhr left the school at Meldorf, but continued his studies, with one interval of interruption, from his fifteenth to his eighteenth year, under the learned rector. During that interval he had been placed under a Professor Büsch at Hamburg; but though the reputation of Büsch stood high, his instruction seems to have been unacceptable to Niebuhr, and by no means to have answered the expectations of his parents. At Meldorf Niebuhr enjoyed the advantage of the society of some learned men, who visited his father and his friend Boie, particularly that of the scholar and translator of Homer, Voss, who had married a sister of Boie. Voss could not but be struck by the diligence and attainments of young Niebuhr, and gave him some of that inappreciable encouragement which is of so much importance to a young and ardent mind, from one who has attained a high station in the literary republic. Niebuhr continued, as appears from some of his later letters, to have retained a very sincere and grateful attachment to Voss.

The father had cherished the hope that the son would follow his own footsteps, and become distinguished as a traveller. When that scheme was abandoned, he entertained the wish of training him for diplomacy. Hence, notwithstanding the advantages he enjoyed, Niebuhr was disposed to complain in later life, that his youthful education had been desultory, and without fixed plan; that many of his natural endowments were not cultivated and developed; and that he was left after all to strike out his own path in the intellectual world. But, as his biographer observes—who can calmly look back

on his youth, and believe that there has been such a sagacious study and perfect insight into his natural disposition, that all his faculties shall have received that precise degree of culture which would have been necessary for their full maturity? On the whole, Niebuhr appears to have been a youth of great promise, but of peculiar character—vehement and resolute, as in later life, of a strongly affectionate disposition, and fervent attachments to the objects of his love, with much diligence and assiduity, extraordinary memory, an imagination not so much creative as disposed to theorise on matters of fact. He had a precocious passion, we are told, for statistical details.

‘He was preserved from the great dangers of a promising youth: from vanity by the good sense of both his parents, by his innate disposition to get to the bottom of all knowledge, and his contempt for superficial pretension; from pride—for though he possessed unbounded self-confidence, and the consciousness of ability—the lofty example of ancient and modern greatness which he had set up for his admiration, and, it may be added, the simple dignity of his father’s character, prevented any unbecoming assumption. Of all things through life he abhorred affectation and untruth.’

The nameless biographer may perhaps have thrown back, as it were, the reflection of Niebuhr’s more mature character on his early years; for the weakly constitution which he inherited from his mother, and frequent sicknesses, must, to a certain degree, have retarded the development of his understanding. In his eighteenth year, he was sent to the university of Kiel, and his correspondence commences with his residence in that city. We shall endeavour, as far as possible, to make Niebuhr his own biographer, and to express his thoughts, sentiments, and opinions in his own language. The home-sickness which had shortened his dull ungenial residence in Hamburg, was soon allayed by the exciting intellectual pursuits and the pleasing society which he found in Kiel. Even the country about Kiel, though we suspect that it would not make a very agreeable impression on a stranger from more sunny and picturesque climes, appeared in pleasant contrast to the marshes of Meldorf. ‘I went out to walk (says his first letter), and was delighted, even to melancholy, with the beautiful country, the blue sea, the flowery meadows, the green woods, and many nightingales.’

Hensler an eminent physician at Kiel, had been the friend of his father. In his family the young Niebuhr was received on the footing of the utmost intimacy. The females of the circle were the wife of Hensler, an accomplished woman, the widow of his son, and afterwards her sisters. Niebuhr complains of his constitutional shyness in female

society; but this soon wore off in the family of Hensler; one of the sisters, of whose daughter-in-law inspired his first tender passion and afterwards became his wife. Of several of the professors at Kiel the names are still remembered with respect among German men of letters,—Cramer, professor of jurisprudence, Hegewisch of history, and Reinhold of dialectics and metaphysical and moral philosophy. The young student's first attention was directed to metaphysical inquiry, over which Kant now ruled supreme, though some of his followers, especially Fichte, had already begun to rebel, and to rush past his more sober conclusions. His writings had given a strong impulse to the study:—

‘Of philosophical works, which I do not understand, I have more than abundance. Since I have found that Fichte has begun to vindicate the justice of revolutions brought about by violence, which Kant and Reinhold abhor, and deny the obligation of compacts, I begin to fear that men have begun to misuse the mysteries of philosophy—(those mysteries, from which I expected and hoped, and still do expect and hope, for conclusions and answers on the most all-important subjects)—or with doctorous skill may misuse them to support the most fearful sophisms, and then, when philosophy itself is turned against law and civil order, and the strength of the populace is supported by the dazzling glitter of these false conclusions, what remains for us but death, to escape their united tyranny! I yearn after my old and most intimate friends, to whom I owe all my reflections, at least on such subjects—Aristotle and Cicero. Were it but mine to attain even the imperfect wisdom of the latter, and to express it with some of his majesty!’—p. 41.

This is a striking sentence from Niebuhr, and from Niebuhr at eighteen. In another passage, he expresses his determination to penetrate into the sense of the Critical Philosophy (Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*), and when he can once discover the way, to follow it out without intermission, till he has either found out the truth, or the impossibility of finding it. We soon, however, hear him asserting that his true vocation is history, and that his philosophical inquiries will be only of use as subsidiary to that study. Already, indeed, he is astonishing Hensler with his bold speculations, then much more original than at present, on the origin and affiliation of the different nations of the earth, on the early Grecian history, and other kindred investigations. His studious ambition was boundless.

‘My head swims when I think what I have yet to learn—Philosophy, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Natural History, a complete knowledge of history, perfect acquaintance with German and French; the Roman law, as far as I can; and, at least to some extent, the constitutions of Europe, the advanced study of antiquities; and all this in five years!’—p. 48.

He complains, however, that the attendance on lectures broke up his day, and distracted him from those studies, which he felt conscious that he might have pursued with undisturbed attention, and therefore greater advantage, at home.

‘Wieland (he says) was half a year at the university, and wrote verses during the lectures. Klopstock did not go near them; they did harm to Lessing. The first law which I would make would be this, that every young man who in his twentieth year should give in an essay, to be very severely judged (on my plan, an original view of some branch of knowledge), should be free from all academic restraint. For the rest I would have monastic discipline.’—p. 55.

At the university he formed the acquaintance of several distinguished men—Jacobi, Schlosser, the two Stolberge, Baggesen. His most intimate friends, however, were Conrad Hensler, cousin-german to his father's friend, the physician, and Count Moltke, whose warm attachment he retained and cherished through life. His correspondence with Moltke—contained in the first hundred pages of the second volume—shows more of his genuine, frank, and ardent character than the letters which relate to the same period in the first part. Moltke aspired to be a poet, but though Niebuhr entertained high hopes of some of his poems (as to others he was more calm and critical), and ventured on a friendly prediction that they would last as long as the language, they are, we believe, at present entirely forgotten. Niebuhr's academic career was interrupted, after two years, by a very flattering offer of the private secretaryship to the Danish minister of finance, Count Schimmelmann. This appointment he owed, at least as much to his own high character, as to his father's reputation. By his father's advice he accepted the post for a limited period—a year or a year and a half—in order that he might be at liberty, if, as his father anticipated from his character, he should prefer to retire from active employment and the great world, to secluded study, and the pursuits of learning.

In Copenhagen he was received into the house of the minister, who treated him with the utmost kindness and confidence. That house was the centre of the first society, in intellect as well as rank, in the Danish capital. But the pleasures of society seemed to Niebuhr to be dearly bought by the waste and dissipation of that time which he was anxious to devote to serious study. His duties as secretary involved him in many matters of great importance. The minister entrusted to his care the investigation into the whole administration of the poor and the charities of the city; and the countess, a

sickly lady of fashion, at first (though as a sensible woman, she soon learned to respect the solid character of Niebuhr.) seemed to consider the secretary an indispensable attendant at all her parties. Though he loved Schimmelman, he yearned for quiet, for opportunities of calm meditation and study.

'Every one says to me, how fortunate you are to live with such a man—to pass such a pleasant life, with all that can interest the mind in the whole city; and all this so young!—And I myself feel that there is much very delightful in this, but the *real* is wanting.' 'Our assemblies,' he writes to Moltke, 'especially the great, stiff, lifeless, and very distinguished parties, though happily they are not very frequent, distress me most.'

During this period he discusses, in a letter to the Henslers (p. 91), the tempting plan of a diplomatic appointment for which he had been named at Paris. He weighs with singular prudence and acuteness the probable advantages and disadvantages of such a situation to his intellectual and moral character—the acquaintance with a new country—the chances of travelling in France, intercourse with literary men, the command of the great libraries of Paris—against the dangers of being absorbed in business, involved in violent political opinions, and almost forcibly diverted from the calmer studies on which he had set his heart. Instead of this more brilliant appointment (which was eventually given to one of his competitors), he accepted the place of supernumerary secretary (at first without stipend) in the royal library at Copenhagen. His friend, the minister, however, as a kind of compensation, promised that the government should bear the expenses of his travels in such parts of Europe as might appear advisable. He had visions of an extensive tour in England, France, and Italy. The Roman history had already, it is clear, seized upon his imagination. The scenes which he is most earnestly anxious to visit are Pompeii, 'the treasury of Roman private life; Rome, the city of wonders; the fields of Cannæ and Thrasymene, of Croton and Metaurus; the passes and ravines of the Apennines between Campania and Samnium.'—(p. 101).

But we must not pass over the pleasing episode of his first and prosperous love. Two successive visits to the Henslers confirmed the favourable impression made upon his heart by 'Amelie,' the sister of the younger Madame Hensler. The course of true love in this case ran smooth enough: the Henslers favoured his suit, the young lady returned his affections, his parents gave their consent; and to judge, not merely from his ardent descriptions of her charms,

and of her accomplishments, but from the manly, respectful, yet tender tone of his letters to her, she must have been worthy of his choice. We shall not extract any of this correspondence, though we know few love-letters which would better bear to be quoted, so full of strong feeling, yet without the least tinge of sickly sentimentality. But the following passage in a letter to Count Moltke is too characteristic to be omitted:—'Amelie has the mind of a Roman—and this was always my ideal of the wife of a citizen,—pride, spirit, unbounded love, the coyest modesty, unchangeable constancy, and gentleness. Such have I found, in all history, the Roman matrons alone—the Calpurnias, Portias, and Arrias; and soft, tender, weak maidenheartedness would neither elevate nor strengthen my mind.' (vol. ii. p. 28.)

It was determined that Niebuhr should travel before his marriage; but, in 1798, war which closed France and Italy against the peaceful traveller, which had disturbed the greater part of Germany, and even threatened to approach the peaceful borders of Holstein, seemed hovering with its thunderclouds over every part of Europe. Even England was not considered altogether secure. It is curious to look back on that which appeared *possible* in those times to an intelligent and observant foreigner.

'I will acknowledge'—writes Niebuhr to his Amelie, in February, 1798,—'that I have entertained the same doubts of the practicability and expediency of this journey to England. An invasion is not so improbable; and to go to England, when all the men whom I wish to know, or would study as examples, or might have seen and conversed with as persons of decided importance, should be either fugitives, or stunned by the calamity, or should have wandered from the right course, or become traitors; when the whole bloom and life of the country and nation, with all its thousand roots and branches—that wonderful spectacle—should have withered or been hewn down; when all the social bonds of the state and nation should be severed, her constitution, her laws, and peculiarities effaced; when all seats and treasures of instruction and learning should be closed or plundered; to visit England at such an epoch, to see the odious and frightful scene of a maddened and disorganised people; or that which is not less revolting, the establishment of French power in the midst of a nation so long its foe and rival, however extraordinary, important, and never-to-be-forgotten might be such a scene, I still should not think that it would reward me, to incur personal danger, for the purpose of nearly observing such an event.'—p. 136.

Niebuhr arrived in England in July, 1798. Unfortunately, the letters written to his parents from this country were all burned. In these he entered into the main object of his journey, the acquisition of an in-

intimate acquaintance with the constitution, laws, manners, commerce; in short, with the public and private life of England. His opinions of men and of literature, the little which we can glean from his more private and confidential letters to his 'Amelie,' make us regret the more this irreparable loss. He arrived, however, in London at an unfortunate time, the beginning of July. The 'season' did not in those days trespass so largely on the summer. Even men in active life retired to the country while the trees were yet in full leaf; and parliament did not patiently wait till it was compulsorily prorogued by the commencement of a more serious occupation of grouse-shooting. He found a few distinguished men, chiefly oriental travellers and scholars, with whom his father's fame secured him a welcome reception—Major Rennell, Dr. Russell (author of the 'History of Aleppo'), Marsden, Charles Wilkins, one of our earliest and best Sanscrit scholars. The libraries of Sir Joseph Banks and of Dalrymple, as well as that of the Museum, were open to him. But even these resources gradually failed; one by one his more distinguished acquaintances returned into the country. Timidity or false modesty made him neglect the opportunity of presenting himself to Mr. Windham, the only one of the remarkable political men of the day to whom he had letters of introduction.

The public sights he considered not worth the time or the money—Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Astley's, and the Royal Circus—but he saw and appreciated Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*. The grandeur of St Paul's does not appear to have impressed him. His taste for the fine arts was by no means formed, nor was it, we believe, ever very great. His imperfect eyesight (he acknowledges) prevented him from appreciating or enjoying sculpture. Painting gave him more pleasure (in Italy, at a later period, he probably greatly improved both his taste and love for this art). For music he had no feeling. He paid due honour to the monuments of great men in Westminster Abbey, but complains of the nameless and undistinguished men who have found their way into the honoured company, and the balderdash which is read upon the walls—'One has set up a Hebrew inscription over his daughter; another, an Abyssinian, I believe over his wife. Chatham has an unmeaning, overloaded, allegorical monument; Sydney and Russell none; on Milton's, the worthy who put it up describes himself with all his titles in many lines.—Milton is just mentioned.'

After all this very hasty and imperfect view of England and of English society, he

went to Edinburgh, where he resided a longer time. There is the same deficiency in his account of the northern metropolis, which we should have regretted the more, if he had been admitted into the intimate acquaintance of the philosophers and men of letters in Scotland. His time, however, was chiefly passed in study, in social intercourse with a few undistinguished young men, and in the family of a gentleman of the name of Scott. Mr. Scott had been a friend of his father's in the East, and boasted that he had once saved Niebuhr's life, when a native chief had entertained serious thoughts of putting him and his friends to death as 'magicians.' The elder Niebuhr had either forgotten or was not fully aware of the service which had been rendered him by Mr. Scott, who seems to have been a kind, quiet, and cautious northern, of regular, and, as Niebuhr expresses it, of 'rather pedantically' religious habits, but of no great intellectual powers or attainments. Niebuhr attended the lectures of Professor Robison and of Dr. Hope. The former he describes as a man with his head always full of crotchets. With the lectures of the latter on chemistry he was greatly pleased. At a later period he heard those of Dr. Rutherford on botany, and of Mr. Coventry on agriculture. Partly, it should seem, from shyness, partly from accidental circumstances, he did not profit so much, as for his sake we should have wished, from the kindly advances of Professor Playfair. He describes, however, one evening walk with that amiable and distinguished person in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, when the professor explained to him his geological system, and impressed him with a very strong sense of his powers, his originality, his eloquence, and his knowledge. He made a short excursion into the Lothians, and visited an experimental farm of Coventry's, and one or two other agriculturists of different classes. The weather and other circumstances induced him to abandon a plan of walking through the Highlands; but he paid a visit to Mr. Grant of Redcastle, near Inverness. This is but a meagre summary of his visit to Great Britain; but this, it is to be remembered, is gleaned entirely from letters to his 'Amelie,' which are, of course, chiefly filled with topics more interesting to her,—his own personal feelings, views, opinions, and prospects of future life. These letters indeed, it appears, have, not very judiciously, been cooled down by the suppression of the more tender and endearing passages, so as to read somewhat too business-like and matter-of-fact for an ardent lover. His love to Amelie was the talisman which

preserved the high moral tone of his mind, and guarded him against those dangers, no inconsiderable ones according to his honest and prudent friends the Scots, which in those days of loose opinions and not very rigorous practice, environed a young man, cast alone amongst strangers in a great capital. It must be acknowledged that the rigorism of the Scotch religious observances made no very favourable impression on his mind: 'They observe all the ordinances of their church, and curse the infidels, deists, and atheists, with that fervour of soul which considers heaven its special privilege. In short I can no longer find fault with Hume for treating the Presbyterians of Charles I.'s time with severity and contempt.'—In those days, no doubt, all foreigners were in bad repute with the more austere part of the community, who had taken unreasonable alarm at doctrines of the *illuminati* and the excesses of the French Revolution. 'Are you in earnest,' said one person to Niebuhr, with great astonishment, at some opinions which he had expressed favourable to religion, 'in what you say? We thought that *all* German scholars, were *atheists*; we cannot help wondering at your conversation.' Which of these did the other the greater injustice? Niebuhr suspects that a great part of the strong religious feeling of the Scotch is hypocrisy; and he is set down for an atheist because he is a German! When will men learn that religion may show itself by different effects, and speak a different language in persons of different mind and character?

There is something striking in the manner in which the young Niebuhr treats his attachment to Amelie, not merely as a chastening and ennobling principle, but one which is to excite his ambition of intellectual perfection, in order that he may be more worthy of her to whom he aspires.

The following passage about a very strange person, now perhaps almost forgotten, will be read with interest:—

'I have been reading the biography of a singular man—a Mr. Taylor, of London. . . . An unprecedented philosophical mysticism, derived from the Platonists, had made him a strong polytheist and disciple of the mystic interpretation of the Greek popular religion—a sort of monomania, which appears with a certain degree of grandeur in his translations of the Greek philosophers, and his own writings, particularly his poetry. Now this man entered into an engagement in his earliest youth; and the maiden, who was the object of his first and only love, became his wife, since her parents wished to force her to a more wealthy marriage. They lived for more than a year on seven shillings a week, which he earned by writing; and although their condition was afterwards somewhat improved, want was their companion for many years, without

bowing his spirit. Taylor had much obstinacy, but likewise much firmness. But I rejoiced in our destiny, that we were not born in this country. A similar fate might have awaited us; for the sin of not being rich is here only atoned for by the endeavour to become so;—[this is a curious anticipation of an expression which has been much cavilled at in our shrewd friend Mr. Sydney Smith;]—and he who without this endeavour would live by his genius, if he does not get a pension from a great man or from the government, for which he must forswear his freedom and dignity of character, may commend himself to Heaven.'

He is indeed a great man among us who dares, and is not ashamed, to be poor.

Niebuhr, however, it must be added, looked back to his visit to England with greater satisfaction than we might expect from these desultory notices. He considered that he had acquired much sound and useful knowledge, especially with regard to commerce and finance, and strengthened the practical and business-like turn of character, which was wanting to correct his studious and speculative propensities. For the English nation he entertained the most profound respect: if he found them deficient in warmth, confidence, and strong attachment, he admired their manly, practical, and energetic spirit; their vigorous consistency, which contrasted with the irresolution and indolence of the German character. There was more solidity, less superficial pretension. 'Of all foreign nations, the English were those with whom he most willingly contracted permanent friendships; among no nation had he so many friends.'

'I know no nation,' he writes to Moltke, 'to which I would rather belong as a citizen than to the English; not merely on account of the constitution, but from the pleasure I experience in the laborious and active spirit, the strong and straightforward understanding of the thinking men, and the remarkable and general cultivation of the middling classes in the towns, perhaps in the country, which might put to shame many a poring scholar and many a richly educated and finely-polished man of rank.'

On his return to Denmark he obtained two, not very lucrative, places, as secretary to a commission for the affairs of Barbary, and as assessor to the board of commerce with the East Indies; and in 1800 was united to his Amelie. 'Happiness,' in his own language, 'was too tame an expression for the result of that union.' He soon after had the offer of a professorship in the university of Kiel: this he declined at first, being unwilling to stand in the way of Zoega, one of the earliest and most learned of the students of the Egyptian antiquities; but as Zoega could not leave Rome, he accepted it. He continued to reside in Copenhagen, where his peaceful occupations and domestic

happiness were suddenly disturbed by the appearance of Nelson and his fleet before the city. His letters, descriptive of the state of the city—the hopes and fears, the sorrows, and the desolation, are singularly interesting. It is then alone that we enter fully into the excitement and terrors of such events, when we know how they affect individuals.

‘I went to my office,’ he writes on the 30th April, ‘to superintend the packing up of the archives: as I went along, and in the office, I heard news of two or more English ships which had grounded, and were firing so furiously lest they should be boarded. The firing increased with redoubled violence: about half-past two it slackened, and only single shots fell. I went out again’ [his own residence was in a remote and secure part of the town] ‘to get intelligence. There was a moody stillness in the streets. I heard only sullen single shots. I accidentally fell in with an officer, who was speaking of a bomb which had fallen near him and burst. Some people were at the corner of the street reading a placard, which gave orders what they were to do in case of bombardment. I returned in some consternation to my home, and heard single shots which now were distinctly bombs.’

The news of the event of the battle, and of all its details, now arrived; the whole city was in consternation—the streets empty: they could not, however, but feel pride in the valour with which the defence had been maintained. The Danes indeed had fought nobly: they had been taken by surprise; and if their skill had been equal to their courage, the event might have been more doubtful.

‘Nelson himself acknowledges, that in all the battles in which he had been engaged, he had never seen anything to compare to it. His loss was greater than at Aboukir. It is a battle to be compared with Thermopylæ. But Thermopylæ laid open Greece to desolation.’

In the ship of Captain Cofoed, he and one man alone escaped unwounded. It is said there were eight men remaining when he desired them to cease firing: they begged him to let them fire one gun more: as they fired, six were struck down, and he himself was knocked down and stunned by a spent ball. Nelson’s ship lay abreast of them; and they congratulated themselves that he would recollect that he had fought against them. Nelson’s letter is given more simply, and therefore better than in Southey’s life:—

“To the Danish Government.—I have taken seven batteries, and shall be obliged to burn them if no arrangement takes place. But I wish to spare the effusion of human blood.” From the brave

* Niebuhr gives, as one of the hearings of the day, that this offer of truce was not dictated by the lofty motive of humanity; that Nelson felt himself in great danger. But this is contradicted by his own account:—If the *Tre Kronen* (the battery) had been in good condition, and the Danes could have continued the battle, this might have been the case.

Englishmen to their brethren the brave Danes. Horatio Nelson.”

‘The aspect of the city was fearful. Every where solitude; only carts with effects which people wished to place in security; the stillness of the grave; weeping faces; the full expression of the bleeding wound of a defeat. I can only hint at the bringing in of the wounded and the dead, and all the scenes of anguish.’—p. 295.

But all the fervour of Niebuhr’s patriotism could not lead him to dissemble his sorrow at the part in which, however involuntarily, Denmark was engaged:—

‘We might win glory indeed, if our endeavours were crowned with success, and, in the east sea, give to this sea-ruling Athens a shock which she would not easily recover, like that which Athens suffered in the bay of Syracuse. But for whose advantage are we shedding our blood—who will reap the fruits of our perils and trials? To think of this, to consider our history in this point of view, is so bitter, that we cannot dwell upon the thought.’—*To Moltke*, v. ii, p. 39.

The five years, from 1801 to 1805, present almost a blank in Niebuhr’s correspondence. He rose rapidly to situations of higher trust and confidence; and at last became so involved in business, as to leave but little time for his literary studies. At the earlier period, however, he made himself master of Arabic, and surprised his father with a translation of part of *El Wakidi’s History of the Conquest of Irak*. We find him employed on a dissertation on the Agrarian system of the Romans—its divisions, colonization, agriculture—which he conceives that he comprehends more clearly than had as yet been done. Towards the end of 1805 he received a very flattering and honourable offer to enter the finance department of the Prussian service. It was a great and promising advancement; and in Copenhagen he had felt himself, at this time, much hurt by the promotion of a young man of high birth over his head; but he could not persuade himself to leave his native country without deep regret. The negotiation was suspended for a time by a change in the Prussian government—the retirement of Count Hardenberg, and the rumour of an alliance between Prussia and France. Niebuhr had a strong aversion to the French government and policy, and apprehended that Prussia might be engaged in hostile measures against Denmark. This fear being removed by the assurances of the new minister, Count Haugwitz, Niebuhr accepted the employment, and from that time became a German.

He adopted his new country in fearful times: scarcely had he been a few days in Berlin when the French invasion broke up all his visions of advancement and literary

labour. The battles of Jena and Auerstadt tried the fidelity even of the native subjects of Prussia. The first letter in the present part of the correspondence is that of a fugitive from Berlin, now in the occupation of the French army: it is addressed to his parents from Stettin, the first place of his retreat:—

‘My letter, which I hope you have received, my dear parents, will assure you of my personal safety. Do not be disquieted about our future fate; we are without solicitude about that. For this I have to thank, in these fearful times, the education which I have received from you, my dear father, the principles of which have adhered to me in all the later development of my mind. I shall always be able to find or to earn my subsistence. If, as is probable, all the brilliant prospects which had just opened upon us have vanished, I must turn literary man or merchant; and if I cannot succeed in one country I must try another. We shall always find independence and bread; and I beg you to be assured, that the thought that this terrible calamity has likewise destroyed our promising prospects of domestic happiness, has not for an instant mingled with our profound sorrow for the fate of Prussia and of Europe.’—p. 350.

From Stettin they fled to Dantzic, from Dantzic to Königsberg, and from Königsberg to Memel. It was intended that, with the minister Von Stein, Niebuhr should pass the Russian frontier in charge of the treasury chests. But Von Stein was obliged to retire from the administration; and Niebuhr, who had been very actively employed at Memel in organising the commissariat in these miserable times of scarcity and mistrust, though tempted to withdraw from the service, to which he had been bound by his attachment to Von Stein, could not refuse to return to serve in the same department at Königsberg. During this miserable and busy winter, he nevertheless found time to improve himself in the Russian and other Slavonian languages. On the return of Count Hardenberg to the administration, Niebuhr was employed in the most important and confidential services. On leaving his wife at Memel, he joined the head-quarters at Bartenstein: the financial department of the commissariat was placed in his hands. At Bartenstein his health received a severe shock from fatigue, anxiety, and scanty nourishment during his journey. His letters to his wife show the depression of his spirits. He returned, however, on a confidential mission to Königsberg, where he was brought into close correspondence with the Russian general, Beningsen, and with Lord Hutchinson.

Then came the battle of Friedland, the peace of Tilsit, among the terms of which was that clause so honourable to the patriotism and talents of Count Hardenberg,

which insisted on his dismissal from the administration. Niebuhr had before requested Count Hardenberg to grant his own leave of retirement; but Hardenberg had entreated him, with tears in his eyes, not to abandon the king's service. On Hardenberg's retirement he found himself named as one of a commission to conduct the finance department of the public affairs until the appointment of a new minister. Niebuhr entertained no very favourable opinion of the unanimity of the commission, of which he was unwilling to be a member without a voice in its measures. He again requested permission to retire, on the plea of ill health: but the king was so earnest in his desire to retain his services at this disastrous crisis, that he again consented to retain his office. At the express request of the king he returned to Memel. At Memel he heard the news of the second bombardment of Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish fleet. Though still a cordial enemy to France, he could never forgive the English for this act. He found however, it appears, little sympathy in Prussia for the fate of Denmark.

The administration was now resumed by Von Stein, whose first business was to raise money to satisfy the insatiable demands of the French conquerors. For this purpose Niebuhr was sent to Holland on the delicate and difficult task of negotiating a loan for the impoverished exchequer. A letter to the minister gives a striking description of his journey, with his wife in bad health, through a wretched country desolated by war, from Memel to Berlin. At Berlin he heard of the death of his mother. At Hamburg he saw again many of his old friends, visited Meldorf, and proceeded to Amsterdam. In Holland he resided rather more than a year. He studied the language and literature, the ancient and modern constitution, the agriculture and finances of the country; he made laborious inquiries into the physical history of the land, the formation of the alluvium, and the artificial means of defending it against the sea; he learned to respect the integrity, activity, laboriousness, and frugality of the people, of whom, however, he acknowledges that he grew very weary. ‘However worthy and amiable,’ he observes, ‘is the disposition of the Hollanders, they want individuality of character. They are good practical men in a narrow limited sphere; like the trees in their avenues, all of one height and size, in general sound, so that one only remarks the maimed or stunted.’ He thought favourably of the King, Louis, only that he was too gentle and humane for his position.

As to the special object of his mission,

Niebuhr, after above a year of vexatious and almost hopeless delay, to his own astonishment, succeeded in raising the loan upon tolerable terms. The credit of Prussia in her best days was not very high; and now, impoverished and exhausted as she was, and dependent for her revenue, and even her existence as a nation, on the arbitrary will of the conqueror, we cannot wonder that the prudent capitalists of Holland were unwilling to trust to such precarious security: on a sudden, however, they became more pliant, and Niebuhr arranged the business much to his satisfaction. The truth was, that France threw her influence into the scale, as, unless the loan was raised, it was impossible that she should receive her subsidy from Prussia. What *argument* Napoleon used with the moneyed men of Holland does not very clearly transpire.

On his return to Prussia, Niebuhr's services were eagerly sought, to assist in the desperate work of re-organizing the finances of the kingdom. He was named as a member of a general commission of finance, and received the distinction of the third class of the order of the Red Eagle. But the views of the commission were, in his opinion, injudicious and oppressive: his health began to fail; he was wearied out with the increase of business, which seemed to lead to no satisfactory result; and necessarily, though unwillingly, involved in the intrigues and factions of a distracted court. Not even the accession of Hardenberg to the government could reconcile him to their measures, as he could not look favourably on the financial plans of that minister. After many pressing solicitations to be relieved from official duties, which, as he could not execute to his satisfaction, it became him, from respect for his own character, to decline, he at length 'wrung from the king his slow leave,' and entered on the less distinguished, perhaps, as far as the estimation of his immediate contemporaries, but to us and to posterity far more important and interesting career as a man of letters. How far his views or those of the government were right we cannot pretend to judge; but the conduct of Niebuhr, who in a confidential letter to his father enters fully into his motives, appears to have been frank, independent, neither liable to the imputation of ingratitude to the government, nor to that of ungraciously and unnecessarily withdrawing from the public service in a time of embarrassment and distress. He certainly sacrificed his interests and whatever ambitious views he may not unreasonably have entertained. 'If,' he says, 'I had been offered a situation in which I could

have counteracted the mischievous and oppressive efforts of the proposed policy, then it would have been a question of duty whether I should persist in my retirement from public affairs.'

As one of the ministers of finance, engaged particularly in the question of the circulating medium, but concerned, more or less, with every branch of the public revenue, Niebuhr had become profoundly acquainted with the distress and oppressions of the people, which by his own plans he had hoped to mitigate. In one of his journeys he thus forcibly describes the state of the war-wasted district. 'Whole villages, with the ill-built inns which stood on some of the estates, have entirely disappeared; and in many, which are not altogether gone, the population is entirely, or almost entirely, destroyed by plunder, famine, and disease. In one of these villages but a single girl survived. The towns, part of which are in ashes, are equally desolate; and every inhabitant of that district is sunk nearly to the same state of poverty. Almost all the landowners are bankrupt, and there has been a total change in the property of the land: a great misfortune; for the rich who spring up out of war and want are sure to be the very worst of their class. The abundant harvest does little good; the prices are so low, and the freight for exportation so enormously high.' (p. 424).

But beneath all this Niebuhr was continually tracing the latent spirit which at length broke out in such glorious and triumphant vigour. Though withdrawn from active employment to the more congenial occupation of literary labour, he did not in the least relax his interest in the welfare of his adopted country, or the emancipation of Europe from the despotism of France, which, with all other despotisms, Niebuhr beheld with unmitigated abhorrence. He hailed with earnest thankfulness the first outbreak of resistance, in the gallant defence of the Tyrolese and the earliest and noblest efforts of the Spaniards. On the intelligence of Hofer's glorious exploits he writes to Molke in the language of earnest admiration:—'The times are in travail, and whose spirit collected within itself will not await in fearful hopes the mysterious deliverance? I see land; but terrible breakers are between us and the shore. Shall we burst through them to settle the coming generation in the Valleys of the Blest?'—vol. ii. p. 85.

As a man of letters, Niebuhr at once took rank with the highest names in Germany. At the opening of the University of Berlin he undertook to deliver lectures on Roman history. These lectures contained

the first outline of his great work. No less an authority than Savigny pronounced at once that they would make an epoch in Roman history. Independent of his intimate friendship with M. Savigny, Niebuhr enjoyed the intercourse of several other literary men of great distinction. A philological society was formed, which met once a-week, on the most friendly footing, and by no means confined their conversation to the dry and barren subjects of philology. The members were Niebuhr, Spalding, Buttmann, Heindorf, Schleiermacher, and two others. Niebuhr considered Schleiermacher as gifted with the highest intellect of the society; and he speaks with warmth on the total absence of jealousy among these men of letters.

The following sentence ought to be extracted from a letter written in the year 1810: Niebuhr's prediction as to the Niger has been signally verified:— 'It would be an excellent plan to sail in large boats up the stream from Benin; that river is *certainly the Niger*.'—Vol. i. p. 444.

In 1811 appeared the first edition of the first volume of his history; and the 'Lectures,' which formed the second volume, occupied him during the winter of 1811-12. The reception of his work was at first cold and discouraging. A letter from Goëthe, containing very high praise, consoled him for the silence or indifference of the great part of Germany. But in fact Germany was busied in more urgent and stirring questions than the rise and progress of the Roman commonwealth. The mighty movement had begun which was either to reduce Europe to a province of France, or by some unforeseen fatality to liberate the world. The crisis of the winter 1812-13 came at length. Niebuhr could not but tremble for Berlin, the population of which, even before the disastrous issue of the Russian campaign, had not been able to control their unmitigated hatred of the French:—

'Since the day before yesterday,' writes Niebuhr on the 22nd January, 'the fugitives from the Vistula began to arrive; a spectacle which I cannot describe. It is by far the most remarkable epoch of my life; no danger, no personal inconvenience, could make me wish to have missed this scene. One must have lived in the midst of it to understand it; and one's courage begins to rise, one knows not why.'

A few touches show us the rapidity with which Prussia rose as one man on the departure of the French from Berlin:—

'The meeting of volunteers before the town hall to enlist is as great as before the bakers' shops in times of scarcity. To give you some notion of the zeal with which the enrolment in the volunteer regiment of hunters (*jäger*) goes on, I must say

something more. The intelligence arrived but three days ago; to-day the post sets out with nine waggons full, besides those who go on foot, or find other conveyances. This, of course, is but a small part; most have some business to settle, or wish to equip themselves. Young men of all classes are gone; students, youths from the gymnasium and fencing schools; merchants' clerks, apothecaries; artisans of all kinds; older men of every office and station, fathers of families,' &c.

Niebuhr was not unmoved in the general enthusiasm; he began privately to drill, and to perform his exercise as a soldier. Though aware that he could be of more use in a civil capacity, he inscribed himself as a volunteer, in the landwehr, and took some steps to obtain an appointment in a regular regiment. His high-minded wife entered fully into his resolute determination to take a part in this crusade. Though it was his ambition to carry a musket in some one of the best regiments of Prussia, he did not neglect his own more peculiar department. He established a journal, with the approbation of the government, in which he powerfully supported the principles of freedom; but during a period in which that journal fell into other hands appeared certain articles very unfavourable to Denmark. This was to Niebuhr a great source of affliction, and his name became exceedingly unpopular in his native country, from the mistaken notion that these papers either proceeded from his pen or were at least sanctioned by his authority.

The King of Prussia very naturally declined to accept the services of Niebuhr as a mere soldier, reserving him for functions better suited to his talents and character. In the spring he received a summons from Prince Hardenberg to join the head-quarters at Dresden. He was first employed in the negotiations with England for a subsidy, and afterwards in framing a commercial treaty between England and Prussia. We find him, by his letters, following the uncertain movements of the camp during the vicissitudes of that eventful period; and he heard but a few miles off the cannonading off the battle of Bautzen. It was proposed that he should undertake a diplomatic journey to London; but this scheme was abandoned on his own representation of its inexpediency. After the conclusion of the treaty of alliance and subsidy he accompanied the head-quarters to Prague, where he was confined for some time by severe illness. But in the general joy at the emancipation of Europe there was to Niebuhr one drop of bitterness, the fate of his native country. Denmark was to suffer for her perhaps reluctant fidelity to the common enemy; and the occupation of Holstein by unfriendly troops awoke his anxiety for many dear friends and relations. In con-

nexion with this subject we find the following observations on new constitutions, which come with great weight from Niebuhr:—

‘I am curious about the Norwegian constitution; it will probably, like the Spanish, be a misshapen failure. This constitution-making seems likely to come into full work; but the manufacturers furnish as wretched wares as some years ago, when they brought themselves into such discredit. The first and vital point is, that a nation should be manly, unselfish, and honourable. If it is this, it will of itself develop free institutions, and they will be lasting. Constitutional forms will do nothing for a weak or foolish nation. What is the advantage of selecting representatives, if men of ability are wanting to represent the people? That is the root, not the fruit. Can a man gather ripe and good fruit from a tree which has no root? Let every individual, then, and every government, first labour to make itself and the people truly vigorous, masculine, single-sighted, and unselfish virtuous. To attempt to effect this by forms is to put the horse behind the cart, and think that it will draw just as well.’

During the last campaign he was again employed in Holland upon financial matters, but he was, singularly enough, intrusted with the formation of a constitution for this country. Holland, however, already possessed a groundwork for a free constitution in her old institutions. From Holland his health compelled him to visit the waters of Pyrmont; and after a visit to his friends in Holstein, he found himself again in Berlin at the close of the year 1814.

During this winter the King of Prussia showed his high sense of Niebuhr's talents and character by requesting him to devote some hours in the week to the instruction of the Crown Prince in the general principles of government, more particularly on subjects of finance. Niebuhr describes his royal pupil, the present king of Prussia, in the following terms:—

‘I am delighted when the day arrives when I am to attend him. He is observant, inquiring, full of interest; and the princely qualities with which nature has so richly gifted him develop themselves to me during these hours. Our business sometimes turns off into conversation, not into idle talk; and nothing is lost by this. His playfulness does not interfere with his more profound seriousness; his heart is as deeply moved as his imagination easily set on the wing; he seeks for information and instruction without surrendering himself blindly to authority. I have never seen a finer youthful disposition. He knows how much I love him—that I see from his looks—and why I love him—that it is not his external circumstances which attach me to him. One of his golden castles in the air (how it is to happen, in truth he knows not) is to be king of Greece, to wander upon the ruins, to dream, and to make excavations. All my old castles in the air spring up again at these thoughts. “When we are once in Athens,” I said to him, “you shall make me professor of Grecian history, conservator of the monuments, and director of the excavations.” “No, not conservator; you shall not have that title. I will make all the excavations myself, but you shall be present.”’—vol. ii. p. 128.

In this winter he published a pamphlet which had great success—‘The Rights of Prussia against the Court of Saxony.’ For this, which was written in a more moderate and statesman-like tone than most other publications on that painful subject, he received the thanks of Prince Hardenberg; and copies were distributed through the government in Vienna, and a translation made for England.

His interest in the threatened convulsion of Europe by the return of Bonaparte from Elba was almost absorbed in pressing domestic cares. In April, 1815, his father died—in a green old age; but Niebuhr felt deeply the loss of his honoured and excellent parent. His wife became an object of more afflicting anxiety. She appears never to have been a person of strong health. Soon after their marriage she suffered from a complaint in the eyes, which impaired her sight. Other distressing symptoms, which had long afflicted her, now appeared in aggravated form. Mesmerism was tried, as the biographer shrewdly observes, with as little effect as might have been expected. She died in the spring of 1815. She had never borne any children; but her affectionate gentleness, which allayed the occasional irritability of Niebuhr's excitable temperament, and her interest in all his pursuits, had made her, notwithstanding her bad health, an excellent companion for her husband. His feeling of desolation at her loss was proportionably severe. We are told that when near to her end she replied to his inquiry what he could do for her, ‘Whether I live or die, you shall finish your history.’ The first event, his biographer informs us, which roused him from his lethargy of sorrow, was the news of the battle of Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris by the allies. The restoration of peace was followed by an offer of the embassy to Rome, in order to arrange with the papal court the state of the Roman Catholic Church in the Prussian dominions, and if possible, to agree upon a concordat. Considerable delay intervened before the necessary arrangements could be made. He passed the winter at Berlin; and, to occupy his mind, he employed himself in the study of the canon law—a qualification of great importance to his future mission. Several of his shorter papers were written at this period.

Dora Hensler, the sister of his wife, to whom he had always been sincerely attached, with a young niece of her husband's, a granddaughter of his old friend the physician, had been with him during the last days of his wife. They returned to him at Berlin in the spring of 1816. Niebuhr seems to have felt domestic society absolutely necessary to

his existence: he describes himself as entirely helpless to household concerns, and he had suffered much during the winter from ill health. It was first proposed that Dora Hensler and her niece should accompany him to Rome, to keep his house. It ended, however, in a different arrangement. The gentle character of the young lady won upon him: she sang sweetly; her society enlivened his cheerless house—in short, before he left Berlin he married Margaret Hensler.

They set out for Italy in the spring of 1816. Some of the letters descriptive of his journey through the celebrated cities of Bavaria, Wurtzberg, Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Munich, and through the Tyrol, if published at the time, would have commanded much attention; but these towns have been so completely pre-occupied by later travellers, and in some of them, especially in Munich, such changes have taken place, that Niebuhr's impressions, however conveyed with his peculiar energy of language, would not now be very interesting to the general reader. In all these cities, however, and throughout Italy, he kept steadily in view the grand object of his literary life. He entertained great hopes of discoveries in the Palimpsest MSS., to which attention had been directed by the publications of Signor Mai. He carefully investigated the libraries of Wurtzberg, Nuremberg, and Munich, till at length his labours were amply rewarded by the remarkable discovery of the remains of the old Roman jurist Caius, at Verona. He communicated this event to his friend Savigny, whom he seems to have expected would immediately have set off by the post to examine this treasure, so precious to so accomplished a student of the Roman law. Want of proper chemical means, and of glasses to decipher the characters with accuracy, compelled him to suspend for the present his design of copying the work for publication. This was reserved for a later period, and appeared under the auspices of his friend Goeschen.

The first feelings of Niebuhr on his entrance into Rome must, we presume, excite the reader's curiosity:—

'This morning I beheld with eager eye, from the heights of the desolate Campagna, first the dome of St. Peter's, and then the view of the city from the bridge, where it lies in all its majesty of buildings and of historical association before the approaching stranger; and so I passed the Porta del Popolo. I have since wandered through a part of the city, and seen the most celebrated ruins. My anticipation of the feelings with which I should see these was quite right. Nothing is new to me. I have lain for hours as a boy before the pictures which you in your kindness have shown me, so that everything was as distinctly before me as I had seen it. Then, what is repulsive to me is that everything is of the time of the Cæsars; and a work of architecture standing by

itself, and without association with other ideas, cannot possibly speak to the heart. The absolutely modern air which surrounds everything, and forces itself upon us at every point, is quite destructive; the undeniably wretched taste of the churches of the last century and a half; the total want of solemnity in all one sees. In Petrarch's time everything must have worked magnificently and profoundly on the emotions of the soul; and even much which, but a short time ago, spoke poetry, has been annihilated by the removal of the rubbish from the Forum and the Colosseum. The walls and columns now stand cleaned and naked, as they have been corroded by time, without the ornament of the luxuriant and wild vegetation which lived and twined around the fallen walls. To the traveller, Rome appears small in its extent.'—vol. ii. p. 243.

'Doubt not,' he proceeds in the same letter, 'that I have not constantly in view my most sacred vocation—my history. During all my journey I have studied with great attention, and made numberless inquiries about the country, the various scenes, the customs, the usages, and constantly confirmed my opinion that most travellers trouble themselves little about things of the greatest importance, and see and hear little better than nothing. Terni has been to me peculiarly interesting and instructive. In this city I have found at least fifty old Roman houses unaltered. I have found the old art of the division of land still in practical operation: the ancient mode of preparing wine so exactly surviving that it is quite clear to me. I would undertake fully to explain the whole mystery of the Roman wines.'—vol. ii. p. 224.

Some of the churches in Terni, he adds, had evidently been private houses of the Romans.

Throughout this period of his life, there is a melancholy, bordering on gloom, in all the letters of Niebuhr. Of all public events he almost invariably takes the darker and less hopeful view. Till the birth of his boy, which naturally rekindled the dormant ardour and tenderness of his mind, his domestic concerns were a source of oppressive anxiety: his young wife was of a weakly constitution, and suffered more than ordinarily in her periods of pregnancy, which recurred with regularity. The climate of Rome seemed to affect her greatly; and—gentle, patient, and uncomplaining as she was—she felt or imagined, towards the close of their residence in Rome, that nothing but the more bracing air of Germany could restore her. Niebuhr's own health was liable to severe attacks, and the depression of his spirits was no doubt closely connected with constitutional infirmity. But there was a deep strain of tender romance in Niebuhr's composition, and perhaps many more will condemn, than sympathise with, the extent to which he indulged it: that which dwelt upon him as a weight, which his present comparatively happy domestic circumstances did not make him even endeavour to throw off, was the loss of Amelie. There was a kind of amiable superstition, remarkable in a mind of such vigour, in his adoration of her memory; and his young

wife, instead of feeling herself wronged or neglected, seems fully to have entered into this blameless saint-worship. He fondly observed certain days, as of their first meeting, which they used to keep sacred together while she was living, and of her death and burial. But the most remarkable instance of this feeling was, that in the agony of his wife's first confinement, prolonged far beyond the usual time of suffering, he writes to Dora Hensler: 'In this unspeakable anguish I prayed inwardly, and implored help of my Amelie with earnest hope. I consoled Gretchen (Margaret) by assuring her that Amelie would send her help. At the most terrible moment, when, scarcely alive, she leaned her weary head upon me, she ejaculated, "Ah! can Amelie send me no blessing?"—We envy not the stern orthodoxy of the religionist, who will condemn this singular instance of prayer to a saint, canonised not by the arbitrary decree of pope or council, but by the more irrefragable authority, at least to the worshipper, of the human heart.

But the moral and intellectual atmosphere of Rome was as little congenial as that of the climate to the character and disposition of Niebuhr. There was a total want of minds that could harmonise with his own, or with whom he could enter with confidential ardour upon his own pursuits. The present distinguished Professor Brandis was indeed his secretary of legation, but the health of Brandis likewise was impaired by the climate, which indeed appears to maintain something of that antipathy to the German temperament which it has shown so often by its frightful ravages among the armies of the invading emperors. The young artists were at first his chief associates—Cornelius, Overbeck, the Schadows, Kock (a wild and clever Tyrolese), and Platner, who had mistaken his vocation for art, and, as his contribution to the great work of the *Roms Beschreibung* shows, was much better qualified to shine as an antiquarian and philologist. The desertion of the Protestant faith by some of these dreamy youths, to whom religion was a question of the fine arts, distressed Niebuhr, who more than once asserts that he never felt so unshaken a Lutheran as in Rome. Yet of all these, Cornelius, who was originally a Roman Catholic, was the one who commanded and retained, not merely his admiration as an artist, but his regard and esteem as a man. Of him he says in one of his letters, 'Your countrymen Cornelius is a glorious exception (to the pretensions and coxcombry of some of the young artists); he is the Goëthe of painters, in every respect a fresh and powerful mind, and free

from all narrow-mindedness.' He was urgent, however, upon his government to extend its liberal patronage to these young men, who were mostly very poor, and to whom the mere purchase of canvas and colours was a serious consideration. He was jealous for the honour of Prussia, when the bolder munificence and taste of Bavaria carried off Cornelius to Munich. It does the greatest credit to Niebuhr's judgment as well as to his generosity, that he was the first to anticipate this dawn of German art among the obscure and unregarded youths who were destined at a later period to receive so much honour in their native country.

In his public capacity Niebuhr was doomed to much solicitude and some disappointment. He was received with that wise and Christian liberality with which the good old Pius VII. and his able minister Gonsalvi delighted to treat distinguished strangers. A German Protestant service was established in his house, with the knowledge and sanction of the pope; a measure which Niebuhr had greatly at heart, to counteract the active attempts at the conversion of the German youth. But the instructions for the main objects of his mission were delayed year after year, and at length arrived at the very crisis of the Neapolitan revolution, when Rome was under the immediate apprehension of becoming the defenceless prey of the Neapolitan insurgents, backed by all the brigands of the borders, and the hundreds of felons employed on her own public works, or confined in the prisons. Of the low state of letters in Italy, particularly in the south, Niebuhr expresses himself in terms of the strongest contempt. In his own pursuits he found unexpected impediments. He was first alarmed for the safety of his own books, which he had sent by sea. He received the disastrous intelligence that the ship had been wrecked near Calais; the books, however, at length arrived safe at Leghorn. But the public libraries, particularly the Vatican, were open at inconvenient times, and there was very little facility or command of books. The neighbourhood of Rome, which invited his researches, and where he hoped to find much which would throw light on the state, manners, and institutions of ancient Italy, was almost inaccessible on account of the banditti. We enter the more strongly into his regret on this point, because the few investigations which he was enabled to make during his temporary residence at Gensano, at Tivoli, and other places near Rome, proved singularly interesting. They are described in letters addressed to M. Savigny; and to those who are not inclined to trace out the personal

character of Niebuhr through the whole three volumes of his correspondence, but who are more curious in researches of this nature, we should strongly recommend these letters, both as full in themselves of new and instructive matter, and as illustrating the accuracy and felicity with which Niebuhr elicits valuable information from what may at first appear minute and trivial inquiries. What he did in Rome, whether by his own investigations, or by the impulse which he gave, may be best appreciated by the 'Description of Rome,' which has been sent out by those who, we conceive, will be proud to call themselves his disciples, especially the Chevalier Bunsen, who succeeded Brandis as his secretary and as his friend. To Niebuhr's remoter influence may be traced the foundation of the Archæological Society of Rome, from which we have received so much, and hope to receive so much more valuable knowledge. The labours, and still more the commencement of the remodelling his great work, which he began at Rome, will sufficiently controvert his own dispiriting, and sometimes almost querulous complaints of the conscious failure of his intellectual powers:—'I am a blighted tree,' he says in one place, 'which may shoot out a green head, but of which the vigorous and regular outgrowth of the branches is over.' He chiefly laments that his memory is impaired: he is reduced, like ordinary writers, to make extracts from books;* and even this he associates with the primary cause of his depression. 'It contributed in an extraordinary degree to strengthen my memory, that I repeated all that I read or thought to my Amelie, and the lively interest which she took in it stamped it more fully, and brought it back more constantly to my recollection.'

We will revert, however, to the letters, and make our extracts sometimes at random, as we find passages illustrative of the character and sentiments of Niebuhr, or otherwise amusing and instructive to our readers. The following relates to some German artists, many of whom have now established their fame.

'I will not condemn some young artists who have turned Catholics; they knew not what they did. Two of them belong to our most intimate society, and our best and dearest friends are German Catholics. Cornelius is a very distinguished and captivating man; Platner, notwithstanding his

* We have noticed the extent and accuracy of his memory at an earlier period of his life; somewhat later it was tried by a remarkable test. He was examined by the index to Gibbon, and was not in fault in one of the facts or events in the vast range comprehended in that work.

Saxonism, has completely attached himself to me; he is of strong understanding and high character. Kock, the Tyrolean, is a real genius. William Schadow and Overbeck, though, as zealous converts, a little shy of me, are dear to me, not merely as genuine men of art. There is depth and truth in these young painters, and their works are very remarkable. It is pleasant to me to pour forth my heart in a circle like this about the school of Bologna and such subjects. I would that Germany would take up these young men. How easy it would be to collect a subscription in Berlin to employ Cornelius, Schadow, and Overbeck, in painting some public building in fresco, or to give them commissions for oil-paintings, to be exhibited in some public place. My dear Savigny, I recommend this to you. * * Eichhorn must speak of it to Hardenberg. Art is undoubtedly re-awakening, and these young men are of a very different character from those who used to be called artists. They endure want with a cheerful spirit, and none of them think of getting rich. Instead of the constant bargaining for money as with the false artists, they maintain an unbroken silence about their embarrassments. The Faust of Cornelius is sublime. If these dear countrymen were not here, how would it be with us? With the Italians it is impossible to have intercourse of the heart—and my colleagues! * * * My old instructor Playfair is here. I see other Englishmen, but not on an intimate footing. * * * The Italian people make a resident here quite sad. No improvement is possible, so profound is their degradation; only Buonaparte could help this. This is my firm conviction.'—p. 260.

This for the Anti-gallican Niebuhr is pretty strong. He repeats the same sentiment in another letter:—

'I dare not speak out to our German patriots what I do not hesitate to write to our government, that the destruction of Buonaparte's government—(you know how in all other respects I hate it)—was the greatest misfortune of Rome.'

He enters in this letter (p. 359) into some curious details. We wish that some of our intelligent travellers would examine with unprejudiced calmness, and study on the true principles of political science, the working of the Papal government upon the Papal States. M. Ranke has some striking details of its effects during the last century; but we want something more full and particular, especially about the later period. In another letter he complains of the dull and formal society in the diplomatic circle, and again returns to the same subject:—

'It is a dreary life here in Italy; but I could not have supposed that I should have found it so melancholy. What advantage to me are her works of art; unhappily I am as little an enthusiast for works of art as an ancient Roman; I cannot live upon them. * * * Where that which is living disgusts, how can he who feels himself elevated and made happy only by the human soul and the human heart find compensation from statues, paintings, and architecture? The Italians as a nation are walking dead men. True, we must deplore and not hate them; for unavoidable misfor-

tunes have plunged them in their degradation; but the degradation is not the least certain. Intellect and knowledge, any idea which makes the heart throb, all generous activity, is banished from the land: all hope, all aspiration, all effort, even all cheerfulness: for I have never seen a more cheerless nation. In Venice and Florence I found a few who were conscious of their wretched state, and in some degree knew the height from which they had fallen: here, where there is no national history with which the present may connect itself by an unbroken chain—here there is no vestige of such a feeling; total prostration without pain, and without the desire of anything better. We have here an image of what the Greeks were under Tiberius.—p. 268.

The sadness which oppressed him spread to his studies:—

'I have to correct if not to re-write the Introduction to the Roman History. I sit, it is true, many hours before my books; but memory and penetration will not serve me as before; reminiscences of things which I have read, or views which I have entertained, glimmer upon my mind—but they will not approach and take a definite form. I have often had this feeling of being a total stranger in a country; most rarely in England; I had it in Holland, when the first interest had worn off, but never so as in Italy: here no man can be at home. There is here no approximation to men,—I mean the natives; no possibility of any association by community of intellect and feeling. There is no object of knowledge or of business to be the medium of intercourse. If one could keep aloof from it, it would be less disagreeable; for I should not want society or friends; but this is impossible. I must keep up an intercourse with them. Everything has its rank; but the really noble and beautiful has neither rank nor existence.'—p. 265.

Some unfriendly reviews of his work, one by A. W. Schlegel, had appeared in Germany; but these appear to have affected him but little. He was indignant at being thus attacked in his absence: but of one of the reviews he says—

'It does not touch my history: its truth and soundness will remain unshaken, though you all turn your backs upon me. If it were possible that an ancient Roman should rise from the dead to give his testimony, he would swear to its soundness.'

Two events of very unequal importance indeed contributed to raise his afflicted spirits and reconcile him with his residence in Rome—the birth of his son in April, 1817, and the change of his dwelling. His delight in becoming for the first time a father was enhanced by his anxiety about his wife. He begins immediately to make plans for the education of his boy; but he was in some difficulty about his baptism: he was determined that it should be performed by a Protestant minister; and as there was then no resident German Protestant minister, he was obliged to wait the accidental arrival of an

English clergyman. This fortunately took place:—

'An English clergyman performed the baptism according to the solemn ceremonial of the *High Church* (*Hochkirche*). I was much moved, and answered for the child with a full heart—[he stood as godfather for his friend Henaler—there were five others, according, we presume, to the Lutheran usage]. The Roman Catholics who were present could not but acknowledge the sublimity of the service.'

The new residence which Niebuhr was so fortunate as to obtain was admirably suited for the historian of Rome. It was part of a palace which had belonged to the ancient extinct house of the Savelli, built within and upon the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus, so that the old walls in good preservation, or with that beauty which time gives to ancient buildings, formed the façade of the house. It contained a great number of rooms, and at the top there were small chambers which commanded a noble prospect, from Monte Mario, with the Vatican and St. Peter's below, the whole Janiculum with its churches and tall stone pines as far as the Aventine. From the roof a view might be obtained on the other side, of the Capitol, Forum, the Palatine, the Colosseum, and the whole inhabited city. It had a small square garden, with three fountains, pomegranate and orange trees, jessamine, and all the luxuries and odours of a southern climate. The rooms were spacious and lofty, and could therefore be kept cool. Above all, he was entirely secluded from the noises of the city. The only sound were the falling of the fountains, the twittering of the swallows, and the crowing of the cocks. No human voice, not even a carriage was heard. Niebuhr particularly rejoices that his ears were relieved from the howlings of the ritternells, as well as the rattling of the carriages and the screaming of the common people.

In the summer of 1817 he translated a paper from the '*Quarterly Review*,' upon the Poor. On this subject he observes—

'To these humane and simple subjects I have always had a great inclination. Thank God, I have often been able to assist others and to do good; and this is still my greatest pleasure. I could act with the greatest satisfaction in the narrowest sphere of practical utility. I am pleased when others can do in this way what is not in my power. I have little faith in the introduction of free institutions, still less, that as regards the people and their notions, any real advantage can arise out of them. The evils of our social state can only be remedied by a total change in our mode of life and our usages, by the discipline of morals and manners, by an amelioration of our general condition, and the greater simplicity of our whole life. It is pitiful and disgusting to me that people are always quarrelling about institutions and legislation, while they

are indifferent about the things, which are the only end of legislation; and I find no other or better object in those who take the lead in talking on such subjects: lofty phrases about liberty offend me—not that my heart does not beat higher at them than those who use them, but know nothing about their meaning; it is like the Roman Catholic worship.

‘If a single one of these writers would go, and, at the sacrifice of his time and his comfort, would devote himself to the education of children, to give the hand of friendship and consolation, if he has nothing else to give, to the poor; if he would endeavour by his counsel and influence to procure a dwelling of his own for the lodger, and property for the peasant; if he would first emancipate himself from those prejudices of which he is the slave; if men would so and in other ways associate for these difficult and unostentatious objects, which no government can hinder, it would be some comfort indeed. But so long as I see none of the sentiments or virtues of the citizen, no self-discipline; when I only see in the better class an idolatry of wealth, at least for the state if not for themselves; and the fancy that men can make the same thing out of any kind of material; that clay can be moulded to the solidity of marble; or the notion, that the form can change the nature of the materials; so long, were I in power, should I give little satisfaction to the clamorous; and certainly raise an outcry against myself, because I will not begin to build downwards from the upper story. How refreshing are the humane exertions of so many in England for the true happiness, the well-being, and the civilization of the people.’—p. 317.

During the autumn of 1817 he suffered a severe illness at Frascati. He thought himself dying:—

‘It was melancholy to die in a foreign country; but I was inconceivably calm—calm in the prospect of another life. My Amelie would have received me with all her deep affection.’—p. 322.

This illness, however, appears to have relieved his constitution from the weight which had so long oppressed it. In the winter he seemed to enter with more pleasure into society. He saw much of the Crown Prince of Bavaria; and speaks with great respect and regard of some English noblemen—Lord Lansdowne and the late Lord Colchester.

Niebuhr obtained, to his great satisfaction, the appointment of a Prussian clergyman as chaplain to the mission. He speaks with high approbation of the good sense and piety of M. Schmieder, the chaplain; and his delight in having a Protestant service in German performed, for the first time at Rome, in his house. He looked forward with great interest to its influence on his children:

‘I wish most earnestly that Marcus should not only be right hearted, but have the religion of the heart. That religion of the heart, *I cannot give him*, but I can and will support the clergyman in giving it. His heart shall be elevated to God as soon as he is capable of any sentiment, and his childish feelings

shall express themselves in prayers and hymns; *all which in our time was out of use shall be indispensable and a familiar custom to him.*’—p. 377.

This is a subject to which we must revert, as likewise to his political opinions: we shall, however, make another extract from a letter, in which he speaks of an insinuation which had been made against him, in a work published at Paris, as having countenanced, if not as having been connected with the famous Tugendbund:

‘Though it is not expressly stated that I belonged to the Tugendbund, it is not agreeable to me to have it said “that Guesenau, Humboldt, and I, in 1813, approved of the principles of this society.”’

Though he could ‘set his life upon the assertion that he had never been connected with this society,’ he refused to publish a formal contradiction in the French papers,

‘Because the ill-disposed, who are always ready to pervert everything, will say that I am only anxious to white-wash myself; and in my situation I cannot express all that I feel on the state of affairs; and even if these circumstances of my position did not bind my hands, other difficulties would be in my way. However much I disapprove of these proceedings in general, I cannot altogether exculpate many of my friends from conduct which has a bad appearance, and from having entertained, if innocent, yet perverted opinions: and this is a melancholy prospect for me, if I return to Germany. A sober man, among those who are drunk is in a pitiable position. Now, my conviction is still the same as that which I expressed many years ago, and by which I drew on myself such bitter and absurd attacks from the liberals, that the only change of forms which is necessary, and can be salutary, is one which will affect the administration, not the sovereignty; that the evils under which we suffer do not spring so exclusively from the persons in power, but that we should have to endure the same, or worse, after the introduction of their beloved representative system. We are unhealthy in our manners and modes of thinking. Every one would govern, and thinks he could do it extempore: if a doubt is thrown on his capacity, he thinks himself wronged. But to bear burdens for the people that will nobody. Hence everywhere men make pretension to a comfortable life at the expense of the state: and in most this is the origin of their disposition to change, as well as another, which is much more innocent—their long habitation to violent excitement, which is become an absolute necessity.’

At the beginning of the next year he writes,

‘Under these gloomy prospects we enter the new year—gloomy as our heavens, where the sun has not shone for three months. As to public affairs, I close my eyes on the future. Since these troubled times I have as little as before left the straight-forward path, and shall resolutely continue to pursue it. Two months ago, on the occasion of the well-known circular, I declared myself without reserve against the king’s measures. When the first arrests took place, I wrote directly to the minister; and later I have in the same manner declared my-

self against the King of Prussia—I, whom the revolutionists certainly call an enemy to liberty. And so I will frankly go on, and leave the issue in God's hands."—p. 419.

His view of the true government policy may be found in a former letter :—

"I have sought to make them understand that they are suspecting, and endeavouring to detect a conspiracy where there is only a sect. This is unquestionably the more dangerous of the two; but it cannot be suppressed, if it were of a very different character than it is among those those who have hazarded the present enterprise; the persecution will be quite as ineffectual as that of a religious sect. Many mistakes have been committed. If the governments would choose the right course, they would rule over affectionate subjects; and the hot-headed, who are always to be found, would have no influence. If such a sect has gained great consistence, the only prudent course is to destroy its importance, by doing that which is wise and good, taking care neither to give it any assistance, nor to to provoke it unnecessarily. There has never been a sect which has not had some grain of truth, and we must attach that to our side; the folly and perverseness which remain will then fall to pieces, if it is opposed with firmness and gentleness. If we attack it in its strength, it is often unconquerable; at least we run great danger. I do not deny that some persons, who play the game behind the curtain, have settled plans; but this is the case with few, and they keep themselves very carefully concealed."—p. 419.

Again, he writes—

"I am an anti-revolutionist, and from principle; but I am so likewise from my antipathy to revolutionary notions, which as they show themselves in shallow heads, would be offensive to me, even if they led to no consequences. At the same time I hope that you will give me credit for the most decided hatred of despotism, but so that I have no hopes of anything practicable or possible against it from the demon of revolution. It is no use to dream—we must think; and we had better resign ourselves at once rather than risk to open the gates of hell. I am not so unjust, believe me, as to condemn those who indulge in such dreams, but I could weep blood, that such men should be exposed to such errors. I know that noble minds are liable so to err; but since the confusion which they would cause must destroy the degree of liberty which we have now attained, I have a right to express my repugnance. I do not speak of the bad men who are most forward spokesmen in the affair—they are moral delinquents. It would be wise not to treat them as political offenders, though they partly are so; but if they are attacked in this manner, we make martyrs. The only security is to govern conscientiously, virtuously, and in a spirit of love, and then the end will certainly be obtained; and on our side to be better, more virtuous, more contented. No government, on the long run, can pursue pernicious measures against a powerful people, of good and generous feelings, and which is true and conscientious in the fulfilment of its duties. To wish to bring about a better state of things by revolutions, which, in general, owe their origin to the bad passions of their leaders, and in which bad means are invariably used, is to adopt the Jesuit principle—that bad means may, intentionally, be employed for good ends. To these maxims will I

adhere; though I foresee that wickedness will persuade folly on the one hand, that I am a revolutionist, and on the other that I am an enemy to liberty."—p. 425.

Niebuhr, before long ran considerable danger of experiencing in a foreign country, some of those terrors and dangers of revolution, which he so forcibly deprecated in his own. Just at the instant that his instructions arrived, that he might entertain hopes of bringing his negotiation to a successful close, the insurrection at Naples not only threw that country into confusion, but threatened the papal states and the city of Rome with its fearful consequences. We will merely state, that notwithstanding the attention of the government was thus distracted, Niebuhr appears to have conducted this delicate affair with so much prudence and judgment, that scarcely any points remained to be settled; and though, in the following year, when Prince Hardenberg visited Rome, Niebuhr prudently allowed the minister the credit of the final arrangement, all the material parts of the treaty had been before negotiated by himself.

He was, at the same time, involved in another difficulty of a very different nature. Mai, who was now the librarian of the Vatican, had entertained great jealousy of Niebuhr. He seemed to consider the German as trespassing upon his manor, in pursuing his inquiries in the same department. To Mai the world of letters is deeply indebted, for the zeal and industry with which he undertook the investigation, and for the success with which he detected the remains of ancient writers on the Palimpsest MSS. No doubt, of the eight huge quartos which he has published, a very considerable portion might, without any loss to the world, be scrawled over again with the wildest legend, or the dullest commentary, and effaced for ever; yet we are not less grateful to Mai for his few valuable discoveries, the fragments of Cicero, and of the historians; though, unluckily, the letters being chiefly extracts from the moral observations of the historians, present us with comparatively few facts, in proportion to their bulk. But we believe that it will be acknowledged, by all competent judges, that Mai's qualifications as an editor are not equal to the assiduity and success which he has displayed in recovering these fragments. We cannot trust them till they have passed through the process of republication in Germany. Niebuhr, and his friends Göschen and Buttman, had rendered this service to the remains of Fronto; and besides his own discoveries of certain fragments of other orations of Cicero and of Livy, Niebuhr had likewise ventured

to exercise his critical skill on the fragments of Cicero's Oration for Scaurus, for which he suggested a different arrangement than that proposed by Mai. To the credit of his sagacity, M. Peyron in a new Codex found at Turin, discovered the same fragments, arranged in the manner proposed by Niebuhr. This led to a charge against Niebuhr, in an Italian journal, of having received some private information of Peyron's discovery, and of thus having obtained credit for critical observation at the expense of truth and honesty. Our readers are by this time so fully acquainted with rigid integrity of Niebuhr's character, as not even to require our assertion of the utter groundlessness of such an imputation. We suspect, however, that this unfortunate estrangement from Mai has deprived us of much which, if the jealous spirit of the Italian would have received his cordial and friendly co-operation, might have been wrought out of the unexhausted mines of the Vatican.

There are some few interesting details on the Neapolitan revolution, the atrocities of which, more especially in Sicily, were studiously suppressed. After describing some horrible scenes of murder in Palermo, Niebuhr proceeds,—

'This is revolution! and just such scenes have we to expect here, where, besides the other prisoners and the countless criminals who are loose and at large, there are eight hundred confined in the house of correction, and no military, no national guard on which we can reckon. . . . A revolution in these countries would be like an insurrection of the negroes, and those who assist them by big words, and assert that a degraded people must pass through terrible trials to become better, do not consider that such a people preys upon itself for a time, and then rests for repose in slavery.'

Niebuhr's personal anxieties were aggravated by the state of his wife, who, in the midst of all this tumult, was confined of a daughter. In this state they were in daily apprehension of the advance of the Neapolitan revolutionary army upon Rome, which would have been joined by all the banditti on the road—a tolerably large part of the population, and by this fearful array of criminals and of the malcontent populace of the city, ready to receive them with open arms. All respect for foreign ministers would of course have been lost in such an outburst of popular fury. Of the Carbonari, he gives the following example—'One has been arrested with eighty-four coffee-spoons and eighteen table-spoons, all stolen, and a proclamation calling on tyrants to tremble, for their crimes had wearied out the patience of the virtuous: besides this, he had some impious and obscene papers.' The foreign ministers had every-

thing packed up, ready to take flight with the Pope. Niebuhr had his archives, his plate, and all portable effects ready to be off at a moment's warning, with the pleasant prospect that at least a hundred carriages would start at the same time, while the best furnished posts had not above eighty horses, the worst not above twenty: and as for horses used in agriculture, such things are not known in the desert of the Campagna. They were relieved by the advance of the Austrian troops, when, according to the song of the day—

Palcinello malcontento,
after this
Movimento, Parlamento,
Giuramento, Spergiuramento,
Gran fermento, poco argento,
was obliged to confess

Siam fuggiti come il vento—
Me ne pento, me ne pento, &c.

Niebuhr remained in Italy until the year 1823: he obtained permission to visit Naples, where he formed a very intimate friendship with M. de la Serre, the French ambassador at that court, of whose abilities and character he speaks in the highest terms, and to whom many of his most remarkable letters in the supplement to the third volume are addressed. Though he still retained the office of ambassador at Rome, he left Italy in the spring of that year never to return, and with his wife and children established himself for a time at Bonn, which was afterwards destined to be his residence till his death. On his journey from Italy he had prosecuted his literary inquiries, and in the celebrated library of St. Gall he discovered the very curious fragments of Merobaudes, a heathen poet of the beginning of the fifth century.

Much delay took place before his plan of life for the future was settled. It was at one time thought that his return to Rome would be necessary; but the health of his wife and children, which seemed to require the more bracing air of Germany, made him reluctant to acquiesce in that arrangement. The Prussian government was desirous of securing his services in some important political or financial situation. Schemes were afloat for the establishment of a national bank, and for the improvement of the condition of the peasantry in Westphalia, in both of which it was thought that the talents and information of Niebuhr might be eminently useful. He was named in a commission of inquiry on these matters. But on these subjects Niebuhr had his own opinions and, his biographer intimates, was not a little positive and pertinacious, not to say rather irritable,

in his maintenance of them. This indeed is admitted to have been the weak part of his character: he was impatient of contradiction; and vehemence of temper, and settled self-confidence, made him somewhat impracticable in public business. As he felt deeply, so on ordinary topics he expressed himself strongly; his opinions, on subjects of literature, as of men and measures, are frequently uttered in terms not merely peremptory, but contemptuous of his adversaries. How far as to these questions of Prussian policy he was right, even if we had more information on the subject, as it would be impossible for us to have the whole before us, we should, of course, decline to offer any judgment. But at this time the correspondence of Niebuhr is almost exclusively confined to his domestic concerns. He was twice at Berlin, leaving his wife at Bonn. In his first absence he had the misfortune to lose an infant son, and his three girls were frequently in such a state of health as fully to absorb all his thoughts. As a husband and as a parent these letters show Niebuhr to have been one of the kindest and most affectionate of men, but, except as evincing the high respect in which he was held at Berlin, (more especially by the Crown Prince, who took every opportunity of displaying his personal attachment,) they give little or no information on his character as a statesman or man of letters.

The last seven years of his life, from 1823 to 1830, were passed in literary retirement at Bonn. He had a kind of superstition that he had never passed more than seven continuous years, since he left his father's house, in one place. His death took place exactly at the close of the seven years. He subsided without regret for his former dignity, or ambition for future influence and distinction, into an office, which he considered to be as honourable as useful, and to which in his early life he had been inclined by his natural taste, that of an instructor of youth. He read lectures on various parts of ancient history, at first gratuitously; but as it was thought that this might be disadvantageous to his friends, the regular professors of the university, he received the ordinary stipend, which he distributed in prizes, in the assistance of some of the poorer scholars, or on other objects of disinterested generosity. He entered into several literary schemes,—for example, the publication of the *Rheinisches Museum*, a philological journal of very high merit, chiefly supported by the professors at Bonn, Näke, Welcker, Brandis, some of the most distinguished scholars in Europe: and he set on foot the bold design of the republication of the Byzantine historians. But his chief care and study

was the new edition of his history with the third volume. This, in fact, though the whole groundwork had been firmly fixed in the first edition, from the numerous additions, alterations, expansions, and suppressions, was a new work. Its fame had been gradually extending beyond the limits of Germany: a French translation appeared; and so great was the expectation excited in this country, chiefly, we believe, from the influence of an article which had appeared in this *Journal*, that an incompetent person was employed to translate the first edition, when it was well known that the second was in a great state of forwardness. This, of course, fell to the ground directly the Cambridge translation, by the distinguished scholars, Messrs. Thirlwall and Hare, had issued from the press. With this translation Niebuhr expressed his high satisfaction.

His uniform course of life was not much varied, except by occasional excursions to different baths, that apparent necessity to German existence. He made one longer journey to revisit the scenes of his youth, Kiel and Copenhagen; but a dangerous fever which was raging in Dithmarsh prevented him from renewing the fond associations of that district. In February, 1830, a fire took place in his house, which of course caused great immediate distress and confusion; many of his papers were lost, and his books much damaged. The manly courage, however, with which he supported this calamity was rewarded by the recovery of most of the more important papers; the corrected copy of the second volume of the history was found, and only some sheets were missing, which he immediately set about to restore. He proceeded to rebuild his house on a somewhat more enlarged and commodious plan, but unhappily had but a very brief enjoyment of comforts. At the close of the year 1830 he caught cold: he was from the first conscious that his end was approaching: his faithful wife, for whose health he had been long under serious apprehensions, attended him almost to the last, but, before his decease, broke down under her exertions, and took to her bed, from which she never rose again. When Niebuhr heard this he turned his face to the wall in bitterness of thought. 'Happy family! to lose father and mother at once! Pray to God' (he said to the children), 'God alone can help you;' and himself was seen to seek consolation and strength in silent prayer. Niebuhr remained in perfect possession of his faculties almost to the last: as he occasionally rallied, he retained a lively interest in public affairs and in literary topics, and died peaceably

on the 2nd January, 1831 : his wife followed him nine days after, and they were laid to rest in the same grave.

It has been our object to make Niebuhr his own biographer ; to express his feelings, sentiments and opinions, as far as possible, in his own language. It is impossible, we think, to conceive a mind of a higher moral tone ; and that moral tone entered into all his opinions, actions, and judgments. In every relation of life he seems to have united the severest sense of duty with the most tender affection : as a son, as a husband, as a father, and as a friend, if we may trust the unerring expressions of his free and unstudied sentiments, he was in the highest degree exemplary. As a statesman we have more than once declined to pass any judgment on his qualifications ; we must dismiss it entirely from our jurisdiction, with the single observation, that he could be no ordinary man of business who was consulted and employed in the most trying and peculiar exigencies by such men as Von Stein and Prince Hardenberg : we will add the king of Prussia, himself inferior, we suspect, to few in the solidity of his judgment and knowledge of mankind. On this point, moreover, we must direct the attention of our readers to a very able and pleasing paper by his friend and successor in the mission at Rome, M. Bunsen—'Niebuhr as a Diplomatist.'

Many of Niebuhr's literary judgments are scattered, more thinly, indeed, than we should wish, through the correspondence. He was a great reader of the lighter, as well as of the more learned, works of the day. He was an ardent admirer of Scott : read Cooper with amusement ; and we could not help smiling at his delight with a German translation of 'Humphrey Clinker' :—our old friends, Lisabago, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, and Winifred Jenkins, must be comical personages in a German dress. Goëthe was evidently, in his estimation, the highest genius of that day in Germany, but he protested against the idolatry which, in later days, was lavished at his shrine ; and there is a remarkable, though not very favourable critique on his *Journey to Italy*, in the second volume. He read the 'Helena' with pain, though he was sensible of the gleams of true poetry in that fragment. It is curious to see the gradual waning of his admiration of Klopstock, who, in his younger days, stood high in his estimation : latterly he could read nothing of his except a few of the Odes, and the 'Gelehrte Republik.' Of Bourrienne's *Memoirs*, he says—'This book shows Bonaparte as he was ; it is the Waterloo of his memory !'

But it is more strictly within our province, and we have especial reasons for wishing to do the amplest justice to Niebuhr's political and religious opinions, and to his character and influence as a writer. We have already made copious extracts expressive of his political sentiments. His favourite axioms appear to have been, that free institutions cannot make free men, in the genuine sense of the word ; and that violent revolutions, as they are usually promoted and conducted by the bad and the violent, can but lead to servitude. Military despotism is their appointed and predestined end. But it must be acknowledged that Niebuhr, more particularly in his later days, was the least hopeful political writer of our days ; his views of the present, and his vaticinations for the future, were equally gloomy. From the change which time and circumstances had wrought in the German character, he drew the most unfavourable conclusions. In his opinion, the simplicity, the truth, the honesty, of the national mind had given place to luxury, false pretension, frivolity ; and this was the case with the world in general. His high admiration of England had turned to mistrust, if not to aversion, which was only counterbalanced by the flattering reception which his book found in this country. Our chief crime, however, was our want of enthusiasm in the Greek cause, into which Niebuhr entered with all the ardour so common in Germany. The prudence of the government, and the apathy of the people, which refused to endanger the peace of Europe in favour of a race which we thought had little to interest us besides their name and the noble reminiscences attached to it, excited his indignation and scorn. On the social, political, and financial state of our country, he considered himself qualified to pass a peremptory and dictatorial judgment. All was disorganised, degenerate, verging to decay and ruin. 'The rapid fall of England is a very remarkable and melancholy phenomenon ; it is a deadly sickness without remedy. I compare the English of the present day to the Romans of the third century after Christ !' His apprehensions of the consequences of the July revolution of 1830 (vol. iii. p. 210) in France, were published in the Preface to one of the volumes of the *History*. They are repeated in one of his letters :—

'It is my firm conviction, that in Germany we are hastening by a rapid flight to barbarism, and in France things are not much better. That a desolation is at hand, such as took place two hundred years ago, is clear, and that the burden of the song will be despotism established on the ruins. In fifty

years, and probably less, in the whole of Europe, at least on the continent, there will be no vestige of free institutions or the liberty of the press.

Ten years have elapsed since our historical Cassandra uttered his ill-omened prediction. In another passage of almost his last letter, he says:—

‘We are in the condition of the Romans in the time of the Gracchi, with all their horrors;’ (he apprehended a general insurrection of the lower orders against the rights of property;) ‘he who does not see this is blind; he who thinks that freedom is now the question is a fool; forms have lost all authority; we shall bless the despotism which protects our lives, as the Romans did that of Augustus. That reasonable men could do this I have long ago understood; it is now clear and vivid to me. Now I comprehend Cataline.’

When his wife seriously asked him, whether, as he had formerly in the days of Napoleon, he had now any thoughts of emigrating to North America? he replied, ‘Were it not for the children, whom I would rather have Germans, under the sway of Russia, than Anglo-Americans.’ It is said, by one of Niebuhr’s great admirers, that through his wonderful union of faculties, his ardent imagination, his boundless knowledge, his power of combination and concentration, he could behold history as if it were the present time, and read the present time as if it were history. We think the secret of some of what, in our more hopeful way of viewing human affairs, we consider his hallucinations, arose from this very power. Niebuhr lived in a kind of ideal world, among his ancient Romans, whom, perhaps not without some golden tinge of imagination, he had endowed with a kind of rigid virtue, which could win freedom without violence, and engage in civil conflicts without their usual disastrous consequences. This noble balance of the all-supreme authority of law with the wise liberty of the people, united to a certain simplicity of manner, approaching to austerities, was his Utopia. Now, without in the slightest degree disparaging the sober application of history to modern events, we may be permitted to say, that there are certain influences by which historians seem peculiarly liable to be misled, when they take upon them to predict the future from the past. In history they see that certain causes *have led* to certain events: surveying history with the penetration and sagacity of a Niebuhr, they may be reasonably sure that they do not exclude any of the more prominent and weighty causes which have concurred in producing that condition of things: the whole is before them—causes ripening into events, events growing out of causes. When, therefore,

they see the same causes apparently again conspiring together, they are apt to consider that the same consequences must inevitably follow. But the very felicity of the analogy is deceptive; it leads to the exclusion of those countless, minute perhaps and latent, but not the less important points of difference, which may modify, mitigate, arrest, or entirely change the course of events. However, we may be wise to take counsel of history as to particular circumstances, or to trace general tendencies by her light to their usual effects, yet this must be done with the most sober discretion—with at least as strong an inclination to note differences as to detect similitudes. The state of mankind in Europe, we are persuaded, is so totally unprecedented, such multitudes of wheels are at work in the complicated machine of modern society, which entered not into the structure of the simpler ancient fabric, that we shall be as often led astray as enlightened by comparing our own times with particular periods and particular phases of human affairs. This natural tendency in a mind so richly furnished as Niebuhr’s, with certainly no want of positiveness in his own opinions—and it is impossible not to see a desponding, even at times a morbid view of human nature, connected, it should seem, with infirmity of physical constitution—induce us to hear with complacency much of his most threatening predictions, and not to permit the constant tenor of our minds to be shaken by the dark anticipations of events, which to Niebuhr’s sight cast such prodigious and fearfully projecting shadows before. There is, unquestionably, much to alarm in the state of Europe; but we will yet hope.

Upon his religious opinions we are still more desirous, for many reasons, that Niebuhr should speak for himself; and there are many passages in his ‘Letters’ on this subject—more, indeed, than we can extract—written with perfect freedom, and in entire confidence. There is a very remarkable letter in the first volume, (p. 469.) addressed to a nameless friend, who, it appears, had consulted him on some plan for church union. It is too long to give entire, yet extracts will scarcely give a fair impression of its substance. After expressing his strong aversion to *mysticism*, he proceeds:—

‘But I would have you understand that I do not think with you, according to the expression in your dissertation, on what you call *Mysticism*, or that religious philosophy which you recognise as Protestantism. That you may not mistake me as ascribing to myself a kind of faith and of feeling which I have not, and therefore cannot pretend to have, I must distinctly repeat to you what, if I err not, I said in the conversation which your

friendship has thought it worth while to remember. Faith, properly so called, in a wider sense than religious faith, it is either not in the power of every nature to possess, or by an *ungenial cultivation it may be prevented from taking root and growing up*. The soil may be fertile enough, but the climate unfavourable. My intellectual tendency was altogether sceptical, inclined to the real and historical, eager to comprehend and to get to the bottom of everything; and in this sense I was endowed as little with a creative imagination as with any powerful craving of the heart to pass beyond the bounds of experience; or at least I suffered them both to die away. . . .

'With these, no doubt natural, dispositions, concurred a *wretched religious education*, and a very lively occupation with classical antiquity. Thus I came back to the sacred Scriptures in my mature years, as an historical study, and read them *entirely in a critical spirit*, and in order to investigate their contents as the *groundwork of one of the most remarkable events in the history of this world*. This was no disposition from which faith, properly so called, could spring up, and it is that of modern Protestantism. I wanted no Wolfenbuttle fragment to point out to me the discrepancies of the Gospels, and the impossibility, in this manner, critically to form a *credible history of the life of Jesus*. In the references to the Messiah, from the Old Testament, *I could recognise no prophecies*, and could easily *explain away all the cited texts*. But when here, as in other historical events, I set before my eyes the measureless chasm which exists between the relation and the facts related, this disturbed me no further. He, whose earthly life and sufferings were represented, had to me fully as real an existence, and his history, though it might not be related in any single part with verbal accuracy, the same reality. Moreover, the great principle of miracles must, according to my conviction, be conceded, or we must come to the absurd, if not inconceivable conclusion, that the Holiest was a deceiver, and his disciples either deceived or liars; and deceivers had preached a holy religion, in which everything is self-denial; nothing is admitted which can be acceptable to licence or sin. As to miracle in its strongest sense, it requires, in truth, only an unprejudiced and penetrating survey of nature to see that the facts related are anything rather than contrary to good sense; and a comparison with legendary tales, or the pretended wonders of other religions, to apprehend what a different spirit lives in them. . . .

'In this sense, in which many, and which you in your essay, use the name Mystics, the reformers clearly cannot be vindicated from that name. Were the notions of the incarnation, the atonement, and grace, anything but mystic? Mysticism, I conceive (apart from the follies which belie the name), is nothing more than that faith which the pious man, who is only capable, according to the condition of his belief and Christian opinion, of yearning or aspiring after it, attains only through a kind of miraculous approximation (*wundervolles entgegenkommen*); and when he is participant of, he can obtain this enlightening of his heart and soul in a manner inexplicable by logic and psychology, and which is to them as folly. Who denies that the most senseless enthusiasm (*schwärmerei*) may arise out of this? But who will likewise deny that men, whose shoe's latchet I could not venture to loosen, have held this faith with unshaken assurance; and that the light of their spirit shines in their writings and in their actions?'

The rest of the letter is equally curious: though this mysticism or faith is capable of many forms, he considers that although it

may grow up beyond the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, it finds more nourishment within it than without:—

'We cannot disguise to ourselves that the Catholic Church speaks to the heart in many things, in which ours—[he means the Protestantism then prevalent in Germany]—is dumb; that we must judge of its doctrines (its tyrannical hierarchy is another thing) not as they have degenerated into senseless, spiritless, dead formalities; that a genuine Mystic, like Fenelon, can live in it, in its highest fervour, without danger of spiritual pride, or of becoming enthusiastic in a bad sense, to which our Protestant Mystics are always exposed.'

He goes on to show that even Confession and Absolution may be less objectionable than his correspondent is inclined to suppose; while at the same time all these forms may and do subsist, when the spirit has altogether departed:—

'If, then, the pious and doubting Protestant, in his yearnings for something better, and in his distress at the death of the Protestant Church, and the waxen image, which passes under its name, casts a feeble and furtive look of love towards the Roman Catholic Church; if he is so easy under the illusion, as if he had never seen the priestly power (*pfeffenthum*) in its degradation, we ought not, in my opinion, to treat him with bitterness. But of all things we must say to this well-meaning person, invest not in your idealism that of which you can test the reality. See how the spirit, from the love of which alone you can attach yourself to this otherwise fearful form, never entirely pervaded it, and show us whether it is now in it, and necessarily subsists in this form. See how even this ideal tendency, which has formed many of its peculiarities, as is often the case, when and as soon as they have disappeared, leave something far worse behind them; see how hypocrisy and verbal captiousness grow out of asceticism; priestly tyranny out of Church discipline; the wildest sensuality out of the mortification of the flesh. . . . I often ask myself [he writes this in 1812] what will ensue. In the Catholic countries the priesthood is dying out; men neither can nor will take orders. Among us we have the name and the form; with a general dull consciousness that all is not right; every one is uncomfortable; we feel like ghosts by a living body. I speak now only of the continent; for in England Christianity stands firm as a rock, notwithstanding the countless sects which are constantly springing up, and show the fertility of the soil. I am perfectly tranquil as to the result. We shall be more sound and true when everything severs itself away which does not from the heart belong to one of the many communities which will then form themselves. Offences must come; but woe unto him through whom they come. I would not tear up the dead Church; but if it should fall, it would not disturb me. Let us be confident that a Comforter will come, a new Light, when we least expect it. All the sorrows of the present time will lead us, if we will be led, to truth.'

There can be no doubt that the fearful circumstances in which he lived, and his own personal distresses and afflictions deepened that strong sense of the providential government of the world, which was the groundwork of Niebuhr's earnest and conscientious moral character. His trust in the Divine jus-

tice and goodness lay at the bottom of all his stern and impassioned hatred of baseness and of evil, of his ardent and noble sympathies with the lofty and the good. He recognised and adored the Divine power and wisdom in the conduct of human affairs; he appealed in his sorrows, he submitted in his privations, to the decrees of an All-Wise Being. We have seen his extreme anxiety that those profounder religious feelings, and that early faith of which he himself felt the want, should be implanted in the hearts of his children; we have seen him establishing a Protestant service in his house at Rome. In one of his later letters we have the following passage:—

‘He is not to me a Protestant Christian who does not consider the history of Christ’s earthly life, according to its genuine literal sense, with all its miracles, as clearly historical as any other event in the course of history, and is not as calmly and firmly convinced of it; who has not the strongest conviction of all points in the Apostles’ Creed in their literal sense; who does not treat every doctrine and every commandment of the New Testament as unquestionably of Divine revelation; in the sense of the first century, which knew nothing of (a verbal qu?) inspiration (*Theopneustie*). A Christianity after the manner of our modern philosophers and pantheists is to me no Christianity; though it may be a very intellectual, a very ingenious philosophy. I have often said that I will not begin with a metaphysical God. I will have no other than that of the Bible, who is heart to heart (*der herz zu herz ist*).’—vol. ii. p. 344.

In this letter he proceeds to protest against a rigorous, systematic scheme of religion. This, he conceives, was first completely established by the school philosophy in the interest of the dominant hierarchy. This was what Luther protested against. It was only after Luther that these rigid systems were re-established:—

‘In the symbolical books are doctrines about inspiration (verbal inspiration) about the connexion of the Old and New Testament, which will never again resume their power; and how much more is there of which the primitive Church knew nothing! Let it be considered whether my rule is narrow or large; and let no man falsely ascribe to me the intention of explaining religion as mere human teaching, and its history according to the rule of every-day life. My design is directly the reverse of this.’

Such seem to have been the opinions of Niebuhr on this subject, on which, it is evident, he had thought deeply and seriously. How far they may be thought satisfactory or unobjectionable among ourselves, is not the question: it is clear that in him these were consistent with much of the higher blessings, with the moral control, the aspirations, and consolations of religion; and his own regretful allusions to certain circumstances of his education require no comment from us. There are many other passages in his letters with regard to the state of Christianity in

Rome and in Germany well worthy of consideration. The aversion to Popery, which he felt so profoundly in Rome, was not weakened by the darkening bigotry and restless ambition of the Vatican, which threatened, and still threatens, to disturb the peace and prosperity of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia.

On Niebuhr’s great work we are not now called upon to pass judgment. We are persuaded that the time is not yet come (we find M. Savigny expresses the same opinion) at which the worth of his discoveries will be appreciated according to their real value. Posterity must decide how much of his bold and original views will become integral parts of Roman History, and, having endured the sober and patient investigations of competent scholarship and historical criticism, receive the homage and command the faith of the inquiring and educated part of mankind. For on the one hand his admirers are dazzled by the wonderful powers of the writer, his boundless knowledge, his inexhaustible memory, his power of combination, the divining skill with which he seizes the clue of some brief or careless hint in a scholiast or a writer of slight reputation, and follows it to remote but probable conclusions; the felicity with which his theory accounts for his facts, and his facts support his theory; the happy analogies with the forms and usages and constitutions of other states. We must acknowledge that when we study Niebuhr, we ourselves are under the spell, and for the time apt to become his blind disciples. When we get again beyond the magic circle, though we cannot return to the servile belief of the few adherents of the ancient creed—(in fact, the demolition of the old edifice by Perizonius and Beaufort was almost complete before Niebuhr: it is the reconstruction, the new Roman history, which is alone worthy of investigation)—a suspicion and mistrust cannot but haunt us of the improbability that it should be reserved to modern times to discover such important facts, such vital principles, as it were, of the history, of which the best writers of Rome, with the command of the ancient annals and documents which have perished, seem either to have had no conception, or at least no clear or distinct knowledge.

The axiom which is laid down by his more ardent partisans, that he who has long looked at one object with the steadiness and intensity with which Niebuhr has studied the history of Rome, must obtain a clearer and more profound insight into it, than those who have surveyed it with a more rapid and less concentrated attention, is in some degree balanced by the unquestionable fact,

that the intellectual as well as the corporeal vision, when unremittingly fixed on one object, is apt to make that object assume a form and a colouring, as it were, from the sight itself. We see what we wish to see—not what is really before us. The imagination blends with the reality till we lose the clear and cloudless distinctness in which at first we saw the object. On the other hand, when we consider, that among the most fervent disciples of Niebuhr in England are those who have made the Roman history their peculiar study, we cannot but acknowledge that if there be any delusion it must be a very powerful one which has carried away so many and such distinguished proselytes.

We would, however, consider the history at present solely as illustrative of the character of the man; for to that character we are persuaded it owes, to some extent at least, its influence and authority.

We know no writer more rigidly conscientious than Niebuhr. In a curious letter in the second volume, written for the instruction of a youth who intended to devote himself to philosophy, he insists that no quotation should be made at second-hand, even if scrupulously verified, without naming the intermediate source from which it was derived. No writer was more firmly convinced of the truth of his own conclusions. We have given examples of this in his bold appeal to an ancient Roman rising from the grave. We could multiply such passages. He writes in these words to Savigny:—

‘In its doctrines it now stands fixed, and not to be shaken throughout all ages—(jetzt in seinen Lehrsätzen unerschütterlich für alle Zeiten fest steht). I scruple not to say that no discovery of any ancient historian can teach so much as my labours; and that whatever may come to light, which is ancient and genuine, will only afford confirmation and development of my views.’—vol. iii. p. 187.

It is this grave earnestness, this entire assurance of the solidity of his views, which not merely commands respect and deference, but blending as it does with our admiration of the sagacity, penetration, erudition, and concentrating powers of the writer, imposes upon us with the authority of a master, at times wrests our critical fasces from our hands, and makes us lay them humbly down before the feet of the dictator, in whose right to his office and authority we cannot but acquiesce.

It may appear a paradox to say so—but of all original writers Niebuhr seems to us the most superior to the love of paradox. Contrast him, for instance, with Warburton. The latter is an intellectual gladiator who

has engaged himself to put forth all his courage and skill in a certain cause. In his own powers he has the utmost confidence—in his cause, little or none. We are almost satisfied that he would change sides like a practised advocate, and confute himself with but little scruple. But of Niebuhr’s boldest and most hazardous conjectures we feel that he is himself profoundly, intimately convinced; and hence there is an absolute charm in his positiveness, in his peremptory dogmatism, which in a less sincere and honest writer provokes a stubborn opposition. In all his most startling propositions, his most daring innovations, he is seeking truth, not labouring to convince; still less condescending to the paltry ambition of astonishing and enforcing the admiration of his reader. This impression is greatly strengthened by the severe and uncompromising fearlessness with which he constantly refers all actions and events to his high moral standard. We may differ from Niebuhr as to his moral as well as his historical judgments; according to our tenets and views, we may refuse our ardent admiration to one party in the Roman constitution, and consider that justice is not done to the other; but we shall differ, not on the lofty principles to which Niebuhr perpetually appeals, but on the application of those principles to the particular cases. In no writer is the sincere attachment to law and order more intimately blended with the assertion of freedom; no man more cordially abhors that state of violence and disorganisation, in which the wicked, the reckless, and the desperate prosper; no work more strongly expresses the eternal moral lesson, that public prosperity, happiness, and dignity can alone rise out of private virtue.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, written by himself, with a selection of his Correspondence.* Edited by his sons. In 2 vols. 2d edition. 8vo. London. 1840.

We have on former occasions stated our strong opinion that near relatives are the very most unfit editors of any man’s biography. It is, in fact, a task which never should be undertaken by those whose natural and inevitable partiality to their subject renders them at once more liable than any others would be to the jealousy of criticism, and more painfully sensitive under it. But this is more peculiarly true of the biography, and above all, of the autobiography of a

public character of recent times, which must necessarily involve topics still hot with the passions of party, and, what is even worse, still palpitating with individual sensibilities.

We do not recollect any case to which these general objections are more strongly or more justly applicable than the present, and we say so with the less reserve because, except the mere fact of a too hasty and *indiscriminate* publication, we have no objection to make to the mode in which the editors of the work before us have performed their duty. Their short preface and few explanatory notes are written with judgment; but a better judgment would have been not to have published at all. We are well aware how tempting it must be to filial affection to pay an early tribute to those qualities for which it at least must feel an *unmixed* veneration—but affection is not, in such cases, a safe councillor—it sees but one, and that the bright side of a character, which may have many, and some of them of a darker hue: and in this particular case there is a painful peculiarity, the recollection of which, affection itself, we should have thought, would have been reluctant to revive. That, however, is more particularly their own concern. But much the larger portion of the work is very busy, and not very charitably busy, with the characters of other men. On this point the editors say—

‘Some passages will be found in the parliamentary diary in which the conduct of various persons is animadverted upon; but wherever these have been retained they have been considered to relate exclusively to public character or public conduct, and to be such as the terms in which they are expressed, and the object for which they were written, entitled the editors to publish, and would not have justified them in suppressing.’—*Pref.*, p. vi.

We know not what they may have suppressed, but we do know that they have published a great many things about a great many persons, which not only would they have been justified in suppressing, but which they were *not justified* in retaining, and we think that they themselves will, on reconsideration, doubt whether it was either decorous or prudent to incur the risk of such a conflict as every page of their father's parliamentary journal might not unnaturally produce. Can those of Romilly's political adversaries who still survive—or the children and friends of the departed—whose names are sneered at, whose motives are traduced, whose measures are misrepresented—can they—who met and repelled, face to face, the attacks of their living opponent, be expected to lie down patiently under his posthumous imputations, rendered more solemn and therefore more offensive by coming

as a voice from the grave? If they submit in silence, they belie their consciences and hallow the obloquy;—if they reply—How ever tenderly or delicately—they can hardly avoid impugning the character of the deceased, and retaliating on his surviving friends the pain inflicted on themselves. This is a dilemma into which they ought not to be forced. The generous sentiment that ‘*waits not with the dead*’ supposes, even in its most indulgent latitude, that the dead shall not be evoked to make war upon us; and however unpleasant or invidious may be the revival of obsolete feuds and factions, they only can be deemed responsible for the disagreeable results who have assumed the previous responsibility of the unnecessary and unseasonable aggression.

We have said so much by way of recording our general opinion on this class of publications, and to vindicate, in the particular case of Sir Samuel Romilly, our indubitable right to criticise, repel, and refute with whatever force or severity we may think necessary, many of the doctrines he advocated and much of the conduct he pursued, both dragged again, by this publication, into the arena of public controversy.

But though we thus broadly assert that right, our readers will find that we shall use it sparingly—indeed, the severest thing we shall say is that we deemed Sir Samuel's *politics* of no great weight or importance even when enforced by his own impressive utterance in the House of Commons, and that we certainly have no inclination to dig them up again from the obscurity of a tedious diary where we believe they are nearly as innocuous as any fresh refutation could render them. We shall therefore avoid, as far as we can, the controversy to which these volumes seem to invite us, and shall rather endeavour to forget our differences from the politician in the more pleasing recollection of the respectable man and eminent lawyer, who from humble beginnings raised himself to high rank and still higher consideration, by a rare and fortunate combination of industry and talents, accompanied by great purity of mind and a high and proud independence of personal character.

The publication is made up of the following materials:—1st, a narrative by himself of his birth, parentage, education, and life to 1789, which occupies not above a fourth of the first volume; 2ndly, a series of letters to friends, mostly foreigners, about equivalent to one volume; 3rdly, the diary of his parliamentary life. The *Narrative*, particularly the earlier portion of it, is written with candour and simplicity, and is, we think, much the most interesting portion

of the publication—the *Letters*, which relate for the most part to public and political events of the times from 1780 to 1803, are by no means lively—but in a remarkably good, clear, unaffected style, and showing very considerable information and sagacity. The *Diary* extends from March, 1806, when he became solicitor-general, to a short time before his death in the autumn of 1818; it consists of memoranda of his political and parliamentary life, written from day to day, and of course imbued with all the partialities and passions of the moment which no active politician can put off, and with a peculiarity of prejudice which seems to have been progressive in his honest but enthusiastic, and, even in his youth, somewhat saturnine disposition.

Sir Samuel Romilly's grandfather was one of the most respectable class of persons, as we think, recorded in history—the French refugees—who, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, abandoned, for conscience' sake, fortune, kindred, and country, and prospered (as they generally did) in the land of their adoption, with no other resources than an elevated and pious spirit, and an intelligent and indefatigable industry.

Mr. Romilly, whose Christian name is not stated, settled in London, in the trade of a wax-bleacher. He married Judith de Monsallier, the daughter of another refugee, by whom he had a large family, of whom Peter—Sir Samuel's father—was the youngest. Peter also married a lady of a refugee family of the name of Garnault; so that it really turned out that the first man at the English bar, who, if he had lived, would probably have been Lord High Chancellor of England, and who, as his friend Dumont tells us, used 'to bless the tyranny of Louis XIV., which had made him an *Englishman*,' had not a drop of English blood in his veins—a fact which might be detected in his fine but rather foreign countenance, and traced, we think, in his social habits, and on many occasions in the turn and tendencies of his mind. It is somewhat singular that while Romilly was leading the Chancery bar in England, Saurin, another branch of the refugee stock, enjoyed the same undisputed pre-eminence at the Irish Bar.

Sir Samuel was born 1st March 1757. His father was a jeweller, and in business so respectable as to have calculated that his shop would be an adequate provision for Romilly and his brother. He had at one time thought of bringing him up as an attorney, but to that the boy himself (at the age of ten, as it seems) took, from the greasy looks, dusty residence, and scanty library of his intended master, an insuperable aversion.

He then was instructed in arithmetic and book-keeping to fit him for a clerkship in the counting-house of Sir Samuel Fludyer, alderman and baronet. As Fludyer was both his godfather and cousin, being the son of Elizabeth de Monsallier, sister of Romilly's grandmother, and the head of a great mercantile house, the elder Romilly might naturally have looked to this connexion as likely 'to lead to a very brilliant fortune for his son; but alas! while Romilly was still learning the elements of book-keeping, Fludyer died suddenly, and the opening prospect of commercial 'riches and honours was shut for ever.'

He, however, turned his new acquirements to some account, and for two years kept his father's books, and received orders from his customers; but during these two years he did still better: with a noble aspiration after higher things, and with wonderful perseverance and industry, he determined to perfect, in his evenings and leisure moments, the education of which he had received very rude and scanty elements at a neighbouring day-school. He began by reading works of history, poetry, and criticism, and at last found that he was himself a poet. He translated Boileau, and imitated Spenser—his verses, he says, were feeble and puerile, but they delighted his family, and excited him to still higher efforts. At the age of between fifteen and sixteen he resolved to learn thoroughly both Latin and Greek; Latin he pursued with such success, that in four years he had read every prose-writer of the ages of pure Latinity. He read Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus three times over—had studied most of Cicero's orations, oratorical treatises, and letters, and translated a great part of them. He was equally diligent with the poets, and translated portions of Virgil with such success that, as he pleasantly says, he and his good-natured re-

* So writes Romilly; but the prospect of a connexion with the commercial house must have been more remote than his words imply—and was probably little more than a fond expectation on the part of his father—for Sir Samuel Fludyer died before Romilly was eleven years old. Indeed, there are several inaccuracies in Romilly's account of these respectable relatives. He does not seem to have known the Christian name of his grand-uncle (the father of Sir Samuel and of his brother and partner Sir Thomas), which was *Samuel*. He states that *they* began life in *very narrow* circumstances. We doubt it. They inherited, we believe, their business, already prosperous, from their father. He says that Sir Samuel was 'created a baronet in a year very remarkable for city honours, when the king on his *marriage* visited the corporation and dined in Guildhall.' This is a mistake; Sir Samuel was created a baronet not from happening to have been Lord Mayor when George III. dined in the city, but two years before by George II.

latives concurred in thinking that he had 'left poor Dryden at a most humiliating distance,'—a proof, he modestly adds—not that his verses were good, but that his taste was bad. Greek he soon found would take too much time and trouble to master, but, laudably reluctant to be altogether shut out from so large a class of knowledge, he read 'the historians, orators, and philosophers' (he does not specify which) 'in the Latin versions that generally accompany the original text.' His reading was so various, that he even acquired a little scientific knowledge—he knew something of natural history, and attended several courses of lectures on natural philosophy. His father had communicated to him a taste for prints and pictures, of which he never omitted any opportunity of seeing a good collection; he knew the peculiar style of almost every master, and attended the lectures on painting, architecture, and anatomy given at the Royal Academy.

These were extraordinary efforts for a young man in such a situation; but as no good or evil can be unmixed in this world, the enthusiasm which supported him in the acquisition of knowledge was occasionally tainted by a species of morbid melancholy—which he traced back to his earliest childhood, and to which we cannot but attribute the closing catastrophe of his life. Youth, he says, is commonly said to be the season of happiness, but it was not so with him:—

'In my earliest infancy, my imagination was alarmed and my fears awakened by stories of devils, witches, and apparitions; and they had a much greater effect upon me than is even usual with children; at least I judge so from their effect being of a more than usual duration. The images of terror with which those tales abound, infested my imagination very long after I had discarded all belief in the tales themselves, and in the notions on which they are built; and even now [in his fortieth year!] although I have been accustomed for many years to pass my evenings and my nights in solitude, and without even a servant sleeping in my chambers, I must, with some shame, confess that they are sometimes very unwelcome intruders upon my thoughts.'—vol. i. pp. 10, 11.

He adds an instance, which is curious from its resemblance to a recent atrocity:—

'I often recollect, and never without shuddering, a story which, in my earliest childhood (for my memory hardly reaches beyond it), I overheard, as I lay in bed, related by an old woman who was employed about our house, of a servant murdering his master; and particularly that part of it where the murderer, with a knife in his hand, had crept, in the dead of night, to the side of the bed in which his master lay asleep, and when, as from a momentary compunction, he was hesitating before he executed his bloody purpose, he on a sudden heard a deep hollow voice whispering close to his ear in a

commanding tone, "that he should accomplish his design!"'—p. 11.

This disposition to melancholy took at one time the turn of an apprehension of his father's death, which, as he describes it, must have been almost monomaniac:—

'The idea of my father's approaching death pursued me even in the midst of scenes which seemed most likely to dispel such gloomy reflections. I remember once, accompanying him to the theatre on a night when Garrick acted. The play was *Zara*, and it was followed by the farce of *Lethe*. The inimitable and various powers of acting which were displayed by that admirable performer in both those pieces, could not for a moment drive from my mind the diabolical idea which haunted me. In the aged Lusignan I saw what my father in a few years would be, tottering on the brink of the grave; and when in the farce the old man desires to drink the waters of *Lethe* that he may forget how old he is, I thought that the same idea must naturally present itself to my father; that he must see as clearly as I did that his death could not be at the distance of many years; and that, notwithstanding his apparent cheerfulness, that idea must often prey upon his mind, and poison his happiness more even than it did mine.'—p. 13.

No date is given to this story, but *Zara* and *Lethe* were acted together three times in 1766, when Romilly was nine, and once in 1772, when he was near fifteen; from the context we should be led to assign this anecdote to the earlier date.

How remarkable, how painful, and, considering the conclusion of his life, how awful is the following description of the feelings of a mere child:—

'A dreadful impression was made on me by relations of murders and acts of cruelty. The prints which I found in the lives of the martyrs and the Newgate Calendar have cost me many sleepless nights. My dreams too were disturbed by the hideous images which haunted my imagination by day. I thought myself present at executions, murders, and scenes of blood; and I have often lain in bed agitated by my terrors, equally afraid of remaining awake in the dark, and of falling asleep to encounter the horrors of my dreams. Often have I in my evening prayers to God, besought him, with the utmost fervour, to suffer me to pass the night undisturbed by horrid dreams.'—p. 12.

Whilst he was attending to his father's business, and at the same time pursuing these various studies, which probably alleviated his mental anguish, a relation of his mother's, a M. de la Haize, died, leaving a legacy of 14,000*l.* or 15,000*l.* to the family, of which Romilly's share was near 3000*l.* 'Blessed,' he exclaims, 'be his memory for it. But for this legacy the portion of my life which is already [1796] passed, must have been spent in a manner the most irksome and painful, and my present condition would probably have been wretched and desperate.' (vol. i. p. 26.) On this ac-

cession of fortune, Romilly, with the approbation of his father, finally left the shop, which was in every respect uncongenial to him, and reverting to the law as a profession, was bound apprentice to one of the *sworn clerks* in Chancery for five years.

Out-of office-hours and in the vacations, young Romilly pursued his studies with great zeal and corresponding success. His project at this period was to follow his profession only as far as was necessary for a livelihood, and to aspire to fame by his literary pursuits. At first he hoped to be a poet, but, at nineteen, had the sense and good taste to give over versifying, though he still hoped to be a distinguished author, and exercised himself assiduously in prose composition. While he was pursuing these studies, he formed an acquaintance which had a great influence on all his subsequent life—it was that of Mr. John Roget, a Genevese clergyman, who had been invited over to serve the French refugee chapel which the Romilly family attended. This chapel had been hitherto an object of disgust to Romilly, and ‘nothing,’ he thought, ‘was ever worse calculated to inspire the mind of a child with respect for religion than such a kind of religious worship—an uncouth room in a dirty alley—a few strange-looking old women for a congregation, and a stammering and monotonous preacher.’

We need not express our opinion that the Calvinistic forms of worship are not very congenial to elegant and imaginative minds: but the poverty of the ritual, and, we must add, the narrow view, that confounded religion, with the mean chapel and the tedious minister seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate in Romilly's case. His constitutional melancholy would probably have found in the habitual practices of early piety its most appropriate remedy—but he leaves us to suppose that the religious instruction of his infancy was very scanty, and of his youth little or none. His ‘father was,’ he tells us, ‘very religious, and read family prayers every Sunday, but he attached much less importance to the forms of religion than the substance of it.’ (vol. i. p. 7.) This distinction between the form and substance of religion is the common cant of those who care for neither the substance nor the form; but Romilly goes further by adding, ‘the substance he thought consisted in doing good to our fellow-creatures.’ (ib.) This definition of religion, which would equally suit the case of a benevolent Turk, Jew, or even infidel, must be a gloss of Sir Samuel's own, and never could have been the opinion of his good old father. It is, indeed, a strange remark from one who had just re-

corded the noble sacrifices his family had made for conscience' sake. If *their* sense of the duties of religion had been limited to the abstract benevolence of ‘doing good to their fellow-creatures,’ the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes would have been to them wholly innocuous, and they would undoubtedly have done more good of that kind as gentlemen on their hereditary estates, than by seeking a painful and precarious livelihood as artisans in the workshops of foreign countries. In fact, it would be nearer the truth to say that the question at issue between them and the bigoted advisers of Louis XIV. was—in the sense in which Romilly uses the word—*form*, and nothing but *form*—the PROTESTANT FORM OF CHRISTIANITY! Against that *form* the persecution was directed; for that *form* they were content to suffer forfeiture and exile; and they would, we doubt not, have been exceedingly scandalised had they been told that their immediate descendant would so misrepresent and disparage their high motives and their sacred cause as to confound Christianity with general benevolence, and to insinuate that the difference between popery, paganism, and the *protestant faith*, was only a matter of *form*.

It seems clear, however, that except by ‘reading family prayers on Sunday’ (the day on which public worship would render them the least necessary) Romilly's father gave his son no ideas of religious tendency; and the first and best channel of early religious and moral instruction—the maternal lips—seems to have been altogether closed. Indeed, his mother is scarcely mentioned, except to say that her state of health incapacitated her from taking any part in the education of her children. We are not told the precise nature of her disorder, but that it originated in ‘*despair*’ at the difficulties which her family raised to her union with Mr. Romilly, ‘which destroyed her health and endangered her life,’ and reduced her to such a state, as it seems, of nonentity in her own family, that her very existence is alluded to in only two or three vague words; but her name, her age, and even her death are not so much as mentioned. Her children.

‘were brought up principally by a kind and pious relative of hers, a Mrs. Margaret Faquier who taught them to read—though the books were ill suited to their age—the Bible, Spectator, and Tele-machus; but this kind relation having too bad health to attend them constantly, the chief care of the children devolved on Mary Evans a female servant, very ill qualified to give them instruction, or to cultivate their understanding.’—vol. i. p. 10.

But she was to Romilly ‘in the place of a

mother.' Under all this smooth and affectionate description of his early instructors, it is but too clear that the poor child had not that deep and gentle discipline of the heart and spirit which would have alleviated—perhaps prevented—the visionary miseries of his youth, and have at once softened and strengthened his mind for the trials of the world.

The ministry of Mr. Roget does not seem to have at all improved the spiritual condition of Romilly, who praises 'his sermons, composed with taste and eloquence, and delivered with great propriety and animation,' but no intimation is given of any other effect than admiration of his eloquence. Mr. Roget soon grew into great intimacy with the Romilly family, which was in 1778 cemented by his union with Miss Romilly. Mr. Roget encouraged and directed Romilly in his studies, and no doubt contributed to his future fortune and fame by the favourable estimate which he formed of his talents, and the exciting confidence with which he predicted his success. But he seems to have done him also a very important though of course unintentional injury;—

'Roget was an admirer of the writings of his countryman Rousseau, and he made me acquainted with them. With what astonishment and delight did I first read them! I seemed transported into a new world. His seducing eloquence so captivated my reason that I was blind to all his errors. I imbibed all his doctrines, adopted all his opinions, and embraced his system of morality with the fervour of a convert to some new religion. That enthusiasm has long since evaporated; and though I am not even now so cold and insensible as to be able under any circumstances to read his writings with an even and languid pulse, and unmoistened eyes, yet I am never tempted to exclaim, *Malo cum Platone errare, quam cum aliis vera sentire*,—a motto which I once seriously inscribed in the first page of *Emile*.'—vol. i. pp. 31, 32.

We need not say how pernicious a guide Rousseau might be to any young man, but he would be peculiarly so to one of Romilly's morbid sensibility; and though he recovered from the extreme and fanatical enthusiasm described in the foregoing extract, we doubt whether he ever wholly escaped from the unhappy influence of his doctrines. Indeed, he proceeds to say—

'But though the writings of Rousseau contain many errors on the most important subjects, they may yet be read with great advantage. There is, perhaps, no writer so capable of inspiring a young mind with an ardent love of virtue, a fixed hatred of oppression, and a contempt for all false glory, as Rousseau; and I ascribe, in a great degree, to the fraternal admiration of him, which I once entertained, those dispositions of mind from which I have derived my greatest happiness throughout life.'—vol. i. p. 32.

We will as soon believe that figs can be gathered from thistles as that 'a love of virtue,' or any other good or noble feeling can be inspired by that crazy, heartless, and impure charlatan. This, however, was written in 1796, and we cannot doubt the twenty subsequent years of his life still further reduced Romilly's estimate of Rousseau as a moralist, though the influence of his political theories may have continued to the last; and, indeed, we find that, so late as 1813, Sir Samuel says, in eulogising society in Geneva, that 'it had all the liveliness of French conversation without its frivolity, and the good sense of England, with a refined literary taste formed by an intimate and familiar acquaintance with the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire, to which we have no pretensions' (vol. i. p. 56). The observation that the people of Geneva were better acquainted with Rousseau and Voltaire—the one a native, the other almost a resident, and both writing in the language of the place—than England could pretend to be, seems absurd enough, but we more seriously wonder that, in comparing the respective states of society, Sir Samuel Romilly, should have assigned such a preponderating value to a familiarity with the works of those two mischievous, yet shallow sophists.

There are circumstances in Sir Samuel's history that render the state of his mind on the subject of religion so important—particularly as the editors profess to publish this work for the purposes of 'example and instruction'—that we feel ourselves reluctantly obliged to say that, with our best diligence, we have not been able to discover throughout these volumes—his own share written he says, for the instruction of his children—any distinct evidence that he was a Christian, though there is abundant proof that he was a man of the kindest social and domestic feelings, and of the purest morality, that he believed in a future state of retribution, and had a full and well-reasoned conviction of the existence and transcendent attributes of the Deity.

In his letter of condolence to his sister on the loss of her husband, his own dearest friend and a Christian minister, we find indeed very satisfactory expressions as to the justice and mercy of God, but no allusion to what we should have thought the most natural topic of consolation on such an occasion, the atoning merits of the Redeemer, and 'the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

He writes on this melancholy occasion to Mrs. Roget that, great as their common loss is,

'still are we not without reason to be consoled, when we reflect that this misfortune is ours alone, and reaches not our dear friend. . . . Dissolution of life is not, in truth, a misfortune to any man who has lived well; to him it must have been less so than to any man I ever knew, for it was always present to his mind, and his whole life was a preparation for it. He is now assuredly rewarded for his virtues by that God in whom he has firmly believed, and he now partakes of that immortality for which he showed, by the whole tenor of his life, that he knew he was created.'—vol. i. p. 283.

And again—

'I rather consider what is the amount of my loss, and examine what is real and what imaginary in the terrors of death. I know that my dear brother's virtues had made him invulnerable to its sting. I know that he is immortal, I know that he still lives; and I carry the idea so far as to read over all his former letters. I think with myself he is still only in a foreign country,—we shall soon meet again; not so soon, indeed, as we intended; but what can be late that is circumscribed by the limits of life, and what can be distant that lies no farther than the grave? I reflect that my dear brother is now more present with me than ever, that he looks down upon me from Heaven, is the witness of all my actions, knows all that passes in my mind, and sees the sincerity of my affection for him: that he will still be the guardian and director of my conduct; and that, whenever I am doubtful how to act, I will consider how he would have acted in such a situation, and I shall then be certain always to determine for what is just and virtuous.'—vol. i. pp. 285, 286.

All this is piously felt and beautifully expressed; and as familiar letters, or even an autobiography, are not a confession of faith, we should not have looked for any more particular expression of his religious tenets, but for his avowal of a neglected childhood, and his eulogies of Rousseau and Voltaire. There is given, however, in the 3rd volume and under the date of 1812, what the editors call a *prayer*,—though it distinctly disclaims *prayer*,—but which is a thanksgiving, and, in our judgment, rather too much in the style of the Pharisee in the parable.

'1812.

'ALMIGHTY God! Creator of all things! the source of all wisdom, and goodness, and virtue, and happiness! I bow down before thee—not to offer up prayers, for I dare not presume to think or hope that thy most just, unerring, and supreme will can be in any degree influenced by any supplications of mine—nor to pour forth praises and adorations, for I feel that I am unworthy to offer them, but, in all humility, and with a deep sense of my own insignificance, to express the thanks of a contented and happy being, for the innumerable benefits which he enjoys. I cannot reflect that I am a human being, living in civilised society, born the member of a free state, the son of virtuous and tender parents, blest with an ample fortune, endowed with faculties which have enabled me to acquire that fortune myself, enjoying a fair reputation, beloved by my relations, esteemed by my friends, thought well of by most of my countrymen to whom my name is known, united to a kind, virtuous, enlightened, and most affectionate wife, the father of seven children

all in perfect health, and all giving, by the goodness of their dispositions, a promise of future excellence, and though myself far advanced in life, yet still possessed of health and strength which seem to afford me the prospect of future years of enjoyment,—I cannot reflect on all these things and not express my gratitude to thee, O God! from whom all this good has flowed. I am sincerely grateful for all this happiness. I am sincerely grateful for the happiness of all those who are most dear to me, of my beloved wife, of my sweet children, of my relations, and of my friends.

'I prostrate myself, O Almighty and Omniscient God, before thee. In endeavouring to contemplate the divine attributes, I seek to elevate my soul towards thee; I seek to improve and ennoble my faculties, and to strengthen and quicken thy ardour for the public good; and I appear to myself to rise above my earthly existence, while I am indulging the hope that I may at some time prove an humble instrument in the divine work of enlarging the sphere of human happiness.'—vol. iii. pp. 76, 77.

This may be a beautiful composition, though, to our taste, it savours too much of 'the pride that apes humility;' but, as a religious exercise, it is altogether unsatisfactory. It distinctly rejects the *Christian* doctrine of *prayer*, nor does it express—but, on the contrary, by the repudiation of *prayer*, seems to disclaim—any belief in the *Christian revelation*. It evinces gratitude for prosperity—an easy duty!—but affords no germ of consolation in the trying day of adversity. It dutifully acknowledges the *Creator*, but omits—what hardly could have been omitted on such an occasion if it were felt—any reliance on the *Comforter*, or any hope in the *Redeemer*. In short we have been able to discover nothing which can assure us that Romilly was more than Plato (whom indeed he very strangely calls, 'the author of all the good theology that ever existed,' i. 179), or Cicero, or any other enlightened professor of natural religion might have been. If it be the result of mere accident that in the papers and correspondence selected for publication he did not happen to express his Christian convictions, we trust that in another condition something may be introduced—a line, a word to clear up an obscurity which is injurious to his memory, and by so prominent an example, detrimental to the best interests of mankind. Concerning the religious feelings of private or even of public men in ordinary circumstances, the world has little right to be over-inquisitive; but when a character is deliberately produced as a pattern of virtue and an object of imitation, we surely have a fair claim to be satisfied one way or the other on the most important point of human character. This must be our justification—but we feel that it is an ample one—for the suggestions which we have ventured to make on a subject which is painful to us, and may probably be still more so to others.

To return to our narrative. He had not been long plodding in the routine of the Six Clerks' office, when he began—chiefly, it seems, under the encouragement of Roget—to turn his thoughts to the higher walks of the legal profession. Most of his friends thought it would be an imprudent change; his legacy from Mr. De la Haize would have enabled him to purchase his master's seat in the office, and in that situation he would have been secure of a competent income for life, without risk, and with leisure enough to have pursued his great object—literary fame; but his legacy was in the hands of his father, from whom it could not have been withdrawn without great inconvenience to him: this consideration came in aid of Roget's flattering estimate of his talents and of his own natural ambition, and determined him for the bar. He mentions another motive, which he probably thought characteristic—and so do we:—

'There was another circumstance, which, though a trifling one, I ought to mention; for it certainly had some, though I cannot at this distance of time recollect how great an influence over the judgment which I exercised. The works of Thomas had fallen into my hands: I had read with admiration his *Eloge* of Daguesseau; and the career of glory, which he represents that illustrious magistrate to have run, had excited to a very great degree my ardour and my ambition, and opened to imagination new paths of glory.'—vol. i. p. 45.

This Thomas was such a pompous and inflated manufacturer of *verbiage* that Voltaire used to write the word *Galimatias*—*Galithomas*; and Romilly's admiration, while it shows how apt his mind was to receive the impulses of a noble ambition, proves also how liable it was to the influences of that school of French philosophy into which his connexions and circumstances had, as we think, unfortunately thrown him.

At the age then of twenty-two he entered himself at Gray's Inn, and under the advice of his late master in the Six Clerks' office—a better guide than Thomas or Rousseau—became the pupil of a chancery draftsman, Mr. Spranger—afterwards a Master in that Court. At his house the young student passed all his mornings and most of his evenings, and had access to a very good library, of which he made very good use. Mr. Spranger (who, be it observed, was a Whig) directed his technical reading, while his own taste, judgment, and assiduity increased and perfected his other acquisitions. He read history—improved his English style by translating the best classical models, and his elocution by making imaginary speeches; occasionally he attend-

ed the two Houses of Parliament, and used himself to write, or excoGITATE, answers to the speeches he heard there. That he might lose no time, he generally reserved these exercises for the times of his walking and riding, and by practice could at last think these compositions as he walked through the most crowded streets.

His close application to his studies proved at last injurious to his health, which other causes also tempted to impair. The chief of these was the declining health of Mr. Roget, who was attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and ordered to try his native air; his wife of course accompanied him, and her distressing situation, separated for the first time from her family, in a foreign country, amongst strangers, and watching the progress of the horrible disease that preyed upon her husband—'pierced Romilly to the heart, and the dread of what she had to undergo preyed continually on his mind.' But even when Roget appeared to mend and his sister's prospects brightened, his own health was still deplorable, and his physician advised him to try the waters of Bath, where he accordingly passed six weeks of the spring of 1780. His description of his situation at this time is painful and remarkable:—

'I drank too much of the water; I was advised by an apothecary there to try the bath: I followed that advice, but I went into the bath when it was too hot, I stayed in it too long, and in a short time, by these various means, I found myself in a much worse state than that in which I had left town. The disorder in my stomach was all I had then to complain of; but now I was disordered throughout my whole frame. I was incapable of walking half a mile without excessive fatigue. Any exertion either of mind or body produced the most distressing palpitation of my heart. My nights were sleepless, my days restless and agitated. My apprehensions for the future were the most gloomy. Having heard at Bath of persons who had never recovered from the relaxed and nervous habit into which an intemperate use of the hot bath had reduced them, I persuaded myself that such was my destination. I imagined that my whole life (and I feared it might be a long one) would drag on in my then state, useless to all mankind and burdensome to myself; and I entertained strong apprehensions that my disorder might end in madness.'—vol. i. pp. 49. 50.

Under the pressure of all these real or imaginary ills he returned to town, where his physician, who seems to have seen that the disease was of the mind rather than of the body, and who had probably sent him to Bath rather for diversion than for the medicinal properties of the waters, now advised the cold bath, the chalybeate waters of Islington, and the relinquishment of all study. 'This last recommendation,' adds Romilly, 'was unnecessary, for my constant

restlessness and uneasiness made it impossible for me to fix my attention to anything.'

He was growing better when the riots in London broke out and 'obliged him to undergo bodily fatigues, which threw him back again, and left him in a very deplorable state.' The riots we know lasted but three days; and the '*bodily fatigues*' which had so 'deplorable' an effect were no more than that, when the members of the several inns of court armed themselves in their own defence, Romilly, 'was for *one whole night* under arms, and stood sentinel for *several hours* at the gate in Holborn!'

'This fatigue,' which to any other man would have been nothing at all, 'threw him,' he tells us, 'back into a worse state of health than ever—he was so relaxed he could hardly stand—his nights were restless; and if the continual agitation of his fibres had allowed him to sleep, the pulsation of his heart, which was continually sensible to him, and which was *visible* through his clothes when he was dressed, would have prevented him. He felt so sensibly and so disagreeably every change of the weather, that he continued possessed with the idea that his health was irrecoverably lost—that for the rest of his days he should be a wretched valetudinarian, and that the bright prospects of success in his profession, in which he had sometimes indulged, were shut out from him for ever.' (vol. i. p. 52.)

This pitiable state of mind and body seems to have continued for a couple of years, when a circumstance occurred which, by operating an almost immediate amendment, proved, we think, what might already have been presumed, that his malady was really hypochondriacal. Roget's health, though somewhat improved, left no great hope of his being soon able to resume his duty in England, and he and his wife were naturally anxious for the presence of their infant boy (the present Dr. Roget), who, when they undertook their sad journey, had been left with his grandfather; and as the child and his nursemaid could not be trusted unaccompanied, on so long a journey, it was settled that Romilly should escort them to Geneva. He had never been abroad, and the novelty and variety of the objects which surprised and amused him were, we have no doubt, the immediate cause of a simultaneous improvement in his health—though, like most other hypochondriacs, he does not seem to have seen very clearly either the true nature of his disorder or the efficacy of diversion as a remedy. He travelled with a voiturier, having half a dozen companions, and accomplished about forty miles a-day—through Flanders, Alsace, and Lorraine—to

Lausanne, where he found Roget in better health than he expected, and passed six weeks of high enjoyment from the sublime scene which surrounded him, the interesting society into which he was introduced, and above all, the affectionate, intellectual, and inspiring conversation of Roget.

'His friendship for me, and the favourable opinion he had entertained of my talents, had been greatly increased by absence, and by the numerous and long letters which had, during that absence, passed between us. My success at the bar he considered as certain; and, knowing what that success leads to in England, he spoke of my future destination, with a degree of exultation and enthusiasm which rekindled those hopes that had for some time been nearly extinguished in my mind. The recollection of one of these conversations, which took place as we were walking upon the terrace of his garden one fine summer night, when not a cloud appeared upon the atmosphere to intercept the effulgence of the stars scattered over every part of the heavens, has since a thousand times occurred to me, and is now as fresh in my memory as if it had been an event of yesterday.'—vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

It was the same scene that warmed the philosophic phlegm of Gibbon in that beautiful and well-known passage of his *Memoirs*, which wants, however, the sublimer touch which Romilly's reverence for the Divine author of those beauties gives to his description.

'The situation was one of the most beautiful that imagination could paint. It was about a mile from Lausanne, and at a considerable eminence above it, commanding a most extensive view of that enchanting country, with the lake of Geneva stretching out to its whole extent, and bounded by the lofty and rude mountains of Savoy. Never could there be a clearer refutation of the common saying, that the most beautiful objects by familiarity tire upon the sight, than what I here experienced. The window of my room commanded this sublime prospect: every day I gazed upon it with fresh rapture; and the last time that I beheld it, its beauty kindled in me the same pious admiration as the first.'—vol. i. p. 55.

In Geneva he passed a month just in the height of those political contests which ended so fatally for that republic, and became acquainted with some of the remarkable men who figured in those scenes, and who afterwards became better known by their participation in the earlier stage of the French revolution—Claviere, the Girondin minister of finance, 'possessed of unbounded ambition, though wholly deficient in courage to gratify it,' and Duroveray, formerly attorney-general of the little republic, but subsequently better known as the friend and associate of Mirabeau. Here too began Romilly's long and uninterrupted friendship with Etienne Dumont, then a young man studying for the Church, to which he was

soon after admitted, but who subsequently became associated with Duroveray in the political labours of Mirabeau, and still later was well known and admired in London society for many brilliant and estimable qualities—particularly his conversational talents—but who wasted his great abilities and the long evening of his life in the vain labour of endeavouring to translate into intelligible language, and to reduce to something like practical ability, the barbarous jargon and wild theories of Jeremy Bentham.*

From this interesting scene and intellectual society, Romilly returned by the Dauphiny Alps and Lyons to Paris, where he made, no doubt by introduction from his Genevese friends, some valuable and some remarkable acquaintances. Amongst the former were a literary watchmaker—a Genevese by birth, but settled in Paris—of his own name, though not, Sir Samuel tells us, of the same family—and a M. and Madame Delessert, also of Genevese extraction, and their daughter subsequently married to M. Gautier, likewise a Genevese. Madame Delessert was, as long as Rousseau saw anybody, one of his best friends, and to her were addressed his 'Letters on Botany.' With these ladies, and especially the younger, Romilly afterwards kept up a pretty constant correspondence—and many of their mutual letters are given in the second volume; but why, after being named at full length in the Memoirs, they are designated in the correspondence only under the initials of D—— and G——, we cannot divine.

Old Romilly the watchmaker, as well as his son—who had been elected minister of one of the French Protestant churches in London, but was driven by ill health back to Geneva—were contributors to the *Encyclopédie*. All the articles on Watchmaking in that work were his father's, and two articles on *Toleration* and *Virtue*, which made a good deal of noise, were by the son. They also were great friends of Rousseau; whose influence seems somehow—not we suppose by mere accident—to have reached Romilly from all directions. This connexion with the *Encyclopédie* naturally brought the Parisian Romillys into contact with Diderot, D'Alembert, and the other *philosophes*, to whom they introduced their English namesake.

* D'Alembert was in a very infirm state of health,

* Dumont's share in Bentham's works was so considerable, that when one of them was in the press, Bentham told Romilly that 'he was very impatient to see the book because he had a great curiosity to know what his own opinions were on the subject.'—vol. ii. p. 75.

and not disposed to enter much into conversation with a person so shy and so unused to society as I was. Diderot, on the contrary, was all warmth and eagerness, and talked to me with as little reserve as if I had been long and intimately acquainted with him. Rousseau, politics, and religion were the principal topics of his conversation. The *Confessions* of Rousseau, were at that time, expected shortly to appear; and it was manifest, from the bitterness with which Diderot spoke of the work and of its author, that he dreaded its appearance. On the subject of religion he made no disguise; or rather he was ostentatious of a total disbelief in the existence of a God. He talked very eagerly upon politics, and inveighed with great warmth against the tyranny of the French government.'—vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

But Romilly's good sense and strong feeling of, at least, *natural* religion was shocked at the barefaced atheism of these *soi-disant* philosophers; and in a letter to Mr. Roget, he states his abhorrence of their opinions, and particularly of their pretended zeal for 'toleration,' with a force and truth, which, long as the passage is, it is due to Romilly to extract.

'You ask what I think of Diderot. I did not suppose you would have thought that question necessary, when you had read the account of my visit. With respect to the atheists of Paris, among honest men there can hardly be two opinions. A man must be grossly stupid who can entertain such pernicious notions on subjects of the highest importance without strictly examining them: and much is he to be pitied if, after examination, he still retains them; but if, without examination of them, and uncertain of their truth, though certain of their fatal consequences, he industriously propagates them among mankind, one loses all compassion for him in abhorrence of his guilt. He is like a man infected with some deadly contagious disease, for whom one's heart bleeds while he submits in secrecy to his fate; but when one sees him running in the midst of a multitude, with the infernal design of communicating the pestilence to his fellow-creatures, indignation and horror take the place of pity. I am not vain enough to pronounce what is the extent of Diderot's and D'Alembert's learning and capacity; but, without an over-fond opinion of myself, I may judge of the subordinate atheists, the mob of the Republic of Letters, the Plebeians who have no opinions but what those their arbitrary tribunes dictate to them; and in these I have generally found the grossest ignorance. The cause of modern atheism, I believe, that of the atheism of antiquity as Plato represents it, is the most dreadful ignorance, disguised under the name of the sublimest wisdom. You do well to say that Plato does not favour their opinions. I fear these self-erected idols of modern philosophy, had they been born among the philosophical magnates, would have been but outcasts and exiles; for, if you have read Plato lately, you will remember that among his laws, some were to be enacted for maintaining an uniformity of language in matters of religion in all times and places, in all writings and conversations; others for obliging all men to worship the gods with the same ceremonies, and to prohibit all private sacrifices; others, again, for inflicting the severest punishments on any who should dare maintain that the wicked can be happy, or that the useful can be distinguished from the just. So totally does the

authority of the ancients, on which the advocates for unbounded toleration build so much, upon occasion fall them.'—vol. i. p. 198, 199.

In the same, or rather in a still better spirit, are some observations suggested to him by two allegorical monuments from the hand of the celebrated sculptor Houdon, which he had seen, and as mere works of art, admired, at Paris.

'In both these monuments the thought is noble, but they both leave in the mind a sentiment of despair; and such is the effect of what, at Paris, is called Philosophy; they boast that it has made men wiser; I am sure it has not made them happier than they were before. I must confess that I regret those times when Religion gave awful lessons from the graves of the dead; when she appeared, as on the tomb of Richelieu, mitigating the pangs of death; when the dead were seen rising from their sepulchres, as in one of the master-pieces of Roubillac, and the proud monuments of human grandeur mouldering away at the sound of the last trumpet.'—vol. i. p. 196.

On the other hand, we were surprised and shocked, that the pen which traced these excellent observations should, in the same page, deviate into such gratuitous irreverence as to say, in speaking of the chances of a political writer being sent to the Bastille—(where, however, he was not sent)—that 'to write against a minister is, in the religion of government—the *sin against the Holy Ghost*.' As the editors have omitted some passages of the original papers, we wonder and regret that they did not expunge this offensive and stupid effort at jocularity.

On his return to London Romilly pursued his studies with great assiduity, and particularly—what was to him an important branch of study—his attention to the proceedings of both houses of parliament, and to the general course of domestic affairs, which he reported to Roget and his sister, in a series of letters which give a very fair and very clear view of the politics of the passing day. 'The Riots—the Peace—the accession of Mr. Pitt to power—are all detailed with justice and impartiality. His disapprobation of the unprincipled and factious conduct of Fox is unreservedly expressed and his strongest political partiality seems at this period to have been towards Pitt, whose courage and integrity appear to have excited the generous enthusiasm of Romilly, even more than his extraordinary eloquence; though that also is glowingly described.

We find that, even at this early period, Romilly's thought were employed on that reform of our criminal law which so many years afterwards he made the chief object of his parliamentary exertions: and in the present state of the question as to the *entire* abolition of the punishment of death, the

following observations are still worthy of attention:—

'I am much obliged to you [Roget] for giving me your sentiments on the question, whether any crime ought to be punished with death. The objection you make to the punishment of death, founded on the errors of human tribunals and the impossibility of having absolute demonstration of the guilt of a criminal, strikes me more forcibly than any argument I have ever before heard on the same side of the question. I confess, however, that to myself it seems absolutely impossible, even if it were to be wished (of which I am not quite sure), to omit death in the catalogue of human punishments; for if the criminal will not submit to the punishment inflicted on him, if he escapes from his prison, he refuses to perform the labour prescribed to him, or commits new crimes, he must, at last, be punished with death. So it is, at least, in the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More; and it is a very melancholy reflection, that some of the miserable victims of that excellent philosopher's compassion might, if his visions had ever been realised, have suffered years of miserable servitude in addition to the punishment of death, which would at last be inflicted on them as the consequence of crimes which they had been provoked to commit. One reason why I cannot think that death ought so carefully to be avoided among human punishments is, that I do not think death the greatest of evils. Beccaria and his disciples confess that it is not, and recommend other punishments as being more severe and effectual, forgetting, undoubtedly, that if human tribunals have a right to inflict a severer punishment than death, they must have a right to inflict death itself.'—Vol. i. p. 278.

He adds, however, in strict consistency with his future parliamentary efforts:—

'You will not, I hope, conclude from all this that I am perfectly satisfied with the penal codes that now subsist in Europe, and particularly with that in my own country, where theft (pilfering it should rather be called), forgery, and every description of the *Crimen falsi* are punished with death. The laws of our country may, indeed, be said to be written in blood; and we may almost apply to ourselves the words of Montaigne, "Il n'est si homme do bien qu'il mette à l'examen des loix toutes ses actions et pensées, qui ne soit pendable dix fois en sa vie." Vol. i. p. 279.

We entirely assent to what we understand to have been the principle of Sir Samuel Romilly, that the *extreme punishment* should be reserved for *extreme offences*, but that it would not be safe, nor ultimately possible, to abrogate it altogether. We also entirely approve the reforms that have been already made in this important matter; and it is due to the memory of Sir Samuel Romilly to award to him the first and foremost merit in these salutary improvements. We say *salutary*—because, although we very much doubt whether the new system of secondary punishments has been more successful than the old one, in the repression of crime—the experiment had become, from many reasons, expedient, and must eventually lead to

salutary results. But we must observe, in defence or rather in explanation of the policy that delayed for so many years the accomplishment of his object—that, though it may be true in abstract morals, that what is right to-day must have been right yesterday, it is by no means equally true in *legislation*:—for morals have a divine standard, but legislation must be influenced by the varying opinions of mankind, and *that* which is found to be beneficial when the public mind has been prepared, and, as it were, disciplined for the change, might, if too hastily forced forward on mere abstract principles, have produced a very contrary effect, and even retrograded, if we may so use the word, the desired result.

On the question of the general abolition of the punishment of death, we have further to make an observation which we do not remember to have heard, but which seems to us very important. The main argument for the total abrogation of capital executions—and it is at first sight a powerful one—is their inefficacy—pockets are picked under the gallows, and the spectators of the most appalling punishments have been known to pass from the awful scene of retribution to the commission of similar crimes. This is an indubitable fact, and a plausible argument; but it will be seen, on a little reflection, that it is in principle an argument *à fortiori* against any punishment at all—for pockets would be equally picked in a crowd assembled to see a public whipping, and persons just discharged from prison have been known to be apprehended within an hour for a repetition of their offence.

But there is a still more important consideration. There are no doubt minds so depraved and brutalised as not to be deterred by what are to ordinary men the most awful examples, and we do not doubt that frequency of public executions may additionally harden hearts of that character. But, on the other hand, who can venture to say on what incalculable numbers the terror of death does powerfully and effectually operate? A comparatively few may be callous to such examples—just as we see every day that suicides are committed on the most trivial causes, and that persons, not otherwise exhibiting marks of insanity, will court death for the mere sake of notoriety; but can it be doubted that the *great masses* of mankind are influenced by the terrors of death? and who can contemplate without awe the results which may follow the annihilation of that first and last and strongest principle of human conduct? To this general suggestion we beg leave to add

one word on the bill lately introduced by Mr. Fitzroy Kelly.

We were exceedingly surprised that the principle of *generalising*—which, in the diversity of human nature, is sure to produce anomaly—should have rendered that honourable and learned gentleman reluctant to admit exceptions even in the cases of murder and of high treason; but we are still more surprised that the case of *rape* was not added as a third exception.* We are well aware of the suspicions to which many accusations of this class are liable, and we do not quarrel with the almost extreme reluctance of judges and juries to convict in cases which, in general, rest on the evidence of a single person, and that a person liable to the strongest interests and influences that can warp human testimony. Of such dubious cases we do not speak, and in practice, we venture to assert that they are safely intrusted to the jealous discretion of the jury and the judge—but for cases of real and indubitable violation, where what is lost is more precious to the individual and more important to society than life itself—which, in certain cases, must involve husbands and children in irremediable and unredeemable misery—we do say that against such a crime being, in its immediate motives stronger and in its consequences more frightful than murder—an equal protection should be given. It would speak little for the feelings or the morals of a society where the honour and purity of women should be guarded under no higher sanction than a spoon or a snuff-box. For our own parts, considering the peculiar character of this offence, the frequency and violence of the temptation, and the consequent misery of the victim, we think that the instinctive impulse to the crime can only be repressed by the scarcely stronger instinct of the fear of death, and we should—even though capital punishment were to be remitted in the cases of treason and murder—still maintain it for the protection of the sanctuary of all human happiness and honour—female purity. It is not, we suppose, in these days that we shall be told that this is a misfortune against which protection should be less effective, because women of the upper classes are less exposed to it—the truth is, that no one can tell how far comparative impunity might spread a crime of this very peculiar nature; and, at all events, we feel that the moral degradation implied by such an indifference to

* Sir Robert Peel, we believe, in his speech on the bill suggested that *rape* and *arson* should be also excepted.

the female character might ultimately extend a baneful influence through the whole system of society.

On Romilly's return to England he published in the Morning Chronicle some account of the troubles of Geneva, which he had written on the spot; he also 'resumed his studies with great ardour,' and we hear little more of the *incurable malady* to which a few months before, he had fancied himself doomed.

About this time he formed an intimate friendship with a young man of his own age and pursuits, John Baynes, a native of Yorkshire, who had distinguished himself at Cambridge, and whose

'great talents, and learning as a classical scholar, as an English antiquary, and as a profound lawyer, must, if he had lived, have raised him to very great eminence in his profession; though his *honest and independent* spirit would, probably, to him have barred all access to its highest offices.'—vol. i. p. 66.

We take care to notice as we proceed, though we do not at the moment comment upon them, the several circumstances which appear to us to have contributed to form Romilly's character, and to determine his political bias; and we do so, both because we think that such a development of character is the first use of biography, and because it is but justice to Romilly himself to show how early and how disinterestedly he adopted those principles which he afterwards as a public man pushed to an extreme of bitterness that looked like mere faction, but ought, in fact, to be rather considered as an exacerbated consistency in his early opinions. We infer from Romilly's eulogium on Baynes, as well as from other circumstances, that he too was a Whig, and we have reason to fear, somewhat of a sceptic; and the close and affectionate intimacy which grew up between them no doubt confirmed their original propensities. The passage itself affords an instance of the blind violence and injustice into which Romilly, after he had enlisted in political party, permitted himself to fall. The passage was written in 1817, when Romilly was an ex-Solicitor-General; but it refers to 1783, a period when both he and Baynes were obscure students. What pretence or even colour of pretence, could he have for asserting that an *honest and independent* spirit would probably have barred all access to the higher offices of the law? It has long been the *ad captandum* cant of the Whigs to deny the qualities of honesty and independence to any one who happens to be of a different line of politics; but that Romilly should have deliberately registered such a calumny in an autobiography is very extraordinary, and not very

creditable, when, between the time about which and that at which he was writing, he had seen the highest offices of the law filled by such men as Eyre, Thurlow, Grant, Ellenborough, Mansfield, Erskine—his own Whig colleague Pigot—and *himself*. He would, no doubt, in the blindness of his prejudice, have denied to Arden, to Wedderburn, to Kenyon, to Perceval, to Mitford, to Gifford, to Leach, to Garrow, to Plumer, to Gibbs, to Abbott, to Eldon, the character of *honest and independent*, because they were promoted by a party which he happened to oppose; but we ask, did his own '*honesty and independence*' prevent the bishop of Durham—the excellent and generous Barrington—from making him, without solicitation, nay, with no acquaintance but with his public character—Chancellor of his diocese; one of the most honourable distinctions of the profession?—did they hinder his being actually made Solicitor-General, and aspiring, with a well-justified confidence, to the Great Seal? We think we may defy the production of any proof of party dishonesty and dependence against any man filling a high office in the law, between 1763 and 1813, so strong as this flagrant instance of party prejudice, thus solemnly registered by Romilly against himself.

Romilly and Baynes formed a little society for their mutual improvement in the classics and in law, to which they admitted but two other friends. One argued on each side as counsel, the other two acted the part of judges, and gave their reasons for their decisions, an exercise, he adds, 'which was certainly very useful to them all.' No doubt the two persons thus exclusively selected by Romilly and Baynes were, like themselves, '*honest and independent*;' but, after the passage we have just quoted from the same page, our readers will smile at finding that these two selected persons were Christian, afterwards elected, in spite of his '*honesty and independence*,' Vinerian Professor, by the university of Oxford, and Holroyd, made—in spite of the same disqualifying merits, and a spice of whiggery into the bargain—a judge by that ultra Tory, Lord Liverpool.

It was on the last day of Easter, 1783, that Romilly was called to the bar; and he had intended to have gone the ensuing circuit, but unfortunately about this very time Mr. Roget's illness took a fatal turn, and Mrs. Roget was left a young and most afflicted widow, with two infant children in a foreign land. Romilly, exceedingly affected by the loss of his friend, felt it a mournful but indispensable duty to escort his sister

back to England, and accordingly set out for Lausanne, accompanied by Baynes as far as Paris, where he stopped but a few days, in which he renewed his former acquaintance with the Romillys and Delesserts, and was introduced by Baynes to Franklin, then in the plenitude of his fame, from the recent independence of America :—

‘Dr. Franklin was indulgent enough to converse a good deal with us, whom he observed to be young men very desirous of improving by his conversation. Of all the celebrated persons whom in my life I have chanced to see, Dr. Franklin, both from his appearance and his conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable. His venerable patriarchal appearance, the simplicity of his manner and language, and the novelty of his observations, at least the novelty of them at that time to me, impressed me with an opinion of him as one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed.’—vol. i. p. 69.

At Geneva Romilly made but a short stay; the recent revolution had dispersed and exiled his peculiar friends, and he made the best of his melancholy way back to England with his sister and her children.

He had done a little business in drawing Chancery pleadings before he was called to the bar; but he now had regular employment in that line, which went on gradually increasing for several years, though he had, to his great regret, scarcely an opportunity of opening his lips in court.

In the spring of 1784 he went his first circuit: he chose the midland because it was the cheapest; and because there were on it ‘fewer men of considerable talents or high character;’—a rather dogmatical judgment to be passed by a tyro on a whole bar, of whom he could have known little or nothing; and he proceeds further to enumerate the individuals in a very disparaging tone. For one name, very disrespectfully treated, the editors have substituted asterisks (****); but the circumstances which he connects with that person can leave no difficulty in discovering the name, to the probable annoyance of surviving friends, who may be as anxious for their parent’s reputation as Sir Samuel Romilly’s sons can be about his.

Another of the gentlemen thus slightly mentioned—and by name too—is Mr. Sutton, (now Lord Manners,) late Chancellor of Ireland, who was one, it seems, of Romilly’s dearest friends, and of whom he relates a particular instance of professional liberality and independence. We dare say that Lord Manners, in his high legal reputation and his venerable old age, cares little for Romilly’s posthumous disparagement of his early friends, or if he did, he would be easily consoled at finding that Sir Samuel speaks well of nobody with whom he had any rivalry—above all, when the rival had

been successful in the profession. In general, the Bar think, or at least speak, kindly of each other—Romilly is more candid or less generous, and, except Baynes and a Mr. Ayscough, who also died young—‘*marry they were dead*,’—there is scarcely one of his contemporaries whom he treats with any degree of professional respect, or almost of personal kindness. His manner, indeed, to his brethren of the bar, was, at least, in his later years, so distant as to be almost supercilious; and his lips seldom adopted the ordinary courtesy of calling them ‘his learned friends.’

Soon after his return from his first circuit his ‘dear and excellent’ father died of a palsy. Though seventy-three, ‘he would,’ says his son, (though we do not see on what particular ground,) ‘have probably lived to a *very great old age*,’ had he not been harassed by difficulties in his business, for which he was forced to try the desperate and ruinous palliation of accommodation bills. ‘These alarms had damped his natural cheerfulness—had greatly agitated his mind, and may be truly said to have brought upon him, though he was then of the age of seventy, a premature old age.’ We gather from a hint in one of Mr. Baynes’s letters, (vol. i. p. 318,) that Mrs. Romilly survived her husband at least some months—but we find no other mention of her.

Immediately after recording, in a couple of pages, the death and character of his worthy father, he dedicates a larger space to the history of a drunken, fanatic, broken-down journeyman shoemaker, whom he had hired as clerk and servant, out of charity and gratitude to his old nurse, who had married this heterogeneous compound. He probably introduces this strange episode for the sake of an anecdote which we too think worth notice. This precious attendant, whose name—Bickers to wit—Romilly thought worthy of a shrine in his autobiography, had the slight disqualifications, as a servant, of knowing nothing about his business, and, as a scribe, of being scarcely able to write or spell. Romilly’s good nature and affection for his nurse induced him, however, to bear the inconvenience and ridicule which he suffered from the association till the poor man’s death. He sometimes, notwithstanding Mr. Bickers’s inaptitude to pen and ink,

‘employed him to copy papers which I had amused myself with writing upon abuses existing in the administration of justice, and upon the necessity of certain reforms. He had seen, with great regret, the little progress I had made in my profession, and particularly upon the circuit, and had observed those whom he thought much my inferiors in talent far before me in business; and, putting these mat-

ters together in his head, he entertained no doubt that he had, at last, discovered the cause of what had long puzzled him. The business of a barrister depends on the good opinion of attorneys; and attorneys never could think well of any man who was troubling his head about reforming abuses when he ought to be profiting by them. All this he, one day, took the liberty of representing to me with very great humility. I endeavoured to calm his apprehensions, and told him that what I wrote was seen only by himself and by me; but this, no doubt, did not satisfy him.—vol. i. p. 78.

Of course this story must be true, though it is another instance that *le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*; but we notice it as a proof how early Romilly had directed his attention to legal reforms, and had set about amending the law before he could have known very well what the law was.

About this time he formed an acquaintance with the then notorious, and afterwards celebrated, Count de Mirabeau, which was ripened into intimacy by the incident of Romilly's undertaking to translate into English Mirabeau's tract against the order of the Cincinnati; and this intimacy was, as we shall see presently, another of those converging circumstances which tended to determine the colour of Romilly's political life.

Though he does not deny the irregularities and excesses of Mirabeau's conduct, he is still so partial to his friend as to give him credit for an innate desire to do good—ambition of the noblest kind—and a conscientious enmity to tyranny and oppression—praise which is equally inconsistent with Mirabeau's known disposition and the notorious facts of his life. He was certainly not such a monster as he was represented by his enemies, nor even as represented by himself; and his intellectual powers were much higher than the giddy public could appreciate: but it was the shameful profligacy of his youth—his furious resentment of the restraint and punishment consequent on his irregularities, and the extravagant excess of his vanity, and not any really noble sentiment or exalted views of benefit to his fellow-creatures, that made him a reformer. A clever revolutionary writer confesses this very candidly:—*'Mirabeau, pour faire oublier ses vices et ses turpitudes, et pour subvenir à ses prodigalités, se jeta dans le parti du peuple et fit la révolution.'* Never, indeed, was the celebrated dictum that 'patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel' more true than in his case; but seldom, it must be confessed, have the energies of a depraved heart been so allied with and directed by so logical a head, so powerful a pen, and so eloquent a tongue.

Mirabeau's half-dozen letters to Romilly at a time when he was an outcast from his

family, and an exile from his country, for his personal '*vices and turpitudes*,' are rich specimens of verbose sentimentality about sympathy, charity, humanity, and so forth; but they also contain very judicious practical observations on some important points of moral polity, and exhibit the same strange combination of giddy conduct and sagacious judgment which he displayed on the greater stage of life. One curious and characteristic trait is deserving of special notice. Mirabeau had such a morbid love of notoriety, and such an utter disregard for truth, that even in England he contrived to involve himself in all sorts of squabbles, and would even affect to have had personal differences with people whom he never had seen:—

'Mirabeau seemed to provoke and to take a pleasure in these sort of controversies with celebrated men; and he wrote a letter to me while I was on the circuit in 1785, in which he gave me a very detailed account of a dispute which he supposed himself to have had with Gibbon, the historian, at Lord Lansdowne's table, and in which he expressed himself with so much violence, that he seems in some degree to admit that he was to blame. The most extraordinary circumstance, however, is, that he certainly never had any such dispute with Gibbon; and that, at the time when he supposed it to have taken place, Gibbon was actually residing at Lausanne. How the mistake happened, and who it was that he took for Gibbon, I never discovered; but of the fact there can be no doubt, for I have still the letter in my possession.'—vol. i. pp. 84, 85.

And the letter is given; and a more positive, circumstantial, and deliberate falsehood never was penned. Nor does Romilly's ultra-charitable surmise that Mirabeau mistook some one else for Gibbon afford any possible explanation, for the imaginary controversy, as related by Mirabeau himself, turned altogether on Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall*—*histoire*, as he says he told the author to his face, *élégante mais non pas estimable*; a position which he endeavoured to prove by particular references to and quotations from the said history, whose author he flatly calls *un plat coquin*. This letter, purporting to give an account of a scene which had passed only the preceding day, and at so remarkable a place as Lord Lansdowne's table, seems to belong to the class—a very numerous one—of those extravagances which have satisfied our own minds that the only rational solution of the incongruities of Mirabeau's character is that he was occasionally mad. The history of his family would alone have led us to suspect it of hereditary insanity, and Mirabeau's alternate, and sometimes even contemporaneous, fits of folly and sagacity can hardly be explained by any other conjecture. What his younger brother, the

Viscomte de Mirabeau, said of himself, is a pithy and witty illustration of our suspicions. 'In any other family,' said he with equal candour and pleasantry, 'I should have been reckoned a scoundrel, but a clever fellow—in my own I pass for an honest man and a dunce.'

In defence of Mirabeau, Romilly permits himself to make some very harsh observations on Judge Buller, who presided at a trial at the Old Bailey in which Mirabeau's character was involved, and, as Romilly asserts, most scandalously slandered by a false report of the Judge's. We have taken the trouble to examine the whole affair—the details are too long to introduce here—but we will take upon ourselves to say that, notwithstanding Romilly's very confident assertions, his charge against Judge Buller is entirely unjust; and that Mirabeau's conduct was iniquitous in the extreme; and as Romilly says that Mirabeau acted under his advice, and that of Sir Gilbert Elliott and Mr. Baynes, we are sorry to have reason to say that either the contagion of Mirabeau's society must have warped their natural rectitude; or, which is more probable, his unscrupulous misrepresentations had perverted their judgment.

Mirabeau brought with him to England a woman, who makes a figure in his correspondence with Romilly as Madame de ***, but who was, in fact, a Dutch girl of the name of Haren, whom Mirabeau had seduced, and had *anagrammatically* created *Countess de Nehra*.

We are very much surprised at finding that the grave and moral Romilly permitted himself to be associated with this Mademoiselle Haren, *alias* Comtesse de Nehra, in such intimacy as is implied in this correspondence:—

Londres, ce 1 Mars, 1785.

'Mon cher Romilly—Vous me quittez aujourd'hui; et l'amie qui fait le bonheur de ma vie me quitte demain: ce concours de circonstances pénibles m'a fait sentir encore mieux combien je vous aime tous deux, et combien l'habitude est un lien étroit pour les bon cœurs.'—vol. i. p. 293.

* *London March 1, 1785.*

'My dear Romilly—You leave me to-day, and she who makes the happiness of my life leaves me to-morrow; this concurrence of painful circumstances makes me feel still more forcibly how much I am attached to you both, and how closely habit binds together affectionate hearts.'

The translation given of Mirabeau's and the other French letters is in general excellent; but we must observe on this passage that the words *attached* and *affectionate* do not quite express the meaning of the original *aimer* and *bien*, and seem adopted

By an odd concurrence of circumstances this fortuitous acquaintance with Mirabeau, a man wholly unconnected with England, had a considerable influence on Romilly's future life:—

'He introduced me to Benjamin Vaughan, and Benjamin Vaughan made me acquainted with Lord Lansdowne. Mirabeau, too, was loud in his praises of me to that nobleman; he had formed high expectations of me; he was anxious that I should act a distinguished part in the country; and he was impatient to see me in Parliament, as the only theatre upon which that part could be acted.'—vol. i. p. 95.

The first Marquis of Lansdowne, better known in our political history as Lord Shelburne, was a remarkable man. His abilities were generally admitted; but the unfavourable estimate which the world made of his character may be gathered from the nickname given him of '*Malagrida*,'—a Portuguese Jesuit who had recently become notorious by some dark and desperate political intrigues.*

Benjamin Vaughan, as our older readers may recollect, was of that class of ultra-Whigs which subsequently became Jacobins, and—as regarded the political prejudices to which he was already disposed—Romilly could scarcely have made a more mischievous acquaintance, except, perhaps, Lord Shelburne himself. Lord Shelburne, though after the fashion of his times an intriguing and factious politician, was a man of considerable intellectual powers and some estimable qualities; amongst which we reckon his disposition to patronise and bring forward men of merit. It may be said that his patronage was not entirely free from the *arrière pensée* of the politician, and that he calculated on recruiting his party with these promising auxiliaries; but this does not, in our opinion, diminish the merit. No man cultivates anything, a tree or an intellect, but in the hope of gathering some fruit from it; and as most public men convince themselves that their views are honest and patriotic, it is not merely justifiable but laudable that they should endeavour to enlist men

to attenuate the ridicule of Mirabeau's talking of 'love and goodness of heart' on such an occasion; and to be sure, the 'love and goodness of heart' that so closely bound together Mirabeau, Romilly, and the *kept-mistress*, have a strange sound to English ears.

* This gave rise to one of those traits of Hibernian naïveté for which Goldsmith was so amusingly remarkable. 'I wonder,' said he to Lord Shelburne, meaning to be very complimentary, 'I wonder why they call your lordship *Malagrida*; for *Malagrida* was a very good man.' Poor Goldsmith only meant to express his wonder that the name of one whom he thought a good man should become a term of reproach.

of merit in the same opinions. It is one of the best and most generous uses of aristocratical influence; and our political differences with the present Lord Lansdowne must not prevent our acknowledging that, in this particular, he has shown a judicious and liberal disposition to follow his father's example, and certainly without the suspicion to which his father was exposed of jesuitical and dangerous designs.

We felt, therefore, at finding Mirabeau making such a proposal on the part of Lord Shelburne, no other surprise than that a person in his ambiguous position should have been made the channel of so delicate affair.

Mr. Baynes writes to Romilly:—

Gray's Inn, March 16, 1785.

Dear Romilly,—The Count is delighted with your letter; he is determined you shall be a great man; and, from the conversation I had with him this morning in confidence, I have great reason to think that he has spoken of you in such terms to Lord Shelburne as to induce Lord S. to offer you a seat in Parliament. I doubt not that you will be astonished at this information; it is, however, my firm opinion that some such plan is in agitation. I collect it only from what passed between the Count and me this morning. The terms offered will, I doubt not, be very liberal. Though my information is founded only on the Count's ideas, which are in general very sanguine, yet I see no reason to doubt his accuracy in this account.—vo. i. pp. 320, 321.

And Mirabeau himself says:—

‘Je vous attends avec impatience, mon bon ami, non pas seulement parceque vous voir et causer avec vous est devenu un des plus vifs et des plus précieux besoins de mon cœur et de mon esprit, mais parceque je suis très-trompé où il s'ouvre une carrière digne de vous, et propre à donner l'essor à vos grands talens. On m'a fait des propositions à votre sujet qui ne blesseront pas votre délicatesse, puisqu'elles n'ont point effarouché la mienne, et qui vous présentent un nouvel ordre de choses.’—vol. i. p. 323.

But all this seems to have been one of those ‘*fanfarronades*,’ as Dumont expressly terms them, of vanity and impudence so habitual* to Mirabeau; for Romilly, in his

* We find in the new memoirs of Mirabeau another instance of this bold imagination of facts which had no existence in reality, but which he fancied might give him importance. Shortly after Madame de Nehra's return to France, he writes to her (8th March, 1783), as an excuse for not having rejoined her, that the *plague had broken out* in London (and he details some of the cases), and that his generosity and humanity forbade his *abandoning the English nation*, and above all, his private friend, *under such a calamity*!—‘Comment,’ he says, *désertier le pays sur lequel pend une calamité si terrible?* Je sais que n'étant ni homme public, ni Anglais, je pouvais me dispenser de regarder la Grande Bretagne comme mon poste, quoique le sort m'y fit rencontrer dans un tel moment. Je ne suis pas Anglais—mais je suis homme, et quiconque ne

subsequent acquaintance with Lord Shelburne, discovered that Mirabeau had had no authority to make any such proposal—that ‘these projects for his (Romilly's) advantage which Mirabeau was *dreaming about* were not at all in question;’ and that Lord Shelburne had no idea whatever of bringing him into parliament. Our solution of these discrepancies is, that Mirabeau was playing the *patron* with these young men, and pretending to a degree of influence and importance which he never possessed. Yet so charitable is a man's *amour propre*, that Romilly veils the imposture under the gentle term of *dreaming*, and describes this impudent intriguer ‘as actuated, in all this, by the most disinterested motives and the purest friendship’ It was some years later, when Romilly had made considerable advances in his profession, that Lord Lansdowne offered him a seat, which he declined, considering this mode of coming into parliament as inconsistent with that perfect independence to which he aspired.

Romilly's introduction to Lord Lansdowne had, however, a considerable influence on his future life, not only because his lordship's friendship encouraged and even directed his exertions, but that at his house he became acquainted with that affectionate wife who, as he tenderly writes, ‘was the author of all his happiness,’ and alas! by her loss—after a union of twenty years—of intolerable misery.

Benjamin Vaughan had mentioned to Lord Lansdowne a tract which Romilly had written on the celebrated case of the Dean of St. Asaph, under the title of ‘A Fragment on the Constitutional Powers and Duties of Juries,’ which fell in with his Lordship's politics, and made him desirous of Romilly's acquaintance. About this time, too, Madan published his ‘Thoughts on Executive Justice,’ ‘in which,’ says Romilly, ‘by a mistaken application of the maxim “that certainty of punishment is more efficacious than its severity for the prevention of crimes,” he insisted on the expediency of enforcing in every instance the whole rigour of the law.’ This work made a considerable sensation, and, as Romilly contended, increased in a formidable proportion the number of capital punishments.

perd pas la tête est homme public *au jour des fléaux*. D'ailleurs Elliot (Lord Minto) est si bien mon frère, je lui dois un dévouement si entier et si tendre, et il se serait trouvé dans un embarras si terrible; seul d'homme dans sa famille, surchargé de femmes et d'enfants, que je n'aurai pas eu le courage de l'abandonner! *Mém. de Mirabeau*, iv. 151. All this, we have no doubt, was about as accurate as the conversation with Gibbon, or the parliamentary negotiation with Lord Lansdowne.

Lord Lansdowne, amongst others, was dazzled and imposed on by Madan's reasoning, and recommended Romilly to write something to enforce the same doctrine. This induced him to study the question, and the result was the production of an anonymous pamphlet, called "Observations on a late publication entitled 'Thoughts on Executive Justice,'" but, instead of a defence, it was a strong refutation of Madan. These pamphlets, though they had little success with the public, brought Romilly into closer contact with the Whigs and reformers of the day.

In the mean while he was making very slow advances in his profession. He was doing, indeed, a little business in town as a chancery draftsman; but he went six or seven circuits with no other profit than that which was to him, we dare say, no inconsiderable one, the diversion of the change of scene, and the opportunity of studying in its practical workings that favourite object of his contemplations, our criminal code. At length, however, he became convinced of the truth of an observation he had heard from Mr. Justice Heath, that 'there was no use in going circuit without attending sessions,' and he accordingly became a practitioner at the Warwick sessions. The experiment completely succeeded; he soon got into everything there, and that led by degrees to the first business on the circuit, till at last the great increase of his Chancery practice obliged him to give up circuit altogether. On circuit his principal private associations were with Ascough, Perceval, and Bramston. Ascough, he says, was a man of much reading and general knowledge:—

• He was cheerful, warm, friendly, and was a great acquisition to the society of the circuit. So, too, was Perceval; with much less, and indeed with very little reading, of a conversation barren of instruction, and with strong and invincible prejudices on many subjects; yet, by his excellent temper, his engaging manners, and his sprightly conversation, he was the delight of all who knew him. I formed a strong and lasting friendship with both these men. Poor Ascough died of a consumption a short time after I was married; and Perceval, after he had, in a manner which my private friendship for him could never induce me to consider in a favourable point of view, obtained the situation of Prime Minister, and, quite to the moment of his tragical end, was desirous that our friendship should remain uninterrupted; I could not, however, continue in habits of private intimacy and intercourse with one whom in public I had every day to oppose. Bramston had the good humour and the friendly disposition of the other two, and his conversation was likewise very engaging. Many very happy hours have I passed in this society; particularly when we could contrive for a day to get away from the circuit, either at Matlock, or at our friend Digby's, at Meriden, in Warwickshire.—vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

We are not surprised that Romilly should not have approved Mr. Perceval's elevation to the cabinet, which was accompanied by his own dismissal from office, and the postponement, and, as it turned out, utter disappointment of the bright hopes and prospects in which he naturally and reasonably indulged—nor, from the way in which he speaks of other successful contemporaries, would we expect that he would have been very forward to acknowledge the talents of one who had got ahead of him in professional as well as political life; but we are a little surprised that the acknowledged sweetness of Mr. Perceval's manners and temper did not so far disarm Romilly's political bigotry as to prevent his registering this slighting and in fact most unjust estimate of his mental acquirements. Mr. Perceval was not merely an excellent classical scholar, but possessed a greater circle of general information than is usual with gentlemen of the bar, and we believe as extensive, and above all more solid, than Romilly himself. We must add that we have ourselves heard Mr. Perceval, in the height of their political contention, talk in a very different strain of the qualities, legal, intellectual, and personal, of Sir Samuel Romilly.

In the summer of 1787 died his friend Baynes, who appointed him his executor, and bequeathed him all his classical, legal, and antiquarian library; and two letters from Wilberforce and Mason,* on the occasion of his death, attest better than an epitaph in Dr. Parr's lapidary Latin, that Romilly's affection for his friend was justified by his great talents and many estimable qualities.

To the vacancy in Romilly's friendship occasioned by the death of Mr. Roget, Baynes seems to have succeeded, as now Dumont succeeded Baynes; and in the vacation of 1798 he paid his third visit to Paris with this intelligent and agreeable companion. His principal object was to amuse himself, and to see more of Parisian society than he had been enabled to do in his former short visits. They had letters of introduction from Lord Lansdowne, and both had already several acquaintances: they saw therefore a great many remarkable persons, but most, if not all, of them of the *philosophical* sect—La Rochefoucauld, Lafayette, Morellet, Chamfort, Dupont (de

* A letter from Parr, given in a note, says that Baynes was suspected of being the author of that elegant and caustic satire, the *Epistle to Sir William Chambers* but that he denied the authorship, though he admitted having carried it through the press. The real author was Mason—assisted, *probably*, by hints from Horace Walpole—Baynes was probably employed by Mason to conduct the publication.

Nemours), Condorcet — Jefferson, then American minister at Paris—Mercier, the author of the *Pictures of Paris*, (of which, by the way, the *second* is much more curious than the *first*), and Target, the lawyer, so disgraced, and Malesherbes so honoured by their respective conduct in the trial of Louis XVI. With Mirabeau, who was then publishing his book—which Romilly calls his great work*—on the Prussian monarchy—he renewed his intimacy.

Romilly does not tell us, as we think in fairness he ought to have done, the circumstances of this renewal of his acquaintance with Mirabeau, which Dumont has given in his '*Souvenirs*.' When they arrived at Paris they found Mirabeau an object of general detestation and contempt—his profligacy, says Dumont, was more than even the laxity of Parisian morals could bear. Romilly, almost ashamed of the former acquaintance, resolved not to see him, and the two friends avoided meeting him; but he was not a man to be so got rid of—he found out where they lodged, and volunteered the first visit. This Romilly escaped, and Mirabeau saw only Dumont; but in a conversation of two hours, which seemed only two minutes, he so fascinated Dumont that he accepted Mirabeau's invitation to dinner for himself and Romilly, whose reserve soon thawed away into greater intimacy than before; and Mirabeau was delighted with the great and extraordinary talents of Dumont, whom he afterwards associated so intimately in his political labours.

Amongst the objects of curiosity which the friends visited in Paris was the Bicêtre, a place of confinement, which was at that time, and long after, very ill conducted. Romilly's humanity was very much shocked by what he saw both in the prison and hospital—he next day mentioned this to Mirabeau, who entreated him to put his observations on paper, which he did, and Mirabeau soon afterwards translated them into French and published them under the title of '*Lettre d'un Voyageur Anglais sur la Prison de*

* Perhaps by *great* he only meant the most voluminous of his publications—for he tells us, soon after, as an instance of Mirabeau's extensive system of plagiarism, that 'the eight octavo volumes which he published on the Prussian monarchy, were *entirely*, as to everything but the style, the work of M. de Mauvillon. His tracts on finance were Clavière's.—the substance of his work on Cincinnati was to be found in an American pamphlet—his pamphlet on the opening of the Scheldt was Benjamin Vaughan's,' &c. &c.—vol. i. p. 111.

Dumont, who gives substantially the same account of Mirabeau's appropriation of the labours of other men, says that the pamphlet on the Scheldt was borrowed from Chauvet, another of the Swiss emigrants.

Bicêtre.' He added to them, as from himself, some observations on criminal law, nearly a translation from Romilly's pamphlet against Madan. The work was suppressed by the police, but not very successfully, for we have a copy of it now before us. The original letter on the Bicêtre Romilly himself published, on his return to London, in '*The Repository*,' a periodical of the day, conducted by Vaughan—but called it a translation from Mirabeau. This incident affords a small but curious instance of the difference of character between the two men: Mirabeau published his translation from Romilly as his own work—Romilly published his own work as a translation from Mirabeau.

Romilly tells an anecdote, which, as his anecdotes are rare, and this one is pleasant, we think worth relating. He and Dumont dined one day at M. de Malesherbes' with a large party in which was Lafayette. One of the company advised the strangers to visit some of the large *guinguettes* about Paris to observe the behaviour of the lower classes in their amusements. It happened that there was one of those near Malesherbes' residence, and it was proposed to adjourn thither at once. The master of it happened to be a tenant of Malesherbes, who, wishing to surprise the host with the great fame of one of the company, who at that time was the hero and the idol, as it was supposed, *des deux mondes*, asked him if he had ever happened to hear of the *Marquis de Lafayette*—pleasing himself with the idea—when the man should have, as of course, replied, 'to be sure he had, as had all the rest of the world,'—of saying '*this is the man*;' but to his great disappointment the man answered, '*No, really I can't say I ever did—Pray who was he?*' This produced a general laugh at the expense of—says Romilly—'Malesherbes, who bore it with that good nature which characterised everything he said or did, and he joined in the laugh *against himself*.'—(vol. i. p. 99). We however do not think this quite so great a trial of M. de Malesherbes' temper as Romilly did; and we had much rather have seen the countenance of *Lafayette* on this occasion than that of M. de Malesherbes.

Romilly would gladly have tarried longer in this interesting scene, but the October sessions recalled him to England. He has he tells us—

'Among those who, in the early stages of the French Revolution, entertained the most sanguine expectations of the happy effects which were to result from it, not to France alone, but to the rest of the world; and I very early, I think some time about July, 1789, published a short pamphlet on the subject, under the title of "*Thoughts on the probable Influence of the late Revolution in France upon*

other Countries, or some such title."—vol. i. p. 103.

He also employed himself, at the request of the Count de Sarsfield, in drawing up a statement of the rules and orders of proceeding in the English House of Commons, by which, or something equivalent, the few sober heads of the States General were desirous of regulating what they foresaw would be a very tumultuous assembly. Sarsfield began to translate this tract, but died before he had advanced far in the work. Mirabeau, sensible of the importance of the object, hastened to finish and publish the transaction, 'but it never,' adds Romilly, 'was of the smallest use—and the National Assembly, as the States General were pleased, soon after their meeting, to call themselves, never paid the slightest regard to it'—nor, he might have added, to any other principle of order or justice.

In the long vacation of 1789 Romilly hastened to pay another visit to Paris, where matters had assumed a still deeper intensity of interest. His friend Mirabeau was now acting a great part; and 'it is not surprising,' he adds, 'that he was a *little* (?) intoxicated by the applause and admiration which he received.' We shall conclude our reference to this extraordinary man by some further extracts, which corroborate our view of Mirabeau's character, and prove, we think, that Romilly was not altogether so *engoué* of him as he had originally been:—

'I have already spoken of his relaxed morality, and of his vanity. In matters of indifference, ay, and sometimes in matters of importance too, the placing himself in an advantageous point of view to those whose applause or admiration he courted far outweighed the interests of truth. Among many instances of this kind which came within my own observation, there was one so remarkable that I cannot forbear to mention it. In one of the early numbers of the *Courrier de Provence*, in which Mirabeau wrote himself, he represents Mounier as saying in the National Assembly that it was corruption which had destroyed England, and himself as very happily turning that extravagant hyperbole into ridicule, by exclaiming upon the important news so unexpectedly communicated to the Assembly of the destruction of England, and asking when and in what form that remarkable event had been brought about? The truth, however, is, that of all this not a single word was uttered in the Assembly. Neither Mounier nor any other person talked of the destruction of England; neither Mirabeau nor any other person made any such reply as he assumes to himself. The whole origin of this fiction was, that, while Mirabeau was writing his *Courrier de Provence*, exactly what he has stated passed in a private conversation, at which he was present. Brissot de Warville used the words which he has ascribed to Mounier, and Dumont those which he has claimed for himself. He thought the dialogue too good and too happily expressed to be lost; he made himself the hero of it, and placed the scene in the National Assembly; and this, though he well knew that

Brissot, Dumont, Mounier, and all the members of the Assembly, could give evidence of the falsehood of his statement, and which, indeed, Mounier took occasion formally to do in the justification of his own conduct, which he not long afterwards published.'—vol. i. pp. 110, 111.

And in a letter after his return he says—

'believe it is no exaggeration to say that all the good which Mirabeau has done was suggested to him by Dumont, or Duroveray, and that they have prevented him from doing nothing but what was mischievous.'—vol. i. p. 386.

It is now the fashion with such of the French as have not impudence enough to defend 1792 and 1793 to fall back on the wisdom and moderation of 1789; but, in our judgment, the violence, the injustice, and the massacre of 1789 are even more disgraceful to the nation than the insane horrors of 1792—3—the former were perpetrated, we may almost say, by the nation at large, not only without opposition but almost without censure, and at a time when opposition and censure were practicable and might have been effective. The later atrocities were the inevitable consequences of the anterior disorders, and were committed by a comparatively small number of audacious villains, while the majority of the nation were manacled, gagged, and prostrated by shame, terror, and despair. Even Romilly, though from principle and connection so warm a friend to the revolution, had too much candour and good sense, and was too enlightened a friend of the real liberties and happiness of mankind, not to disapprove of the proceedings of 1789, even before the fatal outrages of the 5th and 6th of October had crowned the evil deeds of that portentous year.

'I arrived there shortly after the celebrated decrees of the 4th of August had been passed,—those decrees by which, in an evening sitting, and in a moment of enthusiasm, the Assembly had, by a string of hasty resolutions, abolished tithes and all feudal rights, without considering what consequences were to follow, or what compensations or precautions it might be expedient should accompany such important measures.

'What struck me as most remarkable in the dispositions of the people that I saw was the great desire that everybody had to act a great part, and the jealousy which in consequence of this was entertained of those who were really eminent. It seemed as if all persons, from the highest to the lowest, whether deputies themselves, declaimers in the Palais Royal, orators in the coffee-houses, spectators in the gallery, or the populace about the door, looked upon themselves as individually of great consequence in the revolution. The man who kept the hotel at which I lodged at Paris, a certain M. Villars, was a private in the National Guard. Upon my returning home on the day of the benediction of their colours at Notre Dame, and telling him that I had been present at the ceremony, he said, "You saw me, Sir?" I was obliged to say that I really

had not. He said, "Is that possible, Sir? You did not see me! Why I was in one of the first ranks—all Paris saw me." I have often since thought of my host's childish vanity. What he spoke was felt by thousands. The most important transactions were as nothing, but as they had relation to the figure which each little self-conceited hero acted in them. To attract the attention of all Paris, or of all France, was often the motive of conduct in matters which were attended with most momentous consequences.

"I was again obliged to leave Paris by the end of September, that I might not loose the Quarter Sessions. I left it with a much less favourable opinion of the state of public affairs than that which I had entertained when I arrived there. I found the most exaggerated and extravagant notions of liberty entertained by many, and the most violent and bitter animosities prevailing, and all that disposition to violence on the part of the lower orders of the people, which, a few days afterwards manifested itself in the insurrection that ended in bringing the royal family to Paris."—vol. i. pp. 101. 107. 112.

And we find by one of Dumont's letters that Romilly's sagacity had foreseen and predicted, before he left Paris, that some such catastrophe as that which broke out on the 5th and 6th of October must have been the inevitable result of the preceding follies and crimes.

Our last extract is the concluding passage of Romilly's autobiography, and we have nothing more of the same character (except the short journal of a visit to Paris during the peace of Amiens) until we arrive at the Parliamentary Diary, which began with his political life, and closed a day or two before his death. Of his history in the interval we shall endeavour to collect some account, though a meagre one, from the letters of himself and his correspondents.

Notwithstanding the strong interest he originally took in the French revolution, and the still stronger which its progress was likely to excite, it does not appear that he visited Paris again in any of the three years that elapsed before the declaration of war. This surprises us, and must, we think, have had some peculiar cause, though we possess no clue to an explanation, unless indeed it may have been that his original admiration of revolution in the abstract was counteracted and mortified by the excesses into which this Revolution had degenerated, and that he was reluctant to become a nearer spectator of the deplorable failure of the grand experiment: but this conjecture does not satisfy even our own minds; for though the visit of 1789 had somewhat abated his enthusiasm, it revived on his return to England as strongly as ever.

One of his letters towards the end of 1790 says—

Notwithstanding the vanity and ambition of

some individuals, and notwithstanding the injustice which the Assembly itself has been guilty of in several instances, it must be admitted that no assembly of men, that ever met since the creation, has done half so much towards promoting the happiness of the human species as the National Assembly."—vol. i. pp. 409, 410.

And, again, in May, 1792.—

"My opinion, however, is not in the least altered with respect to your revolution. Even the conduct of the present Assembly has not been able to shake my conviction that it is the most glorious event, and the happiest for mankind, that has ever taken place since human affairs have been recorded."—vol. ii. pp. 1, 2.

But these flattering visions and exaggerated eulogies soon vanished:—

"How could we ever be so deceived in the character of the French nation as to think them capable of liberty? wretches, who, after all their professions and boasts about liberty, and patriotism, and courage, and dying, and after taking oath after oath, at the very moment when their country is invaded and an enemy is marching through it unresisted, employ whole days in murdering women, and priests, and prisoners! Others, who can deliberately load whole waggons full of victims, and bring them like beasts to be butchered in the metropolis; and then (who are worse even than these) the cold instigators of these murders, who, while blood is streaming round them on every side, permit this carnage to go on, and reason about it, and defend it, nay, even applaud it, and talk about the example they are setting to all nations. One might as well think of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest in Africa, as of maintaining a free government among such monsters."—vol. ii. pp. 4, 5.

And again, in November, 1793:—

"I cannot say that I felt no compassion even for Brissot and his party, but it is a compassion which reason cannot justify. They who have been teaching such bloody lessons have no right to complain that they fall by the hands of the disciples whom they have themselves instructed. How fortunate it is that the torture was an aristocratical or a monarchical invention! it is certainly that circumstance alone, and no degree of humanity, which prevents its being exercised on all the victims who are daily offered up to the populace of Paris. The queen's trial furnishes one among many instances that the wretches who at present rule in France have been able to invent tortures for the mind more cruel than any that had ever before been heard of. The French are plunging into a degree of barbarism which, for such a nation, and in so short a period, surpasses all imagination. All religion is already abolished; and the next proceeding will undoubtedly be, a persecution as severe and as unrelenting as any that has taken place in the darkest ages; for it is only in order to arrive at the persecution that religion is abolished. We may soon expect to see all books exterminated; history, because it relates to kings; poetry, because it speaks the language of flattery; political economy, because it favours monopolizers and freedom of trade; and so on through all other sciences, till the French preserve nothing of civilized life but its vices, which they will have engrafted on a state of the most savage barbarism.

'Are you not astonished to see Steyes in all this standing up in the midst of his fellow-murderers, and claiming applause for his having no long ago thought like a philosopher? Ill as I have long thought of him, I did not imagine him capable of such degradation.'—pp. 36, 37.

We cannot here omit the striking lesson of retributive justice exhibited in the case of the lady to whom he addressed the panegyric on the revolution above quoted—Mademoiselle Delessart; who, towards the end of 1789, had married M. Gautier, a Genevese, and who, as well as her family, and indeed the whole Genevese connexion, were ardent partisans of the Revolution. Madame Gautier, who, by the way, seems to have been Romilly's *beau idéal* of the female character, accounts to him, in March, 1790, with great *naïveté* for her enthusiasm:—

'Our family is of the number of those to whom the revolution will bring many and great advantages, without imposing upon us any important sacrifices.'—vol. i. p. 395.

The original is still stronger—'*à qui elle ne coûtera presque rien!*' She adds—

'I have but little sympathy either for those who are attacked only in their darling prejudices, who lose places, and even pensions.'—vol. i. p. 395.

That is, she has no pity for those whose feelings of delicacy, morality, or religion, were outraged, and whose only means of existence were suppressed; though she charitably admits that 'such a great reverse of fortune is *sometimes* hard to bear.' (*ib.*) We turn over a few pages, and we find this selfish and hard-hearted woman an object of that compassion which, in her callous egotism, she had denied to others. One of her brothers escaped from massacre only by flight and emigration; another was seized by the conscription as a common soldier; her brother-in-law was massacred in the streets of Lyons; her aged parents were thrown into the dungeons of Robespierre; and herself, with her husband and infant children, were forced to make a painful and perilous escape into Switzerland—and all for no crime but that they were in those easy circumstances which had induced this 'amiable lady, as her correspondent calls her, to disregard the sufferings of others, because she and her family were of the number to whom the revolution could do nothing but good.

This portion of the correspondence is so exclusively engrossed by the French revolution that we gather from it very little of Romilly's own history. A hint here and there acquaints us that his professional business had gradually so much increased as

to shorten his autumnal holidays and to forbid any literary occupation. We find, however, that in his intervals of leisure he did not disdain to read novels; and he praises those of Charlotte Smith, particularly the *Old Manor House* and *Etherinda*: the one almost, and the latter now, utterly forgotten.

Lord Lansdowne still cultivated his friendship; and he seems to have made frequent visits to Bowood, where his friend Dumont was at one period domesticated, as tutor to Lord Lansdowne's second son, Henry, (now Marquis of Lansdowne,) and afterwards frequently invited as a respected and agreeable guest. In the autumn of 1796, Romilly had very nearly missed his usual visit to Bowood, and would thereby have missed the most important and happiest event of his life. A visit which he made twenty years later was the occasion of his thus recording the circumstances of this fortunate occurrence:

'To what accidental causes are the most important occurrences of our lives sometimes to be traced! Some miles from Bowood is the farm of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a land-mark to a wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796 I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks, with her father and her sisters, was about to leave it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived; and if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purposes, I never should have seen her. But it happened that, on the preceding day, she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object; she over-heated herself by her ride; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his journey for several days, and in the mean time I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man. A most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection, such as is rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which, at the end of a little more than a year, was consecrated by marriage. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society, all the many and exquisite enjoyments which my dear children have afforded me, even my extraordinary success in my profession, the labours of which, if my life had not been so cheered and exhilarated, I never could have undergone—all are to be traced to this trivial cause.'—vol. iii. pp. 314, 315.

Of the worth of Lady Romilly's mind her nearer friends only could be adequate judges; but those who remember her in society will admit that her husband, who never ceased to be a passionate lover, has but little exaggerated her personal charms. She was lively, elegant, and pretty.

We regret that we have few traces of Romilly's professional progress, and none at all of his professional studies. Amidst numerous notices of his general reading we find little or no mention of the law; and we suspect that, as sometimes happens, it was not till he began to get into business that he devoted himself seriously to studies which to be effective, must be almost exclusive. He himself, we find, had a very modest opinion of his own legal acquirements; and there are many circumstances that induce us, and much better judges than we can pretend to be, to doubt whether he was a very profound lawyer; but we cannot doubt that one who was able to attain, and for so many years to maintain, a position at the bar, as high, we believe, as any man ever enjoyed, must have had not merely competent, but eminent qualifications in the particular branch which he cultivated. We find that prior—but it is not said how long prior—to 1813 he was making 8000*l.* or 9000*l.* a year; and we should not be surprised to be told that for a few years before his death he had increased that income by one-half.

In 1802 he took advantage of the peace of Amiens to make, with his wife, a visit to Paris, of which he kept a journal, which, though short and hasty, contains many passages creditable to Romilly's taste and principles, and some observations on the then state of society, which, from such a man, may interest our readers:—

'Sept. 9.—Madame Lavoisier took us to see a celebrated picture of M. Girodet. The subject is, Victory introducing the shades of Dessaix, Dampierre, Marceau, Joubert, and the other officers who have died in the war, to the heroes of Ossian. The execution is, if possible, more ridiculous than the subject. All the figures, except Victory, and an eagle which is soaring in the sky, are painted as if seen through a mist to represent shades. The nymphs who attend Ossian are hospitably regaling the subordinate heroes, the private soldiers and drummers, with the nectar of Ossian's time, good beer, in shells; and some of these ~~names~~ of drummers and soldiers are represented as smoking their pipes, and are such burlesque figures that they might well have a place in Hogarth's *March to Finchley*. M. Girodet's reason for putting one of these figures in his picture I thought a curious one. He told us that he had placed him there (a little ugly fellow beating a drum and smoking a pipe) to serve as a foil to one of his heroes (I think Dampierre), who was not much favoured in his person by nature.'—vol. ii. pp. 80, 81.

'There is not a single picture of Salvator Rosa or of Gaspard Poussin in the Gallery of the Museum.'—vol. ii. p. 92.

'Called on Talleyrand, who received me with great politeness. I afterwards called on Le Chevalier, Talleyrand's secretary; in a short conversation I had with him, he told me that in his opinion nothing could restore good morals and order in the country, but, as he expressed it, "*la rone et la religion de nos ancêtres*." He knew, he said, that the English did not think so but we know nothing of the people; even Fox, with

whom he had just had a conversation, knew nothing of them, for he had said the same thing to him, and Fox had been shocked at the idea of restoring the wheel as a punishment in France.'—vol. ii. p. 80.

'In the court in which the criminal tribunal is held are the busts of Brutus and of J. J. Rousseau. There are also two unoccupied stands for busts, on which were formerly placed those of Marat and La Peletier St. Fargeau.'—vol. ii. p. 82.

'Having heard a sentence of a man who was to be executed at the *Place de Grève* cried about the streets, I walked thither. The scaffold was erected, and the guillotine ready; a great crowd of persons were assembled, principally women. The ideas which the guillotine must awaken in everybody's mind naturally render it an object of horror; but independently of those ideas, the large slanting axe, the hole through which the neck of the sufferer is placed, smeared round of a different colour, and seeming to be yet stained with the blood of former malefactors, the basket placed to receive the head, and the large wicker chest in which the body is afterwards thrown, render it altogether a most hideous instrument of death. . . . From the Place de Grève I walked back towards the Palais; and I there saw the prisoner brought out to be led to the place of execution. A small party of dragoons attended him: he was placed in a cart, his body naked with a red cloak (or, according to the terms of the law, *une chemise rouge*), tied round his neck, and hanging loose over his shoulders. He had been convicted of a murder and robbery.'—vol. ii. p. 84.

'I found an invitation from Talleyrand to dine with him to-day at his house at Neuilly. . . . A large company was assembled; we waited a long time for Talleyrand; soon afterwards dinner was announced. We sat down about thirty. Among the men were Count Cobenzl (the Austrian ambassador), the Danish ambassador, General Andreossi, Admiral Brieux, Roderer, Portal (a physician), and about ten or twelve Englishmen, particularly Charles Fox, General Fitzpatrick, Lord Holland, St. John, and Adair. After dinner the company very much increased, and amongst those latter visitors were General Bournonville and Cardinal Caprara. Talleyrand received me coldly enough, with the air and manner of a great minister, and not of a man with whom I once was intimate. The dinner, and the assemblage after dinner, were so grave and solemn, that one might have conceived oneself rather at the court of some little German prince than in the house of a man of good society in Paris. The dinner was one of the most stately and melancholy banquets I ever was present at. I had the good fortune to sit next to Charles Fox, and to have a good deal of conversation with him. But for this circumstance, I should have found this dinner a very irksome and unpleasant task which I had imposed on myself. After dinner, in the room in which we took coffee two young women, dressed à l'Angloise, and, as it is said, English women, walked in, and burned incense; after staying some time in one part of the room, they walked to another corner, still burning incense, till the whole room was perfumed.'—vol. ii. pp. 87-89.

We hear of late the name of Buonaparte so imprudently associated with that of freedom, that, long as the passage is, we cannot omit the following picture, drawn by so steady and enlightened a friend of liberty and the Revolution, of the state of political society in Paris during *les beaux jours* of the Consulate, when there was neither foreign war nor domestic troubles to excuse such a tyranny:—

'We went by water to St. Cloud, in the hope of being able to see the inside of the castle. Nobody is admitted, even into the outer court of this place, since it has been determined that it is to be the habitation of the first Consul, without producing a ticket; and, after getting into the first court, the visitor is stopped by every sentinel in his way, and ordered to produce his ticket, till he gets into the palace. Into this palace, so difficult of access, have been transported some of the finest pictures of which the gallery of the Louvre has been dispoiled,—pictures which had long been exhibited there, which the public of Paris have been accustomed to admire and to feast their eyes and their vanity upon, as part of the spoil won from the nations with which France has been at war. This public property is thus appropriated to adorn the private residence of the first Consul, into which the unhallowed feet of the Parisian mob are not suffered to penetrate. This, more than anything I have met with, proves to me in what scorn Bonaparte holds the opinions of the people. He seems to despise their favour; and if he supplies them with frequent festivals, it is less to gain popularity than to occupy and amuse them.'—vol. ii. pp. 87-89.

'A more absolute despotism than that which now exists here France never experienced: Louis XIV. was never so independent of public opinion as Bonaparte is: the police was never so vigilant or so well organised. There is no freedom of discussion; the press was never so restrained under Louis XIV. and XV. as at present: the vigilance of the police in this respect was eluded, and books, published in other countries, containing very free opinions, were circulated at Paris: but that is not the case now. Among other restraints, all English newspapers are prohibited; and it is said that even foreign Ministers are not permitted to receive them by the post. An opinion is entertained, whether with or without foundation I do not know, that persons of character, and who mix in good society, are spies employed by the police, and consequently that a man is hardly safe anywhere in uttering his sentiments on public affairs. It should, seem, however, that few persons have any desire to utter them. I have been in several societies in which there was certainly the most perfect security, and where politics seemed the last subject that anybody wished to talk upon. It may seem at first very wonderful by what means Bonaparte can maintain so absolute a power. It is not by the army; for if he is popular with the soldiers, it is only with those he has commanded: he does not seem, however, to have been ever very popular with them. His character is of that kind which inspires fear much more than it conciliates affection. He is not loved by any of the persons who are about him, not even by the officers who served with him; while Moreau is universally beloved by all who have served with him. It is impossible to say that it is by the force of public opinion that Bonaparte reigns: there is certainly an opinion very universally entertained, highly favourable to his talents both as a general and as a politician: but he is not popular; the public have no attachment to him; they do not enjoy his greatness. Bonaparte seems, indeed, to despise popularity; he takes no pains to gain the affections of the people. All the public works which he sets on foot are calculated to give a high opinion of himself, and to immortalise his name, but not to increase the happiness of the people, or to alleviate the sufferings of any particular description of them. To increase the beauty and magnificence of the city, to build new bridges, to bring water by a canal to Paris, to collect the finest statues and pictures of which conquered nations have been dispoiled, to encourage and improve the fine arts, are the great objects of Bonaparte's ambition in the time of peace. That he meditates the gaining fresh laurels in war can hardly be doubted, if the accounts one hears of his restless and impatient disposition be

true. His literary taste may serve to give some insight into his character: Ossian is his favourite author. When the Bastille was stormed by the mob of Paris, there were not found in it I think more than five or six prisoners; and to those the Bastille served as an hospital rather than a prison; for they were advanced in age and without friends.—I am assured that there are, or at least very lately were, more than seventy prisoners confined in the Temple, the Bastille of the present day; persons of the most adverse principles and opinions, some of them violent Jacobins, others emigrants and aristocrats. . . .

'What strikes a foreigner as most extraordinary at Paris is, that the despotism which prevails there, and the vexatious and trifling regulations of the police, are all carried on in the name of liberty and equality. It was to establish liberty and equality on their true basis, according to Bonaparte's own declaration in the legislative assembly at St. Cloud on the 18th Brumaire, that he commanded his grenadiers to charge the assembly with fixed bayonets, and obliged most of the members to seek their safety by escaping through the windows. *Liberty and equality* are still sounded on high, and displayed in as conspicuous characters, as ever. In the front of the Tuileries, one of the most magnificent palaces of Europe, the most sumptuously furnished, filled with the finest pictures, continually surrounded with guards, and inaccessible but to those who are connected with the first Consul, who makes it his place of residence, is displayed the word *Egalité* in large letters. You attempt to pass through an open passage, and you are rudely stopped by a sentinel, who, with the voice of authority, hallooos out, "On ne passe pas par ici." You turn your head, and for your consolation behold inscribed in characters which seem indelible—*Liberté*. And has it been only for this, and in order that a number of contractors, of speculators, of persons who have abused the military or civil authority they have possessed, may enjoy securely their ill-gotten wealth, that rivers of blood have been shed, that numbers of individuals, who by their talents and acquisitions were the ornaments of one of the most enlightened nations in the world, have perished on the scaffold, that the most opulent families have been reduced to misery and languished out their wretched lives in exile! Such an exclamation is very natural. It is, however, to all these horrors of the revolution that Bonaparte owes his power. If public opinion is not strongly expressed in his favour, it is strongly expressed against everything in the revolution which has preceded his consulate. The quiet despotism, which leaves everybody who does not wish to meddle with politics (and few at present have any such wish) in the full and secure enjoyment of their property and of their pleasures, is a sort of paradise, compared with the agitation, the perpetual alarms, the scenes of infamy, and of bloodshed, which accompanied the pretended liberties of France.'—vol. ii. pp. 97-101.

We have no further account of Romilly's life, either private or professional, till 1805, when we find 'a narrative' by him of the events of that year. He relates his honourable appointment by the good Bishop of Durham to the chancellorship of that diocese, which we have already mentioned, and he gives some entertaining particulars of the pompous, and, to him, vexatious and almost ridiculous state—'the mimic grandeur,' as he calls it, to which he was condemned during his annual official visits to the county palatine.

About this time he became slightly and

professionally acquainted with the Prince of Wales, by being employed in a remarkable case in Chancery concerning the guardianship of the daughter of the late Lord Hugh Seymour. This young lady had, from the death of her parents, which happened in her infancy, remained under the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who almost considered the child as her own. Some part of the family, however, were (not unnaturally) dissatisfied with the child's being so brought up, Mrs. Fitzherbert being a Roman Catholic—a circumstance the most important, we think, in the case, but to which Romilly in his statement does not allude: they proposed, and the *Master* to whom the case was referred approved of, the appointment of Lord Euston and Lord Henry Seymour, two near relatives, as guardians to the child—which was, in fact, removing her from Mrs. Fitzherbert's care. 'The Prince, who lived at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house as his own, was extremely anxious to prevent this. He loved the child with parental affection, and the idea of her being removed was as painful to him as to Mrs. Fitzherbert herself; and Romilly being selected to conduct the appeal to the Chancellor from the Master's decision, he once met the Prince and had a long conversation with him, but solely on the subject of the suit. The result was that the Chancellor confirmed the report of the Master, but on another appeal to the House of Lords, this decision was reversed, *the friends of the Prince attending in unusual numbers*, and the legal guardianship was conferred on Lord and Lady Hertford, who, it was known, did not intend to remove the child from the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

'This decision was attended, some years afterwards, with consequences of considerable importance. It occasioned a great intimacy between the Prince and Lady Hertford, which ended with her entirely supplanting Mrs. Fitzherbert in the Prince's favour; and it produced that hostility towards the Catholics which the Prince manifested when he became Regent, and his determination to place his confidence in those Tory ministers whom he had always before considered as his personal enemies.'—vol. ii. p. 152.

This statement, we have reason to believe, is considerably exaggerated. Lady Hertford's influence did certainly *tend* to reconcile the Regent to the necessity of continuing in office the Tory ministers of his father; but it was the presumption and intractability of the Whigs themselves which created that necessity: and with regard to its having '*produced* the hostility to the Catholics,' those who knew the private sentiments of the Prince were well aware that, exclusive of any personal influence, His Royal Highness was deeply impressed with the Protest-

ant principles on which his family had been called to the throne, and would have been extremely reluctant to make any concession that might seem inconsistent with his own tenure of the Crown—the lineal heir to which, excluded on account of Popery, was still living—and we know—we say we *know*—that, prior to any of these transactions, the Prince had declared to a private friend that '*he was as good a Brunswicker as his father*'—adding—'*and how could it be otherwise?*' And this disposition of mind is corroborated by a slight fact mentioned in Romilly's own diary, and of which we were not before aware. When the Whig ministry—'All the Talents'—were turned out on a branch of the Catholic question, Mr. Braid made a motion in disapprobation of that proceeding, which, however, the Prince declined to countenance, 'declaring that he took no interest in it, the motion being of a nature which so much affects the king personally.' (vol. ii. p. 199.) We do not deny that the influence alluded to acted in the same direction—but we assert, on authority which we consider decisive, that the original feelings on the part of the Prince were as we have stated them, and we think it a duty to his memory and to historical truth thus to record them.

Romilly's conduct of this cause was, however, so acceptable to His Royal Highness, that he pressed him to accept from him a seat in parliament, which, however, his desire of independence induced him to refuse.

Lord Lansdowne had told Romilly, years before, of some conversations between him and Lord Moira (the most confidential friend of the Prince) in which Lord Moira had stated that the Prince was looking about for some lawyer of eminence, on whose advice he could safely rely, and in whom he could place unbounded confidence; and it is assuredly not discreditable to either party that His Royal Highness should have selected Romilly for that station of confidence.

Of this good opinion the Prince soon after gave a still stronger proof. Circumstances concerning the conduct of the Princess of Wales had been *forced* upon His Royal Highness's attention, on which he thought it necessary to have professional advice—he confided the case to Romilly. We are not going to enter into that case—on the substantial point of which there is now, we believe, no second opinion. We will only say that the committing himself to the absolute direction of Romilly, the first man in legal eminence, and second to none in integrity and independence, is an irrefragable proof of the delicacy, sincerity, and good faith of the Prince.

While this affair was in deliberation the death of Mr. Pitt brought the Whigs into office, and at the recommendation of the Prince—without any previous connexion with Lord Grenville or Mr. Fox—Romilly was made Solicitor-General. Here we fall in with Romilly's diary of his parliamentary life. Never was there, as we think, a more prejudiced tissue of special pleading in the bad sense of the word, of misstatement, and misrepresentation; but its worst feature is the sometimes direct, sometimes sneering, generally unjust, and always bitter and ungenerous censure of his political opponents, which pervades it. There is not a page of it in which we should not find matter for contradiction, and we think of refutation, and frequently of censure; but, for the reasons given in the outset of this article, we are unwilling to enter into such discussions. We shall confine ourselves to a few observations on points which concern Romilly himself.

Romilly did not feel the same objection to accept a seat in parliament from the ministry as he had done in the case of Lord Lansdowne and the Prince; and his distinction was, we conceive, well founded; but not altogether for the reasons given by Romilly, who says that, if he should happen 'to disapprove of the measures of the ministers, it was open to him to resign;' surely in the other cases he would have had, at least, the same option; or rather, indeed, a much larger one, for a private member may retire without difficulty whenever he pleases, but a man in office has ties of honour to his colleagues and his party which might on many occasions render his acting on his individual and personal feelings very embarrassing.

For instance: in the very outset, and in the same page in which he asserts the duty of resignation when he should disapprove the measures of the government, we have a practical example of his inconsistency on this important point. In the general formation of the administration there were, he says,

'some few appointments which have been received by the public with much dissatisfaction, and none with more than that of Erskine to be Lord Chancellor. The truth undoubtedly is, that he is *totally unfit* for the situation.'—vol. ii. p. 134.

What? Sir Samuel Romilly, the foremost man of the bar, who had spent all his life in denouncing legal errors and abuses, and whose judgment must have had the greatest weight with the public, acquiesces in and gives the weight of his apparent approbation to the appointment of a *totally unfit* man to

the very highest of all judicial stations—a *total unfitness* of which he, Romilly, was of all men the most competent judge—a *total unfitness*, too, which was likely to be more mischievous to the country and disgraceful to the administration than any other improper appointment could possibly be, because other judges have the control and assistance of colleagues, but a Chancellor stands alone, and is, alone and in the last resort, the ultimate arbiter of all property, and even, as keeper of the King's legal conscience, of questions of life and death. We are utterly unable to discover on what principle either of moral, professional, or even political duty, Romilly could justify his giving his countenance and co-operation to an appointment of which he thus deeply disapproved.

In the next page we find an instance of equal pliability. The Whigs—by way of including *all the Talents*—had given the Chief Justice of the King's Bench a seat in the Cabinet, and upon this before unheard-of combination of the judicial and ministerial characters—this monstrous attempt to tinge the ermine of justice with the colour of party—Romilly observes—

'That there is nothing illegal or unconstitutional in this seems clear. It is certainly very desirable that a judge should not take any part in politics; but this is not according to the theory of our Constitution, nor consistent with practice in the best times of our history.'—vol. ii. pp. 136, 137.

And on what grounds does Romilly defend this position? On two. First—

'The chiefs of all the three courts are always Privy Counsellors; and the Cabinet is only a committee of the Privy Council, and, as a Cabinet, is unknown to the Constitution.'—vol. ii. p. 137.

This would prove that *all* the three chief justices might be constitutionally called to the cabinet and so might the two archbishops and the Bishop of London, who also are always privy councillors; and that this might be constitutionally done, because, forsooth, 'the cabinet is unknown to the constitution.' But is the character of '*adviser of the Crown*,' unknown to the constitution? and what is the term *Cabinet* but a nickname, a very modern locution, popularly, and only popularly, introduced to distinguish, by one short word, the political deliberations of the 'responsible advisers of the Crown' from the general body of the Privy Council, to which men are called either as an honorary dignity—or to give, *when summoned*, occasional advice in their respective capacities—or finally to assist in the public legal and administrative duties *conferred* by law to that body, but which are *totally* and

essentially distinct and different from the political responsibilities of *ministers*. We think, and so did, and so does all the world, that Romilly's argument is a mere play upon words,—neither more nor less than a *quibble*. The second argument is little better. It is, that chief justices have been named *ex officio* members of councils of regency, and lords justices. But so are always the Archbishop of Canterbury, male and female members of the royal family, and other persons whom no one ever dreamed of making cabinet ministers. Besides, a Council of Regency is not a *Cabinet*—it is the *Crown*—the ministers are only its servants, acting under it, in their several departments, upon their individual responsibility; and there is clearly no reason, either in fact or analogy, why, because a Chief Justice may be associated with a Council of Regency in the vicarious and temporary exercise of the royal authority, he should therefore be involved in the ordinary, permanent, and individual duties and responsibilities of a political minister. Nothing but the spirit of party, and a strong personal interest, could have led a man of Romilly's principles and sagacity into such unconstitutional and absurd conclusions.

In Romilly's own parliamentary conduct during the year he was Solicitor-General we must observe that, except an act for amending one point of the bankrupt laws and another for making freehold estates liable as assets for simple contract debts, he seems to have made no public effort to effect any of the important reforms in either civil or criminal law, to which so much of his former attention had been, and so much of his future parliamentary life was, devoted. We find that very soon after his appointment to office he stated privately to Mr. Grey, then first Lord of the Admiralty, his disapprobation of the 'enormous and inhuman severity' of naval punishments—Mr. Grey gave his reasons for not wishing to draw public attention to this delicate subject. The Solicitor-General disagreed from those reasons, but *acquiesced* (vol. ii. p. 140.) When Mr. Windham introduced his plan of military defence, 'he did not propose any mitigation' of the 'savage and inhuman punishments to which soldiers are subject, and which have a most fatal influence on the discipline of the army and upon the character of the nation.' This omission the Solicitor-General no doubt deplored, but he *acquiesced*. (*Ibid.*) He stated privately to Lord Henry Petty the 'most pernicious consequences' of lotteries, and proposed their abolition—but the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not part with that source of revenue, and the Solicitor-

General *acquiesced*. (vol. ii. p. 142.) Some proceedings had been pending in the House of Lords against an Irish Judge of the name of Fox—Romilly thought that Judge Fox 'ought unquestionably to be impeached'—but the proceedings were entirely dropped, and the Solicitor-General *acquiesced*. (vol. ii. p. 154.) Do we blame Romilly for these *acquiescences*?—by no means; he may have been influenced by many justifiable considerations—he was young in office—his authority in the House was not yet established, and he could not have persisted in what might be thought unreasonable propositions without losing the station by means of which he might hope, at some future and more auspicious time, to accomplish his benevolent objects; but we would ask any one who has read this diary, in what a tone and temper he would have spoken of any political opponent who should have been guilty, as he would have called it of a similar suppression of deep and conscientious feelings on such momentous subjects?

These observations, suggested by the *very first* pages of the diary, must be taken as a specimen of the nature and extent of controversy into which a detailed examination would inevitably lead us. We shall therefore rest satisfied with these few samples—*ex pede Herculem*—and a general but solemn protest against the numerous misstatements and innumerable misrepresentations of the actions and motives of his opponents with which the diary teems, assuring our readers that it is only from regard to Romilly's private character and to their patience that we decline a closer conflict—for, as we have said, there is hardly a page in which we could not find matter for similar strictures. We have already stated all that, as we conceive, can be said in extenuation of the temper of this *Diary*—that the entries were made under hasty impressions—in the heat of political exasperation—sometimes under feelings of personal vexation, rendered, by his constitutional sensibility, more acute—and never afterwards revised and softened, as, at a calmer and more candid moment, they probably would have been.

Romilly's success as a parliamentary speaker was considerable—greater than he himself seems to have supposed—and yet we think hardly equal to his merits. His style and manner were rather impressive than pleasing; his voice was sonorous—his figure was well proportioned—his countenance fine, with somewhat of a tragic expression, which, as well as the solemnity of his elocution, suited admirably with the subjects of grave, and sometimes touching, interest which he was most inclined to dis-

cuss. But on ordinary, and particularly on personal questions, these qualities tended to render still more offensive—even to third parties—the habitual bitterness of his political feelings; he was therefore rather a respected, and, by his antagonists, dreaded speaker, than an admired or popular one; and he—like the painter Caravaggio—sometimes failed to produce an intended effect from the very depth of the colours he laid on.

Of this, as well of his own extreme sensibility, he himself gives us a striking instance which occurred soon after he left office. He had been one of the managers on the trial of Lord Melville; and that nobleman having been acquitted, the new ministry had restored him to the Privy Council. On Mr. Brand's motion already mentioned, Romilly spoke, and travelled out of the subject and fair line of debate to attack Lord Melville as a person who, though he had been acquitted, yet

‘had been acquitted in such a manner that not one of his numerous and powerful friends had ventured to move to have the resolution expunged; and that when he went to seat himself in the other House, he could not look on the countenances of those who were sitting near him and opposite to him, but that, by that necessary association of ideas which is inseparable from our nature, he must have the words “guilty upon my honour” resounding in his ears.’—vol. ii. p. 202.

This was undoubtedly very harsh; and it was also very unjust and a dangerous precedent, for if an acquittal is not to restore character and to silence accusation, there can be no safety for any man. It accordingly not only provoked Lord Melville's friends, but shocked the good feeling and justice of the House.

‘My speech upon the whole was a very bad one, and was by no means favourably received by the House. I felt mortified and chagrined to the utmost degree. I have this Session, upon some occasions, particularly on the Slave Trade, and in my reply to the Master of the Rolls on the Assets Bill, spoken with very great success, and met with very great applause. I have received compliments without number, and some very extravagant ones; but all the gratification which my vanity may have had upon these occasions would be much more than compensated for by one-tenth part of the mortification which the coldness, and the appearance which I thought I plainly discovered of the House beginning to be tired of me, have given me. One or two expressions in my speech, which I think were very foolish, have haunted my memory ever since I got down. It will be long, I think, before I shall venture speak again.’—vol. ii. pp. 202, 203.

Romilly's modesty was greater than his taste, and he does not appear to have been sufficiently aware that it was not so much the *badness* as the *bitterness* of the speech

that offended his auditory. It might have been well for his future guidance if he had seen more clearly the real cause of his failure on this occasion.

Romilly first sat in Parliament for Queenborough, a government seat, for which he was re-elected at the Whig dissolution in November, 1806; but this, of course, failed him on the Tory dissolution of 1807, and on this occasion Romilly, by his own account, the accuracy of which we cannot doubt, gave a practical proof of that spirit of independence which he professed, and resolved to sacrifice a large sum of his private fortune rather than be indebted to either private or political friendship for a seat. ‘This buying of seats is,’ he says, ‘detestable, but it is the only way in which one in my situation, who is resolved to be an independent man, can get into Parliament.’ (vol. ii. p. 207.) Seats were scarce and dear, but an arrangement was made with the Duke of Norfolk that Romilly should stand a contest for Horsham, where his Grace supposed he had a predominant interest; and if successful, was to pay only the moderate—as it was considered—sum of 2000*l*. Romilly was returned, but ousted on petition; he was, however, too valuable to his party to be lost, and they contrived to procure him a seat at Wareham, the price of which was to be 3000*l*., but as it was well known that he was to have paid but 2000*l*. for Horsham, it was resolved that the additional 1000*l*. should be contributed from a fund created by subscriptions from the wealthier members of the opposition for such purposes. This would have laid him under no personal obligation to any individual, but his delicacy took alarm, and though he accepted the seat he also maintained his principle of entire independence by paying the *whole* sum out of his own pocket; this may be thought over punctilious—but it was noble, and does him infinite honour.

Though he joined with abundant zeal in all the factious tactics of his party in the House of Commons, he was too proud or too prudent to associate himself with the subordinate demagogues out of doors. In that short but furious frenzy of Mr. Wardle and Mrs. Clarke, to which we look back with wonder and shame, he had of course voted and spoken against the Duke of York, and with so much of his *usual temper*, that he was told by several persons that after making such a speech, he must give up all hopes of being chancellor.’—(vol. ii. p. 275.)

Many corporations voted their freedom to that unworthy idol of a day, Mr. Wardle, and their thanks to his principal supporters, amongst whom was, of course, Sir Samuel

Romilly. The *Friends of Parliamentary Reform* in Westminster, as well as some of the Livery of London, resolved to celebrate 'Wardle's triumph over corruption by public dinners, at which they severally requested the attendance of Romilly. His answers to these invitations and votes of thanks were over flattering, but still preserved a certain moderation of language. The address of the Livery of London talked of 'the *general system of corruption* then prevalent; and it was hinted to Romilly that it 'was expected' that his answer should say something on that theme—he determined, however, not to please them in that particular; and he declined, though with superabundant civility of language and general professions of concurrence, to attend at either of the dinners. We have little doubt that this reserve, so little to be expected from so zealous a Parliamentary partisan, was in some degree produced or confirmed by prudential views as to his own future preferment to the Great Seal; he felt that no exercise of his rights or duties as a member of the House of Commons, however unpalatable they might be even to the King himself, could impair, but, on the contrary, might improve, his chance of legal promotion; but the case might be different if he gratuitously allied himself to out-of-doors agitation. He declares, moreover, a very just opinion that

'The very persons who inveigh most bitterly against party are, in truth, making the conduct of the Duke of York, and the late proceedings which it gave rise to, the means of acquiring strength to a party which is becoming very formidable, and which, I have no doubt, makes the correction of abuses only a cover for promoting much greater designs.'—vol. ii. p. 282.

With this opinion in his heart, we wonder how Romilly, while he denied these demagogues his personal countenance, could have reconciled it to himself to return them such flattering and '*grateful*' answers as he did; and have given them, for so many subsequent years, the aid and encouragement which they certainly received from his Parliamentary conduct on many, if not most important occasions.

In 1811, on the prospect of an approaching dissolution, a knot of reformers, of which Major Cartwright was leader, who called themselves the *Middlesex Freeholders' Club*, were very earnest with Romilly to allow himself to be put in nomination for that county, they paying all expenses, on condition that he would sign a pledge to support extension of suffrage and annual parliaments: this pledge, which their fundamental resolution had laid down as a *sine qua non*, Romilly refused to give; but so desirous were

they of his services, and so confident that, though he would not directly give the pledge, he would in fact advocate their principles, that they had recourse to a droll expedient to procure such an expression of his sentiments as might serve in lieu of the required declaration: they accordingly sent for his opinion what looked like an ordinary law-case, with a fee of three guineas, putting, as if for his legal advice, the questions—whether, according to constitutional law, elective suffrage should not be co-extensive with taxation? and whether also, according to the same law, parliaments should not be annual? Romilly, however, would not lend himself to the juggle—he declined to answer the case, and returned the fee.

Shortly after (in February, 1812), a more promising proposition was made to him from Bristol, and, although he refused to condescend to a personal canvass, he accepted an invitation to a public dinner, which his friends, no doubt, proposed as a substitute. When, however, the election came on (October, 1812), he found it indispensable to submit to a canvass and all the other annoyances of a popular contest—undoubtedly, under the present system, the most disgusting trial to which a man of taste and honour can be exposed. He, however, failed; and was obliged to find his way into Parliament through the nomination of the Duke of Norfolk, for Arundel—a departure from his former principles which he justifies by the new circumstance of an Act having recently passed prohibiting the sale of seats. We will not stop to examine whether this distinction is very solid—we shall waive that with many other controversies. But there are one or two observations which this nomination for Arundel forces from us. It is rather curious that Sir Samuel Romilly, a professed parliamentary reformer, should have sat his whole life in nomination seats; but what is infinitely more remarkable and more important—as affording a striking and practical proof of the fraudulent spirit in which the *Reform Bill* was framed—is, that every one of those venal boroughs—depending on the nomination of individual Whigs—for which Romilly actually sat—*Horsham, Wareham, Arundel*, to which may be added *Calne* and *Tavistock*,* for which he was offered seats—are all preserved by the *Reform Bill*, and are now just as close nominations and in the same identical hands as before.

In the latter end of 1813 he took, as a

* *Tavistock* is not mentioned by name, but implied under the statement that 'the Duke of Bedford had offered to provide a seat for Romilly.'—(vol. iii. p. 367.)

yearly tenant, a country house called Tanhurst, delightfully situated on the side of Leith Hill, in Surrey, where he henceforth passed most of his leisure hours in a state of pure enjoyment and tranquil happiness, which he characterises in the words of the poet, as—

‘——— These sacred and homefelt delights,
This sober certainty of waking bliss;

and which were, no doubt, infinitely enhanced to him by being a short refuge from the weary toils of business and the angry passions of party.

Though the *Diary* was especially dedicated to his own parliamentary life, and to questions of internal policy, yet, as it does detail Romilly's opposition to every measure, foreign and military, as well as domestic, proposed by the government, and as it does frequently mention the public events of the times, it must seem strange that he never should have made the slightest allusion to Buonaparte's unprincipled aggression on Spain, nor have written a single line from which it could be imagined that there had been such an event as the Peninsular war, or such a man as the Duke of Wellington. This is certainly very surprising, and the more so because he does not seem (at least by his *Diary*) to have changed his original unfavourable opinion of Buonaparte, and that he certainly had a lively apprehension of the various and terrible calamities likely to be produced by his return from Elba.

Yet when Lord Grenville, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Plunkett, and the other, we must say most respectable, members of the opposition, voted for such measures as might strengthen the hands of the government of England against these ‘impending calamities,’ Romilly severely censured their conduct and voted on every occasion as the most ardent partisan of Buonaparte's cause could have done. The crowning victory of Waterloo is indeed mentioned, but only in one dry paragraph:—

‘News arrived late this evening of the great victory obtained by the Duke of Wellington over Buonaparte at Waterloo, on the 18th of June. The victory has been complete, but our loss immense.’—Vol. iii. p. 184.

When Buonaparte, however, was brought to Plymouth, and it was proposed to move for a *habeas corpus* to release him, Romilly considered the interest taken in him ‘very strange,’ and dissuaded any such attempt; and when Savary endeavoured to obtain his protection against being separated from Buonaparte, and given up as he feared to the French government, and consulted him

as to the legality of a forcible resistance to such an attempt, Romilly seems to have behaved, with kindness indeed to the individual, but with prudence and good sense—he submitted the case to the government with such favourable observations as the circumstances allowed, but warned Savary that, if death ensued on his resistance, it would be deemed murder.

While this affair was pending he left England with his lady and two children for a tour on the continent—in which he visited Flanders, Switzerland, Geneva, Savoy, and the north of Italy, and concluded by a visit to Paris, where he renewed his connexion with Lafayette and the few survivors among his old friends of 1789, and exhibits in his private journal the same strong prejudices against everything connected with the policy of the allied—and particularly the British—Governments, which marked his public life.

On the meeting of Parliament, Romilly resumed his opposition with rather increased bitterness—beginning by supporting a motion made by Mr. Brand to censure ministers who had just brought a war, long considered as hopeless, to so glorious a termination, for having postponed the meeting of Parliament so late, forsooth, as the 1st of February. He particularly exerted himself against the Alien Bill, a measure of the most indispensable necessity both to the safety of this country and the peace of Europe: and more laudably, but not we think very discreetly, in behalf of the Protestants of the South of France, who were the objects, as one party alleged, of persecution, and according to the other of retaliation from the Roman Catholic population. Romilly says that he was exposed on this last account to violent and illiberal attacks from the Government newspapers: but we think that he mistakes the real object of these attacks—those at least which we remember were directed against his opposition to the Alien Bill, and not to his defence of the French Protestants, for whom his interest was quite natural, and, on the score of humanity, creditable; though it certainly assumed in his hands a strong party colour, and was objectionable, on general principles, as an undue interference in the domestic affairs of another country; and therefore, as Lord Castlereagh suggested to him, and as he seems at last to have felt, likely to increase the mischief and to be injurious to the Protestants themselves.

He also now, and upon all other occasions, was a distinguished and powerful friend to the utter abolition of the slave-trade and slavery. The very name of slavery is

abhorrent to every mind, and the enormous abuses and crimes to which the system was obviously liable, and which, in fact, it did produce, would naturally affect every benevolent heart; and we believe that nothing but the horrors of the insurrection in St. Domingo, the fear of similar consequences in our own colonies, and apprehension that such imperfect measures of abolition as were within our competency would only increase the general sum of human misery, could have rendered the British legislature so reluctant to make the experiment. The latter apprehension was not unfounded, for it is now admitted that those horrors have been rather increased than diminished by the successive measures which have been taken to suppress the trade; but it will be ultimately suppressed, and it is at least a great consolation that England has freed herself from any direct participation in the crime. We cannot, however, but think that the advocates for abolition did not always proceed in the safest or most effectual way, and that it would have been wiser in the early stages of the discussions to have endeavoured to suggest some means by which free labour—the only medium between slavery and the utter ruin of the colonies—could have been obtained. Mankind would not be deprived of so essential an article as sugar; but if an innocent mode of supplying the demand could have been discovered, the slave-trade would assuredly have been gradually extinguished without much comparative difficulty, and without any serious danger.

In May, 1817, Romilly received a singular present. Dr. Parr had, it seems, the mania of collecting silver plate, and had amassed a very considerable quantity, of which he had in his will bequeathed a dinner-service to Romilly. He now, however, chose rather to give than bequeath it, and he accordingly presented it to his friend with a complimentary hint that it would not be 'unfit for the table of a Lord Chancellor when he should entertain the Judges or the Cabinet.' Romilly accepted it, though with some reluctance and demur on account of the splendour and value of the gift; but in a codicil to his will, made shortly before his death, he bequeathed it back to Parr; who again re-transferred it to the eldest son of his friend in a generous and affectionate letter, the only one indeed of many of Parr's given in this publication that we have been able to read with patience, so inflated are all the others with pedantry, prejudice, pomposity, and party.

In 1818, during his Christmas holidays at Tanhurst, Romilly wrote an article for the 'Edinburgh Review,' on one of Bentham's

works then just published, in which 'his principal object was to call the attention of the public to the evils which he thought were insuperable from an unwritten law like the common law of England.' Nothing, we think, is more remarkable in Romilly's life than his constant and active enmity to the law of England, in all its branches and forms,—common—statute—civil—criminal; nothing is right; nothing even tolerable: all is confusion—injustice—oppression—absurdity—and cruelty. We will not enter into an examination of the causes of this phenomenon; the subject is too large, and would lead us into a species of personal criticism which we are anxious to avoid; but on this particular proposition of codifying the laws of England we must make two short observations, which are, first, that we believe the thing to be absolutely impossible, unless a previous revolution should have overturned all law; and, secondly, that even if possible, the lapse of a very few years would defeat the desired simplicity. We understand that the fallacy of the so-much-boasted simplicity of *codification* has been exposed by the French experiment, where the codes, though so recently formed, are already encumbered by the variety of cases and commentaries, and must every day become more so: and what real or useful difference can there be whether a man turns to a code for the meaning and effect of which he must subsequently hunt through volumes of reports and readings, or whether he refers to the authorities which contain at once the code and the commentaries? What benefit would be gained if *Comyn's Digest* were to be made statute law? Every effort ought, no doubt, to be made to simplify laws—but hitherto, codification has certainly not produced that effect, and we doubt that it ever will.

At the dissolution of parliament, in June, 1818, Sir Samuel Romilly received an invitation to stand for Westminster, which, though really from the same party, if not from the same persons, whose '*ulterior revolutionary objects*' he had detected in the case of the *Wardle* dinner in 1809, he accepted, on the understanding that no personal interference in the election was to be expected from him; and after a long and violent contest (violent, certainly, on the part of the popular party, who nearly murdered Romilly's antagonist, Sir Murray Maxwell*) succeeded—the numbers being

* That gallant officer, who had served his country with remarkable distinction, who had never before taken any part in politics, and who was personally a most modest and amiable man, never recovered the injuries he received on this occasion.

for Romilly, 5339; Burdett, 5238; Maxwell, 4808; and for Hunt, a mere demagogue, 'who,' says Romilly, 'under every sort of disgrace, persisted in being a candidate,' 84.

This success seems to have given Romilly more pleasure than we could have expected, considering either the general character of Westminster elections, or of this one in particular—his own innate aversion to violence—his honest impatience of political thralldom—and his sagacious view of the ulterior objects of some of his leading supporters. His friends, however, considered it a great and 'glorious triumph;' but, whatever were its value, it was destined, alas! to be his last.

Lady Romilly had been lately indisposed, but not so much as to create any alarm, and had apparently recovered. In the first days of September they left town for their usual autumnal excursion:—the sad sequel—we cannot trust our own feelings to narrate it—must be told in the few last lines ever traced by his own hand—a note subjoined by the editors, which leaves in pious ambiguity the precise nature of the misfortune—and the affecting narrative of the amiable Dumont* on the Coroner's Inquest:—

'Sept. 3rd.—Arrived at Cowes.

'12th.—Anne went into the sea-bath.

'13th.—Taken ill. . . .

'19th.—Roger [his nephew] and William [his eldest son] arrived.

'October 9th.—Slept for the first time after many sleepless nights.

'10th.—Relapse of Anne.

'Lady Romilly died on the 29th of October, 1818. Her husband survived but for three days the wife whom he had loved with a devotion to which her virtues, and her happy influence on the usefulness of his life, gave her so just a claim. His anxiety during her illness preyed upon his mind and affected his health; and the shock occasioned by her death led to that event which brought his life to a close, on the 2nd of November, 1818, in the sixty-second year of his age.' *Note by the Editor*, vol. iii. p. 368.

'Mr. Stephen Dumont, of Geneva, then stated that he was one of the Representatives of the Council at Geneva, but had been in England previous to the restoration. I have (he said) been

* Our readers will feel some curiosity to know what became of Dumont. On the restoration of the Republic of Geneva, in 1814, he returned to his country, whence he made occasional visits to England, in one of which he was a witness to the catastrophe of his dear friend Romilly. In 1829 he set out for a tour of pleasure into the north of Italy, but was taken ill at Milan, and died suddenly on the 29th September in that year.

connected with Sir Samuel Romilly a great many years; my intention was to have spent the summer with my best friend, Sir Samuel, and his lady; but the state of Lady Romilly's health was such that she was removed to Cowes in the Isle of Wight.

[Here the witness, in great anguish, said it would be better that he should read the letters he had then received from Sir Samuel. A letter was then read from Sir Samuel, dated from Cowes, 27th Sept., inviting Dr. Dumont to visit him there; saying that he could not promise him any pleasure, as he considered Lady Romilly in a very perilous state, as the physicians did not say she was out of danger; and concluded thus:—"She is considered by her medical attendants in some danger. She is for the present a little better, and I take care neither to let her nor the poor children see the anxiety I feel, but it costs me a great deal; with all this, do not suppose I have not resolution to undergo everything to preserve my health for my children's sake."

This letter was followed by two others, informing Mr. Dumont of the state of Lady Romilly's health. And he then resumed his evidence as follows:—I arrived in the Isle of Wight on the 3d of October, and Lady Romilly was well enough to spend a few hours in company; but Sir Samuel seemed to have no confidence, and notwithstanding that recovery he was in the same state of anxiety. Lady Romilly had a relapse, and was for some days in a great state of suffering. During that time nothing could equal the excruciating pains of Sir Samuel but his fortitude and resignation. He was almost entirely deprived of sleep, and I saw he began to entertain the greatest apprehensions from that circumstance. Twice or three times he has expressed to me his fears of mental derangement. Once he sent for me in the middle of the night, at least at two o'clock in the morning, and spoke to me of a dream he had had full of horrors, and said that an impression had remained upon his mind as if the dream had been a reality. He asked me if I did not consider that as a proof that his mind was broken, and his faculties impaired. Conversations about his children generally restored a certain degree of peace to his mind, and sometimes he proposed plans for their education and future establishment. On Thursday, the 29th of October, about ten o'clock, while at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, he was informed by his nephew, Dr. Roger, for whom he always showed the same attachment as for one of his sons, that his lady was no more. I have omitted to say that the two sisters of Lady Romilly came on the Tuesday previous, and he said he could shed no tears when he saw them. He told me his brains were burning hot. He left Cowes with great reluctance the next day (Friday), but he declared that he would be governed entirely by Dr. Roger and his friends. I accompanied him, and on Friday we slept at Winchester. He felt extremely exhausted. Dr. Roger slept in the same room, and Sir Samuel's night was extremely restless. The next morning I observed marks of great agitation, which he tried to subdue; he was constantly tearing his gloves, or the palm of his hand, scratching his fingers and his nose, and some blood came from his nose. When we arrived at an inn on the road he was so weak that he could proceed no further. We slept there, and Dr. Roger still slept in the same room with him. I had proposed to him not to come to Russell-square, but to take some other house for the present. He answered, that he was likely to be laid up for some time, and he was desirous of getting home, and he proceeded; but I observed more violent signs of agitation still, more tearing of his hands and of his

nose. In a moment that he was shutting his eyes and wringing his hands, I took the hand of his daughter and placed it in his hand; upon which, opening his eyes, and having perceived what I had done, he cast upon me an unutterable look of gratitude, and embraced his daughter. When we arrived in Russell-square, he made great efforts to compose himself, and went to his library, and threw himself upon a sofa, quite in a manner that was alarming to me: then for some moments he was joining his hands, as in a state of delirium, but he spoke nothing. A moment after he got up, took my arm, went round the two rooms, and appeared to me to be in the state of a man dying of an internal wound.

"One or two days after, he desired to see Dr. Marcet, saying his nephew, Dr. Roget, suffered too much, and that he would give him the comfort of some medical friend's assistance. He wanted to consult him, particularly about a shower-bath, thinking that would relieve the heat of his head; still he declared he had no headache. I have nothing more to say upon that subject. After Dr. Marcet (it was Sunday when we arrived in town, about five o'clock) arrived, he would not quit him the whole night, but slept in the room; I slept in a room above him. About seven in the morning (Monday) Dr. Roget came to me in a state of extreme anxiety, telling me that his uncle was much worse, with a violent fever, uttering some expressions in a state of perturbation, and complaining that he was distracted. Dr. Roget immediately called Dr. Marcet, who came instantly and they sent for Dr. Babington to join in a consultation. I asked Dr. Marcet and Dr. Roget if I could go and see my friend, and they desired me not to do it, saying the greatest quiet was necessary for him, and that he was only to have one person to attend him in the room. I went then to Holland-house, at Kensington, to see his three youngest children, whom Lord Holland had taken from school to his house, and to make some arrangements with respect to them. When I returned to Russell-square, about half-past three, I found one of the servants in tears, and Dr. Roget in a state approaching despair. My first feeling was stupor and astonishment, for I had never, during the whole month that I had passed with Sir Samuel, and dining most constantly with him and his son—and during the time the ladies were employed in business (during which time we had intimate conversations)—I never had any apprehension of the act by which he had lost his life. The intimate knowledge that I had of his high principles of duty—of his moral and religious fortitude—of his love

for his country—and of his—(much affected)—of his parental affection—totally excluded from my mind every suspicion or idea of the catastrophe that has happened."—*Annual Register for 1818*, pp. 149–151.

The verdict was, and could be no other than, '*temporary mental derangement.*'

In order that we might not, when we should arrive at this deplorable catastrophe, feel ourselves obliged to make observations likely to disturb, in any degree, the sympathy which so deep a tragedy must excite, we have alluded, in the course of our narrative, to those circumstances which might in our opinion have, on the one hand, predisposed this fine and sensitive intellect to derangement, from the extreme anxiety and want of rest; and, on the other, deprived it, as we fear, of the best source of fortitude and consolation.

It therefore now only remains for us to say that this publication—indiscreet as we think it, and unfortunate, as, if it were to give rise to hostile controversy, it would certainly prove—contains little or nothing to impair our general respect for Sir Samuel Romilly's abilities and virtues; and it affords (unconsciously, as it seems to us, on the part of the editors) some degree of apology, or at least palliation, for the two great defects of his otherwise blameless and valuable life,—namely, his political bitterness, which we believe to have been more a constitutional than a moral infirmity; and his Genevese philosophy,—the error, we think, rather of education and accident than of his naturally pious heart. In all other respects we willingly offer our testimony—*vultus quantum*—to his great talents, large acquirements, and deserved success—to his social and domestic virtues—to his integrity, benevolence, and honour—and, in short, to the most essential qualities that constitute the character of a *virtuous man*.

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